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THE ALCHEMIST

Questions

1. Examine the major assumptions of Jonsonian comedy, showing to what extent they contribute to the dramatic idea and form in *The Alchemist*.
2. Demonstrate how Ben Jonson employs the alchemical metaphor not only to expose the faces of greed but also to reinforce the plot structure in *The Alchemist*.
3. Consider *The Alchemist* as a faithful transcript of life in Jacobean London.
4. What is the nature of the moral vision underlying the action of comedy in *The Alchemist*? How does Ben Jonson make us aware of its presence in the play?
5. Analyse the character of Sir Epicure Mammon, drawing attention to the moral flaw in his Utopian passion.
6. Does the working out of the comic justice in *The Alchemist* satisfy you? How does it reflect Ben Jonson's predilection for intelligence and common sense?
7. Examine the language of comedy in *The Alchemist*. How is it appropriate to the changing contexts of action and characterization?
8. Why does Ben Jonson reserve the bitterest satire for the Puritans in *The Alchemist*?
9. What are the contrasting devices that Ben Jonson employs to reinforce the theme of *The Alchemist*?
10. Do you agree with the view that, despite its perfect craftsmanship, *The Alchemist* is wanting in a genuine sense of life?
11. Consider *The Alchemist* as essentially a comedy of intrigue, in which Face holds all the aces.
12. Are there any characters in *The Alchemist* who, while conforming to the types they represent, nevertheless achieve a degree of authentic individuality?
13. Consider the relevancy of *The Alchemist* for our times.
14. Examine how Ben Jonson 'continually varies the system

of mirrors' which he uses to reflect his own moral position in *The Alchemist*?

15. To what extent does Ben Jonson succeed in transcending the conventions of classical comedy in *The Alchemist*?

For Further Reading and Reference

Editions:

1. J. B. Bamborough, (ed.) *The Alchemist*, Macmillan's English Classics, 1967.
2. Douglas Brown, (ed.) *The Alchemist*, The New Mermaid Series, 1966.
3. Michael Jamieson, (ed.) *The Alchemist in Three Comedies: Ben Jonson*, Penguin Books, 1970.
4. R. J. L. Kingsford, (ed.) *The Alchemist*, Cambridge University Press, 1962.

Critical Works:

1. J. A. Barish, (ed.) *Ben Jonson: A Collection of Critical Essays*, 1963.
2. J. A. Bamborough, *Ben Jonson*, 1959.
3. M. C. Bradbrook, *The Growth and Structure of Elizabethan Comedy*, 1955.
4. J. J. Enck, *Jonson and the Comic Truth*, 1957.
5. L. C. Knights, *Drama and Society in the Age of Ben Jonson*, 1937.
6. E. B. Partridge, *The Broken Compass*, 1958.
7. G. Gregory Smith, *Ben Jonson*, 1929. (EML Series)

Asp. Why, therein I commend your careful thoughts,
And I will mix with you in industry
To please : but whom ? attentive auditors,
Such as will join their profit with their pleasure,
And come to feed their understanding parts :

For these I'll prodigally spend myself,
And speak away my spirit into air ;
For these I'll melt my brain into invention,

Coin new conceits, and hang my richest words

As polished jewels in their bounteous ears
But stay, I lose myself, and wrong the patience ;

If I dwell here they'll not begin, I see.

Friends, sit you still, and entertain
troop

With some familiar and by-conference,
I'll haste them sound. Now, gentlemen,
I go

To turn an actor and a humorist,
Where, ere I do resume my present person,
We hope to make the circles of your eyes

Flow with distilled laughter : if we fail,
We must impute it to this only chance,

Art hath an enemy called ignorance.²

[*Exit.*

Cor. How do you like his spirit, *Mitis* ?

Mit. I should like it much better, if he were less confident.

Cor. Why, do you suspect his merit ?

Mit. No ; but I fear this will procure him much envy.

Cor. O, that sets the stronger seal on his desert : if he had no enemies, I should esteem his fortunes most wretched at this instant.

¹ — hang my richest words

As polished jewels in their bounteous ears] The comparison alludes to the custom then in vogue, of men wearing rings and jewels in their ears. So Marston : " Give me those jewels of your ears, to receive my enforced duty." — *Male-content*, act i. sc. 6.

And Beaumont and Fletcher : —

" Prithee, tell me,

Where hadst thou that same jewel in thine ear ?" — *King and no King*, act i. — *WHAL.*

² *Art hath an enemy, &c.*] Alluding to the old proverb, *Ars non habet inimicum nisi ignorantem*. Though this may be true, it would come with more propriety from the spectator than the actor ; but Jonson knew little of the golden curb which discretion hangs on self-opinion.

³ *Cor. No, I assure you, signor, &c.*] I have already observed that the author has afforded no

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ventions.

Mit. They are such as must
by your favour, or it cannot be aut

Cor. Troth, I can discern
necessity.

Mit. No!

Cor. No, I assure you, signior.³ If those laws you speak of had been delivered us *ab initio*, and in their present virtue and perfection, there had been some reason of obeying their powers ; but 'tis extant, that that which we call *Comœdia*, was at first nothing but a simple and continued song, sung by one only person, till *Susario* invented a second, after him, *Epicharmus* a third ; *Phormus*⁴ and *Chionides* devised to have four actors, with a prologue and chorus ; to which *Cratinus*, long after, added a fifth and sixth : *Eupolis*, more ; *Aristophanes*, more than they ; every man in the dignity

hints to enable us to guess at the person of his friend *Cordatus* ; he has, however, supplied him with a considerable degree of accuracy and learning ; and I suspect that few, either on or off the stage, could have furnished, in those days, a better epitome of dramatic history than is here put into his mouth. It must, however, have been caviare to the general. The scholar knows that the first part of this narrative admits of some dispute : a note, however, is not the place to treat of a question which occupies a considerable portion of the profound and acute *Dissertation upon Phalaris*, by the great Bentley.

⁴ *Upton* supposes that *Jonson* wrote *Phormus* from a "lapse of memory," and therefore tells us to correct the text into *Phormis* ; but there is no need : *Jonson* had a better memory than his critic. He well recollected the spelling of *Athenæus* and *Suidas*, in whom, particularly in the former, he found most of what he here delivers.

some-kind-per-ved us, ly y ;

Prol. Marry, with all my heart, sir, you shall do it yet, and I thank you. [*Going.*]

Cor. Nay, nay, stay, stay; hear you?

Prol. You could not have studied to have done me a greater benefit at the instant; for I protest to you, I am unperfect, and, had I spoke it, I must of necessity have been out.

Cor. Why, but do you speak this seriously?

Prol. Seriously! ay, wit's my help, do I; and esteem myself indebted to your kindness for it.

Cor. For what?

Prol. Why, for undertaking the prologue for me.

Cor. How! did I undertake it for you?

Prol. Did you! I appeal to all these gentlemen, whether you did or no. Come, it pleases you to cast a strange look

Cor. 'Tis but 'twill not serve, therefore speake, but it must serve; and

Prol. An I doir prologue with some venomous¹, me die poisoned look as high as the two-p^t and never live to

Mit. He has put you to it, sir. [*Exit.*]

Cor. 'Sdeath, what a humorous fellow is this! Gentlemen, good faith I can speak no prologue, howsoever his weak wit has had the fortune to make this strong use of me here before you: but I protest—

Enter Carlo Buffone, followed by a Boy with wine.

Car. Come, come, leave these fustian protestations; away, come, I cannot abide these gray-headed ceremonies. Boy, fetch me a glass quickly, I may bid these gentlemen welcome; give them a health here. [*Exit Boy.*] I marle whose wit it was to put a prologue in yond' sackbut's mouth; they might well think he'd be out of tune, and yet you'd play upon him too.

Cor. Hang him, dull block!

unata, s.
...ate Island: mass, he
d himself to a strict law there.
Why so?

He cannot lightly alter the scene, most crossing the seas.

Cor. He needs not, having a whole island to run through, I think.

Mit. No! how comes it then,¹ that in some one play we see so many seas, countries, and kingdoms, passed over with such admirable dexterity?

Cor. O, that but shows how well the authors can travel in their vocation, and outrun the apprehension of their auditory. But leaving this, I would they would begin once: this protraction is able to sour the best-settled patience in the theatre.

[*The third sounding.*]

Mit. They have answered your wish, sir; they sound.

Cor. O, here comes the Prologue.

Enter Prologue.

Now, sir, if you had staid a little longer, I meant to have spoke your prologue for you, i' faith.

¹ *Mit. No! how comes it then, &c.* Against this passage, Theobald has written in the margin of his copy, a *flurt on Shakspeare*. This jealousy of our great poet, commenced under such respectable auspices, has since become epidemical, and infected almost all his critics. The charge, in the present case, is too absurd for serious notice, or indeed for any notice at all.

² *And never live to look as high as the two-penny room ag. sin.* The cost of admission to the theatres (such of them, at least, as many of our early dramas were exhibited in) was at

this time very moderate. The price of the "best rooms," or boxes, was a shilling; of the lowest places, two-pence; and, as Whalley says, in some play-houses, only a penny. The *two-penny room* mentioned above was the gallery. Thus Decker: "Pay your two-pence to a player, and you may sit in the gallery."—*Belman's Night Walk*. And Middleton: "One of them is a nip; I took him once in the *two-penny gallery*, at the Fortune." The place, however, seems to have been very discreditable, for it is commonly described as the resort of pickpockets and prostitutes.

Car. O, good words, good words; a well-timbered fellow, he would have made a good column, an he had been thought on, when the house was a building.—

Re-enter Boy, with glasses.

O, art thou come? Well said; give me, boy; fill, so! Here's a cup of winesparkles like a diamond. Gentlewomen (I am sworn to put them in first) and gentlemen, around, in place of a bad prologue, I drink this good draught to your health here, Canary, the very elixir and spirit of wine. [*Drinks.*] This is that our poet call Castalian liquor,¹ when he comes abroad now and then, once in a fortnight, an makes a good meal among players, w^h he has *caninum appetitum*; marry home he keeps a good philosophical beans and buttermilk; an honest rogue, he will take you off three, f^r of these, one after another, an villainously when he has done, like headed Cerberus.—He does not hear I hope.—And then, when his belly ballaced, and his brain rigged a lit sails away withal, as though he work wonders when he comes ho^h has made a play here, and he calls

Every Man out of his Humour: but an he get me out of the humour he has put me in, I'll trust none of his tribe again while I live. Gentles, all I can say for him is, you are welcome. I could wish my bottle here amongst you; but there's an old rule, *No pledging your own health*. Marry, if any here be thirsty for it, their best way (that I know) is, sit still, seal up their lips, and drink so much of the play in at their ears. [*Exit.*]

Mit. What may this fellow be, Cor-datus?

Cor. Faith, if the time will suffer his description, I'll give it you.² He is one,

¹ *This (Canary) is that our poet calls Castalian liquor, &c.*] The poet, the critics say, here draws his own picture. Not so:—the picture is drawn by a licentious buffoon, against whom he takes all possible care to guard the reader. He describes him as "a scurrilous jester, that, more swiftly than Circe, will transform any person into deformity:" and in the speech which follows, he anxiously repeats his caution against giving any credit to his "adulterate" ribaldry. He could do no more; yet Aubrey and others perversely take it all for truth, and form their character of Jonson from what is expressly given as a malicious jest!

² *Cor. Faith, if the time will suffer his*

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Maci. *est, fortunæ cæcitatem facile ferre.*

'Tis true; but, Stoic, where, in the vast world,

Doth that man breathe, that can so much command

His blood and his affection? Well, I see I strive in vain to cure my wounded soul; For every cordial that my thoughts apply Turns to a corsive, and doth eat it farther. There is no taste in this philosophy;

'Tis like a potion that a man should drink, But turns his stomach with the sight of it. I am no such pill'd Cynick to believe,

description, I'll give it you. He is one, &c.] Jonson seems unwilling to part with Carlo Buffone: he had already described him with great strength of colouring, and he now delays the opening of the drama, already too long protracted, while he darkens his character with additional shades. Whalley says that he should almost incline to think, notwithstanding the poet's asseverations, that he had some particular person in view, especially as Decker, in his *Satromastix*, makes Jonson forswear "flinging epigrams about in taverns, under pain of being placed at the upper end of the table, at the left hand of Carlo Buffone."—See act v.

my friends left me well, and I will be a gentleman whatsoever it cost me.

Car. A most gentlemanlike resolution.

Sog. Tut! an I take an humour of a thing once, I am like your tailor's needle, I go through: but, for my name, signior, how think you? will it not serve for a gentleman's name, when the signior is put to it, ha?

Car. Let me hear; how is it?

Sog. Signior Insulso² Sogliardo: methinks it sounds well.

Car. O excellent! tut! an all fitted to your name, you might very well stand for a gentleman: I know many Sogliardos gentlemen.

Sog. Why, and for my wealth I might stand for a justice of peace.

Car. Ay, and a constable for your wit.

Cor. *Sog.* All this is my lordship you see here, therefore these farms you came by.

Profr. Good steps to gentility too, marry; with *Sog.* Sogliardo, if you affect to be a gentleman, indeed, you must observe all the rare looks as *Sog.* humours, and compliments³ of a gentleman.

Mit. I know it, signior, and if you please

Cor. I am not too good to learn, I'll be your scholar.

Car. Enough, sir.—I'll make admirable use in the projection of my medicine upon this lump of copper here. [*Aside.*] I'll bethink me for you, sir.

Sog. Signior, I will both pay you, and pray you, and thank you, and think on you.

[*Cor.* Is this not purely good?]

Maci. 'Sblood, why should such a prick-eared hind as this

Be rich, ha? a fool! such a transparent gull

That may be seen through! wherefore should he have land,

Houses, and lordships? O, I could eat my entrails,

And sink my soul into the earth with sorrow.

Car. First, to be an accomplished gentleman, that is, a gentleman of the time,

nomen. Hic illud imprimis cavendum, ne plebeio more te patiaris vocari Harpalum Comensem; sed Harpalum à Como: hoc enim nobilium est. Ἰππεὺς ἀντίπος, sive Ementita Nobilitas.

³ Compliments of a gentleman.] This word, in Jonson's age, had the sense which we now give to accomplishments. Thus, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606: "Adorned with the exactest complements belonging to nobleness."

Car. Insulso, s. Insula, s. Island: mass, he called himself to a strict law there.

Why so?

He cannot lightly alter the scene, without crossing the seas.

Cor. He needs not, having a whole island to run through, I think.

Mit. No! how comes it then, that in some one play we see so many seas, countries, and kingdoms, passed over with such admirab

Car. This alludes to a poet, Invidus suspirat, how well cutique dentes, vocatio

Sudat frigidus, intuens quod edit.

Mit. O, peace, you break the scene.]

Enter Sogliardo and Carlo Buffone.

Maci. Soft, who be these?

I'll lay me down awhile till they be past.

[*Lies down.*]

[*Cor.* Signior, note this gallant, I pray you.

Mit. What is he?

Cor. A tame rook, you'll take him presently; list.]

Sog. Nay, look you, Carlo; this is my humour now! I have land and money,

¹ My mind to me a kingdom is,] Words of an old ballad, the thought from Seneca.—WHALLEY alludes, I suppose, to this verse in the *Thyestes*,

"Mens regnum bona possidet."

² *Sog. Signior Insulso Sogliardo:*] There are several allusions in the instructions which Carlo gives Sogliardo for becoming a gentleman, to one of the Colloquies of Erasmus. The following is pointed out by Whalley: *Restat cog-*

you must give over housekeeping in the country,¹ and live altogether in the city amongst gallants; where, at your first appearance, 'twere good you turned four or five hundred acres of your best land into two or three trunks of apparel—you may do it without going to a conjuror—and be sure you mix yourself still with such as flourish in the spring of the fashion, and are least popular:² study their carriage and behaviour in all; learn to play at primero and passage,³ and ever (when you lose) have two or three peculiar oaths to swear by, that no man else swears: but, above all, protest in your play, and affirm, *Upon your credit, As you are a true gentleman, at every cast; you may do it with a safe conscience, I warrant you.*

Sog. O admirable rare! he cannot choose but be a gentleman that has these excellent gifts: more, more, I beseech you.

Car. You must endeavour to feed cleanly at your ordinary, sit melancholy, and pick your teeth when you cannot speak: and when you come to plays, be humorous, look with a good starched face, and ruffle your brow like a new boot, laugh at nothing but your own jests, or else as the noblemen laugh. That's a special grace, you must observe.

¹ *You must give over housekeeping in the country, &c.*] *Primum fac procul te abducas a patria.—Ingere te in convictum juvenum vere nobilitum.* Eras. Ἰππ. ἀντιπ.

² *Least popular:]* Least vulgar; most removed from the common people.—WHAL.

Much of what follows may be found, in fuller detail, in that most curious pamphlet of Decker, the *Gull's Hornbook*, printed a few years after this play. All the advantages of precision, vigour, and elegance are on the side of Jonson; his old antagonist, however, is extremely interesting and amusing.

³ *Learn to play at primero and passage,]* Primero was a game on the cards, once very fashionable. It is not, however, described in the *Compleat Gamester*, and the explanation of it, in *Minshew's Dictionary* (like many others of his) explains nothing. From a very long epigram in *Dodsley's Old Plays*, vol. i. p. 168, it may be collected that it was a very complicated amusement. Passage is a game at dice, which some perhaps may comprehend by the following description: "It is played at but by two, and it is performed with three dice. The *caster* throws continually till he hath thrown doublets under ten, and then he is out and loseth; or doublets above ten, and then he *passeth*, and wins.—*Comp. Gam.* p. 167.

⁴ *Hire a fellow with a great chain, &c.]* The stewards and chief gentlemen of great families, were accustomed at this period to wear chains

Sog. I warrant you, sir.

Car. Ay, and sit on the stage and flout, provided you have a good suit.

Sog. O, I'll have a suit only for that, sir.

Car. You must talk much of your kindred and allies.

Sog. Lies! no, signior, I shall not need to do so, I have kindred in the city to talk of: I have a niece is a merchant's wife; and a nephew, my brother Sordido's son, of the Inns of Court.

Car. O, but you must pretend alliance with courtiers and great persons: and ever when you are to dine or sup in any strange presence, hire a fellow with a great chain,⁴ (though it be copper, it's no matter,) to bring you letters, feigned from such a nobleman, or such a knight,⁵ or such a lady, *To their worshipful, right rare, and nobly qualified friend and kinsman, Signior Insulso Sogliardo:* give yourself style enough. And there, while you intend circumstances of news, or enquiry of their health, or so, one of your familiars, whom you must carry about you still, breaks it up, as 'twere in a jest, and reads it publicly at the table: at which you must seem to take as unpardonable offence, as if he had torn your mistress's colours, or breathed upon her picture,⁶ and pursue it with that

about their necks, as badges of distinction: they were commonly of silver, or silver gilt; though mention is sometimes made of gold ones. Thus Middleton, "Run, sirrah, call in my chief gentleman in the chain of gold, expedite."—*A Mad World my Masters.*—WHAL.

⁵ *To bring you letters, feigned from such a nobleman, or such a knight, &c.]* From Erasmus: *Pingito literas a magnatibus ad te missas, in quibus identidem appelleris, Eques Clarissimus—Curabis ut hujusmodi literæ tibi velut elapsæ, aut per oblivionem relicte veniant aliorum manus.*—*Idem.*

⁶ *As if he had torn your mistress's colours, or breathed upon her picture.]* For colours, see *Cynthia's Revels*. On the next passage, Whalley says, "Breathed has here the same meaning as Shakspeare (he means, his commentator,) has assigned it in *Henry IV.*" "And when you breathe in your watering, they cry, Hem! and bid you play it off"—1st part, act ii. sc. 4. And Theobald, in the margin of his copy, is yet more offensive. I should not notice this folly, were it not for the opportunity which it gives me, of relieving Shakspeare from some of the filth heaped upon him by his critics. By *breathing in his watering*, he meant neither more nor less than *taking breath in his draught*, as cattle sometimes do: a breach of good manners noticed by our old writers.

And this Steevens (to say nothing of the rest) might have concluded, if he had not been pos-

hot grace, as if you would advance a challenge upon it presently.

Sog. Stay, I do not like that humour of challenge, it may be accepted; but I'll tell you what's my humour now, I will do this: I will take occasion of sending one of my suits to the tailor's,¹ to have the pocket repaired, or so; and there such a letter as you talk of, broke open and all, shall be left: O, the tailor will presently give out what I am, upon the reading of it, worth twenty of your gallants.

Car. But then you must put on an extreme face of discontentment at your man's negligence.

Sog. O, so I will, and beat him too: I'll have a man for the purpose.

Mac. You may; you have land and crowns: O partial fate!

Car. Mass, well remembered, you must keep your men gallant at the first, fine pied liveries laid with good gold lace; there's no loss in it, they may rip it off and pawn it, when they lack victuals.

Sog. By 'r lady, that is chargeable, signior, 'twill bring a man in debt.

Car. Debt! why that's the more for your credit, sir: it's an excellent policy to owe much in these days, if you note it.²

essed with the spirit of impurity, from the very passage adduced below: but the pleasure of alluding to a beastly line in the *School of Salerno* was not to be resisted.

"We also do enact

That all hold up their heads, and laugh aloud,
Drink much at one draught, breathe not in their drink;

That none go out to ——"—MS. *Timon of Athens.*

Can anything be clearer? and yet Shakspeare and his readers are still insulted with the vices of drunken porters.

To *breathe* upon, in the text, means either to sully or to speak dispraisingly of.—The picture was a miniature, which lovers sometimes wore with their mistress's colours, on their arms and breasts.

¹ *I will take occasion of sending one of my suits to the tailor's. &c.] Interdum insue vesti, aut relinque in crumena, ut quibus sarcindi negotium dederis illic reperiant. Illi non silebunt, et tu, simul ac resciveris, compones vultum ad iracundiam ac mæstilitiam, quasi doleat casus.—Eras. Id.*

² *It's an excellent policy to owe much in these days, if you note it.] This and much of what follows is from Panurge's panegyric on debtors. Jonson was a diligent reader of Rabelais, and has numberless allusions to him. In this place, however, Erasmus had been before him: Nulla est commodior ad regnum via quam deberi*

Sog. As how, good signior? I would fain be a politician.

Car. O! look where you are indebted any great sum, your creditor observes you with no less regard, than if he were bound to you for some huge benefit, and will quake to give you the least cause of offence, lest he lose his money. I assure you, in these times, no man has his servant more obsequious and pliant, than gentlemen their creditors: to whom, if at any time you pay but a moiety, or a fourth part, it comes more acceptably than if you gave them a new-year's gift.

Sog. I perceive you, sir: I will take up,³ and bring myself in credit, sure.

Car. Marry this, always beware you commerce not with bankrupts, or poor needy Ludgathians.⁴ they are impudent creatures, turbulent spirits, they care not what violent tragedies they stir, nor how they play fast and loose with a poor gentleman's fortunes, to get their own. Marry, these rich fellows, that have the world, or the better part of it, sleeping in their counting houses, they are ten times more placable, they; either fear, hope, or modesty restrains them from offering any outrages: but this is nothing to your followers, you shall not

quamplurimis: primum creditor observat te non aliter quam obligatus magno beneficio vereturque ne quam præbeat ansam amittendæ pecuniæ: Servos nemo magis habet obnoxios, quam debitor suos creditores; quibus si quid aliquando reddas, gratius est quam si dono des.—Idem.

³ *I will take up,] That is, goods on credit. The phrase is common in the writers of those times. So Falstaff: "If a gentleman would be thorough with 'em, in honest taking up, they stand upon security."*

Again, in Donne,

"There's now as great an itch of bravery,
And heat of taking up."—*Elegy xvi. WHAL.*

⁴ *Always beware you commerce not with bankrupts, or poor needy Ludgathians, &c.] I know not how this reflection on the poverty of the tradesmen of Ludgate crept in here; they were surely among the wealthiest of our author's time. The thought itself, though obvious enough, is from Erasmus: Caveto, ne cum tenuibus habeas commercium; nam hi ob parvulam summulam ingentes excitant tragædias. Placabiliores sunt, quibus lautior est fortuna; cohibet illos pudor, lactat spes, deterret metus.—Idem.*

Our old writers sometimes use Ludgate for the prison there. Jonson could scarcely mean people imprisoned for debt by Ludgathians; for Sogliardo needed no caution on that head.

run a penny more in arrearage for them, an you list, yourself.

Sog. No! how should I keep 'em then?

Car. Keep 'em! 'sblood, let them keep themselves, they are no sheep, are they? what! you shall come in houses, where plate, apparel, jewels, and divers other pretty commodities lie negligently scattered, and I would have those Mercuries follow me, I trow, should remember they had not their fingers for nothing.¹

Sog. That's not so good, methinks.

Car. Why, after you have kept them a fortnight, or so, and shewed them enough to the world, you may turn them away, and keep no more but a boy, it's enough.

Sog. Nay, my humour is not for boys, I'll keep men, an I keep any; and I'll give coats, that's my humour: but I lack a cullisen.²

Car. Why, now you ride to the city, you may buy one; I'll bring you where you shall have your choice for money.

Sog. Can you, sir?

Car. O, ay: you shall have one take measure of you, and make you a coat of arms to fit you, of what fashion you will.

Sog. By word of mouth, I thank you, signior: I'll be once a little prodigal in a humour, i' faith, and have a most prodigious coat.

Mac. Torment and death! break head and brain at once,

To be delivered of your fighting issue.
Who can endure to see blind fortune dote thus?

¹ *I would have those Mercuries follow me, I trow, should remember they had not their fingers for nothing.* [*Non ales famulos oxepous et ob id oxepous, mittantur huc et illuc, invenient aliquid: scis varias esse talium rerum occasiones.—Ergo famulos ale non scges, aut etiam sanguine propinquos, qui alioqui forent qlendi.—Reperient aliquid in diversoriis, aut in adibus, incustoditum. Tenes? Meminerint non frustra datos homini digitos, &c.—Eras. Id.*]

² *But I lack a cullisen.*] No dictionary that I can find will help us to the meaning of this word; nor does the context lead us to discover it.—WHAL.

I had occasion to observe, in a note on Mas-singer, that dictionaries were but ill calculated to supply the kind of information here wanted, which must be sought in the colloquial language of contemporary poets. Happily, however, Jonson explains himself. In a subsequent scene Carlo says, "I come from Sogliardo but now, he is at the herald's office yonder; he requested me

To be enamoured on this dusty turf,
This clod, a whoreson puck-fist!³ O God!
I could run wild with grief now, to behold
The rankness of her bounties, that doth
breed

Such bulrushes; these mushroom gentle-
men,

That shoot up in a night to place and
worship.

Car. [*seeing Macilente.*] Let him alone; some stray, some stray.

Sog. Nay, I will examine him before I go, sure.

Car. The lord of the soil has all wefts and strays here, has he not?

Sog. Yes, sir.

Car. Faith then, I pity the poor fellow, he's fallen into a fool's hands. [*Aside.*]

Sog. Sirrah, who gave you a commission to lie in my lordship?

Mac. Your lordship!

Sog. How! my lordship? do you know me, sir?

Mac. I do know you, sir.

Car. He answers him like an echo. [*Aside.*]

Sog. Why, who am I, sir?

Mac. One of those that fortune favours.

Car. The periphrasis of a fool.⁴ I'll observe this better. [*Aside.*]

Sog. *That fortune favours!* how mean you that, friend?

Mac. I mean simply: that you are one that liv's not by your wits.

Sog. By my wits! no, sir, I scorn to live by my wits, I. I have better means, I tell thee, than to take such base courses as to

to go before and take up a man or two for him in Paul's, against his cognizance was ready." Cognizance, or as Sogliardo ignorantly and corruptly terms it, *cullisen*, is the badge or mark of distinction which retainers, servants, &c. usually wore on the shoulder or sleeve of their coats, that it might be known to whom and what they belonged. It should be recollected that the livery of servants at this time was, with few exceptions, of blue, so that some note of discrimination was absolutely necessary. *Cullisen* appears again in the *Case is Altered*, and in a way that clearly determines its sense: "But what badge shall we give, what *cullisen*?"—Act iv.

³ *This clod, a whoreson puck-fist!*] A fungous excrescence of the mushroom kind, often used by our author to denote an insipid, insignificant fellow.—WHAL.

⁴ *The periphrasis of a fool.*] According to the Latin adage, *Fortuna favet fatuis*. So in *Wily Beguiled*,

"Sir, you may see that fortune is your friend,
But *fortuna favours fools.*"—WHAL.

live by my wits. What, dost thou think I live by my wits?

Mac. Methinks, jester, you should not relish this well.

Car. Ha! does he know me?

Mac. Though yours be the worst use a man can put his wit to, of thousands, to prostitute it at every tavern and ordinary; yet, methinks, you should have turned your broadside at this, and have been ready with an apology, able to sink this hulk of ignorance into the bottom and depth of his contempt.

Car. Oh, 'tis Macilente! Signior, you are well encountered; how is it?—O, we must not regard what he says, man, a trout, a shallow fool, he has no more bran than a butterfly, a mere stuff suit; he looks like a musty bottle new wickered, his head's the cork, light, light! [*Aside to Macilente.*] I am glad to see you so well returned, signior.

Mac. You are! granerery, good Janus.

Sog. Is he one of your acquaintance? I love him the better for that.

Car. Od's precious, come away, man, what do you mean? an you knew him as I do, you'd shun him as you would do the plague.

Sog. Why, sir?

Car. O, he's a black fellow,¹ take heed of him.

Sog. Is he a scholar, or a soldier?

Car. Both, bo'h; a lean mungrel, he looks as if he were chop-fallen with barking at other men's good fortunes; 'ware how you offend him; he carries oil and fire in his pen, will scald where it drops: his spirit is like powder, quick, violent; he'll blow a man up with a jest: I fear him worse than a rotten wall does the cannon; shake an hour after at the report. Away, come not near him.

Sog. For God's sake let's be gone; an he be a scholar, you know I cannot abide him; I had as lieve see a cockatrice, specially as cockatrices go now.²

¹ *O, he's a black fellow, &c.*] Black is mischievous, malignant. It is from Horace:—

"*Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.*"—
WHAL.

² *I had as lieve see a cockatrice, specially as cockatrices go now.*] A cockatrice, as every one knows, is a serpent, supposed to kill by the look; but Jonson plays on the cant meaning of the term, which I have already explained, p. 64.

³ *I thank my stars, &c.*] The folio edition of this play varies so little from the quarto, that

Car. What, you'll stay, signior? this gentleman Sogliardo, and I, are to visit the knight Puntarvolo, and from thence to the city; we shall meet there.

[*Exit with Sogliardo.*]

Mac. Ay, when I cannot shun you, we will meet.

'Tis strange! of all the creatures I have seen,

I envy not this Buffone, for indeed Neither his fortunes nor his parts deserve it: But I do hate him as I hate the devil, Or that brass-visaged monster Barbarism.

O, 'tis an open-throated, black-mouthed cur,

That bites at all, but eats on those that feed him.

A slave, that to your face will, serpent-like, Creep on the ground, as he would eat the dust,

And to your back will turn the tail, and sting

More deadly than a scorpion: stay, who's this?

Now, for my soul, another minion Of the old lady Chance's! I'll observe him.

Enter Sordido with an almanack in his hand.

Sord. O rare! good, good, good, good, good!

I thank my stars,³ I thank my stars for it.

Mac. Said I not true? doth not his passion speak

Out of my divination? O my senses, Why lose you not your powers, and become Dulled, if not deaded, with this spectacle?

I know him, it is Sordido, the farmer, A boor, and brother to that swine was here.

[*Aside.*]
Sord. Excellent, excellent, excellent! as I would wish, as I would wish.

Mac. See how the strumpet fortune tickles him,

And makes him swoon with laughter, O, O, O!

I have not always thought it necessary to call the reader's attention to the very few unimportant changes made in the present text. Not to defraud Jonson of his due praise, however, it is proper to observe, that in this, as in the preceding play, he has omitted or softened many of the profane ejaculations which deformed the first copies. To shock or nauseate the reader, by bringing back what the author, upon better consideration, flung out of his text, though unfortunately not without example, is yet a species of gratuitous mischief, for which simple stupidity scarcely forms an adequate excuse.

Sord. Ha, ha, ha! I will not sow my grounds this year. Let me see, what harvest shall we have? *June, July?*

Mac. What, is't a prognostication raps him so?

Sord. The 20, 21, 22 days, rain and wind. O good, good! the 23 and 24, rain and some wind, good! the 25, rain; good still! 26, 27, 28, wind and some rain; would it had been rain and some wind! well, 'tis good when it can be no better. 29, inclining to rain: inclining to rain! that's not so good now: 30 and 31, wind and no rain: no rain! 'shd, stay; this is worse and worse: What says he of Saint Swithin's? turn back, look, *Saint Swithin's: no rain!*

Mac. O, here's a precious, dirty, damned rogue,
That fats himself with expectation
Of rotten weather, and unseasoned hours;
And he is richer for it, an elder brother!
His barns are full, his ricks and mows well trod,
His garners crack with store! O, 'tis well;
ha, ha, ha!
A plague consume thee, and thy house!

[*Aside.*
Sord. O, here, *Saint Swithin's*, the 15 day, variable weather, for the most part rain, good! for the most part rain: why, it should rain forty days after, now, more or less, it was a rule held afore I was able to hold a plough, and yet here are two days no rain; ha! it makes me muse. We'll see how the next month begins, if that be better. August 1, 2, 3, and 4, days rainy and blustering: this is well now: 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, rainy, with some thunder; Ay, marry, this is excellent; the other was false printed sure: the 10 and 11, great store of rain; O good, good, good, good, good! the 12, 13, and 14 days, rain; good still: 15 and 16, rain; good still: 17 and 18, rain, good still; 19 and 20, good still, good still, good still, good still!

¹ *Laid I [a] penny out, &c.*] We must not be surprised at the confidence which Sordido reposes in his almanack, as persons in his station of life are to be found, even now, superstitiously attentive to its predictions. The ancient almanacks too possessed higher claims to respect, than those of our days, since besides certain assurance of the downfall of the Pope, and every potentate with whom we might happen to be at war, circumstances common to both, they contained lists of the days favourable for buying and selling.—matters of high import to the Sordidos of all ages. What appears somewhat

21, some rain; some rain! well, we must be patient, and attend the heavens' pleasure, would it were more though: the 22, 23, great tempests of rain, thunder, and lightning.

O good again, past expectation good!
I thank my blessed angel; never, never
Laid I [a] penny better out! than this,
To purchase this dear book: not dear for price,

And yet of me as dearly prized as life,
Since in it is contained the very life,
Blood, strength, and sinews of my happiness.

Blest be the hour wherein I bought this book;

His studies happy that composed the book,
And the man fortunate that sold the book!
Sleep with this charm, and be as true to me,

As I am joyed and confident in thee.

[*Puts it up.*

Enter a Hind, and gives Sordido a paper to read.

Mac. Ha, ha, ha!
Is not this good? Is it not pleasing this?
Ha, ha, ha? God pardon me! ha, ha!
Is't possible that such a spacious villain
Should live, and not be plagued? or lies
he hid

Within the wrinkled bosom of the world,
Where heaven cannot see him? 'Sblood!
methinks

'Tis rare, and strange, that he should
breathe and walk,
Feed with digestion, sleep, enjoy his health,

And, like a boisterous whale swallowing
the poor,
Still swim in wealth and pleasure! is't not strange?

Unless his house and skin were thunder-proof,

I wonder at it! Methinks, now, the hectic,

extraordinary, is the cheapness of this miraculous information: Sordido purchases it at a penny, and that this was not below the stated price, appears from other authorities. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Why all physicians,
And penny almanacks allow," &c.—*The Chances.*

And Massinger:

"Stargaze! sure,
I have a penny almanack about me,
Inscribed to you, as to his patroness.
In his name published."—Vol. iv. p. 37.

Gout, leprosy, or some such loathed disease,

Might light upon him; or that fire from heaven

Might fall upon his barns; or mice and rats

Eat up his grain; or else that it might rot

Within the hoary ricks, even as it stands:

Methinks this might be well; and after all
The devil might come and fetch him. Ay,
'tis true!

Meantime he surfeits in prosperity,
And thou, in envy of him, gnaw'st thyself:

Peace, fool, get hence, and tell thy vexed spirit,

Wealth in this age will scarcely look on merit.

[*Rises and exit.*

Sord. Who brought this same, sirrah?

Hind. Marry, sir, one of the justice's men; he says 'tis a precept, and all their hands be at it.

Sord. Ay, and the prints of them stick in my flesh

Deeper than in their letters: they have sent me

Pills wrapt in paper here, that, should I take them,

Would poison all the sweetness of my book,

And turn my honey into hemlock-juice.

But I am wiser than to serve their precepts,

Or follow their prescriptions. Here's a device,

To charge me bring my grain unto the markets:

Ay, much!¹ when I have neither barn nor garner,

Nor earth to hide it in, I'll bring 't; till then,

Each corn I send shall be as big as Paul's.

O, but (say some) the poor are like to starve.

Why, let 'em starve, what's that to me? are bees

Bound to keep life in drones and idle moths? no:

Why such are these that term themselves the poor,

Only because they would be pitied,

But are indeed a sort of lazy beggars,

Licentious rogues, and sturdy vagabonds,

Bred by the sloth of a fat pienteous year,

Like snakes in heat of summer, out of dung;

And this is all that these cheap times are good for:

Whereas a wholesome and penurious dearth

Purges the soil of such vile excrements,

And kills the vipers up.²

Hind. O, but, master,

Take heed they hear you not.

Sord. Why so?

Hind. They will exclaim against you.

Sord. Ay, their exclaims

Move me as much as thy breath moves a mountain.

Poor worms, they hiss at me, whilst I at home³

Can be contented to applaud myself,

To sit and clap my hands, and laugh, and leap,

Knocking my head against my roof, with joy

To see how plump my bags are, and my barns.

Sirrah, go hie you home, and bid your fellows

Get all their flails ready again I come.

Hind. I will, sir.

[*Exit.*

Sord. I'll instantly set all my hinds to thrashing

Of a whole rick of corn, which I will hide

Under the ground; and with the straw thereof

I'll stuff the outsides of my other mows.

That done, I'll have them empty all my garners,

And in the friendly earth bury my store,

That, when the searchers come, they may suppose

All's spent, and that my fortunes were belied.

And to lend more opinion to my want,

And stop that many-mouthed vulgar dog,

Which else would still be baying at my door,

Each market-day I will be seen to buy

Part of the purest wheat, as for my household;

Where when it comes, it shall increase my heaps:

'Twill yield me treble gain at this dear time,

Promised in this dear book: I have cast all.

¹ Ay, much!] i.e., by no means; not at all. See p. 14 b.

² And kills the vipers up.] See p. 46 a.

³ Poor worms, they hiss at me, whilst I at

home, &c.] Taken from Horace, but heightened and improved:

"Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi."

Till then I will not sell an ear, I'll hang first.

O, I shall make my prices as I list;
My house and I can feed on peas and barley.

What though a world of wretches starve the while;
He that will thrive must think no courses vile. [Exit.

[Cor. Now, signior, how approve you this? have the humourists exprest themselves truly or no?

Mit. Yes, if it be well prosecuted, 'tis hitherto happy enough: but methinks Macilente went hence too soon; he might have been made to stay, and speak somewhat in reproof of Sordido's wretchedness now at the last.

Cor. O, no, that had been extremely improper; besides, he had continued the scene too long with him as 'twas, being in no more action.

Mit. You may inforce the length as a necessary reason; but for propriety, the scene would very well have borne it, in my judgment.

Cor. O, worst of both; why, you mistake his humour utterly then.

Mit. How do I mistake it? Is it not Envy?

Cor. Yes, but you must understand, signior, he envies him not as he is a villain, a wolf in the commonwealth, but as he is rich and fortunate; for the true condition of envy is, *dolor alienæ felicitatis*, to have our eyes continually fixed upon another man's prosperity, that is, his chief happiness, and to grieve at that. Whereas, if we make his monstrous and abhorred actions our object, the grief we take then comes nearer the nature of hate than envy, as being bred out of a kind of contempt and loathing in ourselves.

Mit. So you'll infer it had been hate, not envy in him, to reprehend the humour of Sordido?

Cor. Right, for what a man truly envies in another, he could always love and cherish in himself; but no man truly reprehends in another, what he loves in himself; there-

fore reprehension is out of his hate. And this distinction hath he himself made in a speech there, if you marked it, where he says, *I envy not this Buffone, but I hate him.*

Mit. Stay, sir: *I envy not this Buffone, but I hate him.* Why might he not as well have hated Sordido as him?

Cor. No, sir, there was subject for his envy in Sordido, his wealth: so was there not in the other. He stood possess of no one eminent gift, but a most odious and fiend-like disposition, that would turn charity itself into hate, much more envy, for the present.

Mit. You have satisfied me, sir. O, here comes the fool and the jester again, methinks.

Cor. 'Twere pity they should be parted, sir.

Mit. What bright-shining gallant's that with them? the knight they went to?

Cor. No, sir, this is one Monsieur Fastidious Brisk, otherwise called the fresh Frenchified courtier.

Mit. A humourist too?

Cor. As humourous as quicksilver; do but observe him; the scene is the country still, remember.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Country; before Puntarvolo's House.

Enter Fastidious Brisk, Cinedo, Carlo Buffone, and Sogliardo.

Fast. Cinedo, watch when the knight comes, and give us word.

Cin. I will, sir. [Exit.

Fast. How lik'st thou my boy, Carlo?

Car. O, well, well. He looks like a colonel of the Pigmies horse, or one of these motions¹ in a great antique clock; he would shew well upon a haberdasher's stall, at a corner shop, rarely.

Fast. 'Sheart, what a damned witty rogue's this! How he confounds with his similes!

¹ Or one of these motions in a great antique clock;] A puppet, in this age, was called a *motion*: it here means one of those small figures in the face of a large clock, which was moved by the vibration of the pendulum. We have them in clocks of the present day.—WHALE.

There is an allusion to the figures in the *Ordinary*:

"For my good toothless countess, let us try To win that old emerit thing, that like An image in a German clock, doth move, Not walk, I mean that rotten antiquary"

Car. Better with smiles than smiles; and whither were you riding now, signior?

Fast. Who, I? What a silly jest's that! Whither should I ride but to the court?

Car. O, pardon me, sir, twenty places more; your hot-house, or your whore-house—¹

Fast. By the virtue of my soul, this knight dwells in Elisium here.

Car. He's gone now, I thought he would fly out presently. These be our nimble-spirited catsos,² that have their evasions at pleasure, will run over a bog like your wild Irish; no sooner started, but they'll leap from one thing to another like a squirrel, heigh! dance and do tricks in their discourse, from fire to water, from water to air, from air to earth, as if their tongues

did but e'en lick the four elements over, and away.

Fast. Sirrah Carlo, thou never saw'st my gray hobby yet, didst thou?

Car. No; have you such a one?

Fast. The best in Europe, my good villain, thou'lt say when thou seest him.

Car. But when shall I see him?

Fast. There was a nobleman in the court offered me a hundred pound for him, by this light: a fine little fiery slave, he runs like a—oh, excellent, excellent!—with the very sound of the spur.

Car. How! the sound of the spur?

Fast. O, it's your only humour now extant, sir; a good gingle, a good gingle.³

Car. 'Sblood! you shall see him turn morrice-dancer, he has got him bells, a good suit, and a hobby-horse.⁴

¹ *Your hot-house, or your whore-house.*] An unusual fit of reserve has visited the quarto, which omits the last word; little, however, is gained by it, on the score of decorum, for, as Jonson observes in his epigrams, the terms were "synonima."

² *These be our nimble-spirited catsos, &c.*] Carlo applies this opprobrious term to the travelled and affected conceits of the day, whose vapid follies he ridicules with great pleasantry. With respect to the word itself, on which the commentators on our old plays dilate with a gravity truly laughable, it is a petty oath, a cant exclamation, generally expressive, among the Italian populace, who have it constantly in their mouth, of defiance or contempt. Jonson points his satire at the use of it, which was very prevalent when he wrote.

³ *Car. How! the sound of the spur?*

Fast. O, it's your only humour now extant, sir; a good gingle, a good gingle.] There has been a great deal written on this "humour," but very little to the purpose. Whalley observes that the gallants of this age had small *rings* (Theobald and others say *bells*) fixed to their spurs, which made a noise when they rode or walked. But they had neither the one nor the other; the gingling was produced by the large loose *rowels* then worn, which were commonly of silver, and which every motion of the foot set in play. Thus Shirley: "I perceive 'tis an advantage for a man to wear spurs; the *rowel* of knighthood does so *gingle* in the ear of their understanding."—*Love in a Maze*. We may learn something of the offensive nature of this fashion from a passage in Chapman's *Monsieur d'Olive*: "You may hear them (the gallants) half a mile ere they come at you—six or seven make a perfect morris-daunce; they need no bells, their *spurs* serve their turne."—Act iii. But a yet more convincing proof of it may be found in some of our parish records. It is well known that our cathedrals (and above all, St. Paul's) were, in Jonson's time, frequented by people of all descriptions, who, with a levity

scarcely credible, walked up and down the aisles, and transacted business of every kind, during divine service. To expel them was not possible, such, however, was the noise occasioned by the incessant gingling of their spur-rowels, that it was found expedient to punish those who approached the body of the church, thus indecently equipped, by a small fine, under the name of *spur-money*, the exaction of which was committed to the beadles and singing-boys, who seem to have exerted their authority with sufficient vigour, and sometimes even to the neglect of their more important duties. About the time when this play was written, I find the following, "Presentment to the Visitor, 1598: Wee think it a very necessarye thinge that every quorister sholde bringe with him to church a Te-tament, in Englishe, and torne to every chapter, as it is duly read, or som other good and godly prayer-booke, rather than spend their tyme in talk and hunting after *spur-money*, whereon they set their whole mindes, and do often abuse dyvers if they doe not bestowe somewhat on them." See *post* 93, *b*.

⁴ *Car. 'Sblood! you shall see him turn morrice-dancer, he has got him bells, a good suit, and a hobby-horse.*] Of morrice-dancers, enough and more than enough has been already written. When the sports of our ancestors were rude and few, they formed a very favourite part of their merry meetings. They were at first undoubtedly a company of people that represented the military dances of the Moors (once the most lively and refined people in Europe) in their proper habits and arms, and must have been sufficiently amusing to an untravelled nation like the English; but by degrees they seem to have adopted into their body all the prominent characters of the other rustic May-games and sports, which were now probably declining, and to have become the most anomalous collection of performers that ever appeared at once upon the stage of the world. Besides the hobby-horse, there were the fool (not the driveller, as Tollet supposes, but the buffoon of

Sog. Signior, now you talk of a hobby-horse, I know where one is will not be given for a brace of angels.

Fast. How is that, sir?

Sog. Marry, sir, I am telling this gentleman of a hobby-horse, it was my father's indeed, and, though I say it—

Car. That should not say it—on, on.

Sog. He did dance in it, with as good humour and as good regard as any man of his degree whatsoever, being no gentleman: I have danced in it myself too.

Car. Not since the humour of gentility was upon you, did you?

Sog. Yes, once; marry, that was but to shew what a gentleman might do in a humour.

Car. O, very good.

[*Mit.* Why, this fellow's discourse were nothing but for the word humour.

Cor. O, bear with him; an he should lack matter and words too, 'twere pitiful.]

Sog. Nay, look you, sir, there's ne'er a gentleman, for the hobby-horse, as I have; I

the party); may, or maid, Marian, and her paramour, a friar; a serving-man; a piper, and two moriscoes. These, with their bells, ruffs, streamers, &c. all in motion at one time, must have, as Rabelais says, made a *tintamarre de diable!* Their dress is prettily described by Fletcher:

"*Soto.* Do you know what sports are in season?

Silvio. I hear there are some a foot.

Soto. Where are your bells then,

Your rings, your ribbands, friend, and your clean napkins;

Your nosegay in your hat, pinned up?" &c.

Women Pleased, act iv. sc. 1.

When the right good-will with which these worthy persons capered is taken into consideration, the clean napkin, which was never omitted, will not appear the least necessary part of the apparatus. Thus Clod, in the masque of *Gipseys*, observes, "They should be morris-dancers by their *gingle*, but they have no *napkins*."

The hobby-horse (Sogliardo's choice) who once performed the principal character in the dance, and whose banishment from it is lamented with such ludicrous pathos by our old dramatists, was a light frame of wickerwork, furnished with a pasteboard head and neck of a horse. This was buckled round the waist, and covered with a foot-cloth which reached to the ground, and concealed at once the legs of the performer and his juggling apparatus. Thus equipped, he

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have the method for the threading of the needle and all, the—

Car. How, the method!

Sog. Ay, the leigerity for that, and the whigh-hie, and the daggers in the nose, and the travels of the egg from finger to finger, and all the humours incident to the quality. The horse hangs at home in my parlour. I'll keep it for a monument as long as I live, sure.

Car. Do so; and when you die, 'twill be an excellent trophy to hang over your tomb.

Sog. Mass, and I'll have a tomb, now I think on't; 'tis but so much charges.

Car. Best build it in your lifetime then, your heirs may hap to forget it else.

Sog. Nay, I mean so, I'll not trust to them.

Car. No, for heirs and executors are grown damnable careless, specially since the ghosts of testators left walking.—How like you him, signior?

Fast. 'Fore heavens, his humour arrides me exceedingly.¹

Car. Arrides you!

Fast. Ay, pleases me: a pox on't! I am so haunted at the court, and at my lodging, with your refined choice spirits,

pranced and curvetted in all directions (probably to keep the ring clear), neighing, or *whigh-hie-ing*, as the author calls it, and exhibiting specimens of boisterous and burlesque horsemanship. The *whigh-hies* are mentioned by Fletcher in *Women Pleased*, where Bomby, now converted to Puritanism, renounces the hobby-horse, in which he had just been dancing:

"This beast of Babylon I'll ne'er back again,

His pace is sure profane, and his lewd *wi-hees*,
The songs of Hymyn and Gymyn in the wilderness."—Act iv. sc. 1.

The feats of *leigerity* (legerdemain), such as *threading the needle*, conveying an egg from hand to hand, which Jonson terms the *travels of the egg*; running *daggers through the nose*, and other humours incident to the quality which Sogliardo exhibited in his career, may yet be seen at country fairs. "*But O! the hobby-horse is forgot.*" We have now Pizarro and the *Castle Spectre* in our holiday booths. We are certainly more genteel in our rural amusements than our fathers; but I doubt whether we are quite as merry, or even as wise.

¹ *Fast.* 'Fore heavens, his humour arrides me exceedingly.] This Latinism is copied by Mar-mion: "Her form answers my expectation; it arrides (pleases) me exceedingly!"—*The Anti-quary*. Shirley, too, has it in his *Love Tricks*. It is a most affected piece of pedantry, but it does not misbecome the characters who employ it. In the next speech there is more of it.

that it makes me clean of another garb, another sheaf, I know not how! I cannot frame me to your harsh vulgar phrase, 'tis against my genius.

Sog. Signior Carlo! [*Takes him aside.*]

[*Cor.* This is right to that of Horace, *Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt*; so this gallant, labouring to avoid popularity, falls into a habit of affectation ten thousand times hatefuller than the former.]

Car. [*pointing to Fastidious.*] Who, he? a gull, a fool, no salt in him! the earth, man: he looks like a fresh salmon kept in a tub; he'll be spent shortly. His brains lighter than his feather already, and his tongue more subject to lye, than that is to wag; he sleeps with a musk-cat every night, and walks all day hanged in pomander chains¹ for penance; he has his skin tanned in civet, to make his complexion strong, and the sweetness of his youth lasting in the sense of his sweet lady; a good empty puff, he loves you well, signior.

Sog. There shall be no love lost, sir, I'll assure you.

Fast. [*advancing to them.*] Nay, Carlo, I am not happy in thy love, I see: pray thee suffer me to enjoy thy company a little, sweet mischief: by this air, I shall envy this gentleman's place in thy affections, if you be thus private, i' faith.

Enter Cinedo.

How now! Is the knight arrived?

Cin. No, sir, but 'tis guessed he will arrive presently, by his forerunners.

¹ *And walks all day hanged in pomander chains, &c.*] Pomanders were little balls of perfumed paste, worn in the pocket, or strung round the neck, as amulets, to prevent infection in times of the plague: they were also an article of luxury among people of rank and fashion, or who aspired to be thought such. Directions for making them frequently occur in our old poets, books of housewifery, &c. "A good pomander, a little decayed in the scent; but six grains of musk, ground with rose water, and tempered with a little civet, shall fetch her again presently."—*Malcontent*, act v. sc. 1. Another receipt, more complicated, and therefore more in the taste of the times, occurs in *Lingua*, act iv. sc. 3. This kind of amulet has lately been revived with great parade or novelty; such is our credulity, or our ignorance!

² *Car.* You should give him a French crown for it;] *French crown*, like the miserable word

Fast. His hounds! by Minerva, an excellent figure; a good boy.

Car. You should give him a French crown for it;² the boy would find two better figures in that, and a good figure of your bounty beside.

Fast. Tut, the boy wants no crowns.

Car. No crown; speak in the singular number, and we'll believe you.

Fast. Nay, thou art so capriciously conceited now. Sirrah damnation, I have heard this knight Puntarvolo reported to be a gentleman of exceeding good humour, thou know'st him; prithee, how is his disposition? I never was so favoured of my stars as to see him yet. Boy, do you look to the hobby?

Cin. Ay, sir, the groom has set him up.

[*As Cinedo is going out, Sogliardo takes him aside.*]

Fast. 'Tis well: I rid out of my way of intent to visit him, and take knowledge of his—Nay, good Wickedness, his humour, his humour.

Car. Why, he loves dogs, and hawks, and his wife well; he has a good riding face, and he can sit a great horse; he will taint a staff well at tilt;³ when he is mounted he looks like the sign of the George, that's all I know; save, that instead of a dragon, he will brandish against a tree, and break his sword as confidently upon the knotty bark, as the other did upon the scales of the beast.

Fast. O, but this is nothing to that's delivered of him. They say he has dialogues and discourses between his horse, himself, and his dog; and that he will court his own lady, as she were a stranger never encountered before.

do, is almost sure to draw from the commentators a profusion of filth and obscenity wherever it occurs. Whalley says that it means a corona veneris, a caries in the head, &c.; though how Fastidious was to give this, is not very apparent. A French crown here means neither more nor less than a piece of money so called.

³ *He will taint a staff well at tilt;*] i.e., break it, but not in the most honourable and scientific manner. Such at least is the meaning it seems to have here, the only place but one (as far as I know) in which the expression occurs (see Massinger, vol. ii. p. 293), unless, from Jonsen's known attachment to playing on words, it should be thought to bear a similar meaning in a subsequent passage of the present play:

Punt. There never was so witty a jest broken at the tilt, of all the court wits christened.

Maci. O, this applause taints it foully.

Car. Ay, that he will, and make fresh love to her every morning; this gentleman has been a spectator of it, Signior Insulso.

Sog. I am resolute to keep a page.—Say you, sir?

[*Leaps from whispering with Cinedo.*]

Car. You have seen Signior Puntarvolo accost his lady?

Sog. O, ay, sir.

Fast. And how is the manner of it, prithee, good signior?

Sog. Faith, sir, in every good sort; he has his humours for it, sir; as first (suppose he were now to come from riding or hunting, or so), he has his trumpet to sound, and then the waiting-gentlewoman, she looks out, and then he speaks, and then she speaks,—very pitty, i' faith, gentlemen.

Fast. Why, but do you remember no particulars, signior?

Sog. O, yes, sir, first, the gentlewoman, she looks out at the window.

Car. After the trumpet has summoned a parle, not before?

Sog. No, sir, not before; and then says he,—ha, ha, ha, ha!

Car. What says he? be not rapt so.

Sog. Says he,—ha, ha, ha, ha!

Fast. Nay, speak, speak.

Sog. Ha, ha, ha!—says he, God save you, says he;—ha, ha!

Car. Was this the ridiculous motive to all this passion?

Sog. Nay, that, that comes after is,—ha, ha, ha, ha!

Car. Doubtless he apprehends more than he utters, this fellow; or else—

[*A cry of hounds within.*]

Sog. List, list, they are come from hunting; stand by, close under this terras, and you shall see it done better than I can shew it.¹

Car. So it had need, 'twill scarce poise the observation else.

Sog. Faith, I remember all, but the manner of it is quite out of my head.

Fast. O, withdraw, withdraw, it cannot be but a most pleasing object.

[*They stand aside.*]

Enter Puntarvolo, followed by his Huntsman leading a greyhound.

Punt. Forester, give wind to thy horn.—Enough; by this the sound hath touched the ears of the inclosed: depart, leave the dog, and take with thee what thou hast deserved, the horn, and thanks.

[*Exit Huntsman.*]

Car. Ay, marry, there is some taste in this.

Fast. Is't not good?

Sog. Ah, peace; now above, now above!

[*A Waiting-gentlewoman appears at the window.*]

Punt. Stay; mine eye hath, on the instant, through the bounty of the window, received the form of a nymph. I will step forward three paces; of the which, I will barely retire one; and, after some little flexure of the knee, with an erected grace salute her; one, two, and three! Sweet lady, God save you!

Gent. [*above.*] No, forsooth; I am but the waiting-gentlewoman.

Car. He knew that before.

Punt. Pardon me: *hum inum est errare.*

Car. He learned that of his chaplain.²

Punt. To the perfection of compliment (which is the dial of the thought, and guided by the sun of your beauties) are required these three specials; the gnomon, the punulios, and the superficialities: the superficialities is that we call place; the puntulios, circumstance; and the gnomon, ceremony; in either of which, for a stranger to err, 'tis easy and facile; and such am I.

Car. True, not knowing her *horison*, he must needs err; which I fear he knows too well.

Punt. What call you the lord of the castle, sweet face?

Gent. [*above.*] The lord of the castle is a knight, sir; Signior Puntarvolo.

Punt. Puntarvolo! O—

Car. Now must he ruminate.

Fast. Does the wench know him all this while, then?

Car. O, do you know me, man? why, therein lies the syrup of the jest; it's a project, a designment of his own, a thing studied, and rehearst as ordinarily at his

¹ You shall see it done better than I can shew it.] It is to be regretted that this observation came so late. Certainly it does no credit to the judgment of the poet thus to destroy a part of the interest of his own scene by anticipating what it was meant to display. But Jonson excelled in strong and vigorous description; and this is not the only place in

which his consciousness of his superior talents for delineating characters has betrayed him into improprieties.

² Car. He learned that of his chaplain.] An improvement of the quarto, which reads, "he learned that of a Puritan;" the only description of people, perhaps, who never made use of the expression.

coming from hawking or hunting, as a jig after a play.¹

Sog. Ay, e'en like your jig, sir.

Punt. 'Tis a most sumptuous and stately edifice! Of what years is the knight, fair damsel?

Gent. Faith, much about your years, sir.

Punt. What complexion, or what stature bears he?

Gent. Of your stature, and very near upon your complexion.

Punt. Mine is melancholy

Car. So is the dog's, just.

Punt. And doth argue constancy, chiefly in love. What are his endowments? is he courteous?

Gent. O, the most courteous knight in Christian land, sir.

Punt. Is he magnanimous?

Gent. As the skin between your brows, sir.

Punt. Is he bountiful?

Car. 'Slud, he takes an inventory of his own good parts.

Gent. Bountiful! ay, sir, I would you should know it; the poor are served at his gate, early and late, sir.

Punt. Is he learned!

Gent. O, ay, sir, he can speak the French and Italian.

Punt. Then he has travelled?

Gent. Ay, forsooth, he hath been beyond seas once or twice.

Car. As far as Paris, to fetch over a fashion, and come back again.

Punt. Is he religious?

Gent. Religious! I know not what you call religious, but he goes to church, I am sure.

Fast. 'Slid, methinks these answers should offend him.

Car. Tut, no; he knows they are ex-

cellent, and to her capacity that speaks them.

Punt. Would I might but see his face!

Car. She should let down a glass from the window at that word, and request him to look in't.

Punt. Doubtless the gentleman is most exact, and absolutely qualified; doth the castle contain him?

Gent. No, sir, he is from home, but his lady is within.

Punt. His lady! what, is she fair, splendidious, and amiable?

Gent. O, Lord, sir!

Punt. Prithce, dear nymph, intreat her beauties to shine on this side of the building.

[*Exit* Waiting-gentlewoman from the window.]

Car. That he may erect a new dial of compliment, with his gnomons and his puntilos.

Fast. Nay, thou art such another Cynick now, a man had need walk uprightly before thee.

Car. Heart, can any man walk more upright than he does? Look, look; as if he went in a frame, or had a suit of wainscot on; and the dog watching him, lest he should leap out on't.

Fast. O, villain!

Car. Well, an e'er I meet him in the city, I'll have him jointed, I'll pawn him in Eastcheap, among the butchers, else.

Fast. Peace; who be these, Carlo?

Enter Sordido and Fungoso.

Sord. Yonder's your godfather; do your duty to him, son.

Sog. This, sir? a poor elder brother of mine, sir, a yeoman, may dispense some seven or eight hundred a year; that's his son, my nephew, there.

¹ As a jig after a play.] In our author's days a *jig* did not always mean a dance, but frequently, as here, a ballad, or a low ludicrous dialogue, in metre. So in *The Hog hath lost his Pearl*: "Here's the player would speak with you—about the *jig* I promised him."—Act i. sc. 1. And in *Hamlet*: "O! your only *jig*-maker;" upon which Mr. Steevens cites the following lines from Shirley's *Love in a Maze*:

"Many gentlemen
Are not, as in the days of understanding,
Now satisfied without a *jig*, which since
They cannot, with their honour, call for, after
The play, they look to be served up i' th'
middle."—WHAL.

The conclusion of this note affords a curious

specimen of the disingenuity of Steevens, and the improper confidence of Whalley. The former quotes this passage to prove that a *jig* meant, as above, "a farcical dialogue in verse," and breaks off within a word of what expressly ascertains that Shirley meant neither more nor less by it than a *dance*:

"I' th' middle;
Your *dance* is the best language of some comedies,
And footing runs away with all; a scene
Express with life of art, and squared to nature,
Is dull and phlegmatic poetry."

Steevens, as Mr. Gilchrist justly observes, had no plea for thus garbling a quotation, since a hundred passages might be fairly produced in which *jig* is used for a scene of low buffoonery, or farce.

Punt. You are not ill come, neighbour Sordido, though I have not yet said, well-come; what, my godson is grown a great proficient by this.

Sord. I hope he will grow great one day, sir.

Fast. What does he study? the law?

Sog. Ay, sir, he is a gentleman, though his father be but a yeoman.

Car. What call you your nephew, signior?

Sog. Marry, his name is Fungoso.

Car. Fungoso! O, he looked somewhat like a sponge in that pinked yellow doublet, methought; well, make much of him; I see he was never born to ride upon a mule.¹

Gent. [*reappears at the window.*] My lady will come presently, sir.

Sog. O, now, now!

Punt. Stand by, retire yourselves a space; nay, pray you, forget not the use of your hat; the air is piercing.

[*Sordido and Fungoso withdraw.*]

Fast. What! will not their presence prevail against the current of his humour?

Car. O, no; it's a mere flood, a torrent carries all afore it.

[*Lady Puntarvolo appears at the window.*]

Punt. What more than heavenly pulchritude is this,

What magazine, or treasury of bliss?

Dazzle, you organs to my optic sense,

To view a creature of such eminence:

O, I am planet-struck, and in yon sphere
A brighter star than Venus doth appear!

Fast. How! in verse!

Car. An extacy, an extacy, man.

Lady P. [*above.*] Is your desire to speak with me, sir knight?

Car. He will tell you that anon; neither his brain nor his body are yet moulded for an answer.

Punt. Most debonair and luculent lady, I decline me as low as the basis of your altitude.

¹ I see he was never born to ride upon a mule,] i.e., he was never born to be a great lawyer. It was the custom anciently for the judges or sergeants at law to go to Westminster in great state, and riding on mules. Thus Stow, describing the order of Wolsey's going to Westminster, in term-time: "And when he come at the hall door, there was *hys mule*, being trapped all in crimson velvet, with a saddle of the same, and gnilte styrops."—Ann. ed. 1580, p. 917.—WHAL.

John Whiddon, justice of the King's Bench Court, 1 Mar. as we are informed by Dugdale, "was the first of the judges who rode to West-

[*Cor.* He makes congies to his wife in geometrical proportions.

Mit. Is it possible there should be any such humourist?

Cor. Very easily possible, sir, you see there is.]

Punt. I have scarce collected my spirits, but lately scattered in the admiration of your form; to which, if the bounties of your mind be any way responsible, I doubt not but my desires shall find a smooth and secure passage. I am a poor knight-errant, lady, that hunting in the adjacent forest, was by adventure, in the pursuit of a hart, brought to this place; which hart, dear madam, escaped by enchantment: the evening approaching, myself and servant wearied, my suit is, to enter your fair castle and refresh me.

Lady. Sir knight, albeit it be not usual with me, chiefly in the absence of a husband, to admit any entrance to strangers, yet in the true regard of those innated virtues, and fair parts, which so strive to express themselves, in you; I am resolved to entertain you to the best of my unworthy power; which I acknowledge to be nothing, valued with what so worthy a person may deserve. Please you but stay while I descend.

[*Exit from the window.*]

Punt. Most admired lady, you astonish me.

[*Walks aside with Sordido and his son.*]

Car. What! with speaking a speech of your own penning?

Fast. Nay, look; prithee, peace.

Car. Fox on't! I am impatient of such foppery.

Fast. O, let us hear the rest.

Car. What! a tedious chapter of courtship, after Sir Lancelot and Queen Guenever?² Away! I marle in what dull cold nook he found this lady out; that, being a woman, she was blest with no more copy of

minster-hall on an horse or gelding; for before that time they rode on mules."—Dug. Orig. Ju. L. p. 38.

Jonson, or his printer, spells this word several ways, moile, moyl, and mule, I have adopted the last.

² After Sir Lancelot and Queen Guenever? After the manner, &c. Cui non dictus Hylas? and who does not know that Guenever was the wife of King Arthur, and Lancelot her favoured and faithful lover? Their amours fill many a page of the old romance of Prince Arthur.

wit¹ but to serve his humour thus. 'Slud, I think he feeds her with porridge, I; she could never have such a thick brain else.

Sog. Why, is porridge so hurtful, signior?

Car. O, nothing under heaven more prejudicial to those ascending subtle powers, or doth sooner abate that which we call *acumen ingenii*, than your gross fare: Why, I'll make you an instance; your city wives, but observe 'em, you have not more perfect true fools in the world bred than they are generally; and yet you see, by the fineness and delicacy of their diet, diving into the fat capons, drinking your rich wines, feeding on larks, sparrows, potato-pies, and such good unctuous meats, how their wits are refined and rarified; and sometimes a very quintessence of conceit flows from them, able to drown a weak apprehension.

Enter Lady Puntarvolo and her Waiting-woman.

Fast. Peace, here comes the lady.

Lady. Gad's me, here's company! turn in again. [*Exit with her Woman.*]

Fast. 'Slight, our presence has cut off the convoy of the jest.

Car. All the better, I am glad on't; for the issue was very perspicuous. Come, let's discover and salute the knight.

[*They come forward.*]

Punt. Stay; who be these that address themselves towards us? What, Carlo! Now by the simplicity of my soul, welcome; welcome, gentlemen: and how dost thou, thou *Grand Scourge*, or *Second Untruss of the time*?²

Car. Faith, spending my metal in this reeling world (here and there), as the sway of my affection carries me, and perhaps stumble upon a yeoman-feuterer,³ as I do now; or one of fortune's mules, laden with treasure, and an empty cloak-bag, following him, gaping when a bag will untie.

Punt. Peace, you bandog, peace! What

brisk Nymphodoro is that in the white virgin-boot there?

Car. Marry, sir, one that I must intreat you to take a very particular knowledge of, and with more than ordinary respect; Monsieur Fastidious.

Punt. Sir, I could wish that for the time of your vouchsafed abiding here, and more real entertainment,⁴ this my house stood on the Muses' hill, and these my orchards were those of the Hesperides.

Fast. I possess as much in your wish, sir, as if I were made lord of the Indies; and I pray you believe it.

Car. I have a better opinion of his faith, than to think it will be so corrupted.

Sog. Come, brother, I'll bring you acquainted with gentlemen, and good fellows, such as shall do you more grace than—

Sord. Brother, I hunger not for such acquaintance: Do you take heed, lest—

[*Carlo comes toward them.*]

Sog. Husht! My brother, sir, for want of education, sir, somewhat nodding to the boor, the clown; but I request you in private, sir.

Fung. [*Looking at Fastidious Brisk.*] By heaven, it is a very fine suit of clothes.

[*Aside.*]

[*Cor.* Do you observe that, signior? There's another humour has new-cracked the shell.

Mit. What! he is enamoured of the fashion, is he?

Cor. O, you forestall the jest.!

Fung. I marle what it might stand him in. [*Aside.*]

Sog. Nephew!

Fung. Fore me, it's an excellent suit, and as neatly becomes him. [*Aside.*]

What said you, uncle?

Sog. When saw you my niece?

Fung. Marry, yesternight I supped there.—That kind of boot does very rare too. [*Aside.*]

¹ *She was biest with no more copy of wit*] From the Latin *copia*, plenty, abundance; familiar in this sense to our author.—*WHAL.*

This word was not introduced by Jonson; it occurs in Chaucer, and even in writers anterior to Chaucer: luckily, its uncouthness has long since banished it from the language, which it only served to stiffen and deform. See *post* 100 *b.*

² *Thou Grand Scourge, or Second Untruss of the time?*] The allusion is here to Marston, whose Satires, called the *Scourge of Villanie*,

in three books, were printed the year before the first edition of this Comedy, 1599.

³ *A yeoman-feuterer.*] Meaning Puntarvolo. *Feuterer* is a dog-keeper, from the French *vautrier* or *vaultrier*; one that leads a lime-hound or greyhound for the chase.—*WHAL.*

See Massinger, vol. iii. p. 213.

⁴ *And more real entertainment.*] It may be just worth observing that, in the affected language of Puntarvolo, *real* means regal, noble; the word is distinguished in the quarto by a capital.

Sog. And what news hear you ?

Fung. The gilt spur and all !¹ Would I were hanged, but 'tis exceeding good. [*Aside.*] Say you, uncle ?

Sog. Your mind is carried away with somewhat else : I ask what news you hear ?

Fung. Troth, we hear none.—In good faith, [*looking at Fastidious Brisk*] I was never so pleased with a fashion, days of my life. O an I might have but my wish, I'd ask no more of heaven now but such a suit, such a hat, such a band, such a doublet, such a hose, such a boot, and such a—

[*Aside.*]
Sog. They say there's a new motion of the city of Nineveh,² with Jonas and the whale, to be seen at Fleet-bridge. You can tell, cousin ?

Fung. Here's such a world of questions

¹ *The gilt spur and all!* *Gilt spurs* were one of the extravagant articles affected by the gallants of the age. Thus Fenno, in the *Compter's Commonwealth*, 1617, p. 32: "Gallants that scorned to wear any other than beaver hats, and gold bands, rich swords, and scarfs, silk stockings, and gold fringed garters, or russet bootes, and *gilt spurs.*"—WHAL.

² *They say there's a new motion of the city of Nineveh, &c.* There is no *puppet-show* of which our old writers make such frequent mention as this of Nineveh, which must have been exceedingly popular. Fleet-street appears to have been the principal place where sights of every kind were exhibited, and probably from its being the great thoroughfare of the city. This would scarcely deserve notice were it not for a passage in Butler which it serves to explain, and of which the sense has been hitherto mistaken :

"And now at length he's brought
Unto fair London city,
Where in Fleet-street
All those may see't,
That will not believe my ditty."
Ballad on Cromwell.

"Alluding," says the Editor, "to Cromwell's having lodged there at some period of his life." But the allusion is to the notoriety of this street for its exhibitions of puppet-shows, "naked Indians," "strange fishes," and "monsters" of every description. The laudable custom of hanging out a picture of what was to be seen, is still preserved in full force.

³ *Some ten or eleven pound will do it all, and suit me, for the heavens!* This expression occurs in *The Merchant of Venice*. "Away! says the fiend, for the heavens!" Upon which Mr. M. Mason observes, "As it is not likely that Shakspeare should make the Devil conjure Launcelot to do any thing for the heavens, I have no doubt but the passage is corrupt, and that we ought to read, Away! says the fiend, for the *haven*—by which Launcelot was to make

with him now!—Yes, I think there be such a thing, I saw the picture.—Would he would once be satisfied! Let me see, the doublet, say fifty shillings the doublet, and between three or four pound the hose; then boots, hat, and band: some ten or eleven pound will do it all, and suit me, for the heavens!" [*Aside.*]

Sog. I'll see all those devices an I come to London once.

Fung. Ods 'slid, an I could compass it, 'twere rare. [*Aside.*] Hark you, uncle.

Sog. What says my nephew ?

Fung. Faith, uncle, I would have desired you to have made a motion for me to my father, in a thing that—Walk aside, and I'll tell you, sir; no more but this: there's a parcel of law books (some twenty pounds' worth) that lie in a place for little more

his escape, if he was determined to run away!" My old acquaintance succeeds no better in geography than in criticism: the *haven* of Venice is all his own, and it would be the height of injustice to compliment Shakspeare with the discovery of it.

Mr. Malone says that the expression means, "Begone, says the fiend, to the heavens." This appears less likely to come from the "Devil," than the "conjuratur" which so scandalized Mr. M. Mason. But enough of trifling; the words are merely a petty oath; and whosoever they occur, in this manner, and by whomsoever they are spoken, mean neither more nor less than—by heaven! Such is the sense of them in the text: Some ten or eleven pound will do it all, *by heaven!*

This ignorance of the language, if accompanied by modesty, would be no great evil; but when it emboldens the commentator to corrupt and alter it to his own conceptions, as Whalley has done in this place, it becomes a serious matter. In a subsequent scene of this play Macilente says:

"Now, for my soul, another minion
Of the old lady Chance's!"

On which Whalley observes, "I apprehend the words *for my soul* are corrupt, and should be read *fore my soul.*" And accordingly the expression, thus happily corrected a second time, is made part of the text.

That no future doubts may arise on the subject, I will subjoin two or three of as many score examples which I could instantly produce: the first shall be from Jonson himself: "Come on, Sir Valentine, I'll give you a health, *for the heavens*, you mad Capricio, hold hook and lime!"—*Case is Altered.* The second, from his old enemy Decker: "A lady took a pipefull or two (of tobacco) at my hands, and praised it, *for the heavens!*"—*Untrussing the Humorous Poet.* And, to conclude, Tweddle, the drunken piper, in *Pasquil and Katharine*, exclaims, "I must goe and clap my mistress' cheekes (his tabor) there, *for the heavens.*"

than half the money they cost; and I think, for some twelve pound, or twenty mark, I could go near to redeem them; there's Plowden, Dyar, Brooke, and Fitz-Herbert, divers such as I must have ere long; and you know, I were as good save five or six pound as not, uncle. I pray you, move it for me.

Sog. That I will: when would you have me do it? presently?

Fung. O, ay, I pray you, good uncle: [*Sogliardo takes Sordido aside.*]—send me good luck! Lord, an't be thy will, prosper it! O, my stars, now, now, if it take now, I am made for ever.

Fast. Shall I tell you, sir? by this air, I am the most beholden to that lord of any gentleman living; he does use me the most honourably, and with the greatest respect, more indeed than can be uttered with any opinion of truth.

Punt. Then have you the Count Gratiano?

Fast. As true noble a gentleman too as any breathes; I am exceedingly endeared to his love: By this hand, I protest to you, signior, I speak it not gloriously,¹ nor out of affectation, but there's he, and the Count Frugale, Signior Illustre, Signior Luculento, and a sort of 'em, that when I am at court, they do share me amongst them; happy is he can enjoy me most private. I do wish myself sometime an ubiquitous for their love, in good faith.

Car. There's ne'er a one of these but might lie a week on the rack, ere they could bring forth his name; and yet he pours them out as familiarly as if he had seen them stand by the fire in the presence, or ta'en tobacco with them over the stage, in the lords' room.²

Punt. Then you must of necessity know

¹ I speak it not gloriously,] i.e., gloriously, vaingloriously; a common acceptance of the word by the writers of Jonson's time.

² Or ta'en tobacco with them over the stage, in the lords' room.] The lords' rooms answered to the present stage-boxes. The price of admission to them appears to have been originally a shilling. Thus Decker: "At a new play you take up the twelve-penny room, next the stage, because the lords and you may seem to be hail-fellow, well met."—*Gull's Hornbook*, 1609.

³ This scarf, sir, or this riband in my ear, or so; this feather grew in her sweet fan sometimes,] In those days of gallantry, it was an honourable mode for the men to wear publicly some token of their mistress, or favour she was supposed to give them. Gloves, ribands, &c. were the usual insignia of this kind. The

our court-star there, that planet of wit, Madona Saviolina?

Fast. O Lord, sir! my mistress.

Punt. Is she your mistress?

Fast. Faith, here be some slight favours of hers, sir, that do speak it she is; as this scarf, sir, or this riband in my ear, or so; this feather grew in her sweet fan sometimes,³ though now it be my poor fortune to wear it, as you see, sir: slight, slight, a foolish toy.

Punt. Well, she is the lady of a most exalted and ingenious spirit.

Fast. Did you ever hear any woman speak like her? or enriched with a more plentiful discourse?

Car. O villainous! nothing but sound, sound, a mere echo; she speaks as she goes tired, in cobweb-lawn, light, thin; good enough to catch flies withal.

Punt. O, manage your affections.

Fast. Well, if thou be'st not plagued for this blasphemy one day—

Punt. Come, regard not a jester: It is in the power of my purse to make him speak well or ill of me.

Fast. Sir, I affirm it to you upon my credit and judgment, she has the most harmonious and musical strain of wit that ever tempted a true ear; and yet to see!—a rude tongue would profane heaven, if it could.

Punt. I am not ignorant of it, sir.

Fast. Oh, it flows from her like nectar, and she doth give it that sweet, quick grace, and exornation in the composure, that by this good air, as I am an honest man, would I might never stir, sir, but—she does observe as pure a phrase, and use as choice figures in her ordinary conferences, as any be in the *Arcadia*.⁴

fans then in use were made of feathers.—*WHAL.*

The fashion of wearing roses, that is, knots of ribands, in the ear, is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists, and among the rest by Shakespeare:

"My face so thin,
That in my ear I could not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings
goes."—*King John*.

Theobald supposes the rose here mentioned to be the flower so called; but he is mistaken.

⁴ She does observe as pure a phrase, and use as choice figures as any be in the *Arcadia*.] An unfinished pastoral romance written by Sir P. Sidney, in compliment to his sister. It is mentioned in the *Antiquary*: "Twere a solecism

Car. Or rather in Green's works, whence she may steal with more security.¹

Sord. Well, if ten pound will fetch 'em, you shall have it; but I'll part with no more.

Fung. I'll try what that will do, if you please.

Sord. Do so; and when you have them, study hard.

Fung. Yes, sir. An I could study to get forty shillings more now! Well, I will put myself into the fashion, as far as this will go, presently.

Sord. I wonder it rains not: the almanack says we should have store of rain to-day.

[*Aside.*

Punt. Why, sir, to-morrow I will associate you to court myself, and from thence to the city, about a business, a project I have; I will expose it to you, sir; Carlo, I am sure, has heard of it.

Car. What's that, sir?

Punt. I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel: and because I will not altogether go upon expense, I am determined to put forth some five thousand pound, to be paid me five for one,² upon the return of myself and wife, and my dog, from the Turk's court in Constantinople. If all or either of us miscarry in the journey, 'tis gone: if we be successful, why, there will be five and twenty thousand pound to entertain time withal. Nay, go not, neigh-

bour Sordido; stay to-night, and help to make our society the fuller. Gentlemen, frolick:³ Carlo! what! dull now?

Car. I was thinking on your project, sir, an you call it so. Is this the dog goes with you?

Punt. This is the dog, sir.

Car. He does not go barefoot, does he?

Punt. Away, you traitor, away!

Car. Nay, afore God, I speak simply; he may prick his foot with a thorn, and be as much as the whole venture is worth. Besides, for a dog that never travelled before, it's a huge journey to Constantinople. I'll tell you now, an he were mine, I'd have some present conference with a physician, what antidotes were good to give him, preservatives against poison; for, assure you, if once your money be out, there'll be divers attempts made against the life of the poor animal.

Punt. Thou art still dangerous.

Fast. Is Signior Deliro's wife your kinswoman?

Seg. Ay, sir, she is my niece, my brother's daughter here, and my nephew's sister.

Sord. Do you know her, sir?

Fast. O lord, sir! Signior Deliro, her husband, is my merchant.⁴

Fung. Ay, I have seen this gentleman there often.

Fast. I cry you mercy, sir; let me crave your name, pray you.

to imagine that a young bravery, who lives where any waiting-woman speaks perfect *Arcadia*," &c. Lord Orford talks slightly of it in his *Royal and Noble Authors*, and with a certain degree of justice: for though it contains some nervous and elegant passages, yet the plan of it is poor; the incidents trite and uninteresting, and the general style pedantic and affected. It does not appear to have been meant for the public.

¹ *Whence she may steal with more security.*] Because, as Whalley says, and as Jonson certainly means to insinuate, they were less read. But the fact is not so; Robert Green was at once the most voluminous and the most popular author of his time. He was, says Wood, "a pastoral sonnet-maker" (Antony misconceives the general nature of his writings), "and author of several things which were pleasing to men and women of his time. They made much sport, and were valued among scholars, but since they have been mostly sold on ballad-mongers' stalls." Green died in great poverty, in 1592.

² *I am determined to put forth some five thousand pound, to be paid me five for one, &c.*] In this age, when travelling was hazardous and insecure, it seems to have been no unusual practice to put out money at going abroad, on

condition of receiving it back trebled, quadrupled, or, as here, quintupled on the completion of the expedition. To this there are innumerable allusions in our old writers. In the *Ball*, by Shirley, it forms a principal incident of the play. Barnaby Riche also mentions it, "whipsters, that having spent the greatest part of their patrimony in prodigality, will give out the rest of their stocke to be paid *two or three for one*, upon their return from Rome," &c. Thus too, Shakspeare.

Each putter out of *one for five*,—as Malone properly reads; and not as Steevens has it, "*on five for one*," which to the ears of Shakspeare and his audiences would have been intolerable.

As voyages became more frequent, and the dangers of them consequently better understood, the odds fell, and adventurers were content to take three to one upon their return.

"Sir Solus straight will travell, as they say,
And gives out *one for three*," &c.

(This expression justifies Malone's correction.) Davies, *Epig.* 11.

³ *Gentlemen, frolick!*] See *The Alchemist*.

⁴ *Signior Deliro is my merchant.*] i.e., my broker or banker. In Jonson's days there were none who professed the trade of banking exclusively. The goldsmiths of Lombard-street were almost all bankers.

Fung. Fungoso, sir.

Fast. Good Signior Fungoso, I shall request to know you better, sir.

Fung. I am her brother, sir.

Fast. In fair time, sir.

Punt. Come, gentlemen, I will be your conduct.¹

Fast. Nay, pray you, sir; we shall meet at Signior Deliro's often.

Sog. You shall have me at the herald's office, sir, for some week or so, at my first coming up. Come, Carlo. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Mit.* Methinks, Cordatus, he dwelt somewhat too long on this scene; it hung in the hand.

Cor. I see not where he could have insisted less, and to have made the humours perspicuous enough.

Mit. True, as his subject lies; but he might have altered the shape of his argument, and explicated them better in single scenes.

Cor. That had been single indeed.² Why, be they not the same persons in this, as they would have been in those? and is it not an object of more state, to behold the scene full,³ and relieved with variety of speakers to the end, than to see a vast empty stage, and the actors come in, one by one, as if they were dropt down with a feather into the eye of the spectators?

Mit. Nay, you are better traded with these things than I, and therefore I'll subscribe to your judgment; marry, you shall give me leave to make objections.

Cor. O, what else? It is the special intent of the author you should do so; for thereby others, that are present, may as well be satisfied, who haply would object the same you would do.

Mit. So, sir; but when appears Macilente again?

Cor. Marry, he stays but till our silence give him leave: here he comes, and with

him Signior Deliro, a merchant, at whose house he is come to sojourn: make your own observation now, only transfer your thoughts to the city, with the scene: where, suppose they speak.]

SCENE II.—*The City. A Room in Deliro's House.*

Enter Deliro, Macilente, and Fido, with flowers and perfumes.

Deli. I'll tell you by and by, sir.— Welcome, good Macilente, to my house, To sojourn even for ever;⁴ if my best In cates, and every sort of good entreaty, May move you stay with me.

[*He censeth: the boy strews flowers.*]

Maci. I thank you, sir.— And yet the muffled Fates, had it pleased them, Might have supplied me from their own full store,

Without this word *I thank you* to a fool. I see no reason why that dog called Chance, Should fawn upon this fellow, more than me:

I am a man, and I have limbs, flesh, blood, Bones, sinews, and a soul, as well as he: My parts are every way as good as his; If I said better, why, I did not lie. Nath'less, his wealth, but nodding on my wants,

Must make me bow, and cry, *I thank you, sir.* [*Aside.*]

Deli. Dispatch! take heed your mistress see you not.

Fido. I warrant you, sir, I'll steal by her softly. [*Exit.*]

Deli. Nay, gentle friend, be merry; raise your looks

Out of your bosom: I protest, by heaven, You are the man most welcome in the world.

Maci. I thank you, sir.—I know my cue, I think. [*Aside.*]

¹ *I will be your conduct.*] Your conductor or guide. So Shakspeare:

"Come, bitter conduct, come unsavoury guide."
—*Rom. and Jul.*—WHAL.

² *That had been single indeed.*] That had been weak or silly; in this sense *single* occurs perpetually in our old writers. This is the meaning of the term in *Macbeth* (my *single* state of man), about which so much has been written to so little purpose; and this too is the undoubted sense of it in *Henry IV.* "Is not your wit *single*?"

³ *Is it not an object of more state to behold the scene full, &c.*] Yet I see not what is

gained by this fulness of the scene. The characters are not blended into one whole; they disperse into little groups, and carry on their business distinct from one another, advancing alternately to the front of the stage, and retiring to make room for others. The acquiescence of *Mitis* in the reasoning of his friend *Cordatus* is no great proof of its accuracy or justice, for *Mitis* is a man of straw, and liable to be overthrown with the slightest effort.

⁴ *To sojourn even for ever;*] This is the reading of the quarto, and evidently right; the folio, which Whalley followed, has "To sojourn at my house for ever." My house was repeated by the compositor from the preceding line.

*Re-enter Fido, with more perfumes
and flowers.*

Fido. Where will you have them burn,
sir?

Deli. Here, good Fido.

What, she did not see thee?

Fido. No, sir.

Deli. That is well.

Strew, strew; good Fido, the freshest
flowers; so!

Maci. What means this, Signior Deliro?
all this censuring?

Deli. Cast in more frankincense, yet
more; well said.—

O, Macilente, I have such a wife!

So passing fair! so passing fair-unkind!

But of such worth, and right to be unkind,
Since no man can be worthy of her kind-
ness.

Maci. What, can there not?

Deli. No, that is sure as death,

No man alive. I do not say is not,
But cannot possibly be worth her kindness.
Nay, it is certain, let me do her right.

How, said I? do her right! as though I
could,

As though this dull, gross tongue of mine
could utter

The rare, the true, the pure, the infinite
rights,

That sit as high as I can look, within her!

Maci. This is such dotage as was never
heard.

Deli. Well, this must needs be granted.

Maci. Granted, quoth you?

Deli. Nay, Macilente, do not so discredit
The goodness of your judgment to deny it,
For I do speak the very least of her;
And I would crave, and beg no more of
heaven,

For all my fortunes here, but to be able
To utter first in fit terms, what she is,
And then the true joys I conceive in her.

Maci. Is't possible she should deserve so
well

As you pretend?

Deli. Ay, and she knows so well

Her own deserts, that when I strive t' enjoy
them,

She weighs the things I do with what she
merits;

And, seeing my worth outweighed so in
her graces,

She is so solemn, so precise, so froward,

That no observance I can do to her

Can make her kind to me; if she find fault,
I mend that fault; and then she says, I

faulted,

That I did mend it. Now, good friend,
advise me

How I may temper this strange spleen in
her.

Maci. You are too amorous, too obse-
quious,

And make her too assured she may com-
mand you.

When women doubt most of their hus-
bands' loves,

They are most loving. Husbands must
take heed

They give no gluts of kindness to their
wives,

But use them like their horses; whom they
feed

Not with a mangerful of meat together,

But half a peck at once; and keep them so
Still with an appetite to that they give
them.

He that desires to have a loving wife,

Must bridle all the shew of that desire:

Be kind, not amorous; nor bewraying kind-
ness,

As if love wrought it, but considerate duty.
Offer no love rites, but let wives still seek
them,

For when they come unsought, they seldom
like them.

Deli. Believe me, Macilente, this is gos-
pel.

O, that a man were his own man so much,
To rule himself thus. I will strive, i' faith,
To be more strange and careless; yet I
hope

I have now taken such a perfect course,

To make her kind to me, and live contented,
That I shall find my kindness well re-
turned,

And have no need to fight with my affec-
tions.

She late hath found much fault with every
room

Within my house; one was too big, she
said,

Another was not furnished to her mind,

And so through all; all which now I have
altered.

Then here, she hath a place, on my back-
side,

Wherein she loves to walk; and that, she
said,

Had some ill smells about it: now this walk
Have I, before she knows it, thus perfumed

With herbs and flowers, and laid in divers
places,

As 'twere on altars consecrate to her,

Perfumed gloves, and delicate chains of
amber,

To keep the air in awe of her sweet nostrils :

This have I done, and this I think will please her.

Behold she comes.

Enter Fallace.

Fal. Here's a sweet stink indeed !

What, shall I ever be thus crost and plagued,
And sick of husband? O, my head doth ache,

As it would cleave asunder, with these savours !

All my rooms altered, and but one poor walk

That I delighted in, and that is made
So fulsome with perfumes, that I am feared,
My brain doth sweat so, I have caught the plague.

Deli. Why, gentle wife, is now thy walk too sweet?

Thou said'st of late, it had sour ains about it,

And found much fault that I did not correct it.

Fal. Why, an I did find fault, sir?

Deli. Nay, dear wife,

I know thou hast said thou hast loved perfumes,

No woman better.

Fal. Ay, long since, perhaps;

But now that sense is altered: you would have me,

Like to a puddle, or a standing pool,
To have no motion, nor no spirit within me.
No, I am like a pure and sprightly river,
That moves for ever, and yet still the same;
Or fire, that burns much wood, yet still one flame.

Deli. But yesterday I saw thee at our garden,

Smelling on roses, and on purple flowers;
And since, I hope, the humour of thy sense
Is nothing changed.

Fal. Why, those were growing flowers,
And these within my walk are cut and strewed.

Deli. But yet they have one scent.

Fal. Ay! have they so?

In your gross judgment. If you make no difference

Betwixt the scent of growing flowers and cut ones,

You have a sense to taste lamp oil, i' faith :

And with such judgment have you changed the chambers,

Leaving no room that I can joy to be in,
In all your house; and now my walk, and all,

You smoke me from, as if I were a fox,
And long, belike, to drive me quite away:
Well, walk you there, and I'll walk where I list.

Deli. What shall I do? O, I shall never please her.

Maur. Out on thee, dotard! what star ruled his birth,

That brought him such a Star? blind Fortune still

Bestows her gifts on such as cannot use them:

How long shall I live ere I be so happy
To have a wife of thus exceeding form?

[*Aside.*

Deli. Away with 'em! would I had broke a joint

When I devised this, that should so dislike her.

Away, bear all away.

[*Exit Fido with flowers, &c.*

Fal. Ay, do; for fear

Aught that is there should like her.¹ O, this man,

How cunningly he can conceal himself,
As though he loved, nay, honoured and adored!—

Deli. Why, my sweet heart?

Fal. Sweet heart? O better still!

And asking, why? wherefore? and looking strangely,

As if he were as white as innocence!
Alas, you're simple, you; you cannot change,

Look pale at pleasure, and then red with wonder:

No, no, not you! 'tis pity o' your naturals.
I did but cast an amorous eye, e'en now,

Upon a pair of gloves that somewhat liked me,

And straight he noted it, and gave command

All should be ta'en away.

Deli. Be they my bane then!

What, sirrah Fido, bring in those gloves again

You took from hence.

Fal. 'Sbody, sir, but do not:

¹ *Fal. Ay, do; for fear Aught that is there should like her.* i.e., should please her. So in the line just above, "that should so dislike," i.e., displease her: and this is

the language of the poet's contemporaries. So Shakspeare:

"His countenance likes me not."—*King Lear.*
and almost every dramatist of the age.—*WHAL*

Bring in no gloves to spite me ; if you do—

Deli. Ah me, most wretched ; how am I misconstrued !

Maci. O, how she tempts my heart-strings with her eye,
To knit them to her beauties, or to break !
What moved the heavens, that they could not make

Me such a woman ! but a man, a beast,
That hath no bliss like others ? Would to heaven,

In wreak of my misfortunes, I were turned
To some fair water nymph, that, set upon
The deepest whirl-pit of the rav'nous seas,
My adamant eyes might headlong hale
This iron world to me, and drown it all !

[*Aside.*

[*Cor.* Behold, behold, the translated gallant.

Mit. O, he is welcome.]

Enter Fungoso, appparelled like Fastidious Brisk.

Fung. Save you, brother and sister ; save you, sir ! I have commendations for you out o' the country.—I wonder they take no knowledge of my suit : [*Aside.*] Mine uncle Sogliardo is in town. Sister, methinks you are melancholy ; why are you so sad ? I think you took me for Master Fastidious Brisk, sister, did you not ?

Fal. Why should I take you for him ?

Fung. Nay, nothing.—I was lately in Master Fastidious's company, and methinks we are very like.

Deli. You have a fair suit, brother, 'give you joy on't.

Fung. Faith, good enough to ride in, brother ; I made it to ride in.

Fal. O, now I see the cause of his idle demand was his new suit.

Deli. Pray you, good brother, try if you can change her mood.

Fung. I warrant you, let me alone : I'll put her out of her dumps. Sister, how like you my suit ?

Fal. O, you are a gallant in print now, brother.¹

Fung. Faith, how like you the fashion ? it is the last edition, I assure you.

Fal. I cannot but like it to the desert.

Fung. Troth, sister, I was fain to borrow these spurs, I have left my gown in gage for them ; pray you lend me an angel.

Fal. Now, beshrew my heart then.

Fung. Good truth, I'll pay you again at my next exhibition.—I had but bare ten pound of my father, and it would not reach to put me wholly into the fashion.

Fal. I care not.

Fung. I had spurs of mine own before, but they were not ginglers.² Monsieur Fastidious will be here anon, sister.

Fal. You jest !

Fung. Never lend me penny more while you live then ; and that I'd be loth to say, in truth.

Fal. When did you see him ?

Fung. Yesterday ; I came acquainted with him at Sir Puntarvolo's : nay, sweet sister.

Maci. I fain would know of heaven now, why yond fool

Should wear a suit of satin ? he ? that rook,
That painted jay, with such a deal of outside ?

What is his inside, trow ? ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

Good heaven, give me patience, patience, patience,

A number of these popinjays there are,
Whom, if a man confer, and but examine

Their inward merit, with such men as want ;

Lord, lord, what things they are ! [*Aside.*

¹ *Fal.* O, you're a gallant in print now, brother.] You are now a perfect, complete gallant. Thus Chapman :

" 'Tis such a picked fellow, not a hair
About his whole bulk, but it stands in print."
All Fools.

And Massinger :

" Is he not, madam,
A monsieur now in print ?"—*Guardian.*
WHAL.

² *Fung.* Good truth, I'll pay you again at my next exhibition.] i.e., at the next payment of my allowance. Thus Shakespeare :

" What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition shalt thou have from me."

WHAL.

The word is used by Wycherley in the *Plain Dealer*, " And then, widow, you must settle on your son an exhibition of forty pounds a year."

³ *Fung.* I had spurs of mine own before, but they were not ginglers.] See p. 80 a. I omitted to observe in that place that these gingling spurs were merely an appendage of fashion, as their rowels were perfectly blunt, and not at all calculated for riding. Thus, in the *Fleire* : " Your swaggerer is like your walking spur ; he gingles much, but he never cuts."

Fal. [*Gives him money.*] Come, when will you pay me again now?

Fung. O lord, sister!

Maci. Here comes another.

Enter Fastidious Brisk, in a new suit.

Fast. Save you, Signior Deliro! How dost thou, sweet lady? let me kiss thee.

Fung. How! a new suit? ah me!

Deli. And how does Master Fastidious Brisk?

Fast. Faith, live in court, Signior Deliro; in grace, I thank God, both of the noble masculine and feminine. I must speak with you in private by and by.

Deli. When you please, sir.

Fal. Why look you so pale, brother?

Fung. 'Slid, all this money is cast away now.

Maci. Ay, there's a newer edition come forth.

Fung. 'Tis but my hard fortune! well, I'll have my suit changed, I'll go fetch my tailor presently, but first I'll devise a letter to my father. Have you any pen and ink, sister?

Fal. What would you do withal?

Fung. I would use it. 'Slight, an it had come but four days sooner, the fashion.

[*Exit.*]

Fast. There was a countess gave me her hand to kiss to-day, i' the presence: did me more good by that light than—and yesternight sent her coach twice to my lodging, to intreat me accompany her, and my sweet mistress, with some two or three nameless ladies more: O, I have been graced by them beyond all aim of affection: this is her garter my dagger hangs in: and they do so commend and approve my apparel, with my judicious wearing of it, it's above wonder.

Fal. Indeed, sir, 'tis a most excellent suit, and you do wear it as extraordinary.

Fast. Why, I'll tell you now, in good faith, and by this chair, which, by the grace of God, I intend presently to sit in, I had three suits in one year made three great ladies in love with me: I had other three, undid three gentlemen in imitation: and other three gat three other gentlemen widows of three thousand pound a year.

Deli. Is't possible?

Fast. O, believe it, sir; your good face

is the witch, and your apparel the spells, that bring all the pleasures of the world into their circle.

Fal. Ah, the sweet grace of a courtier!

Maci. Well, would my father had left me but a good face for my portion yet! though I had shared the unfortunate wit that goes with it, I had not cared; I might have passed for somewhat in the world then.

Fast. Why, assure you, signior, rich apparel has strange virtues: it makes him that hath it without means, esteemed for an excellent wit: he that enjoys it with means, puts the world in remembrance of his means: it helps the deformities of nature, and gives lustre to her beauties; makes continual holiday where it shines; sets the wits of ladies at work, that otherwise would be idle; furnisheth your two-shilling ordinary; takes possession of your stage at your new play; and enricheth your oars, as scorning to go with your scull.

Maci. Pray you, sir, add this; it gives respect to your fools, makes many thieves, as many strumpets, and no fewer bankrupts.

Fal. Out, out! unworthy to speak where he breatheth.

Fast. What's he, signior?

Deli. A friend of mine, sir.

Fast. By heaven I wonder at you citizens, what kind of creatures you are!

Deli. Why, sir?

Fast. That you can consort yourselves with such poor seam-rent fellows.¹

Fal. He says true.

Deli. Sir, I will assure you, however you esteem of him, he's a man worthy of regard.

Fast. Why, what has he in him of such virtue to be regarded, ha?

Deli. Marry, he is a scholar, sir.

Fast. Nothing else!

Deli. And he is well travelled.

Fast. He should get him clothes; I would cherish those good parts of travel in him, and prefer him to some nobleman of good place.

Deli. Sir, such a benefit should bind me to you for ever, in my friend's right; and I doubt not but his desert shall more than answer my praise.

Fast. Why, an he had good clothes, I'd carry him to court with me to-morrow.

¹ *Fast.* That you can consort yourselves with such poor seam-rent fellows.] This contemptuous term for raggedness appears again in the *Poetaster*:

“A lean visage peering out of a seam-rent suit.”—Act i. Decker, in the *Satiromastix*. seems to twit Jonson with the frequent use of it

Del. He shall not want for those, sir, if gold and the whole city will furnish him.

Fast. You say well, sir: faith, Signior Deliro, I am come to have you play the alchemist with me, and change the species of my land into that metal you talk of.

Del. With all my heart, sir; what sum will serve you?

Fast. Faith, some three or four hundred.

Del. Troth, sir, I have promised to meet a gentleman this morning in Paul's, but upon my return I'll dispatch you.

Fast. I'll accompany you thither.¹

Del. As you please, sir; but I go not thither directly.

Fast. 'Tis no matter, I have no other designment in hand, and therefore as good go along.

Del. I were as good have a quartain fever follow me now, for I shall ne'er be rid of him. Bring me a cloak there, one. Still, upon his grace at court, I am sure to be visited; I was a beast to give him any hope. Well, would I were in, that I am out with him once, and—Come, Signior Macilente, I must confer with you as we go. Nay, dear wife, I beseech thee, forsake these moods: look not like winter thus. Here, take my keys, open my counting-houses, spread all my wealth before thee, choose any object that delights thee; if thou wilt eat the spirit of gold, and drink dissolved pearl in wine,² 'tis for thee.

Fal. So, sir!

Del. Nay, my sweet wife.

Fal. Good lord, how you are perfumed in your terms and all! pray you leave us.

Del. Come, gentlemen.

Fast. Adieu, sweet lady.

[*Excunt all but Fallace.*]

Fal. Ay, ay! let thy words ever sound in mine ears, and thy graces disperse contentment through all my senses! O, how happy is that lady above other ladies, that enjoys so absolute a gentleman to her servant! *A countess gives him her hand to kiss*: ah, foolish countess! he's a man worthy, if a woman may speak of a man's worth, to kiss the lips of an empress.

Re-enter Fungoso, with his Tailor.

Fung. What's Master Fastidious gone, sister?

Fal. Ay, brother.—He has a face like a cherubin!

[*Aside.*]

Fung. 'Ods me, what luck's this? I have fetched my tailor and all: which way went he, sister, can you tell?

Fal. Not I, in good faith—and he has a body like an angel!

[*Aside.*]

Fung. How long is't since he went?

Fal. Why, but e'en now; did you not meet him?—and a tongue able to ravish any woman in the earth.

[*Aside.*]

Fung. O, for God's sake—I'll please you for your pains [*to his Tailor.*] But e'en now, say you? Come, good sir: 'slid, I had forgot it too: if any body ask for mine uncle Sogliardo, they shall have him at the herald's office yonder, by Paul's.

[*Exit with his Tailor.*]

Fal. Well, I will not altogether despair: I have heard of a citizen's wife has been beloved of a courtier; and why not I? heigh, ho! well, I will into my private chamber, lock the door to me, and think over all his good parts one after another.

[*Exit.*]

[*Mit.* Well, I doubt this last scene will endure some grievous torture.

Cor. How? you fear 'twill be racked by some hard construction?

Mit. Do not you?

Cor. No, in good faith: unless mine eyes could light me beyond sense. I see no reason why this should be more liable to the rack than the rest: you'll say, perhaps, the city will not take it well that the merchant is made here to dote so perfectly upon his wife; and she again to be so *Fastidiously* affected as she is.

Mit. You have uttered my thought, sir, indeed.

Cor. Why, by that proportion, the court might as well take offence at him we call the courtier, and with much more pretext, by how much the place transcends, and goes before in dignity and virtue: but can you imagine that any noble or true spirit in court, whose sinewy and altogether unaffected graces, very worthily express him a courtier, will make any exception at the opening of such an empty trunk as this Brisk is? or think his own worth impeached by beholding his motley inside?

Mit. No, sir, I do not.

Jonson recurs to this again in his *Fox*:

"See, here's a rope of *pearl*, and each more orient

Than that the brave Egyptian queen caroused:
Dissolve and drink them" Act iii.

¹ *Fast. I'll accompany you thither.*] In this, and some of the following speeches, Jonson had Horace in view: *Ibam forte via sacra*, &c.

² *And drink dissolved pearl in wine.*] As Cleopatra is said to have done.—*WHAT.*

Cor. No more, assure you, will any grave, wise citizen, or modest matron, take the object of this folly in Deliro and his wife; but rather apply it as the foil to their own virtues. For that were to affirm, that a man writing of Nero, should mean all emperors; or speaking of Machiavel, comprehend all statesmen; or in our Sordido, all farmers; and so of the rest: than which nothing can be uttered more malicious or absurd. Indeed there are a sort of these narrow-eyed decypherers, I confess, that will extort strange and abstruse meanings out of any subject, be it never so conspicuous and innocently delivered. But to such, where'er they sit concealed, let them know, the author defies them and their writing-tables:¹ and hopes no sound or safe judgment will infect itself with their contagious comments, who, indeed, come here only to pervert and poison the sense of what they hear, and for nought else.

Enter Cavalier Shift, with two Si quisses (bills) in his hand.

Mit. Stay, what new mute is this, that walks so suspiciously?

Cor. O, marry, this is one for whose better illustration we must desire you to presuppose the stage the middle isle in Paul's, and that the west end of it.

Mit. So, sir, and what follows?

Cor. Faith, a whole volume of humour, and worthy the unclasping.

Mit. As how? What name do you give him first?

Cor. He hath shift of names, sir: some call him Apple-John, some Signior Whiffe; marry, his main standing name is Cavalier Shift: the rest are but as clean shirts to his natures.

Mit. And what makes he in Paul's now?

Cor. Troth, as you see, for the advancement of a *si quis* or two; wherein he has so varied himself, that if any of 'em take, he may hull up and down in the humourous world a little longer.

Mit. It seems then he bears a very changing sail?

Cor. O, as the wind, sir: here comes more.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Middle Aisle of St. Paul's.*

Shift [*coming forward.*] This is rare, I have set up my bills without discovery.²

Enter Orange.

Orange. What, Signior Whiffe! what fortune has brought you into these west parts?

Shift. Troth, signor, nothing but your rheum, I have been taking an ounce of tobacco hard by here, with a gentleman,

¹ *The author defies them and their writing-tables.*] It was customary for the critics of Jonson's time to carry pocket-books (*tables*) to the theatres, for the purpose of writing down such passages as struck them: to this there are many allusions in our old plays. Thus, in the *Malecontent*: "I am one that hath seen this play often; I have most of the jests here in my *table-book*." And, in the *Woman Hater*: "If there be any lurking among you in corners, with *table-books*, who have some hopes to find fit matter to feed their malice, let them clasp them up and slink away."

² *This is rare, I have set up my bills without discovery.*] i. e., his *Si quisses*, his advertisements. "It appears," says a late commentator on Shakspeare, "from a *very rare little piece*, that St. Paul's was a place in which bills were posted up." This is the very foppery of black-letter reading. The play before us, which is to be found in every library in the kingdom, and which conveys more information on the subject than can be picked out of all the *rarities* in the critic's cabinet, is not once noticed! I know that Jonson is no favourite with the idolizers of Shakspeare, who never mention him but to calumniate his name, and I do not therefore

address myself to them; but I can assure those unprejudiced readers who are solicitous to become acquainted with the domestic manners and pursuits of our forefathers, that they will find more to gratify their rational curiosity in the dramas of this great poet, than in all the writers of his age. Jonson was a keen observer, and an accurate describer of the scenes before him: added to which, his idea of the true intent of comedy, and the examples of Aristophanes and Plautus, his principal models, came in aid of his natural bent, and converted what was inclination into duty.

A modern reader, Whalley says, will be surprised, perhaps, to find business of the following description transacted in St. Paul's; but the middle aisle of this church was in the poet's days, the common resort of bullies, knights of the post, and others of the like reputable professions, who carried on their various occupations here with great success: indeed, bargains of all kinds were made here as commonly as on the Exchange, and with as little feeling of impropriety. The reader who wishes for more on the subject, may turn to a very curious passage in Reed's *Old Plays*, vol. vii p. 136.

and I am come to spit private in Paul's.
'Save you, sir.

Orange. Adieu, good Signior Whiffe.
[*Passes onward.*]

Enter Clove.

Clove. Master Apple-John! you are well met: when shall we sup together, and laugh, and be fat with those good wenches, ha?

Shift. Faith, sir, I must now leave you, upon a few humours and occasions; but when you please, sir. [*Exit.*]

Clove. Farewell, sweet Apple-John! I wonder there are no more store of gallants here.

[*Mit.* What be these two, signior?

Cor. Marry, a couple, sir, that are mere strangers to the whole scope of our play; only come to walk a turn or two in this scene of Paul's, by chance.]

Orange. Save you, good Master Clove!

Clove. Sweet Master Orange.

[*Mit.* How! Clove and Orange?

Cor. Ay, and they are well met, for 'tis as dry an Orange as ever grew: nothing but salutation, and, *O lord, sir!* and, *It pleases you to say so, sir!* one that can laugh at a jest for company with a most plausible and extemporal grace; and some hour after in private ask you what it was. The other monsieur, Clove, is a more spiced youth; he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes in a bookseller's shop, reading the Greek, Italian, and Spanish, when he understands not a word of either; if he had the tongues to his suits, he were an excellent linguist.]

Clove. Do you hear this reported for certainty?

Orange. O lord, sir.

Enter Puntarvolo and Carlo, followed by two Serving-men, one leading a dog, the other bearing a bag.

Punt. Sirrah, take my cloak; and you, sir knave, follow me closer. If thou lovest my dog, thou shalt die a dog's death; I will hang thee.

¹ *My wife is out of her humour.*] Jonson forgot to account for this: but he has so many characters on his hands, that the loss of one may well be overlooked.

² *Of as many colours as e'er you saw any fool's coat in your life.*] Jonson plays on the
VOL. I.

Car. Tut, fear him not, he's a good lean slave, he loves a dog well, I warrant him; I see by his looks, I:—Mass, he's somewhat like him. 'Slud [*to the Servant.*] poison him, make him away with a crooked pin, or somewhat, man; thou may'st have more security of thy life; and—So, sir; what! you have not put out your whole venture yet, have you?

Punt. No, I do want yet some fifteen or sixteen hundred pounds; but my lady, my wife, is *Out of her Humour*,¹ she does not now go.

Car. No! how then?

Punt. Marry, I am now enforced to give it out, upon the return of myself, my dog, and my cat.

Car. Your cat! where is she?

Punt. My squire has her there in the bag; sirrah, look to her. How lik'st thou my change, Carlo?

Car. Oh, for the better, sir; your cat has nine lives, and your wife has but one.

Punt. Besides, she will never be sea-sick, which will save me so much in conserves. When saw you Signior Sogliardo?

Car. I came from him but now; he is at the herald's office yonder; he requested me to go afore, and take up a man or two for him in Paul's, against his cognizance was ready.

Punt. What, has he purchased arms, then?

Car. Ay, and rare ones too; of as many colours as e'er you saw any fool's coat in your life.² I'll go look among yond bills, an I can fit him with legs to his arms.

Punt. With legs to his arms! Good! I will go with you, sir.

[*They go to read the bills.*]

Enter Fastidious, Deliro, and Macilente.

Fast. Come, let's walk in Mediterraneo:³ I assure you, sir, I am not the least respected among ladies; but let that pass: do you know how to go into the presence, sir?

Maci. Why, on my feet, sir.

Fast. No, on your head, sir; for 'tis that must bear you out, I assure you; as thus, sir. You must first have an especial care so to wear your hat, that it oppress

word: the privileged fool of his days wore a parti-coloured dress.

³ *Come, let's walk in Mediterraneo:*] In the middle aisle: the quarto reads, in the Mediterraneo.

not confusedly this your predominant, or foretop; because, when you come at the presence-door, you may with once or twice stroking up your forehead,¹ thus, enter with your predominant perfect; that is, standing up stiff.

Maci. As if one were frighted?

Fast. Ay, sir.

Maci. Which, indeed, a true fear of your mistress should do, rather than gum-water, or whites of eggs; is't not so, sir?

Fast. An ingenious observation. Give me leave to crave your name, sir?

Deli. His name is Macilente, sir.

Fast. Good Signior Macilente, if this gentleman, Signior Deliro, furnish you, as he says he will, with clothes, I will bring you, to-morrow by this time, into the presence of the most divine and acute lady in court; you shall see sweet silent rhetoric,² and dumb eloquence speaking in her eye; but when she speaks herself, such an anatomy of wit, so sinewized and arterized, that 'tis the goodliest model of pleasure that ever was to behold. Oh! she strikes the world into admiration of her; O, O, O! I cannot express them, believe me.

Maci. O, your only admiation is your silence, sir.

Punt. 'Fore God, Carlo, this is good! let's read them again. [Reads the bill.]

"If there be any lady or gentlewoman of

¹ *Your predominant, or foretop—once or twice stroking up your forehead, &c.* This appears to have been the fashionable mode of wearing the hair at this time. Thus Rowley, "While I tie my band, prithee stroke up my foretop a little."—*Match at Midnight.*

² *You shall see sweet silent rhetoric, &c.* I know not what Jonson found so ridiculous in the following extract, but this is not the only place in which he laughs at it:

"Ah, Beauty, Syren, fair enchanting good,
Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes,
Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,
More than the words or wisdom of the wise!"—*Daniel's Comp. of Rosamond.*

³ *And hath little legs of purpose.* These are mentioned as characteristic of a gentleman in many of our old plays: see Massinger, vol. iv. 280. To lie in lavender, which occurs just below, is also a cant term for lying in pawn. So in *Eastward Hoe*, "Good faith, rather than thou shouldst pawn a rag, I'd lay my ladyship in lavender, if I knew where." The expression is so common, that more examples of it are unnecessary.

⁴ *As also the rare corollary and practice of the Cuban ebolition, euripus, and whiff.* In p. 64, it is said that one of Cavaliero Shift's chief exer-

good carriage that is desirous to entertain to her private uses a young, straight, and upright gentleman, of the age of five or six and twenty at the most; who can serve in the nature of a gentleman-usher, and hath little legs of purpose,³ and a black satin suit of his own, to go before her in; which suit, for the more sweetening, now lies in lavender; and can hide his face with her fan, if need require; or sit in the cold at the stairfoot for her, as well as another gentleman: let her subscribe her name and place, and diligent respect shall be given."

Punt. This is above measure excellent, ha!

Car. No, this, this! here's a fine slave.

[Reads.]

"If this city, or the suburbs of the same, do afford any young gentleman of the first, second, or third head, more or less, whose friends are but lately deceased, and whose lands are but new come into his hands, that, to be as exactly qualified as the best of our ordinary gallants are, is affected to entertain the most gentlemanlike use of tobacco; as first, to give it the most exquisite perfume; then, to know all the delicate sweet forms for the assumption of it; as also the rare corollary and practice of the Cuban ebolition, euripus, and whiff,⁴ which he shall receive, or take in here at London, and

cises was taking the whiff; here we find that this accomplished personage was also master of the delicate sweet forms of taking the euripus and the Cuban ebolition. I regret my inability to furnish any precise information upon those terms, which are almost peculiar to Jonson. *Whiff*, indeed, occurs in a dull, prosing account of tobacco, in the *Queen's Arcadia*, from which, as well as from what our author says elsewhere, it would seem to be either a swallowing of the smoke, or a retaining it in the throat for a given space of time. The lines of Daniel are:

"This herb in powder made, and fired, he sucks,
Out of a little hollow instrument
Of calcinated clay, the smoke thereof:
Which either he conveys out of his nose,
Or down into his stomach with a whiff," &c.

It is also noticed in *Pasquil and Katherine*, 1601:

"Indeed young Brabant is a proper man,
He curls his boote with judgment, takes a
whiffe,
With graceful fashion," &c.—Act i.

And in the *Gull's Hornbook*, in a manner which proves that Shift was a professor of no vulgar arts! "Then let him shew his several tricks in taking the whiffe, the ring, &c., for these are compliments (accomplishments) that gain gen-

evaporate at Uxbridge, or farther, if it please him. If there be any such generous spirit, that is truly enamoured of these good faculties; may it please him, but by a note of his hand to specify the place or ordinary where he uses to eat and lie; and most sweet attendance, with tobacco and pipes of the best sort, shall be ministered. *Stet, quæso candidè Lector.*"¹

Punt. Why, this is without parallel, this.

Car. Well, I'll mark this fellow for Sogliardo's use presently.

Punt. Or rather Sogliardo for his use.

Car. Faith, either of them will serve, they are both good properties: I'll design the other a place too, that we may see him.

Punt. No better place than the Mitre, that we may be spectators with you, Carlo. Soft, behold who enters here:

Enter Sogliardo.

Signior Sogliardo! save you.

Sog. Save you, good Sir Puntarvolo; your dog's in health, sir, I see. How now, Carlo?

Car. We have ta'en simple pains to choose you out followers here.

[*Shows him the bill.*]

Punt. Come hither, signior.

Clove. Monsieur Orange, yon gallants observe us; prithee let's talk fustian a little, and gull them; make them believe we are great scholars.

Orange. O lord, sir!

Clove. Nay, prithee let us,—believe me, you have an excellent habit in discourse.

Orange. It pleases you to say so, sir.

Clove. By this church, you have, la; nay, come, begin—Aristotle, in his *dæmonologia*, approves Scaliger for the best navigator in his time; and in his hypercritics, he reports him to be Heautontimorumenos;—you understand the Greek, sir?

Orange. O, good sir!

Maci. For society's sake he does. O, here be a couple of fine tame parrots!

Clove. Now, sir, whereas the ingenuity² of the time, and the soul's synderesis are but embrions in nature, added to the panch of Esquiline, and the intervallum of the zodiac, besides the ecliptic line being optic, and not mental, but by the contemplative and theoretic part thereof, doth demonstrate to us the vegetable circumference, and the ventosity of the tropics, and whereas our intellectual or mincing capreal (according to the metaphysicks) as you may read in Plato's *Histriomastix*—You conceive me, sir?

Orange. O lord, sir!

Clove. Then coming to the pretty animal, as reason long since is fled to animals,³ you know, or indeed for the more modeling, or enamelling or, rather diamondizing of your subject, you shall perceive the hypothesis, or galaxia (whereof the meteors long since had their initial inceptions and notions), to be merely Pythagorical, mathematical, and aristocratical—For, look you, sir, there is ever a kind of concinnity and species—Let us turn to our former discourse, for they mark us not.

tlemen no mean respect; and for which indeed they are more worthily noticed than for any skill they have in learning."

Cuban ebullition, or a corruption of it, appears in the *Return from Parnassus*. "Good faith," exclaims one of the pages, "Master Prodigio is an excellent fellow, he takes the *Gulan ebullitio* so excellently!" This, indeed, explains nothing; but, from the expression itself, we may conjecture that it meant a forcible and rapid ejection of the smoke. Of the *euripus*, I can find no other example. This was the name which the ancients gave to that narrow and rapid streight between the island of Eubœa and the continent. It was proverbial for its frequent flux and reflux, and its name may therefore have been given to the trick, which we have all witnessed, of inhaling and emitting smoke in quick succession. But all this is uncertain, and must be so received. I have nothing better.

¹ *Stet, quæso,*] The usual adjuration, I suppose, not to cover, or tear down, the advertisements.

² *Now, sir, whereas the ingenuity, &c.*]

This precious nonsense is somewhat of the nature of the *Chresme Philosophale des Questions Encyclopediques de Pantagruel*, which Jonson probably had in his thoughts.

³ *As reason long since is fled to animals,*] Designed as a sneer on those philosophers who, from the tractable and imitative qualities in brutes, maintained that they were reasonable creatures.—*WHAL.*

This is very gravely said: but I wonder the commentators have not rather pointed out this passage as *designed to sneer* at Shakspeare:

"O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!"

Julius Cæsar.

It is true that *Every Man out of his Humour* was published several years before *Julius Cæsar*, but that I find is no conclusive argument in favour of Jonson, for—"he might have seen the lines in manuscript; or, as the manuscript was certainly not in existence at this time, he might have known that Shakspeare intended to make use of such an expression.

Fast. Mass, yonder's the knight Puntarvolo.

Del. And my cousin Sogliardo, methinks.

Maci. Ay, and his familiar that haunts him, the devil with the shining face.

Del. Let 'em alone, observe 'em not.

[Sogliardo, Puntarvolo, and Carlo walk together.]

Sog. Nay, I will have him, I am resolute for that. By this parchment, gentlemen, I have been so toiled among the harrots yonder,¹ you will not believe! they do speak in the strangest language, and give a man the hardest terms for his money, that ever you knew.

Car. But have you arms, have you arms?

Sog. I' faith, I thank them; I can write myself gentleman now; here's my patent, it cost me thirty pound, by this breath.

Punt. A very fair coat,² well charged, and full of armory.

Sog. Nay, it has as much variety of colours in it as you have seen a coat have, how like you the crest, sir?

Punt. I understand it not well, what is't?

Sog. Marry, sir, it is your boar without a head, rampant. A boar without a head, that's very rare!

Car. Ay, and rampant too! troth, I commend the herald's wit, he has decyphered him well: a swine without a head, without brain, wit, anything indeed, ramping to gentility. You can blazon the rest, signior, can you not?

Sog. O, ay, I have it in writing here of purpose; it cost me two shillings the tricking.³

Car. Let's hear, let's hear.

Punt. It is the most vile, foolish, absurd, palpable, and ridiculous escutcheon that

ever this eye survised.—Save you, good Monsieur Fastidious.

[*They salute as they meet in the walk.*]

Car. Silence, good knight; on, on.

Sog. [reads.] "Gyrony of eight pieces; azure and gules; between three plates, a chevron engrailed chequy, or, vert, and ermins; on a chief argent, between two ann'lets sable, a boar's head, proper."

Car. How's that! on a chief argent?

Sog. [reads.] "On a chief argent, a boar's head proper, between two ann'lets sable."

Car. 'Slud, it's a hog's cheek and puddings in a pewter field, this.

[*Here they shift.* Fastidious mixes with Puntarvolo; Carlo and Sogliardo; Deliro and Macilente; Clove and Orange; four couple.]

Sog. How like you them, signior?

Punt. Let the word be,⁴ *Not without mustard*: your crest is very rare, sir.

Car. A frying-pen to the crest had had no fellow.

Fast. Intreat your poor friend to walk off a little, signior, I will salute the knight.

Car. Come, lap it up, lap it up.

Fast. You are right well encountered, sir; how does your fair dog?

Punt. In reasonable state, sir; what citizen is that you were consorted with? A merchant of any worth?

Fast. 'Tis Signior Deliro, sir.

Punt. Is it he?—Save you, sir!

[*They salute.*]

Del. Good Sir Puntarvolo!

Maci. O what copy of fool⁵ would this place minister, to one endued with patience to observe it!

Car. Nay, look you, sir, now you are a gentleman, you must carry a more exalted presence, change your mood and habit to a more austere form; be exceeding proud, stand upon your gentility, and scorn every

¹ *I have been so toiled among the harrots yonder,*] See p. 10 b.

² *A very fair coat, &c.*] In this and what follows, Jonson had evidently the *Ementita Nobilitas* again in view: *Aade clypeum cum insignibus.* Ha. *Quenam mihi suades deligam?* Ne. *Duo mulctra, si velis, et cantuarum cerevisiarium.* Ha. *Ludis: age dic serio.* Ne. *Nunquam fuisti in bello?* Ha. *Ne vidi quidem.* Ne. *At interim, opinor, decolasti anseres et capos rusticorum?* Ha. *Persepe, et quidem fortiter.* Ne. *Pone macheram argenteam, tria anserum capita aurea.* Ha. *In quo solo?* Ne. *Quo nisi sanguinolento, monumentum fortiter effusi cruoris.*—*In vertice quid eminebit?* Ha. *Expecto.* Ne. *Caput canis demissis auribus.*

³ *It cost me two shillings the tricking.*] The drawing of it out with pen and ink; it is an heraldic term.

⁴ *Punt. Let the word be, &c.*] The motto. Thus in *Albion's England*:

"*Non mærens moriar* for the mot."

And, in Webster's *White Devil*,

"*The word, Inopem me copia fecit.*"—WHAL.

⁵ *O what copy of fool, &c.*] What abundance. Thus Gosson (forgetting himself, poor man!) observes, that "carpers doe nowe long for copie of abuses." We had this vile expression before.—See p. 86 a.

man ; speak nothing humbly, never discourse under a nobleman, though you never saw him but riding to the Star Chamber, it's all one. Love no man : trust no man : speak ill of no man to his face ; nor well of any man behind his back. Salute fairly on the front, and wish them hanged upon the turn. Spread yourself upon his bosom publicly, whose heart you would eat in private. These be principles, think on them ; I'll come to you again presently.

[Exit.

Punt. [to his Servant.] Sirrah, keep close ; yet not so close : thy breath will thaw my ruff.¹

Sog. O, good cousin, I am a little busy, how does my niece ? I am to walk with a knight here.

Enter Fungoso with his Tailor.

Fung. O, he is here ; look you, sir, that's the gentleman.

Tai. What, he in the blush-coloured satin ?

Fung. Ay, he, sir ; though his suit blush, he blushes not ; look you, that's the suit, sir : I would have mine such a suit without difference, such stuff, such a wing,² such a sleeve, such a skirt, belly and all ; therefore, pray you observe it. Have you a pair of tables ?³

Fast. Why, do you see, sir, they say I am fantastical ; why, true, I know it, and I pursue my humour still, in contempt of this censorious age. 'Slight, an a man should do nothing but what a sort of stale judgments about this town will approve in him, he were a sweet ass : I'd beg him, i' faith.⁴ I ne'er knew any more find fault with a fashion, than they that knew not how to put themselves into it. For mine own part, so please mine own appetite, I am careless, what the fusty world speaks of me. Puh !

Fung. Do you mark how it hangs at the knee there ?

¹ *Thy breath will thaw my ruff.*] The expression is humorous, for the ruffs then worn were made extremely stiff with starch.—WHAL.

² *Such a wing.*] A lateral prominence, extending from each shoulder, which, as appears from the portraits of the age, was a fashionable part of the dress.—WHAL.

³ *Have you a pair of tables ?*] i.e., a pocket-book, for taking memorandums.—See p. 96 a.

⁴ *I'd beg him, i' faith.*] Alluding to the common expression of *begging a man for a fool*. Great interest was formerly made with the Crown, to obtain the custody of a wealthy idiot, and the profit of his lands ; probably too some

Tai. I warrant you, sir.

Fung. For God's sake do, note all ; do you see the collar, sir ?

Tai. Fear nothing, it shall not differ in a stitch, sir.

Fung. Pray heaven it do not ! you'll make these linings serve, and help me to a chapman for the outside, will you ?

Tai. I'll do my best, sir ; you'll put it off presently.

Fung. Ay, go with me to my chamber you shall have it — but make haste of it, for the love of a customer ; for I'll sit in my old suit, or else lie a bed, and read the *Arcadia* till you have done.

[Exit with his Tailor.

Re-enter Carlo.

Car. O, if ever you were struck with a jest, gallants, now, now, now, I do usher the most strange piece of military profession that ever was discovered in *Insula Paulina*.⁵

Fast. Where ? where ?

Punt. What is he for a creature ?⁶

Car. A pimp, a pimp, that I have observed yonder, the rarest superficiality of a humour ; he comes every morning to empty his lungs in Paul's here ; and offers up some five or six hecatombs of faces and sighs, and away again. Here he comes : nay, walk, walk, be not seen to note him, and we shall have excellent sport.

Enter Shift ; and walks by, using action to his rapier.

Punt. 'Slid, he vented a sigh e'en now, I thought he would have blown up the church.

Car. O, you shall have him give a number of those false fires ere he depart.

Fast. See, now he is expostulating with his rapier ; look, look !

Car. Did you ever in your days observe better passion over a hilt ?

cajolery was used to the poor innocent himself. Thus in *Drum's Entertainment*, "Be my ward, John. Faith, I'll give thee two coats a year, an thou't be my fool."

⁵ *In Insula Paulina.*] This is worse than in *Mediterraneum*. But I suppose that Jonson did not think himself responsible for Carlo's Latin. He spells the word aisle, indeed, *isle*, but he must have known the meaning of it too well to imagine that *Insula* was the proper translation.

⁶ *What is he for a creature ?*] See *The Silent Woman*.

Punt. Except it were in the person of a cutler's boy, or that the fellow were nothing but vapour,¹ I should think it impossible.

Car. See again, he claps his sword o' the head, as who should say, well, go to.

Fast. O, violence! I wonder the blade can contain itself, being so provoked.

Car. "With that the moody squire thump't his breast,
And reared his eyes to heaven for revenge."²

Sog. Troth, an you be good gentlemen, let's make them friends, and take up the matter between his rapier and him.

Car. Nay, if you intend that, you must lay down the matter; for this rapier, it seems, is in the nature of a hanger-on, and the good gentleman would happily be rid of him.

Fast. By my faith, and 'tis to be suspected; I'll ask him.

Miaci. O, here's rich stuff! for life's sake, let us go:

A man would wish himself a senseless pillar,

Rather than view these monstrous prodigies:

*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit—*

[*Exit with Deliro.*]

Fast. Signior!

Shift. At your service.

Fast. Will you sell your rapier?

Car. He is turned wild upon the question; he looks as he had seen a serjeant.³

Shift. Sell my rapier! now fate bless me!

Punt. Amen.

Shift. You asked me if I would sell my rapier, sir?

Fast. I did indeed.

Shift. Now, lord have mercy upon me!

Punt. Amen, I say still.

Shift. 'Slid, sir, what should you behold in my face, sir, that should move you, as they say, sir, to ask me, sir, if I would sell my rapier?

Fast. Nay, let me pray you, sir, be not moved: I protest I would rather have been

silent than any way offensive, had I known your nature.

Shift. Sell my rapier? 'ods lid!—Nay, sir, for mine own part, as I am a man that has served in causes, or so, so I am not apt to injure any gentleman in the degree of falling foul, but—sell my rapier! I will tell you, sir, I have served with this foolish rapier where some of us dare not appear in haste; I name no man; but let that pass. Sell my rapier!—death to my lungs! This rapier, sir, has travelled by my side, sir, the best part of France, and the Low Country: I have seen Flushing, Brill, and the Hague, with this rapier, sir, in my lord of Leicester's time: and, by God's will, he that should offer to disrapier me now, I would—Look you, sir, you presume to be a gentleman of sort, and so likewise your friends here; if you have any disposition to travel for the sight of service, or so, one, two, or all of you, I can lend you letters to divers officers and commanders in the Low Countries, that shall for my cause do you all the good offices that shall pertain or belong to gentlemen of your—[*lowering his voice.*] Please you, to shew the bounty of your mind, sir, to impart some ten groats,⁴ or half a crown to our use, till our ability be of growth to return it, and we shall think ourself—'Sblood! sell my rapier!

Sog. I pray you what said he, signior? he's a proper man.

Fast. Marry, he tells me, if I please to shew the bounty of my mind, to impart some ten groats to his use, or so—

Punt. Break his head, and give it him.

Car. I thought he had been playing o' the Jew's trump, I.

Shift. My rapier! no, sir; my rapier is my guard, my defence, my revenue, my honour—if you cannot impart, be secret, I beseech you—and I will maintain it, where there is a grain of dust, or a drop of water, [*sighs.*] Hard is the choice when the valiant must eat their arms, or clem.⁵ Sell my rapier! no, my dear, I will not be divorced from thee yet; I have ever found thee true as steel, and— You cannot impart, sir?—

¹ Or that the fellow were nothing but vapour,] A cant term for a mere hector, a quarrelsome bully.

² With that, &c.] I do not recollect these lines:—if they are not a quotation from some of our elder poets, which they probably are, they are an affected imitation of their manner.

³ He is turned wild upon the question; he looks as he had seen a serjeant.] One of the

officers belonging to the Compter, a serjeant-at-mace; he looks as if he feared to be arrested.

⁴ Please you to impart some ten groats,] In the characters of the drama (p. 64) Shift is described as making "privy searches for imparters."

⁵ Must eat their arms or clem.] i.e., starve. Clem, or clam, is a word yet in use in many parts of the kingdom. See the *Postaster*, act i.—WHALE

Save you, gentlemen ;—nevertheless, if you have a fancy to it, sir—

Fast. Prithce away: Is Signior Deliro departed?

Car. Have you seen a pimp outface his own wants better?

Sog. I commend him that can dissemble them so well.

Punt. True, and having no better a cloak for it than he has neither.

Fast. Od's precious, what mischievous luck is this! adieu, gentlemen.

Punt. Whither in such haste, Monsieur Fastidious?

Fast. After my merchant, Signior Deliro, sir. [Exit.]

Car. O, hinder him not, he may hap lose his tide; a good flounder, i' faith.

Orange. Hark you, Signior Whiffe, a word with you.

[Orange and Clove call Shift aside.]

Car. How! Signior Whiffe?

Orange. What was the difference between that gallant that's gone and you, sir?

Shift. No difference; he would have given me five pound for my rapier, and I refused it; that's all.

Clove. O, was it no otherwise? we thought you had been upon some terms.

Shift. No other than you saw, sir.

Clove. Adieu, good Master Apple-John. [Exit with Orange.]

Car. How! Whiffe, and Apple-John too? Heart, what will you say if this be the appendix or label to both yon indentures?¹

Punt. It may be.

Car. Resolve us of it, Janus, thou that look'st every way; or thou, Hercules, that hast travelled all countries.²

Punt. Nay, Carlo, spend not time in invocations now, 'tis late.

Car. Signior, here's a gentleman desirous of your name, sir.

Shift. Sir, my name is Cavalier Shift: I am known sufficiently in this walk, sir.

Car. Shift! I heard your name varied even now, as I take it.

Shift. True, sir, it pleases the world as I am her excellent tobaccoist, to give me the style of Signior Whiffe; as I am a poor esquire about the town here, they call me Master Apple-John. Variety of good names does well, sir.

Car. Ay, and good parts, to make those good names; out of which I imagine you bills to be yours.

Shift. Sir, if I should deny the manuscripts, I were worthy to be banished the middle aisle for ever.

Car. I take your word, sir: this gentleman has subscribed to them, and is most desirous to become your pupil. Marry, you must use expedition. Signior Insulso Soghardo, this is the professor.

Sog. In good time, sir; nay, good sir, house your head:³ do you profess these sleights in tobacco?

Shift. I do more than profess, sir, and, if you please to be a practitioner, I will undertake in one fortnight to bring you, that you shall take it plausibly in any ordinary, theatre, or the Tilt-yard, if need be, in the most popular assembly that is.

Punt. But you cannot bring him to the whiffe so soon?

Shift. Yes, as soon, sir; he shall receive the first, second, and third whiffe, if it please him, and, upon the receipt, take his horse, drink his three cups of canary, and expose one at Hounslow, a second at Stains, and a third at Bagshot.

Car. Baw-waw!

Sog. You will not serve me, sir, will you? I'll give you more than countenance.⁴

Shift. Pardon me, sir, I do scorn to serve any man.

Car. Who! he serve? 'sblood, he keeps

¹ What will you say if this be the appendix or label to both yon indentures? From the names, which Carlo overhears, he conjectures that Shift is the person meant in both the advertisements: Whiffe, as professor of the noble art of smoking, and Apple-John, as pimp and squire to "gentlewomen of good carriage."

² Or thou, Hercules, that hast travelled all countries.] Jupiter, upon the arrival of Claudius among the gods, dispatches Hercules, who had travelled all countries, to know who he was: *Tum Jupiter Herculem, quia totum orbem terrarum pererraverat, et nosse videbatur omnes nationes, jubet ire, &c.—Seneca, de morte Claudii.* The

invocation of Janus is in the same spirit of humour.—WHAT.

³ House your head;] i.e., put it under shelter, cover it. They walked, we see, with their hats on:—but no species of irreverence was omitted.

⁴ I'll give you more than countenance.] "Countenance is a law term from the French *contenement*, or the Latin *contenementum*, and denotes the credit and reputation which a person hath by reason of his freehold; and most commonly what is necessary for his support and maintenance according to his condition of life. In this sense it occurs in several old statutes." *Observations on the more Ancient Statutes*, p. 11.

high men, and low men, he! he has a fair living at Fullam.¹

Shift. But in the nature of a fellow, I'll be your follower, if you please.

Sog. Sir, you shall stay, and dine with me, and if we can agree, we'll not part in haste: I am very bountiful to men of quality. Where shall we go, signior?

Punt. Your Mitre is your best house.

Shift. I can make this dog take as many whiffes as I list, and he shall retain, or effume them, at my pleasure.

Punt. By your patience, follow me, fellows.

Sog. Sir Puntarvolo!

Punt. Pardon me, my dog shall not eat in his company for a million.

[*Exit with his Servants.*]

Car. Nay, be not you amazed, Signior Whiffe, whatever that stiff-necked gentleman says.

Sog. No, for you do not know the humour of the dog as we do. Where shall we dine, Carlo? I would fain go to one of these ordinaries, now I am a gentleman.

Car. So you may; were you never at any yet?

Sog. No, faith; but they say there resorts your most choice gallants.

Car. True, and the fashion is, when any stranger comes in amongst 'em, they all stand up and stare at him, as he were some unknown beast, brought out of Africk; but

that will be helped with a good adventurous face. You must be impudent enough, sit down, and use no respect: when anything's propounded above your capacity, smile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent; they'll think you have travelled; though you argue, a whole day, in silence thus, and discourse in nothing but laughter, 'twill pass. Only, now and then, give fire, discharge a good full oath, and offer a great wager; 'twill be admirable.

Sog. I warrant you, I am resolute; come, good signior, there's a poor French crown for your ordinary.

Shift. It comes well, for I had not so much as the least portcullis of coin before.²

[*Mit.* I travail with another objection,³ signior, which I fear will be enforced against the author, ere I can be delivered of it.

Cor. What's that, sir?

Mit. That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son to love the lady's waiting-maid; some such cross wooing, with a clown to their serving-man, better than to be thus near, and familiarly allied to the time.

Cor. You say well, but I would fain hear one of these autumn-judgments define once,

¹ *Who! he serve? 'sblood, he keeps high men, and low men, he! he has a fair living at Fullam.* He is a sharper and uses false dice. The dice were loaded to run high or low; hence they were called *high men* or *low men*, and sometimes high and low *Fullams*. The phrase is common in the writers of this age.—*WHAL.*

Thus Piston:

"Nay, I use not to go without a pair of false dice: here are *tall men* and *little men*."

Julio. *High men* and *low men*, thou wouldst say."—*Soliman and Perseda*, act ii.

And Pistol:

"Gourd and *fullam* holds, And *high* and *low* beguiles the rich and poor."
Merry Wives of Windsor.

Whalley says that false dice were called *fullams*, either because Fulham was the resort of sharps, or because they were chiefly manufactured there. The last supposition is not improvable.

² *I had not so much as the least portcullis of coin before.* Some old coins have a *portcullis* stamped on their reverse; which I suppose gave rise to the expression. Thus Stow gives us an account of the fall of base money, in the second year of Queen Elizabeth: "It was published by

proclamation, that the teston coined for twelve-pence, and in the reign of Edward VI. called down to sixpence, should now forthwith (of the best sort marked with the *portcullis*) be taken for fourpence halfpenny."—*Annals*, p. 1115.—*WHAL.*

³ *Mitis. I travail with another objection, &c.* Jonson was so sensible of the extraordinary merit of this part of his drama, that he wantons in the consciousness of his own superiority. But for this, *Mitis* might have spared his remarks;—they have contributed, however, to draw down the indignation of the commentators on the head of the author, who, in what follows, is accused of *sneering* (for that is the eternal phrase) at *Twelfth Night*. 'Tis is as absurd as most of the other charges brought against him. *Twelfth Night* has no countess in love with a duke's son, nor no duke's son in love with a waiting-maid; though it is probable that some such "cross wooing" was to be found among the old trash which has long since perished. What is more to the purpose is, that this was written at least a dozen years before *Twelfth Night* appeared, since it is found in the quarto, 1600, precisely as it stands here, while the earliest date of the play which it is so wisely supposed to ridicule, was never brought lower than 1613.

Quid sit comædia? if he cannot, let him content himself with Cicero's definition, till he have strength to propose to himself a better, who would have a comedy to be *imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis*; a thing throughout pleasant and ridiculous, and accommodated to the correction of manners: if the maker have failed¹ in any particle of this, they may worthily tax him; but if not, why—be you, that are for them, silent, as I will be for him; and give way to the actors.]

SCENE II.—The Country.

Enter Sordido, with a halter about his neck.

Sord. Nay, God's precious, if the weather and season be so disrespectful, that beggars shall live as well as their betters; and that my hunger and thirst for riches shall not make them hunger and thirst with poverty; that my sleep shall be broken, and their hearts not broken; that my coffers shall be full, and yet care; theirs empty, and yet merry;—'tis time that a cross should bear flesh and blood, since flesh and blood cannot bear this cross.

[*Mit.* What, will he hang himself?

Cor. Faith, ay; it seems his prognostication has not kept touch with him, and that makes him despair.*

Mit. Beshrew me, he will be OUT OF HIS HUMOUR then indeed.]

Sord. Tut, these starmonger knaves, who would trust them? One says dark and rainy, when 'tis as clear as crystal; another says tempestuous blasts and storms, and 'twas as calm as a milk-bowl; here be sweet rascals for a man to credit his whole fortunes with! You skystaring coxcombs you, you fat-brains, out upon you; you are good for nothing but to sweat night-caps and make rug-gowns dear!² you learned

¹ *If the maker have failed, &c.]* By the *maker*, Jonson means the *poet*: he seems peculiarly fond of this word; and not improbably considered it as a more honourable designation of the artist than the more modern term. For the rest, he might safely challenge censure here, for he has assuredly failed in no particle of "Cicero's definition." But alas! that definition is incomplete:—it overlooks simplicity of design, connexion, and mutual dependence, all, in short, that is wanting to render this exquisite *image of truth* as interesting as it is faithful.

² *You are good for nothing but to sweat*

men, and have not a legion of devils à *vostre service!* à *vostre service!* by heaven, I think I shall die a better scholar than they: but soft—

Enter a Hind, with a letter.

How now, sirrah?

Hind. Here's a letter come from your son, sir.

Sord. From my son, sir! what would my son, sir? some good news, no doubt.

[*Reads.*

"Sweet and dear father, desiring you first to send me your blessing, which is more worth to me than gold or silver, I desire you likewise to be advertised, that this Shrove-tide, contrary to custom, we use always to have revels;³ which is indeed dancing, and makes an excellent shew in truth; especially if we gentlemen be well attired, which our seniors note, and think the better of our fathers, the better we are maintained, and that they shall know if they come up, and have anything to do in the law; therefore, good father, these are, for your own sake as well as mine, to re-desire you, that you let me not want that which is fit for the setting up of our name in the honourable volume of gentility, that I may say to our calumniators, with Tully, *Ego sum ortus domus meæ, tu occasus tuæ.* And thus, not doubting of your fatherly benevolence, I humbly ask your blessing and pray God to bless you.

"Yours, if his own [FUNGOSO.]"

How's this! *Yours, if his own!* Is he not my son, except he be his own son? belike this is some new kind of subscription the gallants use. Well! wherefore dost thou stay, knave? away; go. [*Exit Hind.*] Here's a letter indeed! revels? and benevolence? is this a weather to send benevolence? or is this a season to revel in? 'Slid, the devil and all takes part to vex me, I think! this letter would never have

night-caps and make rug-gowns dear!] This was the usual dress of mathematicians, astrologers, &c. when engaged in their sublime speculations, if we may trust the portraits of such of them as have condescended to favour us with their *veræ effigies*, in the front of their books.

³ *That this Shrove-tide, contrary to custom, we use always to have revels; &c.]* Fungoso imposes on his father; the revels were at Christmas: but he wanted money to enable him to copy the finery of Fastidious Brisk. There is some humour in this letter, especially in the quotation from Cicero.

come now else, now, now, when the sun shines, and the air thus clear. Soul! if this hold, we shall shortly have an excellent crop of corn spring out of the highways: the streets and houses of the town will be hid with the rankness of the fruits, that grow there in spite of good husbandry. Go to, I'll prevent the sight of it, come as quickly as it can, I will prevent the sight of it. I have this remedy, heaven. [*Clambers up, and suspends the halter to a tree.*] Stay; I'll try the pain thus a little. O, nothing, nothing. Well now! shall my son gain a benevolence by my death? or anybody be the better for my gold, or so forth? no; alive I kept it from them, and dead, my ghost shall walk about it and preserve it. My son and daughter shall starve ere they touch it; I have hid it as deep as hell from the sight of heaven, and to it I go now.

[*Flings himself off.*]

Enter five or six Rustics, one after another.

1 *Rust.* Ah me, what pitiful sight is this! help, help, help!

2 *Rust.* How now! what's the matter?

1 *Rust.* O, here's a man has hanged himself, help to get him again.

2 *Rust.* Hanged himself! 'Slid, carry him afore a justice, 'tis chance medley, o' my word.

3 *Rust.* How now, what's here to do?

4 *Rust.* How comes this?

2 *Rust.* One has executed himself, contrary to order of law, and by my consent he shall answer it. [*They cut him down.*]

5 *Rust.* Would he were in case to answer it!

1 *Rust.* Stand by, he recovers, give him breath.

Sord. Oh!

5 *Rust.* Mass, 'twas well you went the footway, neighbour.

1 *Rust.* Ay, an I had not cut the halter—

Sord. How! cut the halter! ah me, I am undone, I am undone!

2 *Rust.* Marry, if you had not been undone, you had been hanged, I can tell you.

Sord. You thread-bare, horse-bread-eating¹ rascals, if you would needs have been meddling, could you not have untied it, but you must cut it; and in the midst too! ah me!

1 *Rust.* Out on me, 'tis the caterpillar Sordido! how curst are the poor, that the viper was blest with this good fortune!

2 *Rust.* Nay, how accurst art thou, that art cause to the curse of the poor?

3 *Rust.* Ay, and to save so wretched a catiff!

4 *Rust.* Curst be thy fingers that loosed him!

2 *Rust.* Some desperate fury possess thee, that thou mayst hang thyself too!

5 *Rust.* Never mayst thou be saved, that saved so damned a monster!

Sord. What curses breathe these men! how have my deeds

Made my looks differ from another man's, That they should thus detest and loathe my life!

Out on my wretched humour! it is that Makes me thus monstrous in true humane eyes.

Pardon me, gentle friends, I'll make fair 'mends

For my foul errors past, and twenty-fold Restore to all men, what with wrong I robbed them:

My barns and garners shall stand open still To all the poor that come, and my best grain

Be made alms-bread to feed half-famished mouths.

Though hitherto amongst you I have lived, Like an unsavoury muck-hill² to myself,

¹ *Sord.* *You thread-bare, horse-bread-eating rascals.*] "It appears," says Dr. Percy, "from the Earl of Northumberland's *Household Book*, that horses were not so usually fed with corn loose in the manger, in the present manner, as with their provender made into loaves." This, indeed, is sufficiently clear from our old dramas, where the expressions of *horse-bread* and *horse-loaves* perpetually occur: thus, in *Gammer Gurton*, "Save this piece of dry horse-bread, chav by no byt this lyvelonge daie." And in the *Little Thief*, by Beaumont and Fletcher: "Oh that I were in my oat-tub, with a horse-loaf!" Probably, too, the coarse bread eaten by the common people of those "golden days,"

as they have been ignorantly or mischievously termed, composed principally of oats and barley, went under the same names.

² *Though hitherto amongst you I have lived, Like an unsavoury muck-hill, &c.*] This is not much unlike what Pope says of wealth:

"In heaps, like ambergrease, a stink it lies,
But well dispersed, is incense to the skies."

May has a feeble imitation of this character, in his *Old Couple*. Earthworm, like Sordido, undergoes a sudden change, but I think less naturally, and by means not so well calculated to produce a striking effect. Avarice may be terrified, but not flattered into liberality.

Yet now my gathered heaps being spread abroad,

Shall turn to better and more fruitful uses.

Bless then this man, curse him no more for saving

My life and soul together. O, how deeply

The bitter curses of the poor do pierce!

I am by wonder changed; come in with me

And witness my repentance: now I prove,

No life is blest that is not graced with love.

[Exit.

2 *Rust.* O miracle! see when a man has grace!

3 *Rust.* Had it not been pity so good a man should have been cast away?

2 *Rust.* Well, I'll get our clerk put his conversion in the *Acts and Monuments*.¹

4 *Rust.* Do, for I warrant him he's a martyr.

2 *Rust.* O God, how he wept, if you marked it! did you see how the tears trilled?

5 *Rust.* Yes, believe me, like master vicar's bowls upon the green, for all the world.

3 *Rust.* O neighbour, God's blessing o' your heart, neighbour, 'twas a good grateful deed.

[Exeunt.

[*Cor.* How now, Mitis! what's that you consider so seriously?

Mit. Troth, that which doth essentially please me, the warping conclusion of this

green and soggy multitude;² but in good faith, signior, your author hath largely outstript my expectation in this scene, I will liberally confess it. For when I saw Sordido so desperately intended, I thought I had had a hand of him, then.

Cor. What! you supposed he should have hung himself indeed?

Mit. I did, and had framed my objection to it ready, which may yet be very fitly urged, and with some necessity; for though his purposed violence lost the effect, and extended not to death, yet the intent and horror of the object was more than the nature of a comedy will in any sort admit.

Cor. Ay! what think you of Plautus, in his comedy called *Cistellaria*?³ there, where he brings in Alcesimarchus with a drawn sword ready to kill himself, and as he is e'en fixing his breast upon it, to be restrained from his resolved outrage by Silemium and the bawd? Is not his authority of power to give our scene approbation?

Mit. Sir, I have this only evasion left me, to say, I think it be so indeed;⁴ your memory is happier than mine: but I wonder what engine he will use to bring the rest out of their humours!

Cor. That will appear anon, never pre-occupy your imagination withal. Let your mind keep company with the scene still, which now removes itself from the country to the court. Here comes Macilente and

¹ The quarto reads:

"2 *Rust.* Well, I'll get our clarke put his conversion into the *Chronicle*."

4 *Rust.* Do, for I warrant he's a virtuous man."

The necessity of change is not very obvious, for the *Chronicles* were as popular as the *Acts and Monuments*; unless, as Whalley thinks, there is a satirical allusion to Fox's *History of Martyrs*.

² Of this green and soggy multitude.] In the margin of Whalley's copy, he has written "quere foggy?" but the text, I presume, is right. *Soggy*, indeed, is not a very common word, nor does it appear elsewhere in Jonson, or, as I think, in any of our old dramatists; yet I have heard it applied (with what propriety I know not) to hay that has been cut too early, and "sweats" as it lies in heaps.

³ Act iii. scene the last.

⁴ *Mit.* Sir, I have this only evasion left me, to say, I think it be so indeed; &c.] Poor Mitis is a most convenient antagonist; for though he sometimes stumbles on a valid objection, any answer satisfies him. The truth is, that "the horror of the action" was too great; for Sordido had really hanged himself, and is saved by chance; whereas the spectators could be in little pain about Alcesimarchus, whose mistress is upon the stage, and ready to preserve

him. It might have been urged in favour of the poet, that avarice is so odious and debasing a vice, that scarcely any degree of suffering can interest our feelings for the character tainted with it: nor is this all—for, of the ten thousand modes in which avarice may be held forth to public indignation, no one is, or ever was regarded with more abhorrence than that of the hoarder of grain. Neither was the idea of such a wretch as Sordido hanging himself at all new to the audiences of Jonson's days, when almost every term produced a "warning ballad" on the subject. "Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty," says the porter in *Macbeth*: and Mr. Waldron has furnished me with an extract from a publication of that age, which undoubtedly expresses the general belief of the people, "That God hath made the curses of the poore effectual upon such covetous cornehorders, even in recent remembrance, may appear by this, that some of this cursed crue have become their own executioners, and in kindnesse have saved the hang-man a labour by haltering themselves, when, contrary to their expectation, the price of corne had sodainly fallen: and this both in other countries, and among us, as divines of good reputation have delivered upon their owne knowledge."—*The Curse of Corne-horders*, quarto, 1631, p. 24.

Signior Brisk freshly suited ; lose not yourself, for now the epitasis,¹ or busy part of our subject, is in act.]

SCENE III.—An Apartment at the Court.

Enter Macilente, Fastidious, both in a new suit, and Cinedo with tobacco.

Fast. Well, now, Signior Macilente, you are not only welcome to the court, but also to my mistress's withdrawing chamber.—Boy, get me some tobacco. I'll but go in, and shew I am here, and come to you presently, sir. [*Exit.*]

Maci. What's that he said? by heaven, I marked him not :

My thoughts and I were of another world. I was admiring mine own outside here, To think what privilege and palm it bears Here in the court! be a man ne'er so vile, In wit, in judgment, manners, or what else; If he can purchase but a silken cover, He shall not only pass, but pass regarded : Whereas let him be poor and meanly clad, Though ne'er so richly parted,² you shall have

A fellow that knows nothing but his beef, Or how to rince his clammy guts in beer, Will take him by the shoulders or the throat, And kick him down the stairs. Such is the state

Of virtue in bad clothes !—ha, ha, ha, ha ! That raiment should be in such high request !

How long should I be ere I should put off To the lord chancellor's tomb, or the shrives' posts?³

By heaven, I think a thousand thousand year.

His gravity, his wisdom, and his faith To my dread sovereign, graces that survive him,

These I could well indure to reverence, But not his tomb ; no more than I'd commend

¹ *Lose not yourself, for now the epitasis, &c.*] The old critics assign four parts to comedy; the *Prologue*, the *Protasis*, or proposition of the subject; the *Epitasis*, or busy part of it; and the *Catastrophe*, or conclusion.

² *Though ne'er so richly parted,*] Though possessed of the most excellent parts and natural talents.—**WHAL.**

The expression has occurred before. See p. 62.

³ *To the lord chancellor's tomb, or the shrives' posts!*] The sheriffs had posts set up before their door, on which proclamations were fastened, which it was usual, out of respect, to read bareheaded.—**WHAL.**

The chapel organ for the gilt without,
Or this base-viol for the varnished face.

Re-enter Fastidious.

Fast. I fear I have made you stay somewhat long, sir; but is my tobacco ready, boy?

Cin. Ay, sir.

Fast. Give me; my mistress is upon coming, you shall see her presently, sir, [*puffs.*] You'll say you never accosted a more piercing wit.—This tobacco is not dried, boy, or else the pipe is defective.—Oh, your wits of Italy are nothing comparable to her; her brain's a very quiver of jests, and she does dart them abroad with that sweet, loose, and judicial aim, that you would—here she comes, sir.

[*Saviolina looks in, and draws back again.*]

Maci. 'Twas time, his invention had been bogged else.

Savu. [*within.*] Give me my fan there.

Maci. How now, Monsieur Brisk?

Fast. A kind of affectionate reverence strikes me with a cold shivering, methinks.

Maci. I like such tempers well as stand before their mistresses with fear and trembling; and before their Maker, like impudent mountains!

Fast. By this hand, I'd spend twenty pounds my vaulting-horse stood here now, she might see me do but one trick.

Maci. Why, does she love activity?

Cin. Or if you had but your long stockings on, to be dancing a galliard as she comes by.

Fast. Ay, either. O, these stirring humours make ladies mad with desire; she comes. My good genius embolden me; boy, the pipe quickly.

Enter Saviolina.

Maci. What! will he give her music?

Fast. A second good morrow to my fair mistress.

We meet with many allusions to these *posts* in our old dramatists. Thus Shakspeare :

"I'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post."
Twelfth Night.

Again, "*Worship*, I think; for so much the *posts* at his door should signify."—*Paritan*, act iii. sc. 5. But the expression is so common, that more examples would be tedious. The *lord chancellor's tomb*, is the tomb of Sir Christopher Hatton, then an object of great respect with the country visitors of St. Paul's. See the *Entertainment at Althorpe*.

Sav. Fair servant, I'll thank you a day hence, when the date of your salutation comes forth.

Fast. How like you that answer? is't not admirable?

Maci. I were a simple courtier, if I could not admire trifles, sir.

Fast. [*Talks and takes tobacco between the breaks.*] Troth, sweet lady, I shall [*puffs*]-be prepared to give you thanks for those thanks, and--study more officious, and obsequious regards--to your fair beauties.--Mend the pipe, boy.

Maci. I never knew tobacco taken as a parenthesis before.

Fast. 'Fore God, sweet lady, believe it, I do honour the meanest rush in this chamber for your love.¹

Sav. Ay, you need not tell me that, sir; I do think you do prize a rush before my love.

Maci. Is this the wonder of nations!

Fast. O, by this air, pardon me, I said for your love, by this light; but it is the accustomed sharpness of your ingenuity, sweet mistress, to [*takes down the viol,*² and *plays*]-Mass, your viol's new strung, methinks.

Maci. Ingenuity! I see his ignorance will not suffer him to slander her, which he had done most notably if he had said wit for ingenuity,³ as he meant it.

Fast. By the soul of music, lady--*hum, hum.*

Sav. Would we might hear it once.

Fast. I do more adore and admire you--*hum, hum*--predominant perfections than--*hum, hum*--ever I shall have power and faculty to express--*hum.*

¹ *I do honour the meanest rush in this chamber for your love.*] Before carpets came into use, the floors of chambers, and the stage itself, were strewed with rushes. So in the *Widow's Tears*:

"Their honours are upon coming, and the room not ready?

Rushes and seats instantly."--Act iii. sc. i.

Again, in the *Coxcomb*:

"Take care my house be handsome, And the new stools set out, and boughs, and *rushes.*"--Act iv.--*WHAL.*

My predecessor might have added, that from the indelicate and filthy habits of our forefathers, carpets would have been a grievous nuisance; whereas rushes, which concealed the impurities with which they were charged, were, at convenient times, gathered up and thrown into the streets, where they only bred a general plague, instead of a particular one.

Sav. Upon the viol de gambo, you mean?

Fast. It is miserably out of tune, by this hand.

Sav. Nay, rather by the fingers.

Maci. It makes good harmony with her wit.

Fast. Sweet lady, tune it. [*Saviolina tunes the viol.*]-Boy, some tobacco.

Maci. Tobacco again! he does court his mistress with very exceeding good changes.

Fast. Signior Macilente, you take none, sir?

Maci. No, unless I had a mistress, signior, it were a great indecorum for me to take tobacco.

Fast. How like you her wit?

[*Talks and takes tobacco between again.*

Maci. Her ingenuity is excellent, sir.

Fast. You see the subject of her sweet fingers there--Oh, she tickles it so, that--She makes it laugh most divinely;--I'll tell you a good jest now, and yourself shall say it's a good one: I have wished myself to be that instrument, I think, a thousand times, and not so few, by heaven.

Maci. Not unlike, sir; but how? to be cased up and hung by on the wall?

Fast. O, no, sir, to be in use, I assure you; as your judicious eyes may testify.

Sav. Here, servant, if you will play, come.

Fast. Instantly, sweet lady.--In good faith, here's most divine tobacco!

Sav. Nay, I cannot stay to dance after your pipe.

Fast. Good! nay, dear lady, stay; by this sweet smoke, I think your wit be all fire.

² *Takes down the viol.*] It appears, from numerous passages in our old plays, that a viol de gambo (a bass-viol, as Jonson calls it, in a subsequent passage) was an indispensable piece of furniture in every fashionable house, where it hung up in the best chamber, much as the guitar does in Spain, and the violin in Italy, to be played on at will, and to fill up the void of conversation. Whoever pretended to fashion affected an acquaintance with this instrument; and it is well known that Sir Andrew Aguecheek could play upon it, as he spoke the languages, "word for word, without book."

³ *If he had said wit for ingenuity.*] Ingenuity has a twofold signification: derived from *ingenuous*, it means openness, candour, or fairness; from *ingenious*, it implies *wit*, invention, genius. In this last sense it is here to be understood; but Macilente plays upon the double meaning. Ingenious and ingenuous were often used for each other.--*WHAL.*

Maci. And he's the salamander belongs to it.¹

Sav. Is your tobacco perfumed, servant, that you swear by the sweet smoke?

Fast. Still more excellent! Before heaven, and these bright lights, I think—you are made of ingenuity, I—

Maci. True, as your discourse is. O, abominable!

Fast. Will your ladyship take any?

Sav. O, peace, I pray you; I love not the breath of a woodcock's head.

Fast. Meaning my head, lady?²

Sav. Not altogether so, sir; but, as it were fatal to their follies that think to grace themselves with taking tobacco, when they want better entertainment, you see your pipe bears the true form of a woodcock's head.

Fast. O admirable simile!

Sav. 'Tis best leaving of you in admiration, sir. [Exit.]

Maci. Are these the admired lady-wits, that having so good a plain song can run no better division upon it? All her jests are of the stamp March was fifteen years ago. Is this the comet, Monsieur Fastidious, that your gallants wonder at so?

Fast. Heart of a gentleman, to neglect me afore the presence thus! Sweet sir, I beseech you be silent in my disgrace. By the muses, I was never in so vile a humour in my life, and her wit was at the flood too! Report it not for a million, good sir; let me be so far endeared to your love.

[Exeunt.]

[*Mit.* What follows next, Signior Cordatus? this gallant's humour is almost spent; methinks it ebbs apace, with this contrary breath of his mistress.

Cor. O, but it will flow again for all this, till there comes a general drought of humour among all our actors, and then I fear not but his will fall as low as any. See who presents himself here!

¹ *Maci.* And he's the salamander belongs to it.] In the quarto it is—*that lives by it.* It seems scarcely worth the pains of altering, or, indeed, of noticing.

² *Fast.* Meaning my head, lady?] To account for the captious question of Fastidious, it should

Mit. What, in the old case?

Cor. Ay, faith, which makes it the more pitiful; you understand where the scene is?]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in Deliro's House.

Enter Fungoso, Fallace following him.

Fal. Why are you so melancholy, brother?

Fung. I am not melancholy, I thank you, sister.

Fal. Why are you not merry then? there are but two of us in all the world, and if we should not be comforts one to another, God help us!

Fung. Faith, I cannot tell, sister, but if a man had any true melancholy in him, it would make him melancholy to see his yeomanly father cut his neighbours' throats, to make his son a gentleman; and yet, when he has cut them, he will see his son's throat cut too, ere he make him a true gentleman indeed, before death cut his own throat. I must be the first head of our house, and yet he will not give me the head till I be made so. Is any man termed a gentleman that is not always in the fashion? I would know but that.

Fal. If you be melancholy for that, brother, I think I have as much cause to be melancholy as any one: for I'll be sworn, I live as little in the fashion as any woman in London. By the faith of a gentlewoman, beast that I am to say it! I have not one friend in the world besides my husband. When saw you Master Fastidious Brisk, brother?

Fung. But a while since, sister, I think; I know not well in truth. By this hand I could fight with all my heart, methinks.

Fal. Nay, good brother, be not resolute.

be observed that *woodcock* was a cant term for a *fool*. From the following drawing of an ancient tobacco-pipe, which was in the possession of Mr. Reed, it appears that Saviolina was not far from the truth, when she compared it to "the true form of a woodcock's head."



Fung. I sent him a letter,¹ and he writes me no answer neither.

Fal. Oh, sweet Fastidious Brisk! O fine courtier! thou art he makest me sigh, and say, how blessed is that woman that hath a courtier to her husband, and how miserable a dame she is, that hath neither husband nor friend in the court! O sweet Fastidious! O fine courtier! How comely he bows him in his courtesy! how full he hits a woman between the lips when he kisses! how upright he sits at the table! how daintily he carves! how sweetly he talks, and tells news of this lord and of that lady! how cleanly he wipes his spoon at every spoonful of any whitemeat he eats! and what a neat case of pick-tooths he carries about him still!² O sweet Fastidious! O fine courtier!

Enter Deliro at a distance, with Musicians.

Deli. See yonder she is, gentlemen. Now, as ever you'll bear the name of musicians touch your instruments sweetly; she has a delicate ear, I tell you: play not a false note, I beseech you.

Musi. Fear not, Signior Deliro.

Deli. O, begin, begin, some sprightly thing: Lord, how my imagination labours with the success of it! [*they strike up a lively tune.*] Well said, good, i' faith! Heaven grant it please her. I'll not be seen, for then she'll be sure to dislike it.

Fal. Hey—da! this is excellent! I'll lay my life this is my husband's dotage. I thought so; nay, never play bo-peep with me; I know you do nothing but study how to anger me, sir.

Deli. [*coming forward.*] Anger thee, sweet wife! why, didst thou not send for musicians at supper last night thyself?

Fal. To supper, sir! now come up to supper, I beseech you: as though there were no difference between supper-time, when folks should be merry, and this time when they should be melancholy. I would never take upon me to take a wife, if I had no more judgment to please her.

Deli. Be pleased, sweet wife, and they shall have done, and would to fate my life were done, if I can never please thee!

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter Macilente.

Maci. Save you, lady; where is Master Deliro?

Deli. Here, Master Macilente: you are welcome from court, sir; no doubt you have been graced exceedingly of Master Brisk's mistress, and the rest of the ladies for his sake.

Maci. Alas, the poor fantastic! he's scarce known

To any lady there; and those that know him,

Know him the simplest man of all they know:

Deride and play upon his amorous humours,

Though he but apishly doth imitate

The gallant'st courtiers, kissing ladies' pumps,

Holding the cloth for them,³ praising their wits,

And servilely observing every one

May do them pleasure: fearful to be seen

With any man, though he be ne'er so worthy,

That's not in grace with some that are the greatest.

Thus courtiers do, and these he counterfeits,

But sets no such a sightly carriage

Upon their vanities, as they themselves;

And therefore they despise him: for indeed

He's like the zany to a tumbler,

That tries tricks after him, to make men laugh.

Fal. Here's an unthankful spiteful wretch! the good gentleman vouchsafed to make him his companion, because my husband put him into a few rags, and now see how the unrude rascal backbites him!⁴

[*Aside.*]

Deli. Is he no more graced amongst them then, say you?

¹ *Fung.* *I sent him a letter, &c.*] By *him*, *Fungoso* means his father, not *Fastidious Brisk*: he is talking to himself.

² *And what a neat case of pick-tooths he carries about him still!* See *The Devil's an Ass.*—Act v. sc. 1.

³ *Holding the cloth for them.*] Lifting up the arras, or hangings, for them, as they moved from room to room, so that they might pass without disordering their dress. So in *Cynthia's Revels*: "This repeats jests,

this presents gifts, this holds up the arras."—Act v.

⁴ *How the unrude rascal backbites him!* *Un* is commonly used in composition as a negative, as *unthankful, uncivil, &c.*; here, however, it seems to be employed as an augmentative. Unless, indeed, *unrude* be synonymous with the primitive *rude*, as *unloose* probably is with *loose, &c.* It occurs again in the *Masque of Christmas*: "*Unrude people they are, your courtiers.*"

Maci. Faith, like a pawn at chess: fills up a room, that's all.

Fal. O, monster of men! can the earth bear such an envious caitiff? [*Aside.*

Deli. Well, I repent me I ever credited him so much; but now I see what he is, and that his masking vizard is off, I'll forbear him no longer. All his lands are mortgaged to me, and forfeited; besides, I have bonds of his in my hand, for the receipt of now fifty pound, now a hundred, now two hundred; still, as he has had a fan but wagged at him, he would be in a new suit. Well, I'll salute him by a serjeant the next time I see him, I' faith, I'll suit him.

Maci. Why, you may soon see him, sir, for he is to meet Signior Puntaivolo at a notary's by the Exchange, presently; where he means to take up, upon return.

Fal. Now, out upon thee, Judas! canst thou not be content to backbite thy friend, but thou must betray him! Wilt thou seek the undoing of any man? and of such a man too? and will you, sir, get your living by the counsel of traitors?

Deli. Dear wife, have patience.

Fal. The house will fall, the ground will open and swallow us: I'll not bide here for all the gold and silver in heaven.

[*Exit with Fungoso.*

Deli. O, good Macilente, let's follow and appease her, or the peace of my life is at an end. [*Exit.*

Maci. Now pease, and not peace, feed that life,¹ whose head hangs so heavily over a woman's manger! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Fallace and Fungoso running; she claps to the door.

Fal. Help me, brother! Ods body, an you come here I'll do myself a mischief.

Deli. [*within.*] Nay, hear me, sweet wife; unless thou wilt have me go, I will not go.

¹ Now pease and not peace feed that life, &c.] Deplorable as this attempt at a pun is, it has yet found imitators; see Fletcher's *King and no King*, act ii. For the credit of both poets, I hope that *pease* and *pease* were in their days pronounced alike.

² Say on my suit,] i.e., try it on. This word is so common that I should not have noticed it, were it not to observe that the modern editors usually print it with a mark of elision, 'say: a practice which I have been reprehended for not following; (*Massinger*, vol. i. p. 169;) but

Fal. Tut, you shall never have that vantage of me, to say, you are undone by me. I'll not bid you stay, I. Brother, sweet brother, here's four angels I'll give you towards your suit: for the love of gentry, and as ever you came of Christian creature, make haste to the water side, (you know where Master Fastidious uses to land,) and give him warning of my husband's malicious intent; and tell him of that lean rascal's treachery. O, heavens, how my flesh rises at him! Nay, sweet brother, make haste: you may say, I would have writ to him, but that the necessity of the time would not permit. He cannot choose but take it extraordinarily from me: and commend me to him, good brother; say I sent you. [*Exit.*

Fung. Let me see, these four angels, and then forty shillings more I can borrow on my gown in Fetter-lane.—Well, I will go presently, say on my suit,² pay as much money as I have, and swear myself into credit with my tailor for the rest. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Deliro and Macilente.

Deli. O, on my soul you wrong her, Macilente. Though she be froward, yet I know she is honest.

Maci. Well, then have I no judgment. Would any woman, but one that were wild in her affections, have broke out into that immodest and violent passion against her husband? or is't possible—

Deli. If you love me, forbear; all the arguments I' the world shall never wrest my heart to believe it. [*Exeunt.*

[*Cor.* How like you the deciphering of his dotage?

Mit. O, strangely: and of the other's envy too, that labours so seriously to set debate betwixt a man and his wife. Stay, here comes the knight adventurer.

Cor. Ay, and his scrivener with him.]

there is no necessity, as a few examples will prove:

“But pray do not
Take the first *say* of her yourself.”—*Chapman.*

“So good a *say* invites the eye
A little downward to espy.”—*Sir P. Sidney.*

“Wolsey makes dukes and erles to serve him
of wine with a *say* taken.”—*Holinshed.*

“I could cite more, but these shall suffice for
a *say*.”—*Old Trans. of the Andria.*

SCENE IV.—Puntarvolo's Lodgings.

Enter Puntarvolo, Notary, and Servants with the dog and cat.

Punt. I wonder Monsieur Fastidious comes not! But, notary, if thou please to draw the indentures the while, I will give thee thy instructions.

Not. With all my heart, sir; and I'll fall in hand with them presently.

Punt. Well then, first the sum is to be understood.

Not. [writes.] Good, sir.

Punt. Next, our several appellations, and character of my dog and cat must be known. Shew him the cat, sirrah.

Not. So, sir.

Punt. Then, that the intended bound is the Turk's court in Constantinople; the time limited for our return, a year; and that if either of us miscarry the whole venture is lost. These are general, conceiv'st thou? or if either of us turn Turk.

Not. Ay, sir.

Punt. Now, for particulars: that I may make my travels by sea or land, to my best liking; and that hiring a coach for myself, it shall be lawful for my dog or cat, or both, to ride with me in the said coach.

Not. Very good, sir.

Punt. That I may choose to give my dog or cat, fish, for fear of bones; or any other nutriment that, by the judgment of the most authentical physicians¹ where I travel, shall be thought dangerous.

Not. Well, sir.

¹ By the judgment of the most authentical physicians | Authentical physicians are those who are allowed to practise publicly. There is a similar expression in Shakspeare, "*Par.* So I say both of Galen and Paracelsus. *Laf.* Of all the learned and authentic fellows."—*All's Well that Ends Well*, act ii. sc. 3.—**WHAL.**

² That, after the receipt of his money, he shall wither, by direct or indirect means, as magic, witchcraft, &c.] The whole of this is a solemn burlesque upon the oaths which were taken by the combatants of romance, and indeed of history, before they were permitted to encounter each other. The powder, Whalley conceives to be tern-seed, which from its minuteness, not being itself visible, was supposed, according to the vulgar superstition, "to make the person invisible who carried it about him." This is rather doubtful: but the subject is scarcely worth pursuing. By the ring, is meant that of Gyges, which, when the bezel was turned towards the palm of the hand, rendered the wearer of it invisible. Both are mentioned by Fletcher:

Punt. That, after the receipt of his money, he shall neither, in his own person, nor any other, either by direct or indirect means, as magic, witchcraft,² or other such exotic arts, attempt, practise, or complot anything to the prejudice of me, my dog, or my cat: neither shall I use the help of any such sorceries or enchantments, as unctions to make our skins impenetrable, or to travel invisible by virtue of a powder, or a ring, or to hang any three-forked charm about my dog's neck, secretly conveyed into his collar;³ (understand you?) but that all be performed sincerely, without fraud or imposture.

Not. So, sir.

Punt. That, for testimony of the performance, myself am to bring thence a Turk's mustachio, my dog a Grecian hare's lip, and my cat the train or tail of a Thracian rat.

Not. [writes.] 'Tis done, sir.

Punt. 'Tis said, sir; not done, sir. But forward; that upon my return, and landing on the Tower-wharf, with the aforesaid testimony, I am to receive five for one, according to the proportion of the sums put forth.

Not. Well, sir.

Punt. Provided, that if before our departure, or setting forth, either myself or these be visited with sickness, or any other casual event, so that the whole course of the adventure be hindered thereby, that then he is to return, and I am to receive the prenominated proportion upon fair and equal terms.

"Why, did you think that you had Gyges' ring, Or the herb that gives invisibility?"

Fair Maid of the Inn, act i. sc. 1.

³ Or to hang any three-forked charm about my dog's neck, secretly conveyed into his collar.] Alluding probably to Cornelius Agrippa's dog. Paulus Jovius gives the following account of the master and his dog: (*Elog. doct. Viror.* edit. Basil. 1577, p. 187.) *Excessit d. vita nondum senex apud Lugdunum, ignobili et tenebroso in diversorio, multis eum tanquam necromantia suspitione insanam execrantibus; quod cacodemonem nigri canis specie circumduceret; ita ut quum propinquâ morte ad penitentiam urgeretur, cani collare loreum magicis per clavorum emblemata inscriptum notis exsolverit; in hac suprema verba irate prorumpens, Abi, perdita bestia, quæ me totum perdidisti! nec usquam familiaris ille canis, aut assiduus itinerum omnium comes, et tum morientis domini desertor postea conspectus est, quum precipiti fuga saltu in Ararim se immersisse, nec enatasse ab his qui id vidisse asserabant, existimetur.*

WHAL.

Not. Very good, sir; is this all?

Punt. It is all, sir; and dispatch them, good notary.

Not. As fast as is possible, sir. [Exit.]

Enter Carlo.

Punt. O, Carlo! welcome: saw you Monsieur Brisk?

Car. Not I: did he appoint you to meet here?

Punt. Ay, and I muse he should be so tardy; he is to take an hundred pounds of me in venture, if he maintain his promise.

Car. Is his hour past?

Punt. Not yet, but it comes on apace.

Car. Tut, be not jealous of him; he will sooner break all the commandments than his hour; upon my life, in such a case trust him.

Punt. Methinks, Carlo, you look very smooth, ha!

Car. Why, I came but now from a hot-house; I must needs look smooth.

Punt. From a hot-house!

Car. Ay, do you make a wonder on't? why, it is your only physic. Let a man sweat once a week in a hot-house, and be well rubbed, and froted, with a good plump tucy wench and sweet linen, he shall ne'er have the pox.

Punt. What, the French pox?

Car. The French pox! our pox: we have them in as good a form as they, man; what?

Punt. Let me perish, but thou art a salt one! was your new-created gallant there with you, Sogliardo?

Car. O porpoise! hang him, no: he's a leiger at Horn's ordinary yonder;¹ his villainous Ganymede and he have been droning a tobacco-pipe² there ever since yesterday noon.

Punt. Who? Signior Tripartite, that would give my dog the whiffe?

Car. Ay, he. They have hired a chamber and all, private, to practise in, for the making of the patoun, the receipt reciprocal, and a number of other mysteries not yet extant.³ I brought some dozen or twenty gallants this morning to view them, as you'd do a piece of perspective, in at a key-hole; and there we might see Sogliardo sit in a chair, holding his snout up like a sow under an apple-tree, while the other opened his nostrils with a poking-stick, to give the smoke a more free delivery. They had spit some three or fourscore ounces between 'em afore we came away.

Punt. How! spit three or fourscore ounces?

Car. Ay, and preserved it in porrengers, as a barber does his blood when he opens a vein.

Punt. Out, pagan! how dost thou open the vein of thy friend?

Car. Friend! is there any such foolish thing in the world, ha? 'slid, I never relished it yet.

Punt. Thy humour is the more dangerous.

Car. No, not a whit, signior. Tut, a man must keep time in all; I can oil my tongue when I meet him next, and look

¹ *He's a leiger at Horn's ordinary yonder;*] i.e., he has taken up his abode there: a *leiger* was a resident ambassador. Of Horn I know nothing; he was perhaps the master of the Mitre: and yet the Mitre was too respectable an inn for the haunts of Cavallero Shift.

² *Droning a tobacco-pipe.*] See the *Silent Woman*, act iv. sc. 1.

³ *For the making of the patoun, the receipt reciprocal, and a number of other mysteries not yet extant.*] An editor of Jonson has to struggle with difficulties which seem to grow beneath his toil. I know no other poet of that age whose language may not be explained by reference to contemporary writers; but with Jonson it is not so; at least as far as my little experience enables me to judge. He has many terms which are nowhere else to be found, many allusions to customs which are not noticed by the poets of his time. I mention this to procure some indulgence for the conjectures in which I frequently find myself engaged at a venture. *Patoun* I have never met with elsewhere, nor can I pretend to determine its precise meaning here. *Patons*, in

French, are those small pellets of paste with which poultry are crammed: *making of the patoun*, may therefore be moulding tobacco, which was then always cut small, into some fantastic or fashionable form for the pipe. The receipt *reciprocal*, is not improbably what Decker, in the *Gull's Hornbook*, calls the *ring*, that is, as I suppose, passing the pipe from one to another, as is done now in some countries, and was once sufficiently common here; but this, with the former term, must be left to the reader. It appears that Whalley had endeavoured to procure some information on these points, for on the margin of his copy I find the following memorandum by Steevens:

"Mr. Reed, who may be considered as the high-priest of black letter, declares no book to have been written containing instructions how to take tobacco. You have therefore not a single auxiliary on the present subject, except your own sagacity; and must of course be content to rank the *patoun*, &c. among 'the mysteries not yet extant.'—Aug. 29, 1781."

This somewhat consoles me in my ignorance.

with a good sleek forehead; 'twill take away all soil of suspicion, and that's enough: what Lynceus can see my heart? Pish, the title of a friend! it's a vain, idle thing, only venerable among fools; you shall not have one that has any opinion of wit affect it.

Enter Deliro and Macilente.

Deli. Save you, good Sir Puntarvolo.

Punt. Signior Deliro! welcome.

Deli. Pray you, sir, did you see Master Fastidious Brisk?

I heard he was to meet your worship here.

Punt. You heard no figment, sir;¹ I do expect him at every pulse of my watch.

Deli. In good time, sir.

Car. There's a fellow now looks like one of the patricians of Sparta; marry, his wit's after ten i' the hundred:² a good blood-hound, a close-mouthed dog, he follows the scent well; marry, he's at a fault now, methinks.

Punt. I should wonder at that creature is free from the danger of thy tongue.

Car. O, I cannot abide these limbs of satin, or rather Satan indeed, that will walk, like the children of darkness, all day in a melancholy shop, with their pockets full of blanks,³ ready to swallow up as many poor unthrifths as come within the verge.

Punt. So! and what hast thou for him that is with him, now?

Car. O, d——n me! immortality! I'll not meddle with him; the pure element of fire, all spirit, extraction.

Punt. How, Carlo! ha, what is he, man?

Car. A scholar, Macilente; do you not know him? a rank, raw-boned anatomy, he walks up and down like a charged musket, no man dares encounter him: that's his rest there.

¹ You heard no figment, sir;] See *Cynthia's Revels*. For every pulse of my watch, the quarto has "every minute my watch strikes."

² There's a fellow now looks like one of the patricians of Sparta; marry, his wit's after ten i' the hundred:] i.e., his imagination is employed in contriving how to place out his money at interest, which, by a statute of the thirteenth of Elizabeth, was fixed at ten per cent. What idea Carlo had of a Spartan patrician I know not: there is surely nothing very republican in the conduct of Deliro: but it is perhaps impossible to allot any determinate sense to such patronymic expressions of kindness or contempt, as *Grecian, Trojan, Spartan*, &c. which seem in

Punt. His rest! why, has he a forked head?⁴

Car. Pardon me, that's to be suspended you are too quick, too apprehensive.

Deli. Troth, now I think on't, I'll defer it till some other time.

Maci. Not by any means, signior, you shall not lose this opportunity, he will be here presently now.

Deli. Yes, faith, Macilente, 'tis best. For look you, sir, I shall so exceedingly offend my wife in't, that——

Maci. Your wife! now for shame lose these thoughts, and become the master of your own spirits. Should I, if I had a wife, suffer myself to be thus passionately carried to and fro with the stream of her humour, and neglect my deepest affairs, to serve her affections? 'Slight, I would geld myself first.

Deli. O, but, signior, had you such a wife as mine is, you would——

Maci. Such a wife! Now hate me, sir, if ever I discerned any wonder in your wife yet, with all the speculation I have: I have seen some that have been thought fairer than she, in my time; and I have seen those have not been altogether so tall, esteemed properer women; and I have seen less noses grow upon sweeter faces, that have done very well too, in my judgment. But, in good faith, signior, for all this, the gentlewoman is a good, pretty, proud, hard-favoured thing, marry not so peerlessly to be doted upon, I must confess: nay, be not angry.

Deli. Well, sir, however you please to forget yourself, I have not deserved to be thus played upon; but henceforth, pray you forbear my house, for I can but faintly endure the savour of his breath, at my table, that shall thus jade me for my courtesies.

Maci. Nay, then, signior, let me tell you your wife is no proper woman,⁵ and by my

our old plays to signify just what the speaker pleases. Sparta was famous for its breed of dogs: perhaps some recollection of this circumstance might give rise to the abusive terms which follow.

³ With their pockets full of blanks, &c.] Meaning, I suppose, bonds and covenants, ready drawn, and only waiting to be filled up by such as were reduced to sell or mortgage their estates.

⁴ Punt. His rest! why, has he a forked head?]) Alluding to the semi-circular form of the musket rest; see p. 23 b.

⁵ Nay then, signior, let me tell you your wife is no proper woman,] i.e., not proper or peculiar

life, I suspect her honesty, that's more, which you may likewise suspect if you please, do you see? I'll urge you to nothing against your appetite, but if you please, you may suspect it.

Del. Good, sir. [Exit.

Maci. Good sir! now horn upon horn pursue thee, thou blind, egregious do-tard!

Car. O, you shall hear him speak like envy.—Signior Macilente, you saw Monsieur Brisk lately: I heard you were with him at court.

Maci. Ay, Buffone, I was with him.

Car. And how is he respected there? I know you'll deal ingenuously with us; is he made much of amongst the sweeter sort of gallants?

Maci. Faith, ay; his civet and his cast-
ing-glass¹

Have helpt him to a place amongst the rest:

And there, his seniors give him good slight looks,

After their garb, smile, and salute in French

With some new compliment.

Car. What, is this all?

Maci. Why say, that they should shew the frothy fool

Such grace as they pretend comes from the heart,

He had a mighty windfall out of doubt!

Why, all their graces are not to do grace

To virtue or desert; but to ride both

With their gilt spurs quite breathless, from themselves.

'Tis now esteemed precisianism in wit,²

And a disease in nature, to be kind

to yourself, but common to all who solicit her. This is Mr. Whalley's explanation; which he enforces by several examples of the word *proper* thus applied. As I think him wrong, I have omitted his quotations: *proper* is used here, as *properer* is just above, for *handsome*; had it been otherwise, Macilente would not have immediately subjoined—"and, by my life, I suspect her honesty, that's more."

¹ *His casting-glass.*] Casting-glasses, or, as they were more generally termed *casting-bottles*, were small bottles for holding liquid essences and perfumes. They were in very general use, and are mentioned in a thousand places by our old dramatists. It may be observed here that perfumes of all kinds were more in vogue in the age of Elizabeth than of George III. They were certainly more necessary; but fashion and propriety do not always walk hand in hand.

² *'Tis now esteemed precisianism in wit,*] i.e.,

'Toward desert, to love or seek good names.

Who feeds with a good name? who thrives with loving?

Who can provide feast for his own desires, With serving others?—ha, ha, ha!

'Tis folly, by our wisest worldlings proved, If not to gain by love, to be beloved.

Car. How like you him? is't not a good spiteful slave, ha?

Punt. Shew'd, shrew'd.

Car. D—n me! I could eat his flesh now; divine, sweet villain!

Maci. Nay, prithee leave: What's he there?

Car. Who? this in the starched beard?³ it's the dull, stiff knight Puntarvolo, man; he's to travel now presently: he has a good knotty wit; marry, he carries little on't out of the laud with him.

Maci. How then?

Car. He puts it forth in venture, as he does his money upon the return of a dog and cat.

Maci. Is this he?

Car. Ay, this is he: a good tough gentleman: he looks like a shield of blawn at Shrove-tide, out of date, and ready to take his leave; or a dry pole of ling upon Easter-eve, that has furnished the table all Lent, as he has done the city this last vacation.

Maci. Come, you'll never leave your stabbing similes: I shall have you aiming at me with 'em by and by; but—

Car. O, renounce me then! pure, honest, good devil, I love thee above the love of women: I could e'en melt in admiration of thee, now. Ods so, look here, man; Sir Dagonet and his squire!⁴

Puritanism, the Puritans in this age being called the *praise*.—WHAL.

³ *Car.* *Who? this in the starched beard?*] The precise and formal gallants of the day (such as Puntarvolo is described to be) had their beard *stiffened with starch*: thus Taylor, the water-poet, no ill chronicler of the fashions:

"Some seem as they were starched, stiff, and fine,

Like to the bristles of an angry swine."

In a preceding passage Puntarvolo desires the boy not to stand too near him, lest his breath should thaw his ruff.—P. 101 a.

⁴ *Sir Dagonet and his squire.*] Sir Dagonet is a considerable personage in *Morte Arthur*. He was the squire, or, as the old romance calls him, the fool of good King Arthur, and seems to be introduced like a Shrovetide cock, for the sake of being buffeted and abused by every one.

Enter Sogliardo and Shift.

Sog. Save you, my dear gallantos: nay, come, approach, good cavalier: prithee, sweet knight, know this gentleman, he's one that it pleases me to use as my good friend and companion; and therefore do him good offices: I beseech you, gentles, know him, I know him all over.

Punt. Sir, for Signior Sogliardo's sake, let it suffice, I know you.

Sog. Why, as I am a gentleman, I thank you, knight, and it shall suffice. Hark you, Sir Puntarvolo, you'd little think it; he's as resolute a piece of flesh as any in the world.

Punt. Indeed, sir!

Sog. Upon my gentility, sir; Carlo, a word with you; do you see that same fellow there?

Car. What, Cavalier Shift?

Sog. O, you know him; cry you mercy before me, I think him the tallest man living! within the walls of Europe.

Car. The walls of Europe! take heed what you say, signior, Europe's a huge thing within the walls.

Sog. Tut, an 'twere as huge again, I'd justify what I speak. 'Shd, he swaggered even now in a place where we were -- I never saw a man do it more resolute.

Car. Nay, indeed, swaggering is a good argument of resolution. Do you hear this, signior?

Maci. Ay, to my grief. O, that such muddy flags,
For every drunken flourish, should achieve
The name of manhood; whilst true perfect
valour,
Hating to shew itself, goes by despised!
Heart! I do know now, in a far just cause,
I dare do more than he, a thousand times:
Why should not they take knowledge of
this, ha!

¹ *I think him the tallest man living, &c.]* i.e., the stoutest, the bravest: the ambiguity of this word must apologize for its being noticed a second time.

² *Why, I tell you, sir, he has been the only Bid-stand!* A cant term for a highwayman. Thus, in the *Parson's Wedding*: "If you dare do this, I shall sing a song of one that *bude-stand*, and made a carrier pay dear for a little ground-rent upon his majesty's highway."—Act i. sc. 1.

³ *And you shall be his elder tree,]* It was the tradition that Judas hung himself on an *elder tree*: thus, in Nixon's *Strange Foot-post*: "Our gardens will prosper the better, when they have in them not one of these *elders*, whereupon so many covetous *Judasses* hang themselves."

And give my worth allowance before his? Because I cannot swagger.—Now, the pox Light on your Pickt-hatch prowess!

Sog. Why, I tell you, sir: he has been the only *Bid-stand*: that ever kept Newmarket, Salisbury-plain, Hockley i' the Hole, Gads-hill, and all the high places of any request: he has had his mares and his geldings, he, have been worth forty, three-score, a hundred pound a horse, would ha' sprung you over hedge and ditch like your greyhound: he has done five hundred robberies in his time, more or less, I assure you.

Punt. What, and scaped?

Sog. Scaped! i' faith, ay: he has broken the gaol when he has been in irons and irons, and been out, and in again; and out, and in; forty times, and not so few, he.

Maci. A fit trumpet to proclaim such a person.

Car. But can this be possible?

Shift. Why, 'tis nothing, sir, when a man gives his affections to it.

Sog. Good Pylades, discourse a robbery or two, to satisfy these gentlemen of thy worth.

Shift. Pardon me, my dear Orestes: causes have their quiddits, and 'tis ill jesting with bell-ropes.

Car. How! Pylades and Orestes?

Sog. Ay, he is my Pylades, and I am his Orestes: how like you the conceit?

Car. O, 'tis an old stale interlude device; no, I'll give you names myself, look you; he shall be your Judas, and you shall be his elder-tree³ to hang on.

Maci. Nay, rather let him be Captain Pod, and this his motion;⁴ for he does nothing but shew him.

Car. Excellent: or thus; you shall be Holden, and he your camel.⁵

Shift. You do not mean to ride, gentlemen?

⁴ *Let him be Captain Pod, and this his motion;]* The celebrated owner of a puppet-shew. He is often mentioned in Jonson.

WHAL.

⁵ *You shall be Holden, and he your camel.]* This seems to be no bad compliment to Cavaliero Shift, for Holden's camel was a beast of parts. He is mentioned by Taylor, and in very good company:

"That for *ingenuous study* down can put
Old Holden's camel, or fine Banks his cut."
Cast over the Water, p. 159.

Our camels now stalk along the street with exemplary gravity: but they appear to have intermitted their "*ingenious studies*" of late, which

Punt. Faith, let me end it for you, galleants: you shall be his Countenance, and he your Resolution.

Sog. Troth, that's pretty: how say you, Cavalier, shall it be so?

Car. Ay, ay, most voices.

Shift. Faith, I am easily yielding to any good impressions.

Sog. Then give hands, good Resolution.

Car. Mass, he cannot say, good Countenance, now properly to him again.

Punt. Yes, by an irony.

Macci. O, sir, the countenance of Resolution should, as he is, be altogether grim and unpleasant.

Enter Fastidious Brisk.

Fast. Good hours make music with your mirth, gentlemen, and keep time to your humours!—How now, Carlo?

Punt. Monsieur Brisk! many a long look have I extended for you, sir.

Fast. Good faith, I must crave pardon: I was invited this morning, ere I was out of my bed, by a bevy of ladies, to a banquet: whence it was almost one of Hercules's labours for me to come away, but that the respect of my promise did so prevail with me. I know they'll take it very ill, especially one that gave me this bracelet of her hair¹ but over night, and this pearl another gave me from her forehead, marry she—what! are the writings ready?

Punt. I will send my man to know. Sirrah, go you to the notary's, and learn if he be ready: leave the dog, sir.

[Exit Servant.]

Fast. And how does my rare qualified friend Sogliardo? Oh, Signior Macilente!

have been zealously taken up by bears and pigs; with more advantage, it is to be feared, [as indeed has been sometimes said of students with two legs], to others than to themselves.

¹ Especially one that gave me this bracelet of her hair, &c.] These pretty love-tokens are frequently mentioned by our old dramatists: thus Brathwayt:

“Didst ever see a favour worn by me,
But that poor bracelet I received of thee,
Twined with thy faithless hair?”

Inconstant Shepherdesse.

But it was not the ladies only who bestowed them; the gentlemen appear to have been equally lavish of their lovelocks. In *The Ball*, Lucina is very pleasant with poor Sir Ambrose on this subject:

“*Luc.* Had you not
A head once?”

Amb. A head! I have one still.

by these eyes, I saw you not; I had saluted you sooner else, o' my troth. I hope, sir, I may presume upon you, that you will not divulge my late check, or disgrace, indeed, sir.

Macci. You may, sir.

Car. He knows some notorious jest by this gull,² that he hath him so obsequious.

Sog. Monsieur Fastidious, do you see this fellow there? does he not look like a clown? would you think there were anything in him?

Fast. Anything in him! beshrew me, ay; the fellow hath a good ingenious face.

Sog. By this element he is as ingenious a tall man as ever swaggered about London: he, and I, call Countenance and Resolution; but his name is Cavalier Shift.

Punt. Cavalier, you knew Signior Clog, that was hanged for the robbery at Harrow-on-the-Hill?

Sog. Knew him, sir! why, 'twas he gave all the directions for the action.

Punt. How! was it your project, sir?

Shift. Pardon me, Countenance, you do me some wrong to make occasions public which I imparted to you in private.

Sog. God's will! here are none but friends, Resolution.

Shift. That's all one; things of consequence must have their respects; where, how, and to whom.—Yes, sir, he shewed himself a true Clog in the coherence of that affair, sir; for, if he had managed matters as they were corroborated to him, it had been better for him by a forty or fifty score of pounds, sir; and he himself might have lived, in despite of fates, to have fed on woodcocks,³ with the rest: but it was his

Luc. Of hair, I mean;
Favours have gleaned too much: pray, pardon me,
If it were mine, they should go look their bracelets,
Or stay till the next crop.”

² He knows some notorious jest by this gull,] i.e., of this gull.—See p. 52 a, b. The check to which Fastidious alludes was the contempt expressed for him at court by Saviolina.

³ He might have lived to have fed on woodcocks, &c.] A woodcock is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists, as the chief dish at ordinaries (gambling-houses), and at the best tables; but woodcock, as has been already noticed, was also a cant name for a fool; to feed on woodcocks, therefore, in the language of Shift, most probably meant, to prey on dupes who assembled there. This Shift is really a pleasant fellow, and Gay, in the *Beggar's Opera*, has some obligations to him.

heavy fortune to sink, poor Clog! and therefore talk no more of him.

Punt. Why, had he more aiders then?

Sog. O lord, sir! ay, there were some present there, that were the Nine Worthies to him, i' faith.

Shift. Ay, sir, I can satisfy you at more convenient conference: but for mine own part, I have now reconciled myself to other courses, and profess a living out of my other qualities.

Sog. Nay, he has left all now, I assure you, and is able to live like a gentleman, by his qualities. By this dog, he has the most rare gift in tobacco that ever you knew.

Car. He keeps more ado with this monster than ever Banks did with his horse, or the fellow with the elephant.¹

Mact. He will hang out his picture, shortly, in a cloth, you shall see.

Sog. O, he does manage a quarrel the best that ever you saw, for terms and circumstances.

Fast. Good faith, signior, now you speak of a quarrel, I'll acquaint you with a difference that happened between a gallant and myself; Sir Puntarvolo, you know him if I should name him, Signior Luculento.

Punt. Luculento! what inauspicious chance interposed itself to your two loves?

Fast. Faith, sir, the same that sundered Agamemnon and great Thetis' son; but let the cause escape, sir: he sent me a challenge, mixt with some few braves, which I restored, and in fine we met. Now, indeed, sir, I must tell you he did offer at first very desperately, but without judgment: for, look you, sir, I cast myself into this figure;

¹ *He keeps more ado with this monster than ever Banks did with his horse, or the fellow with the elephant.* Banks's cut (curtal) has been just noticed in the quotation from Taylor; he was taught, says Sir Kenelm Digby, to shew tricks, with cards and dice, and perform several feats of art to the admiration of the virtuosos of those days, who mention him with great respect on all occasions. Not satisfied with his reputation in this country, *Morocco* (for that was the animal's name), wandered in a luckless hour to the Continent, where, if we may trust Jonson, (*Epig.* 134.) both he and his master were "burned for witches." The *elephant*, though not so well known as the "cut," was also of some celebrity in his time, and is mentioned together with him by Donne, *Sat.* i.:

"But to a grave man he doth move no more
Than the *wise politique horse* would heretofore,
Or thou, O *elephant*, or ape wilt do,
When any names the King of Spain to you."

now he comes violently on, and withal advancing his rapier to strike, I thought to have took his arm, for he had left his whole body to my election, and I was sure he could not recover his guard. Sir, I mist my purpose in his arm, rashed his doublet-sleeve,² ran him close by the left cheek, and through his hair. He again lights me here,—I had on a gold cable hatband, then new come up, which I wore about a murrey French hat I had,—cuts my hatband, and yet it was massy goldsmith's work, cuts my brims, which, by good fortune, being thick embroidered with gold twist and spangles, disappointed the force of the blow: nevertheless, it grazed on my shoulder, takes me away six purls of an Italian cut-work band I wore, cost me three pound in the Exchange but three days before.

Punt. This was a strange encounter.

Fast. Nay, you shall hear, sir: with this we both fell out, and breathed. Now, upon the second sign of his assault, I betook me to the former manner of my defence; he, on the other side, abandoned his body to the same danger as before, and follows me still with blows: but I being loth to take the deadly advantage that lay before me of his left side, made a kind of stramazoun,³ ran him up to the hilts through the doublet, through the shirt, and yet missed the skin. He, making a reverse blow,—falls upon my embossed girdle, I had thrown off the hangers a little before,⁴—strikes off a skirt of a thick-laced satin doublet I had, lined with four taffatas, cuts off two panes embroidered with pearl,

² *Rashed his doublet sleeve.* To *rash* (a verb which we have im providently suffered to grow obsolete), is to strike obliquely with violence, as a wild boar does with his tusk. It is observable with what accuracy Shakspeare has corrected the old quarto of King Lear, which reads:

"Nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh *rash* boarish fangs,"

for which he has properly given, "*stick* boarish fangs."

³ *Made a kind of stramazoun.* *Stramazzone*, Italian (*estramazon*, French) is a descending blow with the edge of a sword as opposed to *stoccata*, a thrust. It frequently occurs in our old writers, with whom a duel was not so quickly dispatched as it is in our days. I am not accountable for the sense which Fastidious gives the term, for he was probably designed to blunder.

⁴ *I had thrown off the hangers before,* i.e., the fringed loops appended to the girdle, in which the dagger or small sword usually hung.

rends through the drawings-out of tissue, enters the linings, and skips the flesh.

Car. I wonder he speaks not of his wrought shirt.¹

Fast. Here, in the opinion of mutual damage, we paused; but ere I proceed I must tell you, signior, that, in this last encounter, not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels caught hold of the ruffle of my boot, and being Spanish leather,² and subject to tear, overthrows me, rends me two pair of silk stockings, that I put on, being somewhat a raw morning, a peach colour and another, and strikes me some half inch deep into the side of the calf; he, seeing the blood come, presently takes horse and away; I, having bound up my wound with a piece of my wrought shirt—

Car. O! comes it in there?

Fast. Rid after him, and, lighting at the court gate both together, embraced, and marched hand in hand up into the presence. Was not this business well carried?

Maci. Well! yes, and by this we can guess what apparel the gentleman wore.

Punt. 'Fore your, it was a designment begun with much resolution, maintained with as much prowess, and ended with more humanity.—

Re-enter Servant.

How now, what says the notary?

Serv. He says he is ready, sir; he stays but your worship's pleasure.

Punt. Come, we will go to him, monsieur. Gentlemen, shall we entreat you to be witnesses?

Sog. You shall entreat me, sir.—Come, Resolution.

Shift. I follow you, good Countenance.

Car. Come, signior, come, come.

[*Exeunt all but Macilente.*]

¹ *I wonder he speaks not of his wrought shirt*] This was one of the fashionable extravagancies of the time. The linen, both of men and women, was either so worked as to resemble the finest lace, or was ornamented, by the needle, with representations of fruits, flowers, passages of history, &c. The Puritans, it appears, turned the mode to account, and substituted texts of Scripture for the usual embellishments. There is a pleasant allusion to this practice in the *City Match*:

“*Sir, she's a Puritan at her needle too; Mismock sleeves have such holy embroideries, And are so learned, that I fear in time All my apparel will be quoted by Some pure instructor.*”—Act ii. sc. 2.

Maci. O, that there should be fortune To clothe these men, so naked in desert! And that the just storm of a wretched life Beats them not ragged, for their wretched souls, And, since as fruitless, even as black as coals. [Exit.]

[*Mit.* Why, but, signior, how comes it that Fungoso appeared not with his sister's intelligence to Brisk?

Cor. Marry, long of the evil angels that she gave him, who have indeed tempered the good simple youth to follow the tail of the fashion, and neglect the imposition of his friends. Behold, here he comes, very worshipfully attended, and with good variety.]

SCENE V. — *A Room in Dehro's House.*

Enter Fungoso in a new suit, followed by his Tailor, Shoemaker, and Haberdasher.

Fung. Gramercy, good shoemaker, I'll put to strings myself. [Exit Shoemaker.] Now, sir, let me see what must you have for this hat?

Habe. Here's the bill, sir.

Fung. How does it become me, well?

Tai. Excellent, sir, as ever you had any hat in your life.

Fung. Nay, you'll say so all

Habe. In faith, sir, the hats as good as any man in this town can give you, and will maintain fashion as long; never trust me for a groat else.

Fung. Does it apply well to my suit?

Tai. Exceeding well, sir.

Fung. How lik'st thou my suit, haberdasher?

Habe. By my troth, sir, 'tis very rarely well made; I never saw a suit sit better, I can tell on.

² *One of the spurs caught hold of the ruffle of my boot, and being Spanish leather, &c.*] This explains what the nature of the *ruff* or *ruffle* was, about which there have been some doubts. The tops of the boots of Jonson's time, as Whalley observes, turned down, and hung in loose folds over the leg; they were probably of a finer leather than the rest of the boot, and seem to have had their edges fringed or scalloped; the exact form of them may be seen in several of the whole length portraits of James and Charles's days, particularly in those by Vandyke; the edges of the *ruffle* in some instances were evidently laid with gold lace.

Tai. Nay, we have no art to please our friends, we!

Fung. Here, haberdasher, tell this same.

[Gives him money.]

Habe. Good faith, sir, it makes you have an excellent body.

Fung. Nay, believe me, I think I have as good a body in clothes as another.

Tri. You lack points to bring your apparel together, sir.

Fung. I'll have points anon. How now! Is't right.

Habe. Faith, sir, 'tis too little, but upon farther hopes— Good morrow to you, sir.

[Exit.]

Fung. Farewell, good haberdasher. Well, now, Master Snip, let me see your bill.

[*Mit.* Methinks he discharges his followers too thick.]

Cor. O, therein he saucily imitates some great man. I warrant you, though he turns off them, he keeps this tailor, in place of a page, to follow him still.]

Fung. This bill is very reasonable, in faith: hark you, Master Snip—Troth, sir, I am not altogether so well furnished at this present, as I could wish I were; but -if you'll do me the favour to take part in hand, you shall have all I have, by this hand

Tai. Sir—

Fung. And but give me credit for the rest until the beginning of the next term.

Tai. O lord, sir—

Fung. Fore God, and by this light, I'll pay you to the utmost, and acknowledge myself very deeply engaged to you by the courtesy.

Tai. Why, how much have you there, sir?

Fung. Marry, I have here four angels, and fifteen shillings of white money:¹ it's all I have, as I hope to be blest.

Tai. You will not fail me at the next term with the rest?

Fung. No, an I do, pray heaven I be hanged. Let me never breathe again upon

¹ Four angels, and fifteen shillings of white money:] An angel was a gold coin, worth about ten shillings; white money was the cant term for silver specie. Thus Massinger: "If thou wert an angel of gold, I would not put thee into white money."—*Virgin Martyr.*

² *Tai.* Faith, sir, I can hardly depart with ready money:] To part and depart with any-

this mortal stage, as the philosopher calls it! By this air, and as I am a gentleman, I'll hold.

[*Cor.* He were an iron-hearted fellow, in my judgment, that would not credit him upon this volley of oaths.]

Tai. Well, sir, I'll not stick with any gentleman for a trifle: you know what 'tis remains?

Fung. Ay, sir, and I give you thanks in good faith. O fate, how happy am I made in this good fortune! Well, now I'll go seek out Monsieur Brisk. 'Ods so, I have forgot riband for my shoes, and points. 'Shd, what luck's this! how shall I do? Master Snip, pray let me deduct some two or three shillings for points and ribands: as I am an honest man, I have utterly disfurnished myself, in the default of memory; pray let me be beholding to you; it shall come home in the bill, believe me.

Tai. Faith, sir, I can hardly depart with ready money;² but I'll take up, and send you some by my boy presently. What coloured riband would you have?

Fung. What you shall think meet in your judgment, sir, to my suit.

Tai. Well, I'll send you some presently.

Fung. And points too, sir?

Tai. And points too, sir.

Fung. Good lord, how shall I study to deserve this kindness of you, sir! Pray let your youth make haste, for I should have done a business an hour since, that I doubt I shall come too late. [*Exit* Tailor.] Now, in good faith, I am exceeding proud of my suit.

[*Cor.* Do you observe the plunges that this poor gallant is put to, signior, to purchase the fashion?

Mit. Ay, and to be still a fashion behind with the world, that's the sport.

Cor. Stay: O, here they come from sealed and delivered.]

thing, were synonymous expressions. So our author, in the *Sail Shepherd*:

"I have departed it 'mong my poor neighbours."

And Shakspeare, in *King John*:

"John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole, Hath willingly departed with a part."—*WHAL*

SCENE VI.—Puntarvolo's Lodgings.

Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidious Brisk in a new suit, and Servants, with the dog.

Punt. Well, now my whole venture is forth, I will resolve to depart shortly.

Fast. Faith, Sir Puntarvolo, go to the court, and take leave of the ladies first.

Punt. I care not if it be this afternoon's labour. Where is Carlo?

Fast. Here he comes.

Enter Carlo, Sogliardo, Shift, and Macilente.

Car. Faith, gallants, I am persuading this gentleman [*points to Sogliardo*] to turn courtier. He is a man of fair revenue, and his estate will bear the charge well. Besides, for his other gifts of the mind, or so, why, they are as nature lent him them, pure, simple, without any artificial drug or mixture of these too threadbare beggarly qualities, learning and knowledge, and therefore the more accommodate and genuine. Now, for the life itself—

Fast. O, the most celestial, and full of wonder and delight, that can be imagined, signior, beyond thought and apprehension of pleasure! A man lives there in that divine rapture, that he will think himself i' the ninth heaven for the time, and lose all sense of mortality whatsoever, when he shall behold such glorious and almost immortal beauties; hear such angelical and harmonious voices, discourse with such flowing and ambrosial spirits, whose wits are as sudden as lightning, and humorous as nectar; oh, it makes a man all quintessence and flame, and lifts him up, in a moment, to the very crystal crown of the sky, where, hovering in the strength of his imagination, he shall behold all the delights of the Hesperides, the Insulæ Fortunatæ, Adonis' Gardens, Tempe, or what else, confined within the amplest verge of poesy, to be mere umbræ, and imperfect figures, conferred with the most essential felicity of your court.

¹ *Fast. O, the most celestial and full of wonder, &c.*] This interruption of Brisk's is very artful in the poet: Carlo was more a man of the town, whose elysium was the inside of a tavern or an ordinary, and not the present-chamber at court; but Brisk, whose happiness centred in the circle of courtiers, may with great propriety break out into a rapturous harangue on the pleasures of a court life.—WHAL.

² *This encomium was not extemporal, it*

Maci. Well, this encomium was not extemporal, it came too perfectly off.²

Car. Besides, sir, you shall never need to go to a hot-house, you shall sweat there with courting your mistress, or losing your money at primero, as well as in all the stoves in Sweden. Marry, this, sir, you must ever be sure to carry a good strong perfume about you, that your mistress's dog may smell you out amongst the rest; and in making love to her, never fear to be out; for you may have a pipe of tobacco, or a bass viol shall hang o' the wall, of purpose, will put you in presently. The tricks your Resolution has taught you in tobacco, the whiffe, and those sleights, will stand you in very good ornament there.

Fast. Ay, to some, perhaps; but, an he should come to my mistress with tobacco (this gentleman knows) she'd reply upon him, i' faith. O, by this bright sun, she has the most acute, ready, and facetious wit, that—tut, there's no spirit able to stand her. You can report it, signior, you have seen her.

Punt. Then can he report no less, out of his judgment, I assure him.

Maci. Troth, I like her well enough, but she's too self-conceited, methinks.

Fast. Ay, indeed, she's a little too self-conceited; an'twere not for that humour, she were the most-to-be-admired lady in the world.

Punt. Indeed, it is a humour that takes from her other excellencies.

Maci. Why, it may easily be made to forsake her, in my thought.

Fast. Easily, sir! then are all impossibilities easy.

Maci. You conclude too quick upon me, signior. What will you say, if I make it so perspicuously appear now, that yourself shall confess nothing more possible?

Fast. Marry, I will say, I will both applaud and admire you for it.

Punt. And I will second him in the admiration.

Maci. Why, I'll shew you, gentlemen.—Carlo, come hither.

[*Maci. Car. Punt. and Fast. whisper together.*]

came too perfectly off.] i.e., it was too fluent and highly finished; and, indeed, it has the air of being borrowed from some pedantic rhapsodist of the day. *Adonis' Gardens*, and the *Fortunate Isles*, were not likely to be much known to Fastidious: there is, besides, an evident allusion to the elegant day-dreams of Plato in every part of the speech. Carlo plunges at once into common life and common language.

Sog. Good faith, I have a great humour to the court. What thinks my Resolution? shall I adventure?

Shift. Troth, Countenance, as you please; the place is a place of good reputation and capacity.

Sog. O, my tricks in tobacco, as Carlo says, will shew excellent there.

Shift. Why, you may go with these gentlemen now, and see fashions; and after, as you shall see correspondence.

Sog. You say true. You will go with me, Resolution?

Shift. I will meet you, Countenance, about three or four o'clock; but to say to go with you, I cannot; for, as I am Apple-John, I am to go before the cockatrice you saw this morning, and, therefore, pray, present me excused, good Countenance.

Sog. Farewell, good Resolution, but fail not to meet.

Shift. As I live.

[*Exit.*

Punt. Admirably excellent!

Maci. If you can but persuade Sogliardo to court, there's all now.

Car. O, let me alone, that's my task.

[*Goes to Sogliardo.*

Fast. Now, by wit, Macilente, it's above measure excellent: 'twill be the only court-exploit that ever proved courtier ingenious.

Punt. Upon my soul, it puts the lady quite out of her humour, and we shall laugh with judgment.

Car. Come, the gentleman was of himself resolved to go with you, afore I moved it.

Maci. Why, then, gallants, you two and Carlo go afore to prepare the jest; Sogliardo and I will come some while after you.

Car. Pardon me, I am not for the court.

Punt. That's true; Carlo comes not at court, indeed. Well, you shall leave it to the faculty of Monsieur Brisk and myself; upon our lives, we will manage it happily. Carlo shall bespeak supper at the Mitre, against we come back; where we will meet, and dimple our cheeks with laughter at the success.

Car. Ay, but will you promise to come?

Punt. Myself shall undertake for them; he that fails, let his reputation lie under the lash of thy tongue.

Car. Ods so, look who comes here!

Enter Fungoso.

Sog. What, nephew!

Fung. Uncle, God save you; did you see a gentleman, one Monsieur Brisk, a courtier? he goes in such a suit as I do.

Sog. Here is the gentleman, nephew, but not in such a suit.

Fung. Another suit! [*Swoons.*

Sog. How now, nephew?

Fast. Would you speak with me, sir?

Car. Ay, when he has recovered himself, poor Poll!¹

Punt. Some rosa-solis.

Maci. How now, signior?

Fung. I am not well, sir.

Maci. Why, this it is to dog the fashion.²

Car. Nay, come, gentlemen, remember your affairs; his disease is nothing but the flux of apparel.

Punt. Sirs, return to the lodging, keep the cat safe; I'll be the dog's guardian myself. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Sog. Nephew, will you go to court with us? these gentlemen and I are for the court; nay, be not so melancholy.

Fung. 'Slid, I think no man in Christendom has that rascally fortune that I have.

Maci. Faith, your suit is well enough, signior.

Fung. Nay, not for that, I protest; but I had an errand to Monsieur Fastidious, and I have forgot it.

Maci. Why, go along to court with us, and remember it; come, gentlemen, you three take one boat, and Sogliardo and I will take another: we shall be there instantly.

Fast. Content: good sir, vouchsafe us your pleance.

Punt. Farewell, Carlo; remember.

Car. I warrant you: would I had one of Kemp's shoes to throw after you.³

¹ *Poor poll!*] He calls him parrot, from his imitating the dress, as that bird does the words, of others.—WHAL.

² *This it is to dog the fashion.*] i.e., to follow the fashion at a distance, as a dog follows the heels of his master.—WHAL.

³ *Would I had one of Kemp's shoes to throw after you.*] "To throw an old shoe after one for luck's sake," is a proverb of very ancient

standing; and Kempe, who about this time had finished his "*Nine Days' Wonder*," or his *Morrice-dance from London to Norwich*, was sufficiently popular (exclusive of his talents on the stage) to make the allusion to his shoes well received. Peradventure too, as Nic. Bottom says, "to render the jest more gracious," *Kempe* himself might be the speaker; for though his name does not appear among the performers, as

Punt. Good fortune will close the eyes of our jest, fear not; and we shall frolick.
[*Exeunt.*]

[*Mit.* This Macilente, signior, begins to be more sociable on a sudden, methinks, than he was before: there's some portent in it, I believe.

Cor. O, he's a fellow of a strange nature. Now does he, in this calm of his humour, plot, and store up a world of malicious thoughts in his brain, till he is so full with them, that you shall see the very torrent of his envy break forth like a land-flood: and, against the course of all their affections, oppose itself so violently, that you will almost have wonder to think, how 'tis possible the current of their dispositions shall receive so quick and strong an alteration.

Mit. Ay marry, sir, this is that on which my expectation has dwelt all this while: for I must tell you, signior, though I was loth to interrupt the scene, yet I made it a question in mine own private discourse, how he should properly call it *Every Man out of his Humour*, when I saw all his actors so strongly pursue, and continue their humours?

Cor. Why, therein his art appears most full of lustre,¹ and approacheth neerest the life: especially when in the flame and height of their humours, they are laid flat, it fills the eye better, and with more contentment. How tedious a sight were it to behold a proud exalted tree lopt, and cut down by degrees, when it might be felled in a moment? and to set the axe to it before it came to that pride and fullness, were, as not to have it grow.

Mit. Well, I shall long till I see this fall you talk of.

in the preceding comedy, yet it is almost certain that he was in the list, and he, not improbably, played Carlo Buffone. Kepe published the account of his singular expedition in 1600. It is a great curiosity, and, as a rude picture of national manners, extremely well worth reprinting. — [Reprinted by Mr. Dyce, *Cam. Soc.* 1840.]

¹ *Cor.* Why, therein his art appears most full of lustre, &c.] In this compliment, which Jonson pays to himself, there is a portion of sophistry and bad reasoning, of which poor *Mitis*, as usual, suspects nothing. A tree, whether felled in a moment or cut down by degrees, is still destroyed by violence; but violent changes in humours, as Jonson justly understands the word, are neither probable nor natural. He had well learned, from his beloved ancients, that, previously to a change in the tenor of the plot, the

Cor. To help your longing, signior, let your imagination be swifter than a pair of oars: and by this, suppose *Puntarvolo*, *Brisk*, *Fungoso*, and the dog, arrived at the court-gate, and going up to the great chamber. *Macilente* and *Sogliardo*, we'll leave them on the water, till possibility and natural means may land them. Here come the gallants, now prepare your expectation.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Palace Stairs.*

Enter Puntarvolo, with his dog, followed by Fastidious Brisk and Fungoso.

Punt. Come, gentles. Signior, you are sufficiently instructed.

Fast. Who, I, sir?

Punt. No, this gentleman. But stay, I take thought how to bestow my dog; he is no competent attendant for the presence.

Fast. Mass, that's true indeed, knight; you must not carry him into the presence.

Punt. I know it, and I, like a dull beast, forgot to bring one of my cormorants to attend me.²

Fast. Why, you were best leave him at the porter's lodge.

Punt. Not so; his worth is too well known amongst them, to be forth-coming.

Fast. Slight, how will you do then?

Punt. I must leave him with one that is ignorant of his quality, if I will have him to be safe. And see! here comes one that will carry coals, ergo, will hold my dog.

*Enter a Groom, with a basket.*³

My honest friend, may I commit the tuition of this dog to thy prudent care?

incidents should all grow to *their pride and fulness*; but be forgot, or rather did not choose to remember, that the development should not, for that, be hasty and abrupt. This error is not of modern date, for it is noticed by Aristotle. There are many, he says, who complicate and involve their plots with much art, but who are not equally successful in the unravelling of them: Πολλοὶ δὲ, πλεξαντες εὐ, λυοῦσι κακῶς. Περὶ Ποι. cap. 18.

² *Forgot to bring one of my cormorants to attend me.*] i. e., one of my servants. Menials appear to have been treated formerly with very little ceremony: they were stripped and beaten at their master's pleasure; and *cormorants*, *eaters*, and *feeders*, were among the civilest names bestowed upon them.

³ *Enter a Groom, with a basket.*] This stage

Groom. You may, if you please, sir.

Punt. Pray thee let me find thee here at my return; it shall not be long till I will ease thee of thy employment, and please thee. Forth, gentles.

Fast. Why, but will you leave him with so slight command, and infuse no more charge upon the fellow?

Punt. Charge! no; there were no policy in that; that were to let him know the value of the gem he holds, and so to tempt frail nature against her disposition. No, pray thee let thy honesty be sweet, as it shall be short.

Groom. Yes, sir

Punt. But hark you, gallants, and chiefly Monsieur Brisk; when we come in eye-shot, or presence of this lady, let not other matters carry us from our project; but, if we can, single her forth to some place—

Fast. I warrant you.

Punt. And be not too sudden, but let the device induce itself with good circumstance. On.

Fung. Is this the way? good truth, here be fine hangings.

[*Exeunt Punt. Fast. and Fungoso.*]

Groom. *Honesty! sweet, and short!* Marry, it shall, sir, doubt you not; for even at this instant if one would give me twenty pounds, I would not deliver him; there's for the *sweet*: but now, if any man come offer me but twopence, he shall have him; there's for the *short* now. 'Shid, what a mad humourous gentleman is this to leave his dog with me! I could run away with him now, an he were worth anything.

direction is from the quaito, and it may be assumed, from Puntarvolo's observation, that the basket had coals in it. With our ancestors, *colliers*, I know not for what reason, lay, like Mrs. Quickly, *under an ill name*: Decker has a little treatise on them, full of the grossest abuse; and a *dealer in coals*, an article at that time of no great sale perhaps, seems synonymous with everything base and vile. Thus Marston, speaking of worthless people, says, that "they were born naturally for a *coal-basket*."—*Malecontent*, act iv. sc. 1. The allusion here, however, is not to the seller of this unfortunate article, but to the bearer of it. In all great houses; but particularly in the royal residences, there were a number of mean and dirty dependents, whose office it was to attend the wood-yard, sculleries, &c. Of these (for in the lowest deep there was a lower still) the most forlorn wretches seem to have been selected to carry coals to the kitchens, halls, &c. To this smutty regiment, who attended the progresses, and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, which, with every other article of furniture,

Enter Macilente and Sogliardo.

Maci. Come on, signior, now prepare to court this all-witted lady, most naturally, and like yourself.

Sog. Faith, an you say the word, I'll begin to her in tobacco.

Maci. O, fie on't! no; you shall begin with *How does my sweet lady*, or, *Why are you so melancholy, madam?* though: she be very merry, it's all one. Be sure to kiss your hand often enough; pray for her health and tell her, how *more than most fair she is*.¹ Screw your face at one side thus, and protest:² let her flee, and lock askance, and hide her teeth with her fan, when she laughs a fit, to bring her into more matter, that's nothing; you must talk forward (though it be without sense, so it be without blushing), 'tis most court-like and well.

Sog. But shall I not use tobacco at all?

Maci. O, by no means; 'twill but make your breath suspected, and that you use it only to confound the rankness of that.

Sog. Nay, I'll be advised, sir, by my friends.

Maci. Od's my life, see where Sir Puntarvolo's dog is.

Groom. I would the gentleman would return for his follower here, I'll leave him to his fortunes else.

Maci. 'Twere the only true jest in the world to poison him now; ha! by this hand I'll do it, if I could but get him of the fellow. [*Aside.*] Signior Sogliardo, walk

were then moved from palace to palace, the people, in derision, gave the name of *black* guards, a term since become sufficiently familiar, and never properly explained. Mr. Pinkerton, with his usual success in etymologizing, attempts to derive them from *blaguer*, which, he tells us, is French for a soldier's trull: they were, however, what I have described; and it is to one of this degraded race, who now enters with his basket of charcoal, that Puntarvolo ventures to commit the tuition of his dog. See p. 108 b.

¹ *How more than most fair she is.* Macilente speaks *pure Aradian*, as did probably all the affected courtiers of the day:

"O teares, no teares, but raine from beauties
skies,

Making those lillies and those roses grow,

Which ay most fair, now *more than most*
fair show,

While graceful pity beauty beautifies."

² *Screw your face at one side thus, and protest:* i.e., use some petty and affected oaths. See p. 9 a.

aside, and think upon some device to entertain the lady with.

Sog. So I do, sir.

[*Walks off in a meditating posture.*]

Maci. How now, mine honest friend! whose dog-keeper art thou?

Groom. Dog-keeper, sir! I hope I scorn that, i' faith.

Maci. Why, dost thou not keep a dog?

Groom. Sir, now I do, and now I do not: [*throws off the dog.*] I think this be *sweet* and *short*. Make me his dog-keeper!

[*Exit.*]

Maci. This is excellent, above expectation! nay, stay, sir; [*seizing the dog.*] you'd be travelling; but I'll give you a dram shall shorten your voyage, here. [*gives him poison.*] So, sir, I'll be bold to take my leave of you. Now to the Turk's court in the devil's name, for you shall never go o' God's name. [*kicks him out.*] Sogliardo, come.

Sog. I have it, i' faith now, will sting it.

Maci. Take heed you leese it not,¹ signior, ere you come there; preserve it.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Cor.* How like you this first exploit of his?

Mil. O, a piece of true envy; but I expect the issue of the other device.

Cor. Here they come will make it appear.]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Saviolina, Puntarvolo, Fastidious Brisk, and Fungoso.

Sav. Why, I thought, Sir Puntarvolo, you had been gone your voyage.

Punt. Dear and most amiable lady, your divine beauties do bind me to those offices, that I cannot depart when I would.

Sav. 'Tis most court-like spoken, sir; but how might we do to have a sight of your dog and cat?

Fast. His dog is in the court, lady.

Sav. And not your cat? how dare you trust her behind you, sir.

Punt. Troth, madam, she hath sore eyes, and she doth keep her chamber; marry, I have left her under sufficient guard, there are two of my followers to attend her.

Sav. I'll give you some water for her eyes. When do you go, sir?

Punt. Certes, sweet lady, I know not.

Fast. He doth stay the rather, madam, to present your acute judgment with so courtly and well parted a gentleman as yet your ladyship hath never seen.

Sav. What is he, gentle Monsieur Brisk? not that gentleman? [*Points to Fungoso.*]

Fast. No, lady, this is a kinsman to Justice Silence.²

Punt. Pray, sir, give me leave to report him. He's a gentleman, lady, of that rare and admirable faculty, as, I protest, I know not his like in Europe; he is exceedingly valiant, an excellent scholar, and so exactly travelled, that he is able, in discourse, to deliver you a model of any prince's court in the world; speaks the languages with that purity of phrase, and facility of accent, that it breeds astonishment; his wit the most exuberant, and, above wonder, pleasant, of all that ever entered the concave of this ear.

Fast. 'Tis most true, lady; marry, he is no such excellent proper man.³

Punt. His travels have changed his complexion, madam.

Sav. O, Sir Puntarvolo, you must think every man was not born to have my servant Brisk's feature.

Punt. But that which transcends all, lady; he doth so peerlessly imitate any manner of person for gesture, action, passion, or whatever—

Fast. Ay, especially a rustic or a clown, madam, that it is not possible for the sharpest-sighted wit in the world to discern any sparks of the gentleman in him, when he does it.

Sav. O, Monsieur Brisk, be not so tyrannous to confine all wits within the compass of your own; not find the sparks

¹ *Take heed you leese it not.*] *Leese* is frequently used for *lose* by the writers of Jonson's age. Thus, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:

"To *leese* thy life ere life was new begun."
Act ii.

And in Stow's *Annals*, "I would my uncle would let me have my life yet, though I *leese* my kingdom."—*Edit.* 1580, p. 827. More examples are unnecessary.

² *This is a kinsman to Justice Silence.*] From this allusion, it is clear that Shakspeare's second part of *Henry IV.* could not, as Mr. Malone observes, be written later than 1598, the year before the date of this comedy.—*WHAL.*

³ *Marry, he is no such excellent proper man.*] His *personal* endowments are not so extraordinary: this he says to prepare the lady for the appearance of Sogliardo, who is described in the Introduction as "an essential clown."

of a gentleman in him, if he be a gentleman!

Fung. No, in truth, sweet lady, I believe you cannot.

Sav. Do you believe so? why, I can find sparks of a gentleman in you, sir.

Punt. Ay, he is a gentleman, madam, and a reveller.

Fung. Indeed, I think I have seen your ladyship at our revels.¹

Sav. Like enough, sir; but would I might see this wonder you talk of; may one have a sight of him for any reasonable sum?

Punt. Yes, madam, he will arrive presently.

Sav. What, and shall we see him clown it?

Fast. I' faith, sweet lady, that you shall; see, here he comes.

Enter Macilente and Sogliardo.

Punt. This is he! pray observe him, lady.

Sav. Beshrew me, he clowns it properly indeed.

Punt. Nay, mark his courtship.

Sog. How does my sweet lady? *hot and moist*?² *beautiful and lusty*? ha!

Sav. Beautiful, an it please you, sir, but not lusty.

Sog. O ho, lady, it pleases you to say so, in truth: And *how does my sweet lady*? in health? *Bona roba, quasso, que nouvelles*? *que nouvelles*? sweet creature!

Sav. O excellent! why, gallants, is this

¹ *I think I have seen your ladyship at our revels.*] At the Inns of Court: see the letter to his father, p. 105*b*. Saviolina evidently mistakes his meaning, for the *revels* of which he speaks were not calculated for the amusement of ladies of fashion: nor was she *likely* to be seen at them.

² *Hot and moist*!] These two important words have been produced by Steevens as a striking proof of Jonson's malignity to Shakspeare, they being a manifest sneer at *hot and moist* in *Othello*. I believe Shakspeare to be the greatest parodist, or sneerer, except Aristophanes, that ever existed; and I know that, in many instances, where Jonson has been represented as the aggressor, he is "a man more sinned against than sinning." *Every Man out of his Humour* preceded *Othello* by many years; the sneer therefore, if any there be, must be placed to the account of the latter. But, seriously, can any folly equal that of construing every application of a written passage into an insult upon the original? When we quote Horace or Virgil either seriously or humorously,

he that cannot be deciphered³ they were very blear-witted, i' faith, that could not discern the gentleman in him.

Punt. But you do, in earnest, lady?

Sav. Do I, sir! why, if you had any true court-judgment in the carriage of his eye, and that inward power that forms his countenance, you might perceive his counterfeiting as clear as the noon-day; alas—nay, if you would have tried my wit, indeed, you should never have told me he was a gentleman, but presented him for a true clown indeed; and then have seen if I could have deciphered him.

Fast. 'Fore God, her ladyship says true, knight: but does he not affect the clown most naturally, mistress?

Punt. O, she cannot but affirm that, out of the bounty of her judgment.

Sav. Nay, out of doubt he does well, for a gentleman to imitate: but I warrant you, he becomes his natural carriage of the gentleman much better than his clownery.

Fast. 'Tis strange, in truth, her ladyship should see so far into him!

Punt. Ay, is it not?

Sav. Faith, as easily as may be; not decipher him, quoth you!

Fung. Good sadness, I wonder at it.

Maci. Why, has she deciphered him, gentlemen?

Punt. O, most miraculously, and beyond admiration.

Maci. Is it possible?

Fast. She hath gathered most infallible signs of the gentleman in him, that's certain.

we do it, I suppose, to show our wit or our reading, and not to sneer at them. But Shakspeare is sacred! Not so; for we have recourse to him upon all occasions: yet who so honoured?—The fact seems to be, that his expressions may be lawfully used by every one but Jonson; upon whom, if a single word employed by Shakspeare be found, the whole cry of commentators open at once,

"With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and ring
A hideous peal."

After all, the trite words which gave rise to this attack upon our author, are expressly marked by himself as a quotation:—this, however, his calumniators did not know.

³ *Why, gallants, is this he that cannot be deciphered*!] Saviolina had been told that Sogliardo spoke the languages with purity; from the gallimaufry of Latin, French, and Italian, with which he accosts her, she naturally concludes that he is endeavouring to impose upon her by an appearance of ignorance.

Sav. Why, gallants, let me laugh at you a little: was this your device to try my judgment in a gentleman?

Maci. Nay, lady, do not scorn us, though you have this gift of perspicacy above others. What if he should be no gentleman now, but a clown indeed, lady?

Punt. How think you of that? would not your ladyship be Out of your Humour?

Fast. O, but she knows it is not so.

Sav. What if he were not a man, ye may as well say? Nay, if your worships could gull me so, indeed, you were wiser than you are taken for.

Maci. In good faith, lady, he is a very perfect clown, both by father and mother; that I'll assure you.

Sav. O, sir, you are very pleasurable.

Maci. Nay, do but look on his hand, and that shall resolve you; look you, lady, what a palm here is.

Sog. Tut, that was with holding the plough.

Maci. The plough! did you discern any such thing in him, madam?

Fast. Faith, no, she saw the gentleman as bright as at noon-day, she; she deciphered him at first.

Maci. Troth, I am sorry your ladyship's sight should be so suddenly struck.

Sav. O, you are goodly beagles!

Fast. What, is she gone?

Sog. Nay, stay, sweet lady? *que nouvelles? que nouvelles?*

Sav. Out, you fool, you!

[*Exit in anger.*]

Fung. She's Out of her Humour, i' faith.

Fast. Nay, let's follow it while 'tis hot, gentlemen.

Punt. Come, on mine honour we shall make her blush in the presence; my spleen is great with laughter.

Maci. Your laughter will be a child of a feeble life, I believe, sir. [*A side.*] Come, signior, your looks are too dejected, methinks; why mix you not mirth with the rest?

Fung. Od's will, this suit frets me at the soul. I'll have it altered to-morrow, sure.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Palace Stairs.*

Enter Shift.

Shift. I am come to the court to meet with my Countenance, Sogliardo; poor men must be glad of such countenance, when they can get no better. Well, need may insult upon a man, but it shall never make him despair of consequence. The world will say, 'tis base: tush, base! 'tis base to live under the earth, not base to live above it by any means.

Enter Fastidious, Puntarvolo, Sogliardo, Fungoso, and Maciente.

Fast. The poor lady is most miserably out of her humour, i' faith.

Punt. There was never so witty a jest broken, at the tilt of all the court wits christened.

Maci. O, this applause taints it foully.¹

Sog. I think I did my part in courting,— O, Resolution!

Punt. Ah me, my dog!

Maci. Where is he?

Fast. 'Sprecious, go seek for the fellow, good signior. [*Exit Fungoso.*]

Punt. Here, here I left him.

Maci. Why none was here when we came in now but Cavalier Shift; enquire of him.

Fast. Did you see Sir Puntarvolo's dog here, Cavalier, since you came?

Shift. His dog, sir! he may look his dog, sir. I saw none of his dog, sir.

Maci. Upon my life, he has stolen your dog, sir, and been hired to it by some that have ventured with you; you may guess by his peremptory answers.

Punt. Not unlike; for he hath been a notorious thief by his own confession. Surrah, where is my dog?

Shift. Charge me with your dog, sir! I have none of your dog, sir.

Punt. Villain, thou liest.

Shift. Lie, sir! 'sblood,—you are but a man, sir.

Punt. Rogue and thief, restore him.

Sog. Take heed, Sir Puntarvolo, what you do; he'll bear no coals, I can tell you,² o' my word.

¹ O, this applause taints it foully | See p. 82 b.

² Take heed what you do; he'll bear no coals, I can tell you. He will not be insulted; he will bear no injuries. From the mean nature of this occupation, it seems to have been somewhat hastily concluded, that a man who would carry coals, would submit to any indignity (see p. 125).

Hence to carry coals, in the sense of tamely putting up an affront, occurs perpetually in our old writers, both serious and comic. It is needless to multiply examples, but as I have one before me which does not, I think, appear in the long lists of Steevens and Malone, I will subjoin it: "It remaineth now that I take notice of

Maci. This is rare.

Sog. It's marle he stabs you not: By this light, he hath stabbed forty for forty times less matter, I can tell you of my knowledge.

Punt. I will make thee stoop, thou abject.

Sog. Make him stoop, sir! Gentlemen, pacify him, or he'll be killed.

Maci. Is he so tall a man?

Sog. Tall a man! if you love his life, stand betwixt them. Make him stoop!

Punt. My dog, villain, or I will hang thee; thou hast confest robberies and other felonious acts, to this gentleman, thy Countenance—

Sog. I'll bear no witness.

Punt. And without my dog, I will hang thee for them. [Shift *kneels.*

Sog. What! kneel to thine enemies!

Shift. Pardon me, good sir; God is my witness, I never did robbery in all my life.

Re-enter Fungoso.

Fung. O, Sir Puntarvolo, your dog lies giving up the ghost in the Wood-yard.

Maci. Heart, is he not dead yet.

[*Aside.*

Punt. O, my dog, born to disastrous fortune! pray you conduct me, sir.

[*Exit with Fungoso.*

Sog. How! did you never do any robbery in your life?

Maci. O, this is good! so he swore, sir.

Sog. Ay, I heard him: and did you swear true, sir?

Shift. Ay, as I hope to be forgiven, sir, I never robbed any man; I never stood by the highway-side, sir; but only said so because I would get myself a name, and be counted a tall man.

Jaspar's arryvall, and of those Letters with which the Queene was exceedingly well satisfied: saying, that you were too like some body in the world, to whom she is afraid you are a little kin, to be content to carry coales at any Frenchman's hand."—Secretary Cecyll to Sir Henry Neville, March 2, 1559.

¹ *Out, base viliaco!* This word occurs in Decker: "Before they came near the great hall, the faint-hearted villiacoes sounded at least thrice."—*Untrussing the Humorous Poet.* In both places it means a worthless dastard: (from the Italian *vigliacco*.) *Camouccio*, which concludes this speech, is perhaps a corruption of *camoscio*, a goat or goat's skin; and may mean *clown*, or *flat-nose*, or any other apposite term which pleases the reader better. I cannot pretend, in fact, to fix the precise sense of those vituperative appellations, of which the purport, perhaps, was as vague as the orthography.

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Sog. Now out, base viliaco! thou my Resolution! I thy Countenance! By this light, gentlemen, he hath confest to me the most inexorable company of robberies, and damned himself that he did 'em; you never heard the like. Out, scoundrel, out! follow me no more, I command thee; out of my sight, go, hence, speak not; I will not hear thee: away, camouccio!

[*Exit Shift.*

Maci. O, how I do feed upon this now, and fat myself! here were a couple unexpectedly dishumoured. Well, by this time, I hope, Sir Puntarvolo and his dog are both out of humour to travel. [*Aside.*] Nay, gentlemen, why do you not seek out the knight, and comfort him? our supper at the Mitre must of necessity hold to-night,² if you love your reputations.

Fast. 'Fore God, I am so melancholy for his dog's disaster—but I'll go.

Sog. Faith, and I may go too, but I know I shall be so melancholy.

Maci. Tush, melancholy! you must forget that now, and remember you lie at the mercy of a fury; Carlo will rack your sinews asunder, and rail you to dust, if you come not. [*Exeunt.*

[*Mit.* O, then their fear of Carlo, belike, makes them hold their meeting.

Cor. Ay, here he comes; conceive him but to be entered the Mitre, and 'tis enough.]

SCENE IV.—*A Room at the Mitre.*

Enter Carlo.

Car. Holloa! where be these shot-sharks?³

² *Our supper at the Mitre must of necessity hold to-night,*] And, above (p. 99 a), "No better place than the Mitre." This celebrated tavern, of which such frequent mention is made in our old plays, is described in some of them as standing in Cheapside, and in others in Breadstreet: it was therefore not improbably the corner house. *In tenui labor.* It is noticed for the goodness of its entertainments by Middleton: "Why, this will be a true feast, a right Mitre supper."—*A Mad World my Masters*, act v.

³ *Where be these shot-sharks?*] Improved from the quarto, which reads *shot-makers*. *Shot*, a tavern reckoning, is correctly rendered by Horne Tooke, that which is thrown out, or flung upon the table; and to hunt greedily and eagerly after this, is certainly no bad designation of a waiter.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. By and by; you are welcome, good Master Buffone.

Car. Where's George? call me George hither, quickly.

Draw. What wine please you have, sir? I'll draw you that's neat, Master Buffone.

Car. Away, neophite,¹ do as I bid thee, bring my dear George to me:—

Enter George.

Mass, here he comes.

George. Welcome, Master Carlo.

Car. What, is supper ready, George?

George. Ay, sir, almost. Will you have the cloth laid, Master Carlo?

Car. O, what else? Are none of the gallants come yet?

George. None yet, sir.

Car. Stay, take me with you, George;² let me have a good fat loth of pork laid to the fire presently.

George. It shall, sir.

Car. And withal, hear you, draw me the biggest shaft you have out of the butt you wot of;³ away, you know my meaning, George; quick!

George. Done, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Car. I never hungered so much for anything in my life as I do to know our gallants' success at court; now is that lean, bald-rib Macilente, that salt villain, plotting some mischievous device, and lies a soaking in their frothy humours like a dry crust, till he has drunk 'em all up. Could the pumnce but hold up his eyes at other

men's happiness, in any reasonable proportion, 'slid, the slave were to be loved next heaven, above honour, wealth, rich fare, apparel, wenches, all the delights of the belly and the groin whatever.

Re-enter George, with two jugs of wine.

George. Here, Master Carlo.

Car. Is it right, boy?

George. Ay, sir, I assure you 'tis right.

Car. Well said, my dear George, depart; [*Exit George.*] Come, my small gimblet, you in the false scabbard, away, so! [*Puts forth the Drawer and shuts the door.*] Now to you, Sir Burgomaster, let's taste of your bounty.

[*Mit.* What, will he deal upon such quantities of wine alone?

Cor. You will perceive that, sir.]

Car. [*drinks.*] Ay, marry, sir, here's purity; O, George—I could bite off his nose for this now:⁴ sweet rogue, he has drawn nectar, the very soul of the grape! I'll wash my temples with some on't presently, and drink some half a score draughts; 'twill heat the brain, kindle my imagination, I shall talk nothing but crackers and fire-works to-night. So, sir! please you to be here, sir, and I here: so.⁵

[*Sets the two cups asunder, drinks with the one, and pledges with the other, speaking for each of the cups, and drinking alternately.*]

¹ *Away, neophite,*] i.e., youngster or novice: the word occurs again in *Cynthia's Revels*.

² *Stay, take me with you, George;*] i.e., understand me perfectly before you go. The phrase is very common in our old dramas; see Massinger, vol. iii. p. 488.

³ *Draw me the biggest shaft you have out of the butt you wot of;*] I shall certainly incur the censure of poor Tibbald of "restoring lost puns;" for which, after all, I have no great respect: but I cannot avoid observing that here is a twofold allusion, 1. to *archery*, and 2. to the device of the worthy prior *Bolt* son.

⁴ *I could bite off his nose now:*] This odd mode of expressing pleasure, which seems to be taken from the practice of animals, who, in a playful mood, bite each other's ears, &c. is very common in our old dramatists. Thus Shakespeare, "I will bite thee by the ear for that jest."—*Romeo and Juliet*. And Sir John Suckling, in the *Goblins*, "Rare rogue in buckram, let me bite thee," &c.

⁵ *So, sir! please you to be here, sir, and I here: so.*] The reader may possibly imagine

the following scene to be extremely ridiculous, and that the incident it contains could hardly be copied from real life. Mr. Dryden, I believe, thought otherwise. He hath given us a close imitation of it in the *Wild Gallant*. A person is represented playing by himself at backgammon, who throws first out of one dice-box, and then out of the other: just as Carlo drinks alternately out of the two cups. In the progress of the game, words arise between the players, which bring on a quarrel; and it ends in the actor's overturning the tables, and throwing the men about the floor. This may sufficiently vindicate our author from the charge of singularity.—W^HAL.

Jonson does not derive much credit to his incident, from the circumstance of its being imitated by Dryden. The *Wild Gallant* is a first play, and a very insignificant performance; written, the author says, while he was yet "unfledged, and wanted knowledge." I suspect, however, that the poet took the scene from real life; it is sufficiently dull and uninteresting, but it is not improbable, and, unless I have been

[*Cor.* This is worth the observation, signior.]

Car. *1 Cup.* Now, sir, here's to you; and I present you with so much of my love.

2 Cup. I take it kindly from you, sir [*drinks.*] and will return you the like proportion; but withal, sir, remembering the merry night we had at the countess's, you know where, sir.

1 Cup. By heaven, you put me in mind now of a very necessary office, which I will propose in your pledge, sir; the health of that honourable countess, and the sweet lady that sat by her, sir.

2 Cup. I do vail to it with reverence.¹ [*drinks.*] And now, signior, with these ladies, I'll be bold to mix the health of your divine mistress.

1 Cup. Do you know her, sir?

2 Cup. O lord, sir, ay; and in the respectful memory and mention of her, I could wish this wine were the most precious drug in the world.

1 Cup. Good faith, sir, you do honour me in't exceedingly. [*Drinks.*]

[*Mit.* Whom should he personate in this, signior?

Cor. Faith, I know not, sir; observe, observe him.²]

2 Cup. If it were the basest filth, or mud that runs in the channel, I am bound to pledge it respectively,³ sir. [*drinks.*] And now, sir, here is a replenished bowl, which I will reciprocally turn upon you, to the health of the Count Frugale.

misinformed, has actually taken place in our own times. If Carlo, as Whalley wishes to suppose, and as I incline to think, was a real person, the mummery, we may be pretty confident, was characteristic of him, for, in those times, little delicacy or reserve was thought necessary, either on or off the stage.

¹ I do vail to it with reverence,] i.e., bow or bend submissively. The word is so common in this, its proper sense, that I shall content myself with merely referring to Massinger, vol. iii. p. 255.

² *Mit.* Whom should he personate in this, signior?

Cor. Faith, I know not, sir; observe, observe him.] The question of Mitis is natural enough, upon seeing so peculiar an extravagance: but the answer of Cordatus is not in the usual manner. It is rather an evasion of the question than a satisfactory reply. He doth not attempt to clear the poet by a parallel example, either in some ancient comic writer, or from what might be

1 Cup. The Count Frugale's health, sir? I'll pledge it on my knees, by this light.

[*Kneels.*]

2 Cup. Will you, sir? I'll drink it on my knees then by the light.

[*Mit.* Why, this is strange.

Cor. Have you heard a better drunken dialogue?]

2 Cup. Nay, do me right, sir.

1 Cup. So I do, in faith.

2 Cup. Good faith you do not; mine was fuller.

1 Cup. Why, believe me, it was not.

2 Cup. Believe me it was; and you do lie.

1 Cup. Lie, sir!

2 Cup. Ay, sir.

1 Cup. 'Swounds! you rascal!

2 Cup. O, come, stab if you have a mind to it.

1 Cup. Stab! dost thou think I dare not?

Car. [*speaks in his own person.*] Nay, I beseech you, gentlemen, what means this? nay, look, for shame, respect your reputations.

[*Overturns wine, pot, cups, and all.*]

Enter Macilente.

Maci. Why, how now Carlo! what humour's this?

Car. O, my good mischief! art thou come? where are the rest? where are the rest?

Maci. Faith, three of our ordnance are burst.

observed in common life; but puts off the inquirer's curiosity by desiring him to attend to what follows. This looks as if the matter would not bear a very nice examination, lest a discovery should be made of what the author did not choose to have publicly known. Hence one is induced to imagine that the character is personal; and that the humour exposed in it was the humour of a particular man.—WHAL.

See the Introductory Verses by Jaspar Mayne.

³ I am bound to pledge it respectively,] i.e., respectfully. So the word is used by our author's contemporaries. Thus May:

"The modest and *respectively* nothing gains."

All Fools, act i. sc. 1.

And Daniel:

"Out of the compass of *respectively* awe."

Civil Wars.

And Shakspeare very frequently.—WHAL.

Car. Burst! how comes that?

Maci. Faith, overcharged, overcharged.

Car. But did not the train hold?

Maci. O, yes, and the poor lady is irrecoverably blown up.

Car. Why, but which of the munition is miscarried, ha?

Maci. *Imprimis*, Sir Puntarvolo; next, the Countenance and Resolution.

Car. How, how, for the love of wit?

Maci. Troth, the Resolution is proved recreant; the Countenance hath changed his copy; and the passionate knight is shedding funeral tears over his departed dog.

Car. What! is his dog dead?

Maci. Poisoned, 'tis thought; marry, how, or by whom, that's left for some cunning woman here o' the Bank-side¹ to resolve. For my part, I know nothing more than that we are like to have an exceeding melancholy supper of it.

Car. 'Slife, and I had purposed to be extraordinarily merry, I had drunk off a good preparative of old sack here; but will they come, will they come?

Maci. They will assuredly come; marry, Carlo, as thou lov'st me, run over 'em all freely to-night, and especially the knight; spare no sulphurous jest that may come out of that sweaty forge of thine; but ply them with all manner of shot, minion, saker, culverin, or anything, what thou wilt.

Car. I warrant thee, my dear case of petriionels; so I stand not in dread of thee, but that thou'lt second me.

Maci. Why, my good German tapster, I will.

Car. What, George! *Lomtero, Lomtero, &c.* [*Sings and dances.*]

Re-enter George.

George. Did you call, Master Carlo?

Car. More nectar, George: *Lomtero, &c.*

George. Your meat's ready, sir, an your company were come.

Car. Is the loin of pork enough?

George. Ay, sir, it is enough. [*Exit.*]

Maci. Pork! heart, what dost thou with such a greasy dish? I think thou dost varnish thy face with the fat on't, it looks so like a glue-pot.

Car. True, my raw-boned rogue, and if thou wouldst farce² thy lean ribs with it too, they would not, like ragged laths, rub out so many doublets as they do; but thou know'st not a good dish, thou. O, it's the only nourishing meat in the world. No marvel though that saucy, stubborn generation, the Jews, were forbidden it; for what would they have done, well pampered with fat pork, that durst murmur at their Maker out of garlick and onions? 'Slight! fed with it, the whoreson strummelpatched, goggle-eyed grumbledories, would have gigantomachized—

Re-enter George with wine.

Well said, my sweet George, fill, fill.

[*Mit.* This savours too much of profanation.

Cor. *O, servetur ad imum, Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constat.* The necessity of his *v* in compels a toleration, for, bar this, and dash him out of humour before his time.]

Car. 'Tis an axiom in natural philosophy, what comes nearest the nature of that it feeds, converts quicker to nourishment, and doth sooner essentuate. Now nothing in flesh and entrails assimilates or resembles man more than a hog or swine. [*Drinks.*]

Maci. True; and he, to requite their courtesy oftentimes doffeth his own nature, and puts on theirs; as when he becomes as churlish as a hog, or as drunk as a sow; but to your conclusion. [*Drinks.*]

Car. Marry, I say, nothing resembling man more than a swine, it follows nothing can be more nourishing; for indeed (but that it abhors from our nice nature) if we fed one upon another, we should shoot up a great deal faster, and thrive much better; I refer me to your usurous cannibals, or such like; but since it is so contrary, pork, pork, is your only feed.

Maci. I take it, your devil be of the same diet; he would never have desired to have been incorporated into swine else.—O, here comes the melancholy mess; upon 'em, Carlo, charge, charge!

¹ Here, o' the Bank-side] It should be collected that this comedy was acted at the Globe play-house, on the Surrey side of the river.

² And if thou wouldst farce thy lean ribs, &c.] i.e., stuff or fill them out. Our old poets

are fond of this culinary term. Thus Beaumont, "Whatever she's about, the name, Palamon, lards it; that she *farces* every business withal."—*Two Noble Kinsmen*. And Shakspeare, "Wit larded with malice, malice farced with wit."—*Troilus and Cressida*.

Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidious Brisk, Sogliardo, and Fungoso.

Car. 'Fore God, Sir Puntarvolo, I am sorry for your heaviness; body o' me, a shrewd mischance! why, had you no unicorn's horn, nor bezoar's stone about you,¹ ha?

Punt. Sir, I would request you be silent.

Maci. Nay, to him again.

Car. Take comfort, good knight, if your cat have recovered her catarrh,² fear nothing; your dog's mischance may be holpen.

Fast. Say how, sweet Carlo; for, so God mend me, the poor knight's moans draw me into fellowship of his misfortunes. But be not discouraged, good Sir Puntarvolo, I am content your adventure shall be performed upon your cat.

Maci. I believe you, musk-cod, I believe you; for rather than thou wouldst make present repayment, thou wouldst take it upon his own bare return from Calais.

[*Aside.*

Car. Nay, 'slife, he'd be content so he were well rid out of his company, to pay him five for one, at his next meeting him in Paul's. [*Aside to Macilente.*] But for your dog, Sir Puntarvolo, if he be not out-right dead, there is a friend of mine, a quack-salver, shall put life in him again, that's certain.

Fung. O no, that comes too late.

Maci. 'Sprecious! knight, will you suffer this?

¹ *Had you no unicorn's horn, nor bezoar's stone about you?* These were supposed to be antidotes to poison, and what passed under their names was once sold at a vast price. Their virtues, it is now known, are as imaginary as their appellations; but many strange stories were formerly current of them. Both are frequently mentioned by our old dramatists. Thus Webster:

"I do not doubt,

As men, to try the precious *unicorn's horn*,
Make of the powder a preservative circle,
And in it put a spider; so," &c.*—*White Devil.*

* Aubrey has a curious anecdote on this subject. Sir W. Davenant, in his youth, was page to the Duchess of Richmond. "I remember, (says Aubrey,) he told me, she sent him to a famous apothecary for some *unicorn's horn*, which he was resolved to try with a spyder, which he empaled in it, but without the expected success: the spyder would goe over, and through and through unconcerned."—MS. Aubrey. Mus. Ashm.

I quote this to Sir William's honour. Trying

Punt. Drawer, get me a candle and hard wax presently. [*Exit George.*

Sog. Ay, and bring up supper; for I am so melancholy.

Car. O, signior, where's your Resolution?

Sog. Resolution! hang him, rascal: O, Carlo, if you love me, do not mention him.

Car. Why, how so?

Sog. O, the arrantest crocodile that ever Christian was acquainted with. By my gentry, I shall think the worse of tobacco while I live, for his sake: I did think him to be as tall a man—

Maci. Nay, Buffone, the knight, the knight. [*Aside to Carlo.*

Car. 'Slud, he looks like an image carved out of box, full of knots; his face is, for all the world, like a Dutch purse, with the mouth downward, his beard the tassels; and he walks—let me see—as melancholy as one o' the master's side in the Counter.³—Do you hear, Sir Puntarvolo?

Punt. Sir, I do entreat you no more, but enjoin you to silence, as you affect your peace.

Car. Nay, but dear knight, understand, here are none but friends, and such as wish you well. I would have you do this now; flay me your dog presently (but in any case keep the head), and stuff his skin well with straw, as you see these dead monsters at Bartholomew fair.

Punt. I shall be sudden, I tell you.

Car. Or, if you like not that, sir, get me somewhat a less dog, and clap into the skin; here's a slave about the town here, a Jew, one Yohan: or a fellow that makes

And Massinger, who indeed appears somewhat incredulous:

"His syrups, juleps, *bezoar stone*, nor his Imagined *unicorn's horn*, comes in my belly."

Roman Actor, act ii. sc. 1.

² *Your cat have recovered her catarrh.*] See p. 126 b. The quarto reads *cataract*: either word will serve.

³ *As melancholy as one o' the master's side in the Counter.*] See p. 138 b.

experiments was not much in vogue in his days. Our ancestors loved wonders, and believed from generation to generation, without once questioning the authenticity of what they heard and read: hence the silly and disgusting trash about raising fairies, giving men asses' heads, and I know not what, formerly detailed from book to book by Scott, Bulwer, and others, and now copied with all the complacency of parade, into the comments on our dramatic poets.

perukes will glue it on artificially, it shall never be discerned; besides, 'twill be so much the warmer for the hound to travel in, you know.

Maci. Sir Puntarvolo, death, can you be so patient!

Car. Or thus, sir; you may have, as you come through Germany, a familiar¹ for little or nothing, shall turn itself into the shape of your dog, or anything, what you will, for certain hours—[*Puntarvolo strikes him*].—'Ods my life, knight, what do you mean? you'll offer no violence, will you? hold, hold!

Re-enter George, with wax and a lighted candle.

Punt. 'Sdeath, you slave, you ban-dog, you!

Car. As you love wit, stay the enraged knight, gentlemen.

Punt. By my knighthood, he that stirs in his rescue dies.—Drawer, begone!

[*Exit George.*]

Car. Murder, murder, murder!

Punt. Ay, are you howling, you wolf?—Gentlemen, as you tender your lives, suffer no man to enter till my revenge be perfect. Sirrah Buffone, lie down; make no exclamations, but down; down, you cur, or I will make thy blood flow on my rapier hilts.

Car. Sweet knight, hold in thy fury, and 'fore heaven I'll honour thee more than the Turk does Mahomet.

Punt. Down, I say! [*Carlo lies down.*]
—Who's there? [*Knocking within.*]

Cons. [*within.*] Here's the constable, open the doors.

Car. Good Macilente—

Punt. Open no door; if the Adalantado of Spain² were here he should not enter; one help me with the light, gentlemen; you knock in vain, sir officer.

Car. *Et tu, Brute!*³

Punt. Sirrah, close your lips, or I will drop it in thine eyes, by heaven.

Car. O! O!

Cons. [*within.*] Open the door, or I will break it open.

Maci. Nay, good constable, have pa-

tience a little, you shall come in presently, we have almost done.

[*Puntarvolo seals up Carlo's lips.*]

Punt. So now, are you Out of your Humour, sir? Shift, gentlemen.

[*They all draw, and run out, except Fungoso, who conceals himself beneath the table.*]

Enter Constable and Officers, and seize Fastidious as he is rushing by.

Cons. Lay hold upon this gallant, and pursue the rest.

Fast. Lay hold on me, sir, for what?

Cons. Marry, for your riot here, sir, with the rest of your companions.

Fast. My riot! Master constable, take heed what you do. Carlo, did I offer any violence?

Cons. O, sir, you see he is not in case to answer you, and that makes you so peremptory.

Re-enter George and Drawer.

Fast. Peremptory! 'Slife, I appeal to the drawers, if I did him any hard measure.

George. They are all gone, there's none of them will be laid any hold on.

Cons. Well, sir, you are like to answer till the rest can be found out.

Fast. 'Slid, I appeal to George, here.

Cons. Tut, George was not here: away with him to the Counter, sirs.—Come, sir, you were best get yourself drest somewhere.

[*Exit Constable and Officers, with Fast. and Cor.*]

George. Good lord, that Master Carlo could not take heed, and knowing what a gentleman the knight is, if he be angry.

Drawer. A pox on 'em, they have left all the meat on our hands; would they were choked with it for me.

Re-enter Macilente.

Maci. What, are they gone, sirs?

George. O, here's Master Macilente.

Maci. [*pointing to Fungoso.*] Sirrah George, do you see that concealment there, that napkin under the table?

George. 'Ods so, Signior Fungoso!

Maci. He's good pawn for the reckon-

¹ You may have, as you come through Germany, a familiar, &c.] This alludes, probably, to the strange stories propagated in Germany respecting the dog of Cornelius Agrippa. See p. 113 b.
² Adalantado of Spain.] Adalantado is a lord deputy or president of a country; in His-

pania unus provincie praeses determinandis litibus destinatus."—Minsheu.

³ Car. *Et tu, Brute!*] This, I suppose, is said to Macilente, who had privately instigated his attacks on the knight, and, from his officious malignity, probably held the candle.

ing ; be sure you keep him here, and let him not go away till I come again, though he offer to discharge all : I'll return presently.

George. Sirrah, we have a pawn for the reckoning.

Draw. What, of Macilente ?

George. No ; look under the table.

Fung. [*creeping out.*] I hope all be quiet now ; if I can get but forth of this street, I care not : masters, I pray you tell me, is the constable gone ?

George. What, Master Fungoso !

Fung. Was't not a good device this same of me, sirs ?

George. Yes, faith ; have you been here all this while ?

Fung. O lord, ay ; good sir, look an the coast be clear, I'd fain be going.

George. All's clear, sir, but the reckoning ; and that you must clear and pay before you go, I assure you.

Fung. I pay ! 'Slight, I eat not a bit since I came into the house, yet.

Draw. Why, you may when you please, 'tis all ready below that was bespoken.

Fung. Bespoken ! not by me, I hope ?

George. By you, sir ! I know not that ; but 'twas for you and your company, I am sure.

Fung. My company ! 'Slid, I was an invited guest, so I was.

Draw. Faith, we have nothing to do with that, sir : they are all gone but you, and we must be answered ; that's the short and the long on't.

Fung. Nay, if you will grow to extremities, my masters, then would this pot, cup, and all were in my belly, if I have a cross about me.

George. What, and have such apparel ! do not say so, signior ; that mightily discredits your clothes.

Fung. As I am an honest man, my tailor had all my money this morning, and yet I must be fain to alter my suit too. Good sirs, let me go, 'tis Friday night, and in good truth I have no stomach in the world to eat anything.¹

Draw. That's no matter, so you pay, sir.

Fung. 'Slight, with what conscience can you ask me to pay that I never drank for ?

George. Yes, sir, I did see you drink once.

Fung. By this cup, which is silver, but you did not ; you do me infinite wrong : I looked in the pot once, indeed, but I did not drink.

Draw. Well, sir, if you can satisfy our master, it shall be all one to us.

[*Within.*] *George* !

George. By and by.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Cor.* Lose not yourself now, signior.]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Deliro's House.*

Enter Macilente and Deliro.

Maci. Tut, sir, you did bear too hard a conceit of me in that ; but I will now make my love to you most transparent, in spite of any dust of suspicion that may be raised to cloud it ; and henceforth, since I see it is so against your humour, I will never labour to persuade you.

Deli. Why, I thank you, signior ; but what is that you tell me may concern my peace so much ?

Maci. Faith, sir, 'tis thus. Your wife's brother, Signior Fungoso, being at supper to-night at a tavern, with a sort of gallants, there happened some division amongst them, and he is left in pawn for the reckoning. Now, if ever you look that time shall present you with an happy occasion to do your wife some gracious and acceptable service, take hold of this opportunity, and presently go and redeem him ; for, being her brother, and his credit so amply engaged as now it is, when she shall hear (as he cannot himself, but he must out of extremity report it), that you came, and offered yourself so kindly, and with that respect of his reputation, why, the benefit cannot but make her dote, and grow mad of your affections.

Deli. Now, by heaven, Macilente, I acknowledge myself exceedingly indebted to you, by this kind tender of your love ; and I am sorry to remember that I was ever so rude, to neglect a friend of your importance.—Bring me shoes and a cloak there.—I was going to bed, if you had not come. What tavern is it ?

Maci. The Mitre, sir.

Deli. O ! Why, Fido ! my shoes.—Good faith, it cannot but please her exceedingly.

¹ 'Tis Friday night,—and I have no stomach in the world to eat anything.] Friday, it should be recollected, was a fast-day. The allusion recurs in p. 138 b : "What ! Friday night, and yet your delicate morsels !"

Enter Fallace.

Fal. Come, I marle what piece of night-work you have in hand now, that you call for a cloak and your shoes: What, is this your pander?

Deli. O, sweet wife, speak lower, I would not he should hear thee for a world—

Fal. Hang him, rascal, I cannot abide him for his treachery, with his wild quick-set beard there.¹ Whither go you now with him?

Deli. No whither with him, dear wife; I go alone to a place, from whence I will return instantly.—Good Macilente, acquaint not her with it by any means, it may come so much the more accepted; frame some other answer.—I'll come back immediately.

[*Exit.*

Fal. Nay, an I be not worthy to know whither you go, stay till I take knowledge of your coming back.

Maci. Hear you, Mistress Deliro.

Fal. So, sir, and what say you?

Maci. Faith, lady, my intents will not deserve this slight respect, when you shall know them.

Fal. Your intents! why, what may your intents be, for God's sake?

Maci. Troth, the time allows no circumstance, lady, therefore know this was but a device to remove your husband hence, and bestow him securely, whilst, with more conveniency, I might report to you a misfortune that hath happened to Monsieur Brisk—Nay, comfort, sweet lady. This night, being at supper, a sort of young gallants committed a riot, for the which he only is apprehended and carried to the Counter, where, if your husband, and other creditors, should but have knowledge of him, the poor gentleman were undone for ever.

¹ *With his wild quickset beard there.]* His beard cut like a quick-set hedge. The several figures into which they pruned their beards, and this among the rest, are mentioned by Taylor, the water-poet, in his *Whip of Pride*:

"And some, to set their loves' desire on edge,
Are cut and pruned like to a quick-set hedge."
WHAL.

This seems to be the simplest of all the modes in vogue. Mrs. Quickly talks of a beard rounded "like a glover's paring-knife;" and Taylor, in the poem just quoted by Whalley, mentions two others, "with the hammer-cut, or the Roman T." This last, from its perfect absurdity, seems to have been in high request:

Fal. Ah me! that he were.

Maci. Now, therefore, if you can think upon any present means for his delivery, do not foreslow it.² A bribe to the officer that committed him, will do it.

Fal. O lord, sir! he shall not want for a bribe; pray you, will you commend me to him, and say I'll visit him presently.

Maci. No, lady, I shall do you better service, in protracting your husband's return, that you may go with more safety.

Fal. Good truth, so you may; farewell, good sir. [*Exit Maci.*—Lord, how a woman may be mistaken in a man! I would have sworn upon all the Testaments in the world he had not loved Master Brisk. Bring me my keys there, maid. Alas, good gentleman, if all I have in this earthly world will pleasure him, it shall be at his service. [*Exit.*

[*Mit.* How Macilente sweats in this business, if you mark him!

Cor. Ay, you shall see the true picture of spight anon: here comes the pawn and his redeemer.]

SCENE VI.—*A Room at the Mitre.*

Enter Deliro, Fungoso, and George.

Deli. Come, brother, be not discouraged for this, man; what!

Fung. No, truly, I am not discouraged; but I protest to you, brother, I have done imitating any more gallants either in purse or apparel, but as shall become a gentleman for good carriage or so.

Deli. You say well.—This is all in the bill here, is it not?

George. Ay, sir.

Deli. There's your money, tell it: and, brother, I am glad I met with so good occasion to shew my love to you.

"He strokes his beard
Which now he puts i' th' posture of a T,
The Roman T; your T beard is the fashion."
Queen of Corinth, act iv. sc. 1.

² *Do not foreslow it.]* i.e., slacken or delay it. Thus Spenser:

"But by no means my way I would forslow."

And Shakspeare:

"Forslow no longer, make we hence amain."

And almost every writer of the time: though Theobald pronounces the word to have been then obsolete.

Fung. I will study to deserve it in good truth, an I live.

Delì. What, is it right?

George. Ay, sir, and I thank you.

Fung. Let me have a capon's leg saved, now the reckoning is paid.

George. You shall, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Macilente.

Maci. Where's Signior Deliro?

Delì. Here, Macilente.

Maci. Hark you, sir, have you dispatched this same?

Delì. Ay, marry have I.

Maci. Well, then, I can tell you news; Brisk is in the Counter.

Delì. In the Counter!

Maci. 'Tis true, sir, committed for the stir here to-night. Now would I have you send your brother home afore, with the report of this your kindness done him, to his sister, which will so pleasingly possess her, and out of his mouth too, that in the mean time you may clap your action on Brisk, and your wife, being in so happy a mood, cannot entertain it ill, by any means.

Delì. 'Tis very true, she cannot, indeed, I think.

Maci. Think! why, 'tis past thought; you shall never meet the like opportunity, I assure you.

Delì. I will do it.—Brother, pray you go home afore (this gentleman and I have some private business), and tell my sweet wife I'll come presently.

Fung. I will, brother.

Maci. And, signior, acquaint your sister, how liberally, and out of his bounty, your brother has used you (do you see?) made you a man of good reckoning; redeemed that you never were possess of, credit; gave you as gentleman-like terms as might be; found no fault with your coming behind the fashion; nor nothing.

Fung. Nay, I am out of those humours now.

Maci. Well, if you be out, keep your distance, and be not made a shot-clog¹ any more.—Come, signior, let's make haste.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ A shot-clog,] i.e., an incumbrance on the reckoning, as Whalley observes. The agency of Macilente is employed with great art, in hastening the catastrophe, so long delayed. Jonson has everywhere distinguished, with matchless dexterity, the subtle and active malignity of this dangerous character, from the

SCENE VII.—*The Counter.*

Enter Fallace and Fastidious Brisk.

Fal. O, Master Fastidious, what pity is it to see so sweet a man as you are, in so sour a place! [*Kisses him.*

[*Cor.* As upon her lips, does she mean?

Mit. O, this is to be imagined the Counter, belike.]

Fast. Troth, fair lady, 'tis first the pleasure of the fates, and next of the constable, to have it so: but I am patient, and indeed comforted the more in your kind visit.

Fal. Nay, you shall be comforted in me more than this, if you please, sir. I sent you word by my brother, sir, that my husband laid to 'rest you this morning; I know not whether you received it or no.

Fast. No, believe it, sweet creature, your brother gave me no such intelligence.

Fal. O, the lord!

Fast. But has your husband any such purpose?

Fal. O, sweet Master Brisk, yes: and therefore be presently discharged, for if he come with his actions upon you, Lord deliver you! you are in for one half-a-score year; he kept a poor man in Ludgate once twelve year for sixteen shillings. Where's your keeper? for love's sake call him, let him take a bribe, and dispatch you. Lord, how my heart trembles! here are no spies, are there?

Fast. No, sweet mistress. Why are you in this passion?

Fal. O lord, Master Fastidious, if you knew how I took up my husband to-day, when he said he would arrest you; and how I railed at him that persuaded him to it, the scholar there, (who, on my conscience loves you now,) and what care I took to send you intelligence by my brother; and how I gave him four sovereigns² for his pains: and now, how I came running out hither without man or boy with me, so soon as I heard on't; you'd say I were in a passion indeed. Your keeper, for God's sake! O, Master Brisk, as 'tis in *Euphues*,³

boisterous and sarcastic petulance of the mischievous Carlo.

² I gave him four sovereigns.] Four ten-shilling pieces, four angels. See p. 112 b.

³ As 'tis in *Euphues*,] This was written by John Lilly, the author of several plays, which were once in high favour. Its title was

Hard is the choice, when one is compelled either by silence to die with grief, or by speaking to live with shame.

Fast. Fair lady, I conceive you, and may this kiss assure you, that where adversity hath, as it were, contracted, prosperity shall not—— Od's me! your husband.

Enter Deliro and Macilente.

Fal. O me!

Deli. Ay! Is it thus?

Maci. Why, how now, Signior Deliro! has the wolf seen you,¹ ha? Hath Gorgon's head made marble of you?

Deli. Some planet strike me dead!

Maci. Why, look you, sir, I told you, you might have suspected this long afore, had you pleased, and have saved this labour of admiration now, and passion, and such extremities as this frail lump of flesh is subject unto. Nay, why do you not dote now, signior? methinks you should say it were some enchantment, *deceptio visus*, or so, ha! If you could persuade yourself it were a dream now, 'twere excellent: faith, try what you can do, signior; it may be your imagination will be brought to it in time; there's nothing impossible.

Fal. Sweet husband!

Deli. Out, lascivious strumpet! [*Exit.*

Maci. What! did you see how ill that stale vein became him afore, of *sweet wife*, and *dear heart*; and are you fallen just into the same now, with *sweet husband*! Away, follow him, go, keep state: what! remember you are a woman, turn impudent; give him not the head, though you give him the horns. Away. And yet, methinks, you should take your leave of *enfant*

"Euphues; the Anatomie of Wit, verie pleasant for all gentlemen to read, and most necessarie to remember," &c. 1580. Two years afterwards came out, "Euphues and his England, containing his Voyage and Adventures," &c. These notable productions were full of pedantic and affected phraseology (as Whalley truly says), and of high-strained antitheses of thought and expression. Unfortunately they were well received at court, where they did incalculable mischief, by vitiating the taste, corrupting the language, and introducing a spurious and unnatural mode of conversation and action, which all the ridicule in this and the following drama could not put out of countenance.

¹ *Why, how now,—has the wolf seen you?* It was anciently supposed that if a wolf saw any one before he was seen, that person was deprived of speech. Hence Virgil:

*"Vox quoque Marini
Jam fugit ipse; lupi Marini videre priores."*
Ec. ix.

perdu here, your forlorn hope.² [*Exit Fal.*]

How now, Monsieur Brisk? what, Friday night, and in affliction, too, and yet your pulpamenta,³ your delicate morsels! I perceive the affection of ladies and gentlewomen pursues you wheresoever you go, monsieur.

Fast. Now, in good faith, and as I am gentle, there could not have come a thing in this world to have distracted me more than the wrinkled fortunes of this poor dame.

Maci. O yes, sir; I can tell you a thing will distract you much better, believe it: Signior Deliro has entered three actions against you, three actions, monsieur! marry, one of them (I'll put you in comfort) is but three thousand, and the other two, some five thousand pounds together: trifles, trifles.

Fast. O, I am undone!

Maci. Nay, not altogether so, sir; the knight must have his hundred pound repaid, that will help, too; and then six score pounds for a diamond, you know where. These be things will weigh, monsieur, they will weigh.

Fast. O heaven!

Maci. What? do you sigh? this it is to *kiss the hand of a countess*, to *have her coach sent for you*, to *hang poniards in ladies' garters*, to *wear bracelets of their hair*, and for every one of these great favours, to *give some slight jewel of five hundred crowns or so*; why, 'tis nothing. Now, monsieur, you see the plague that treads on the heels of your foppery: well, go your ways in, remove yourself to the two-penny ward⁴ quickly, to save charges,

² *And yet, methinks, you should take your leave of enfant perdu here, your forlorn hope.*] These are military terms, and denote a-body of men, placed even in the cannon's mouth, or sent out upon any desperate service.—WHAL.

³ *And yet your pulpamenta,* i. e., as Jonson well explains it, your delicacies, your nice bits. Whalley says that the allusion is to Terence,

"Lepus tute es, et pulpamentum quaris?"

Eun. act iii. sc. x.

Was he aware of the sense of this passage? In any case, it does not apply to Fastidious and Fallace.

⁴ *Remove yourself to the two-penny ward to save charges.*] Fastidious was now in the *master's ward* (see p. 133 *b*). The Counter had four compartments, or "sides," the knight's ward, the master's ward, the two-penny ward, and the hole; and it was not uncommon for the debtors, as their means wasted, to descend gradually from the first to the last. The rooms

and there set up your rest to spend Sir Puntarvolo's hundred pound for him. Away, good pomander, go!

[Exit Fastidious.

Why, here's a change! now is my soul at peace:

I am as empty of all envy now,
As they of merit to be envied at.
My humour, like a flame, no longer lasts
Than it hath stuff to feed it; and their folly

Being now raked up in their repentant ashes,

Affords no ampler subject to my spleen.

I am so far from malicing their states,
That I begin to pity them. It grieves me

To think they have a being. I could wish
They might turn wise upon it, and be saved now,

So heaven were pleased; but let them vanish, vapours!—

Gentlemen, how like you it? has't not been tedious?¹

[Cor. Nay, we have done censuring now.

Mit. Yes, faith.]

in the knight's ward seem to have been expensive: the hole was a mere dungeon, and only tenanted by the poorest prisoners. See Mas-singer, vol. iv. p. 7, and, for a fuller account, Fenner's *Compter's Commonwealth*.

¹ After this line there follow in the quarto several others, which concluded the play: as as they are not without merit, I shall subjoin them:

“And now with Asper's tongue, though not his shape,

Kind patrons of our sports, you that can judge,
And with discerning thoughts measure the space

Of our strange Muse in this her maze of humour;

You, whose fine notions do confine the forms
And nature of sweet poesy to you,

I tender solemn, and most duteous thanks,
For your stretched patience and attentive grace.

We know, and we are pleased to know so much,

The cates that you have tasted were not seasoned

Maci. How so?

[*Cor.* Marry, because we'll imitate your actors, and be out of our humours. Besides, here are those round about you of more ability in censure than we, whose judgments can give it a more satisfying allowance; we'll refer you to them.

[*Exeunt* Cordatus and Mitis.]

Maci. [*coming forward.*] Ay, is it even so?—Well, gentlemen, I should have gone in, and returned to you as I was Asper at the first; but by reason the shift would have been somewhat long, and we are loth to draw your patience farther, we'll intreat you to imagine it. And now, that you may see I will be out of humour for company, I stand wholly to your kind approbation, and indeed am nothing so peremptory as I was in the beginning: marry, I will not do as Plautus in his *Amphitryo*, for all this, *summi Jovis causâ, plaudite*; beg a plaudite for God's sake; but if you, out of the bounty of your good-liking, will bestow it, why, you may in time make lean Macilente as fat as Sir John Falstaff. [*Exit.*]

For every vulgar palate, but prepared
To banquet pure and apprehensive ears:
Let then their voices speak for our desert;
Be their applause the trumpet to proclaim
Defiance to rebelling ignorance:
And the green spirits of some tainted few,
That, spight of pity, do betray themselves
To scorn and laughter; and, like guilty children,

Publish their infancy, before their time,
By their own fond exception: such as these
We pawn 'em to your censure, till time, wit,
Or observation, set some stronger seal
Of judgment on their judgments; and entreat
The happier spirits in this fair-fitted *Globe*,
(So many as have sweet minds in their breasts
And are too wise to think themselves are taxed
In any general figure, or too virtuous
To need that wisdom's imputation:)
That with their bounteous hands they would confirm

This, as their pleasure's patent: which so signed,
Our leavened spent endeavours shall renew
Their beauties, with the spring, to smiles on you.”

THE
EPILOGUE,
AT THE
PRESENTATION BEFORE QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BY MACILENTE.

NEVER till now did object greet mine eyes
With any light content : but in her graces
All my malicious powers have lost their
stings.

Envy is fled my soul at sight of her,
And she hath chased all black thoughts
from my bosom,
Like as the sun doth darkness from the
world.

My stream of humour is run out of me,
And as our city's torrent, bent t' infect
The hallowed bowels of the silver Thames,
Is checked by strength and clearness of the
river,

Till it hath spent itself even at the shore ;
So in the ample and unmeasured flood
Of her perfections, are my passions
drowned ;

And I have now a spirit as sweet and clear
As the more rarified and subtle air :—
With which, and with a heart as pure as
fire,

Yet humble as the earth, do I implore,

O heaven, that She, whose presence hath
effected [*Knels.*]

This change in me, may suffer most late
change

In her admired and happy government :
May still this Island be called Fortunate,
And ragged Treason tremble at the sound,
When Fame shall speak it with an em-
phasis.

Let foreign polity be dull as lead,
And pale Invasion come with half a heart,
When he but looks upon her blessed
soil.

The throat of War be stopt within her
land,

And turtle-footed Peace dance fairy rings
About her court ;¹ where never may there
come

Suspect or danger, but all trust and safety.
Let Flattery be dumb, and Envy blind

¹ *And turtle-footed Peace dance fairy rings
About her court ;*] There is a true poetical
spirit in the preceding and following verses ;
and the principal occurrences which distinguished
the reign of Queen Elizabeth are touched upon
with extreme delicacy and justice. The allusion
of this line refers to Spenser's *Fairy Queen*,
which was a compliment to the princess then on
the throne.—*WHAL.*

There is nothing so general, nor so deplorable
as the blunders of the commentators about
fairies. Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, which is one of
the grossest misnomers in romance or history,
bears no features of the fairy nation. She might
have been (for it is clear that Spenser himself
had no definite ideas on the subject) the Calypso
of antiquity, or the Enchantress of the Middle
Ages, but could never have possessed one attribute
in common with the fairy of our simple
ancestors. I may one day, perhaps, find an
opportunity of giving the popular tradition on
this subject, which will be found as elegant as
any of the mythological fables of Greece and

Rome ; meanwhile it will be sufficient to ask
where Whalley found his "reference" to Spenser,
whose knights are neither more nor less than the
knights of Arthur's Round Table ; polished in-
deed into the formality of his own times ; but
who neither dance *fairy rings*, nor very sedu-
lously cultivate the acquaintance of *turtle-footed
Peace*.

This spirited and poetical Epilogue, as he
justly terms it, originally made part of Maci-
lente's concluding speech, and was prefaced by
four lines of absurd and fulsome rant, bordering
on profaneness. It is to the praise of the
audience that, though accustomed to hear the
queen addressed in terms of the grossest adula-
tion, they yet murmured at this, and expressed
their dislike so strongly as to draw from Jonson
an awkward attempt at justification. Neither
the verses, nor the apology for them, call for
preservation ; the former were rejected by the
author, and the latter appeared only in the
quarto. Jonson was undoubtedly ashamed of
both.

In her dread presence; Death himself admire her;
And may her virtues make him to forget
The use of his inevitable hand.

Fly from her, Age; sleep, Time, before her throne;
Our strongest wall falls down, when she is gone.¹

¹ The preliminary observations of the author have left me little to say on this "Comical Satire." In vigour, in purity and elegance of style, it is perhaps superior to *Every Man in his Humour*: it is also more correspondent to its title; for we have real humours here, i.e., qualities "whose currents run all one way," while in the former we have chiefly affectations.

It is said by Hurd that Jonson has given us in this drama "an unnatural delineation of a group of passions wholly chimerical, and unlike to anything we observe in the commerce of common life:" this is hazarded without much consideration of the subject. The characters seem to be drawn from a close observation of human nature as she appeared in the poet's days; and to call them "chimerical," because the originals, after a lapse of two centuries, are not discernible, is at once illogical and unjust. No one believes that Bobadill was a mere creature of the imagination; yet what is Fastidious Brisk but a Bobadill at Whitehall? The court, like the army, had undoubtedly its boasters and pretenders, and Jonson portrayed them as they

probably offered themselves to his pencil, in his intercourse with both.

Nor is Bobadill the only character of the preceding play which he has, in the present, endeavoured to heighten and improve. Sogliardo and Fungoso are Master Mathew and Master Stephen thrown into new situations, and marked with more skilful and vivid touches.

With all these excellencies, and many others—for most of the persons of the drama (and above all, Cavalier Shift), are delineated with a masterly hand, *Every Man out of his Humour* is, as a whole, very deficient in interest. The plot is progressive, but not well combined; the action awkwardly helped forward by the Chorus; and the catastrophe, though sufficiently ingenious, not altogether legitimately produced by previous occurrences. A poet, said Horace, should endeavour either to profit or delight. This is not enough: he should seek to do both, or he will but imperfectly secure his end. Like Jonson, in the present case, he may, and must, be admired in the closet; but he will not be followed to the stage.



Cynthia's Revels; or, The Fountain of Self-Love.

CYNTHIA'S REVELS.] The first edition of this "Comical Satire" was printed in quarto, 1601, with this motto,

*Quod non dant proceres, dabit histrio—
Haud tamen invidias vati, quem pulpita pascunt;*

which probably bore an allusion to some circumstance now unknown. When Jonson republished it, he chose a more intelligible passage: *Nasutum volo, nolo polyposum*; and transferred the last line of the former motto, to the title-page of his general works. The folio edition of this play, which appeared in 1616, differs considerably from the quarto, being increased by several new scenes, with which, to the utter discomfiture of the reader's patience, the author injudiciously swelled out the last two acts. *Cynthia's Revels* appears to have been not unfavourably received, since we are told that it was "frequently acted at the Blackfriars, by the children of Queen Elizabeth's chapel." It was also among the earliest plays revived after the Restoration, and was often performed at the New Theatre in Drury Lane, "very satisfactorily," as Downes says, "to the town;" though now laid aside. *Cynthia's Revels* was first acted in 1600, and the folio gives the names of the boys (children, as they were called) who performed the principal parts: "Nat. Field, Sal. Pavy, Tho. Day, I. Underwood, Rob. Baxter, and John Frost." Of these some lived to be eminent in their profession; and one, who died young, and who was, indeed, an actor of very extraordinary promise, was honoured by the grateful poet with an epitaph, which has not often been surpassed.

[See "Epitaph on Salathiel Pavy, a child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel."—*Post Epigrams* cxx.]

TO
 THE SPECIAL FOUNTAIN OF MANNERS,
 THE COURT.

"THOU art a bountiful and brave spring, and waterest all the noble plants of this Island. In thee the whole kingdom dresseth itself, and is ambitious to use thee as her glass. Beware then thou render men's figures truly, and teach them no less to hate their deformities, than to love their forms: for to grace there should come reverence; and no man can call that lovely which is not also venerable. It is not powdering, perfuming, and every day smelling of the tailor, that converteth to a beautiful object: but a mind shining through any suit, which needs no false light, either of riches or honours, to help it. Such shalt thou find some here, even in the reign of Cynthia,¹—a Crites and an Arete. Now, under thy Phœbus, it will be thy province to make more;² except thou desirest to have thy source mix with the spring of self-love; and so wilt draw upon thee as welcome a discovery of thy days, as was then made of her nights.

"Thy Servant, but not Slave, BEN. JONSON."

~~~~~  
 DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cynthia.  
 Mercury.  
 Hesperus.  
 Crites.  
 Amorphus.  
 Asotus.  
 Hedon.  
 Anaides.  
 Morphides.  
 Prosaïtes.  
 Morus.  
 Cupid.

Echo.  
 Arete.  
 Phantaste.  
 Argurion.  
 Philautia.  
 Moria.  
 Cos.  
 Gelaia.  
 Phronesis,  
 Thauga, } *Mutes.*  
 Timè,<sup>3</sup>

SCENE,—Gargaphie.

<sup>1</sup> *Such shalt thou find here, even in the reign of Cynthia,*] Cynthia was now dead, and this little reflection upon her memory, which might have been spared, was thrown in to cajole her successor. The quarto has no dedication. It is unnecessary to call the reader's attention to the extreme elegance of this little composition.

<sup>2</sup> *Now under thy Phœbus, it will be thy province to make more:*] This was intended as a compliment to James. Our poet growing into reputation by the representation of his last comedy, in the presence of the queen and court, endeavours to ingratiate himself by the following performance; which he designed, with an honest freedom, for the correction of the fantastic humour and extravagance of courtiers.—WHAL.

<sup>3</sup> *Time,*] Time is the Greek word for Honour, and must be pronounced as a dissyllable.

WHAL.

# Cynthia's Revels.

## INDUCTION.

The Stage.

*After the second sounding.*

*Enter three of the Children struggling.*

**1 Child.** Pray you away ; why, fellows ! Gods so, what do you mean ?

**2 Child.** Marry, that you shall not speak the prologue, sir.

**3 Child.** Why, do you hope to speak it ?

**2 Child.** Ay, and I think I have most right to it : I am sure I studied it first.

**3 Child.** That's all one, if the author think I can speak it better.

**1 Child.** I plead possession of the cloak :<sup>1</sup> gentles, your suffrages, I pray you.

[*Within.*] Why, Children ! are you not ashamed ? come in there !

**3 Child.** 'Slid, I'll play nothing in the play, unless I speak it.

**1 Child.** Why, will you stand to most voices of the gentlemen ? let that decide it.

**3 Child.** O, no, sir gallant ; you presume to have the start of us there, and that makes you offer so prodigally.

**1 Child.** No, would I were whipped, if I had any such thought ; try it by lots either.

**2 Child.** Faith, I dare tempt my fortune in a greater venture than this.

**3 Child.** Well said, resolute Jack ! I am content too, so we draw first. Make the cuts.

**1 Child.** But will you not snatch my cloak while I am stooping ?

**3 Child.** No, we scorn treachery.

**2 Child.** Which cut shall speak it ?

**3 Child.** The shortest.

**1 Child.** Agreed : draw. [*they draw cuts.*] The shortest is come to the shortest. Fortune was not altogether blind in this. Now, sir, I hope I shall go forward without your envy.

**2 Child.** A spite of all mischievous luck ! I was once plucking at the other.

**3 Child.** Stay, Jack : 'slid, I'll do somewhat now afore I go in, though it be nothing but to revenge myself upon the author : since I speak not his prologue. I'll go tell all the argument of his play afore-hand, and so stale his invention<sup>2</sup> to the auditory, before it comes forth.

**1 Child.** O, do not so.

**2 Child.** By no means.

**3 Child.** [*Advancing to the front of the Stage.*]—First, the title of his play is *Cynthia's Revels*, as any man that hath hope to be saved by his book can witness ;<sup>3</sup> the scene Gargaphie, which I do vehemently suspect for some fustian country ; but let that vanish. Here is the court of Cynthia, whither he brings Cupid travelling on foot, resolved to turn page. By the way Cupid meets with Mercury ; -- that's a thing to be noted ; take any of our play-books without a Cupid or a Mercury in it, and burn it for an heretic in poetry. [*In these and the subsequent speeches, at every break, the other two interrupt, and endeavour to stop him.*] Pray thee let me alone. Mercury, he in the nature of a conjuror, raises up Echo, who weeps over her love, or daffodil, Narcissus, a little ; sings ; curses

<sup>1</sup> *I plead possession of the cloak :*] The usual dress of the person who spoke the prologue was a black velvet cloak.—WHAL.

So in the prologue to Heywood's *Four Prentices of London*, "Do you not know that I am the Prologue ? Do you not see this long black velvet cloak upon my back ?" And in that to the *Woman Hater*, "A prologue in verse is as stale as a black velvet cloak," &c. The only remaining vestige of this ancient custom is to be found in *Hamlet*, where the prologue to the tragedy played before the king still appears in his black cloak.

<sup>2</sup> *And so stale his invention,*] i.e., disclose it prematurely, make it common, so as to deprive it at once of all interest and novelty. See p. 16 a.

<sup>3</sup> *As any man that hath hope to be saved by his book can witness ;*] i.e., that can read : alluding, in the first place, to what is vulgarly called the neck-verse, and secondly to the title of the play, which, in those days, when scenery was unknown to the stage, was written or painted in large letters, and stuck up in some conspicuous place.

the spring wherein the pretty foolish gentleman melted himself away: and there's an end of her.—Now I am to inform you that Cupid and Mercury do both become pages. Cupid attends on Philautia, or Self-love, a court lady: Mercury follows Hedon, the Voluptuous, and a courtier; one that ranks himself even with Anaides, or the Impudent, a gallant, and that's my part; one that keeps Laughter, Gelaja, the daughter of Folly, a wench in boy's attire, to wait on him.—These, in the court, meet with Amorphus, or the Deformed, a traveller that hath drunk of the fountain, and there tells the wonders of the water. They presently dispatch away their pages with bottles to fetch of it, and themselves go to visit the ladies. But I should have told you—Look, these emmets put me out here— that with this Amorphus, there comes along a citizen's heir, Asotus, or the Prodigal, who, in imitation of the traveller, who hath the Whetstone following him,<sup>1</sup> entertains the Beggar, to be his attendant. Now the nymphs who are mistresses to these gallants, are Philautia, Self-love; Phantaste, a light Wittiness; Argurion, Money; and their guardian, Mother Moria, or Mistress Folly—

1 Child. Pray thee, no more.

3 Child. There Cupid strikes Money in love with the Prodigal, makes her dote upon him, give him jewels, bracelets, carcanets, &c. All which he most ingeniously departs withal to be made known to the other ladies and gallants; and in the heat of this, increases his train with the Fool to follow him as well as the Beggar. By this time, your Beggar begins to wait close, who is returned with the rest of his fellow bottle-men. There they all drink, save Argurion, who is fallen into a sudden apoplexy—

1 Child. Stop his mouth.

3 Child. And then, there's a retired scholar there, you would not wish a thing to be better contemned of a society of gallants, than it is; and he applies his service, good gentleman, to the Lady Arete, or Virtue, a poor nymph of Cynthia's train: that's scarce able to buy herself a gown; you shall see

her play in a black robe anon: a creature that, I assure you, is no less scorned than himself. Where am I now? at a stand!

2 Child. Come, leave at last, yet.

3 Child. O, the night is come, ('twas somewhat dark, methought,) and Cynthia intends to come forth; that helps it a little yet. All the courtiers must provide for revels; they conclude upon a masque, the device of which, is—What, will you ravish me?—that each of these Vices, being to appear before Cynthia, would seem other than indeed they are; and therefore assume the most neighbouring Virtues as their masking habit—I'd cry a rape, but that you are children.

2 Child. Come, we'll have no more of this anticipation;<sup>2</sup> to give them the inventory of their cates aforehand, were the discipline of a tavern, and not fitting this presence.

1 Child. Tut, this was but to shew us the happiness of his memory. I thought at first he would have played the ignorant critic with everything, along as he had gone; I expected some such device.

3 Child. O, you shall see me do that<sup>3</sup> rarely; lend me thy cloak.

1 Child. Soft, sir, you'll speak my prologue in it.

3 Child. No, would I might never stir then.

2 Child. Lend it him, lend it him.

1 Child. Well, you have sworn.

[Gives him the cloak.]

3 Child. I have. Now, sir, suppose I am one of your genteel auditors, that am come in, having paid my money at the door, with much ado, and here I take my place and sit down: I have my three sorts of tobacco in my pocket, my light by me, and thus I begin. [At the breaks he takes his tobacco.] By this light, I wonder that any man is so mad, to come to see these rascally tits play here. They do act like so many wrens, or pismires—not the fifth part of a good face amongst them all. And then their music is abominable—able to stretch a man's ears worse than ten—pillories, and their ditties—most lamentable things, like the pitiful fellows that make

<sup>1</sup> Who hath the Whetstone following him,] i.e., Cos.

<sup>2</sup> 2 Child. Come, we'll have no more of this anticipation;] This is well thought on!

"Fore the beginning of this play, I, hapless Polydore, was found By fishermen, or others drowned," &c.

If Jonson had really meant to satirize the practice, he could not have done it more effectually.

<sup>3</sup> 3 Child. O, you shall see me do that,] i.e., the part of an ignorant critic; and certainly the boy does it rarely, as he promises. Decker has copied much of this in his *Gull's Hornbook*

them—poets. By this vapour, an 'twere not for tobacco—I think—the very stench of 'em would poison me, I should not dare to come in at their gates. A man were better visit fifteen jails—or a dozen or two of hospitals—than once adventure to come near them. How is't? well?

1 *Child.* Excellent; give me my cloak.

3 *Child.* Stay; you shall see me do another now, but a more sober, or better-gathered gallant; that is, as it may be thought, some friend, or well-wisher to the house: and here I enter.

1 *Child.* What, upon the stage too?

2 *Child.* Yes; and I step forth like one of the children, and ask you, Would you have a stool, sir?

3 *Child.* A stool, boy!

2 *Child.* Ay, sir, if you'll give me sixpence I'll fetch you one.

3 *Child.* For what, I pray thee? what shall I do with it?

2 *Child.* O lord, sir! will you betray your ignorance so much? why throne yourself in state on the stage, as other gentlemen use, sir.

3 *Child.* Away, wag; what, wouldst thou make an implement of me? 'Slid, the boy takes me for a piece of perspective, I hold my life, or some silk curtain, come to hang the stage here! Sir crack,<sup>2</sup> I am none of your fresh pictures, that use to beautify the decayed dead arras in a public theatre.

2 *Child.* 'Tis a sign, sir, you put not

<sup>1</sup> *Would you have a stool, sir?* At the theatres in Jonson's time, spectators were admitted on the stage. Here they sat on stools, the price of which, as the situation was more or less commodious, was *sixpence*, or a shilling: here, too, their own pages, or the boys of the house, supplied them with pipes and tobacco. Amidst such confusion and indecency were the dramatic works of Shakspeare and his contemporaries produced, works which we,

"With all appliances and means to boot,"

with everything that can promote the reality of the scene, and invigorate exertion, have never equalled, and very seldom indeed approached.

<sup>2</sup> *Sir crack,*] *Crack* is a sprightly forward boy. It frequently occurs in Jonson and his contemporaries. Thus Heyward:

"It is a rogue, a wag, his name is Jack,  
A notable dissembling lad, a *crack*."

*Four Prentices of London.*—WHAL.

<sup>3</sup> *If he had such fine engles as we.*] See the *Poetaster*.—Act ii.

<sup>4</sup> *They could wish your poets would leave to be promoters of other men's jests, &c.*] This, with what follows, has, as Whalley says, been understood to be pointed at Shakspeare. I am weary

that confidence in your good clothes, and your better face, that a gentleman should do, sir. But I pray you, sir, let me be a suitor to you, that you will quit our stage then, and take a place, the play is instantly to begin.

3 *Child.* Most willingly, my good wag; but I would speak with your author, where is he?

2 *Child.* Not this way, I assure you, sir; we are not so officiously befriended by him, as to have his presence in the tiring-house, to prompt us aloud, stamp at the book-holder, swear for our properties, curse the poor tireman, rail the music out of tune, and sweat for every venial trespass we commit, as some author would, if he had such fine engles as we.<sup>3</sup> Well, 'tis but our hard fortune!

3 *Child.* Nay, crack, be not disheartened.

2 *Child.* Not I, sir; but if you please to confer with our author, by attorney, you may, sir; our proper self here, stands for him.

3 *Child.* Troth, I have no such serious affair to negotiate with him, but what may very safely be turned upon thy trust. It is in the general behalf of this fair society here that I am to speak, at least the more judicious part of it, which seems much distasted with the immodest and obscene writing of many in their plays. Besides, they could wish your poets would leave to be promoters of other men's jests,<sup>4</sup> and to

of repelling such malicious absurdities, and must therefore leave them to the reader's scorn. This comedy, as the title-page tells us, was acted by the children of the queen's chapel, and the current complaint against them was, that they gave the public but little novelty. Thus in *Pasquil and Katharine*:

"I saw the children of Powles last night,  
And troth they pleased me prettie, prettie well,

The apes in time will do it handsomely.

*Pla.* I' faith,

I like the audience that frequenteth there  
With much applause: a man shall not be choakt

With the (strong) stench of garlick, nor  
be pasted

To the barmy jacket of a beer-brewer.

*Bra.* 'Tis a good gentle audience, and I hope

The boys will come one day into request.

*Pla.* Ay, an they had good playes, but they  
produce

Such musty fopperies of antiquity,  
And do not suit the humerous age's backs  
With cloathes in fashion."

This is precisely what Jonson says, and the satire, in both poets, is levelled at Lilly, Mar-

way-lay all the stale apothegms, or old books, they can hear of, in print or otherwise, to farce their scenes withal.<sup>1</sup> That they would not so penuriously glean wit from every laundress or hackney-man, or derive their best grace, with servile imitation, from common stages, or observation of the company they converse with; as if their invention lived wholly upon another man's trencher. Again, that feeding their friends with nothing of their own, but what they have twice or thrice cooked, they should not wantonly give out, how soon they had drest it;<sup>2</sup> nor how many coaches came to carry away the broken meat, besides hobby-horses and foot-cloth nags.

2 *Child.* So, sir, this is all the reformation you seek?

3 *Child.* It is; do not you think it necessary to be practised, my little wag?

2 *Child.* Yes, where any such ill-habited custom is received.

3 *Child.* O, (I had almost forgot it too,) they say, the *umbræ* or ghosts of some three or four plays departed a dozen years since, have been seen walking on your stage here; take heed, boy, if your house be haunted with such hobgoblins, 'twill fright away all your spectators quickly.

2 *Child.* Good, sir; but what will you say now, if a poet, untouched with any breath of this disease, find the tokens upon

ston, and, perhaps, Decker. Shakspeare is entirely out of the question. He manifests, indeed, in his *Hamlet*, a little managerial jealousy at the success of the "eyasses," and probably did not see new plays put into their hands with much pleasure; but this has nothing to do with Jonson, who, for anything that appears to the contrary, was living on terms of confidence and kindness with him.

<sup>1</sup> To farce their scenes withal.] See p. 132 a. To live upon another man's trencher, which occurs just below, is literally from Juvenal:

"*Aliena vivere quadra.*"—Sat. v.

<sup>2</sup> They should not wantonly give out, how soon they had drest it;] In this speech the poet obliquely commends himself; and in these words he retorts the accusation of his adversaries, who charged him with being a year about every play.

WHAL.

I am not altogether so certain of this, as my predecessor seems to be. Jonson has got among a new set of players, and he is distributing very wholesome satire to the comedians, who usually wrote for them. When Whalley talks of the "accusation of Jonson's enemies," had he forgotten that he had, at this time, only two plays on the stage! That the charge was subsequently made is as certain as that Jonson replied to it in the most triumphant manner;

you, that are of the auditory? As some one civet-wit among you, that knows no other learning than the price of satin and velvets; no other perfection than the wearing of a neat suit; and yet will censure as desperately as the most professed critic in the house, presuming his clothes should bear him out in it. Another, whom it hath pleased nature to furnish with more beard than brain, prunes his mustaccio, lisps, and, with some score of affected oaths, swears down all that sit about him; "That the old Hieronimo, as it was first acted,<sup>3</sup> was the only best, and judiciously penned play of Europe." A third great-bellied juggler talks of twenty years since, and when Monsieur was here,<sup>4</sup> and would enforce all wits to be of that fashion, because his doublet is still so. A fourth miscalls all by the name of fustian, that his grounded capacity cannot aspire to. A fifth only shakes his bottle head, and out of his corky brain squeezeth out a pitiful learned face, and is silent.

3 *Child.* By my faith, Jack, you have put me down: I would I knew how to get off with any indifferent grace! Here, take your cloak, and promise some satisfaction in your prologue, or, I'll be sworn, we have marred all.

2 *Child.* Tut, fear not, child,<sup>5</sup> this will never distaste a true sense: be not out, and

but I can discover no marks of a "retort," upon it here.

<sup>3</sup> That the old Hieronimo, as it was first acted, &c.] Here, indeed, our author palpably alludes to himself, for he had, about this time, borrowed of Mr. Henslow xxxxs. upon the credit of his *adycions* to this old favourite of the stage. *Ante*, p. 13 a. It is not a little singular that he should be so vain of these improvements, which, after all, possess no extraordinary degree of merit; especially as it was not then the practice to lay open claim to the *purpurei panni* with which almost every drama of the time was patched. But Ben was unwilling that any of his labours should be confounded and lost in those of his contemporaries.

<sup>4</sup> When Monsieur was here.] In 1579, the Duke of Anjou, brother to Charles IX., King of France, came into England and paid his addresses to Queen Elizabeth, who cajoled him for some time, and then sent him home in disgrace. His residence here seems to have formed an era for our old dramatists, who make frequent mention of it. Thus Middleton:

"It was suspected much in *Monseieur's* days,  
*Mad World my Masters.*

<sup>5</sup> 2 *Child.* Tut, fear not, child.] In the quarto it is, "Tut, fear not, *Sall*;" from which it appears that the third child was *Salathiel*!

good enough. I would thou hadst some sugar-candied to sweeten thy mouth.

—  
*The third sounding.*

PROLOGUE.

If gracious silence, sweet attention,  
Quick sight, and quicker apprehension,  
The lights of judgment's throne, shine any  
where,  
Our doubtful author hopes this is their  
sphere;  
And therefore opens he himself to those,  
To other weaker beams his labours close,  
As loth to prostitute their virgin-strain,  
To every vulgar and adulterate brain.  
In this alone, his Muse her sweetness hath,  
She shuns the print of any beaten path;  
And proves new ways to come to learned  
ears:  
Pied ignorance she neither loves nor fears.  
Nor hunts she after popular applause,  
Or foamy praise, that drops from common  
jaws:  
The garland that she wears, their hands  
must twine,  
Who can both censure, understand, define  
What merit is: then cast those piercing rays,  
Round as a crown, instead of honoured bays,  
About his poesy; which, he knows, affords  
Words, above action; matter, above words.

—  
ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Grove and Fountain.*

*Enter Cupid, and Mercury with his caduceus, on different sides.*

*Cup.* Who goes there?

*Mer.* 'Tis I, blind archer.

*Cup.* Who, Mercury?

*Mer.* Ay.

*Cup.* Farewell.

*Mer.* Stay, Cupid.

*Cup.* Not in your company, Hermes,

except your hands were rivetted at your back.

*Mer.* Why so, my little rover?

*Cup.* Because I know you have not a finger, but is as long as my quiver, cousin Mercury, when you please to extend it.

*Mer.* Whence derive you this speech, boy?

*Cup.* O! 'tis your best polity to be ignorant. You did never steal Mars his sword out of the sheath, you! nor Neptune's trident! nor Apollo's bow! no, not you! Alas, your palms, Jupiter knows, they are as tender as the foot of a foundered nag, or a lady's face new mercuried, they'll touch nothing.

*Mer.* Go to, infant, you'll be daring still.

*Cup.* Daring! O Janus! what a word is there? why, my light feather-heeled coz, what are you any more than my uncle Jove's pander? a lacquey that runs on errands for him, and can whisper a light message to a loose wench with some round volubility? wait mannerly at a table with a trencher, warble upon a crowd a little,<sup>1</sup> and fill out nectar when Ganymede's away? one that sweeps the gods' drinking-room every morning, and sets the cushions in order again, which they threw one at another's head over night; can brush the carpets, call the stools again to their places, play the crier of the court with an audible voice, and take state of a president upon you at wrestlings, pleadings, negotiations, &c. Here's the catalogue of your employments, now! O no, I err; you have the marshalling of all the ghosts too that pass the Stygian ferry, and I suspect you for a share with the old sculler there, if the truth were known: but let that scape. One other peculiar virtue you possess, in lifting,<sup>2</sup> or *leiger-du-main*, which few of the house of heaven have else besides, I must confess. But, methinks, that should not make you put that extreme distance 'twixt yourself and others, that we should be said to "over dare" in speaking to your nimble deity. So Hercules might challenge priority of us both, because he can throw the

Pavy, who also played Anaiides. *Jack*, the second boy, was probably John Underwood, who proved a good actor, though he died young.

<sup>1</sup> Warble upon a crowd a little,] This seems but a scurvy compliment to the *curva lyrae parentem*; but Cupid is pleased to be satirical. To warble on a crowd is a Latinism, *canere tibia*, &c. *Crowd* is the old word for a fiddle; indeed, it is still in use in every part of the kingdom. I need not inform the learned

reader, that Jonson is here trying his strength with Lucian, from whom many of the circumstances are taken; and surely prejudice itself must admit that in elegance and sprightliness of style, this dialogue is not a whit inferior to any in that lively and Attic writer. The allusions to him are too crowded and too obvious, to be pointed out.

<sup>2</sup> In lifting,] i.e., stealing; hence the modern word *shoplifter*.—WHAL.

bar farther, or lift more join'd stools at the arm's end, than we. If this might carry it, then we, who have made the whole body of divinity tremble at the twang of our bow, and enforced Saturnus himself to lay by his curled front, thunder, and three-forked fires, and put on a masking-suit, too light for a reveller of eighteen to be seen in—

*Mer.* How now! my dancing braggart in *decimo sexto*!<sup>1</sup> charm your skipping tongue, or I'll—

*Cup.* What? use the virtue of your snaky tipstaff there upon us?

*Mer.* No, boy, but the smart vigour of my palm about your ears. You have forgot since I took your heels up into air, on the very hour I was born, in sight of all the bench of deities, when the silver roof of the Olympian palace rung again with applause of the fact.

*Cup.* O no, I remember it freshly, and by a particular instance; for my mother Venus, at the same time, but stooped to embrace you, and, to speak by metaphor, you borrowed a girdle of hers, as you did Jove's sceptre while he was laughing; and would have done his thunder too, but that 'twas too hot for your itching fingers.

*Mer.* 'Tis well, sir.

*Cup.* I heard you but looked in at Vulcan's forge the other day, and entreated a pair of his new tongs along with you for company: 'tis joy on you, i' faith, that you will keep your hooked talons in practice with anything. 'Slight, now you are on earth, we shall have you filch spoons and candlesticks rather than fail: pray Jove the perfumed courtiers keep their casting-bottles, pick-tooths, and shuttle-cocks from you, or our more ordinary gallants their tobacco-boxes; for I am strangely jealous of your nails.

*Mer.* Never trust me, Cupid, but you are turned a most acute gallant of late! the edge of my wit is clean taken off with the fine and subtile stroke of your thing-ground tongue; you fight with too poignant a phrase, for me to deal with.

*Cup.* O Hermes, your craft cannot make

me confident. I know my own steel to be almost spent, and therefore entreat my peace with you, in time: you are too cunning for me to encounter at length, and I think it my safest ward to close.

*Mer.* Well, for once, I'll suffer you to win upon me, wag; but use not these strains too often, they'll stretch my patience. Whither might you march now?

*Cup.* Faith, to recover thy good thoughts, I'll discover my whole project. The huntress and queen of these groves, Diana, in regard of some black and envious slanders hourly breathed against her, for her divine justice on Acteon, as she pretends, hath here in the vale of Gargaphie,<sup>2</sup> proclaimed a solemn revels, which (her god-head put off) she will descend to grace, with the full and royal expense of one of her clearest moons: in which time it shall be lawful for all sorts of ingenious persons to visit her palace, to court her nymphs, to exercise all variety of generous and noble pastimes: as well to intimate how far she treads such malicious imputations beneath her, as also to shew how clear her beauties are from the least wrinkle of austerity they may be charged with.

*Mer.* But what is all this to Cupid?

*Cup.* Here do I mean to put off the title of a god, and take the habit of a page, in which disguise, during the interim of these revels, I will get to follow some one of Diana's maids, where, if my bow hold, and my shafts fly but with half the willingness and aim they are directed, I doubt not but I shall really redeem the minutes I have lost, by their so long and over nice prescription of my deity from their court.

*Mer.* Pursue it, divine Cupid, it will be rare.

*Cup.* But will Hermes second me?

*Mer.* I am now to put in act an especial designment from my father Jove; but, that performed, I am for any fresh action that offers itself.

*Cup.* Well, then we part.

[*Exit.*

*Mer.* Farewell, good wag.

<sup>1</sup> *My dancing braggart in decimo sexto*!] This expression for a youth, a stripling, occurs in many of our old writers. See Massinger, vol. iii. p. 32. *Charm* your tongue, is silence it, put a spell on its motion.

Thus Shakspeare:

"Peace, wilful boy, or I shall charm your tongue."—*Hen. VI.*

And again:

"Mistress, go to! charm your tongue."

*Othello.*

<sup>2</sup> *Here in the vale of Gargaphie.*] The vale where Acteon was torn to pieces by his own hounds:

"*Vallis erat piceis, et acuta densa cupresso, Nomine Gargaphie, &c.* Ovid, *Metam.* l. 3.

, WHAL.

Now to my charge.—Echo, fair Echo,  
speak,

'Tis Mercury that calls thee; sorrowful  
nymph,

Salute me with thy repercussive voice,  
That I may know what cavern of the earth  
Contains thy airy spirit, how, or where  
I may direct my speech, that thou mayest  
hear.

*Echo* [*below*]. Here.

*Mer.* So nigh!

*Echo.* Ay.

*Mer.* Know, gentle soul, then, I am sent  
from Jove,

Who, pitying the sad burthen of thy woes,  
Still growing on thee, in thy want of words  
To vent thy passion for Narcissus' death,  
Commands, that now, after three thousand  
years,

Which have been exercised in Juno's spite,  
Thou take a corporal figure, and ascend,  
Enriched with vocal and articulate power.  
Make haste, sad nymph, thrice shall my  
winged rod

Strike the obsequious earth, to give thee  
way.

Arise, and speak thy sorrows, Echo, rise,  
Here, by this fountain, where thy love did  
pine,

Whose memory lives fresh to vulgar fame,  
Shrined in this yellow flower, that bears his  
name.

*Echo* [*ascends*.<sup>1</sup>] His name revives, and  
lifts me up from earth,

O, which way shall I first convert myself,<sup>2</sup>  
Or in what mood shall I essay to speak,  
That, in a moment, I may be delivered  
Of the prodigious grief I go withal?

See, see, the mourning fount, whose springs  
weep yet

Th' untimely fate of that too beauteous boy,  
That trophy of self-love, and spoil of nature,  
Who, now transformed into this drooping  
flower,

Hangs the repentant head, back from the  
stream,

As if it wished, *Would I had never looked  
In such a flattering mirror!* O Narcissus,  
Thou that wast once, and yet art, my Nar-  
cissus,

Had Echo but been private with thy  
thoughts,

She would have dropt away herself in tears,  
Till she had all turned water; that in her,  
As in a truer glass, thou mightst have gazed,  
And seen thy beauties by more kind reflec-  
tion,

But self-love never yet could look on truth  
But with beared beams; slick flattery and  
she

Are twin-born sisters, and so mix their eyes,  
As if you sever one, the other dies.

Why did the gods give thee a heavenly  
form,  
And earthly thoughts to make thee proud  
of it?

Why do I ask? 'Tis now the known disease  
That beauty hath, to bear too deep a sense  
Of her own self-conceived excellence.

O, hadst thou known the worth of heaven's  
rich gift,

Thou wouldst have turned it to a truer use,  
And not with starved and covetous igno-  
rance,

Pined in continual eyeing that bright gem,  
The glance whereof to others had been  
more,

Than to thy famished mind the wide world's  
store:

So wretched is it to be merely rich!  
Witness thy youth's dear sweets here spent  
untasted,

Like a fair taper, with his own flame wasted.

*Mer.* Echo be brief, Saturnia is abroad,  
And if she hear, she'll storm at Jove's high  
will.

*Echo.* I will, kind Mercury, be brief as  
time.

<sup>1</sup> *Echo* [*ascends*.] Warton affirms that Jon-  
son meant in this place to ridicule the frequent  
introduction of Echo in the masques of his time;  
(a practice which he himself followed;) and he  
gives a ludicrous abridgment of the scene. It  
certainly requires far less ability than Warton  
possessed, to burlesque any mythological fable;  
and therefore it was the less necessary that he  
should misrepresent it. To say that Mercury  
strikes the earth twice, &c. may be very face-  
tious; but cannot much affect the poet's reputa-  
tion with those who know him. Jonson was  
infinitely superior to Warton as a classical  
scholar, and the whole of this scene is in the  
strictest conformity with the ancient models. It  
is not perhaps as poetical as some of his con-

temporaries would have made it; but it is not  
very defective even in this respect, and is, be-  
sides, quite as serious as any other part of the  
play. In the song which follows, there is,  
indeed, as the clown says, *no great matter*; but  
it is not *burlesque*, as Warton asserts; nor is it  
true "that a song was always the sure conse-  
quence of Echo being raised." Why would  
Mr. Todd encumber the pages of his *Milton*  
with such inconsiderate attempts at criti-  
cism?

<sup>2</sup> *O, which way shall I first convert myself;*  
i.e., *turn myself*. The word occurs in this  
sense in the old translation of the Bible: "How-  
beit, after this, Jeroboam *converted* not from his  
wicked way."—1 Kings xiii. 33.

Vouchsafe me, I may do him these last rites,  
But kiss his flower, and sing some mourning strain  
Over his watery hearse.<sup>1</sup>

*Mer.* Thou dost obtain ;  
I were no son to Jove should I deny thee.  
Begin, and more to grace thy cunning voice,  
The humorous air<sup>2</sup> shall mix her solemn tunes  
With thy sad words : strike, music, from the spheres,  
And with your golden raptures swell our ears.

*Echo* [*accompanied.*]

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears :  
Yet slower, yet ; O faintly, gentle springs :  
List to the heavy part the music bears,  
Woe weeps out her division, when she sings.

Droop herbs and flowers,  
Fall grief in showers,  
Our beauties are not ours ;  
O, I could still,

Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,  
Drop, drop, drop, drop,  
Since nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.—

*Mer.* Now, have you done ?

*Echo.* Done presently, good Hermes ;  
bide a little ;  
Suffer my thirsty eye to gaze awhile,  
But e'en to taste the place, and I am vanished.

*Mer.* Forego thy use and liberty of tongue,  
And thou mayst dwell on earth, and sport thee there.

*Echo.* Here young Acteon fell, pursued and torn  
By Cynthia's wrath, more eager than his hounds ;  
And here—ah me, the place is fatal !—see  
The weeping Niobe, translated hither  
From Phrygian mountains ; and by Phoebe reared,

As the proud trophy of her sharp revenge.

*Mer.* Nay, but hear—

*Echo.* But here, O here, the fountain of self-love,  
In which Latona, and her careless nymphs,  
Regardless of my sorrows, bathe themselves  
In hourly pleasures.

*Mer.* Stint thy babbling tongue !

Fond Echo, thou profanest the grace is done thee.  
So idle worldlings merely made of voice,  
Censure the Powers above them. Come, away,  
Jove calls thee hence, and his will brooks no stay.

*Echo.* O, stay : I have but one poor thought to clothe

In airy garments, and then, faith, I go.  
Henceforth, thou treacherous and murdering spring,  
Be ever called the FOUNTAIN OF SELF-LOVE :

And with thy water let this curse remain,  
As an inseparate plague, that who but taste  
A drop thereof, may, with the instant touch,

Grow dotingly enamoured on themselves.  
Now, Hermes, I have finished.

*Mer.* Then thy speech

Must here forsake thee, Echo, and thy voice,  
As it was wont, rebound but the last words.  
Farewell.

*Echo.* [*retiring.*] Well.

*Mer.* Now, Cupid, I am for you, and your mirth,  
To make me light before I leave the earth.

*Enter Amorphus, hastily.*

*Amo.* Dear spark of beauty, make not so fast away.

*Echo.* Away.

*Mer.* Stay, let me observe this portent yet.<sup>3</sup>

*Amo.* I am neither your Minotaur, nor

<sup>1</sup> *Sing some mourning strain Over his watery hearse.*] Beautifully imitated by Milton :

"He must not float upon his wat'ry bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious tear."

<sup>2</sup> *The humorous air, &c.*] *Humorous* here means moist, flaccid from humidity, flexible, &c. I merely notice this to prevent the reader, who

may chance to peruse this passage in Warton, from taking it, as he evidently does, in contrast to *sad* in the next line, for mirthful, or frolicksome.

<sup>3</sup> *Stay, let me observe this portent yet.*] This word is not well understood by modern critics, who seem to consider it, in such expressions as this before us, as little more than an expletive. It has, however, a meaning, and a very good one, though it may be difficult to define it pre-

your Centaur, nor your satyr, nor your hyaena, nor your babion,<sup>1</sup> but your mere traveller, believe me.

*Echo.* Leave me.

*Mer.* I guessed it should be some travelling motion pursued Echo so.

*Amo.* Know you from whom you fly? or whence?

*Echo.* Hence.

[*Exit.*]

*Amo.* This is somewhat above strange: A nymph of her feature and lineament, to be so preposterously rude! well, I will but cool myself at yon spring, and follow her.

*Mer.* Nay, then I am familiar with the issue: I'll leave you too.

[*Exit.*]

*Amo.* I am a rhinoceros, if I had thought a creature of her symmetry could have dared so disproportionable and abrupt a digression.—Liberal and divine fount, suffer my profane hand to take of thy bounties. [*takes up some of the water.*] By the purity of my taste, here is most ambrosiac water; I will sup of it again. By thy favour, sweet fount. See, the water, a more running, subtle, and humourous nymph than she, permits me to touch and handle her. What should I infer? if my behaviours had been of a cheap or customary garb; my accent or phrase vulgar; my garments trite; my countenance illiterate, or unpractised in the encounter of a beautiful and brave attired piece; then I might with some change of colour have suspected my faculties. But, knowing myself an essence

so sublimated and refined by travel; of so studied and well exercised a gesture; so alone in fashion; able to render the face of any statesman living;<sup>2</sup> and to speak the mere extraction of language; one that hath now made the sixth return upon venture; and was your first that ever enriched his country with the true laws of the duello; whose optics have drunk the spirit of beauty in some eight score and eighteen princes' courts, where I have resided, and been there fortunate in the amours of three hundred forty and five ladies, all nobly, if not princely descended; whose names I have in catalogue. To conclude, in all so happy, as even admiration herself doth seem to fasten her kisses upon me:—certes, I do neither see, nor feel, nor taste, nor savour the least steam or fume of a reason, that should invite this foolish, fastidious nymph, so peevishly to abandon me. Well, let the memory of her fleet into air; my thoughts and I am for this other element, water.

*Enter Crites<sup>3</sup> and Asotus.*

*Cri.* What, the well dieted Amorphus become a water drinker! I see he means not to write verses then.

*Aso.* No, Crites! why?

*Cri.* Because—

*Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,  
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.*

cisely. It seems to have somewhat of the power of notwithstanding, nevertheless, &c., and can only be felt in all its force by those who have diligently studied our old writers, far better judges of the euphony as well as the power of language than ourselves. In Todd's *Milton*, vol. v. p. 368, is this passage:

“This is mere moral babble, and direct  
Against the common laws of our foundation;  
I must not suffer this; yet 'tis but the lees  
And settlings,” &c.

“Yet,” says Hurd, “is bad; but, very inaccurately.” Tickell and Fenton omit *yet!* All this comes from not understanding the phrase, and the consequent vile pointing. It should be:

“I must not suffer this yet; 'tis but the lees,” &c.

i. e., however. This restores the passage to sense and rhythm: as it stood, it had but little of either.

<sup>1</sup> *Nor your babion,* i. e. baboon. Our old writers spell this word in many different ways; all derived, however, from *bavaan*, Dutch. We had our knowledge of this animal from the

Hollanders, who found it in great numbers at the Cape.

<sup>2</sup> *Able to render the face of any statesman living;* To explain his looks, and guess at his intention and thoughts by them. The first folio has, *tender* the face, which seems to be corrupt.—*WHAL.*

I doubt, after all, whether the folio be not right: the quarto reads “to make the face,” &c.; that is, I believe, to put on the air and gravity “of any statesman living.” Whalley found his reading in the octavo of 1716, an edition of no authority, and utterly beneath his care.

<sup>3</sup> *Enter Crites.* Throughout the quarto he is called Criticus. By Crites here, as well as by Asper in *Every Man out of his Humour*, and Horace in the *Poetaster*, Jonson undoubtedly meant to shadow forth himself. This sacrifice to vanity, as it involved him in personalities, naturally increased the number of his enemies, and exasperated the hostility with which he was long pursued. Decker, in his *Untrussing the humourous Poet*, does not overlook this circumstance. “You must be called *Asper*, and *Criticus*, and *Horace!* Your title's longer reading than the stile o' the big Turk's: Asper, Criticus, Quintus, Horatius, Flaccus.” It appears that the boy who performed this laborious part was John Underwood.

*Amo.* What say you to your Helicon?

*Cri.* O, the Muses' well! that's ever expected.

*Amo.* Sir, your Muses have no such water, I assure you; your nectar or the juice of your nepenthe, is nothing to it; 'tis above your metheglin, believe it.

*Aso.* Metheglin; what's that, sir? may I be so audacious to demand?

*Amo.* A kind of Greek wine I have met with, sir, in my travels; it is the same that Demosthenes usually drunk, in the composition of all his exquisite and mellifluous orations.

*Cri.* That's to be argued, Amorphus, if we may credit Lucian, who, in his *Encomio Demosthenis*, affirms he never drunk but water<sup>1</sup> in any of his compositions.

*Amo.* Lucian is absurd, he knew nothing: I will believe mine own travels before all the Lucians of Europe. He doth feed you with fittons,<sup>2</sup> figments, and leasings.

*Cri.* Indeed, I think, next a traveller, he does prettily well.

*Amo.* I assure you it was wine, I have tasted it, and from the hand of an Italian antiquary, who derives it authentically from the Duke of Ferrara's bottles. How name you the gentleman you are in rank with there, sir?

*Cri.* 'Tis Asotus, son to the late deceased Philargyrus, the citizen.

*Amo.* Was his father of any eminent place or means?

*Cri.* He was to have been prætor next year.

*Amo.* Ha! a pretty formal young gallant, in good sooth; pity he is not more genteelly propagated. Hark you, Crites, you may say to him what I am, if you please; though I affect not popularity, yet I would be loth to stand out to any whom you shall vouchsafe to call friend.

*Cri.* Sir, I fear I may do wrong to your sufficiencies in the reporting them, by forgetting or misplacing some one: yourself

can best inform him of yourself, sir; except you had some catalogue or list of your faculties ready drawn, which you would request me to shew him for you, and him to take notice of.

*Amo.* This Crites is sour; [*aside.*] I will think, sir.

*Cri.* Do so, sir.—O heaven! that anything in the likeness of man should suffer these racked extremities, for the uttering of his sophisticate good parts. [*Aside.*]

*Aso.* Crites, I have a suit to you; but you must not deny me: pray you make this gentleman and I friends.

*Cri.* Friends! why, is there any difference between you?

*Aso.* No; I mean acquaintance, to know one another.

*Cri.* O, now I apprehend you; your phrase was without me before.

*Aso.* In good faith, he's a most excellent rare man, I warrant him.

*Cri.* 'Slight, they are mutually enamoured by this time. [*Aside.*]

*Aso.* Will you, sweet Crites?

*Cri.* Yes, yes.

*Aso.* Nay, but when? you'll defer it now, and forget it.

*Cri.* Why, is it a thing of such present necessity, that it requires so violent a dispatch?

*Aso.* No, but would I might never stir, he's a most ravishing man! Good Crites, you shall endear me to you, in good faith; la!

*Cri.* Well, your longing shall be satisfied, sir.

*Aso.* And withal, you may tell him what my father was, and how well he left me, and that I am his heir.

*Cri.* Leave it to me, I'll forget none of your dear graces, I warrant you.

*Aso.* Nay, I know you can better marshal these affairs than I can—O gods! I'd give all the world, if I had it, for abundance of such acquaintance.

<sup>1</sup> Lucian, in his *Encomio Demosthenis*, affirms he never drunk but water. These are the words of Lucian, οὐκ ὄντως ὁ Δημοσθενὲς συνεπιθεῖ ὕδωρ μὲν τοὺς λόγους ἀλλ' ὕδωρ πινῶν.

WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> He doth feed you with fittons, figments, and leasings.] Perhaps the reading of the quarto is most eligible, and that is *fictions*; unless we suppose that *fittons* is an affected expression of this travelled gallant; which is not improbable.

WHAL.

The quarto has merely "fictions and leasings." It does not appear that *fitton* is an "affected expression," as it is used by some of our plainest

writers. Thus old Gascoigne, "to tell a *fitton* in your landlord's cares." And North, in his Translation of Plutarch, "In many other places he commonly used to *fitton*, and to write devices of his own." It seems synonymous with feign or fabricate. *Figment* is thus explained by Fletcher:

"A figment is a candid lie,  
This is an old pass."—*Four Plays in One.*

*Leasing* is, or ought to be, familiar to every reader. In Jonson's time, perhaps, these words had different shades of turpitude, which are no longer distinguishable.

*Cri.* What ridiculous circumstance might I devise now to bestow this reciprocal brace of butterflies one upon another? [*Aside.*

*Amo.* Since I trod on this side the Alps,<sup>1</sup> I was not so frozen in my invention. Let me see: to accost him with some choice remnant of Spanish or Italian! that would indifferently express my languages now: marry, then, if he should fall out to be ignorant, it were both hard and harsh. How else? step into some *ragioni del stato*,<sup>2</sup> and so make my induction! that were above him too; and out of his element, I fear. Feign to have seen him in Venice or Padua! or some face near his in similitude! 'tis too pointed and open. No, it must be a more quaint and collateral device, as—stay: to frame some encomiastic speech upon this our metropolis, or the wise magistrates thereof, in which politic number, 'tis odds but his father filled up a room? descend into a particular admiration of their justice, for the due measuring of coals, burning of cans,<sup>3</sup> and such like? as also their religion, in pulling down a superstitious cross, and advancing a Venus, or Priapus, in place of it?<sup>4</sup> ha! 'twill do well. Or to talk of some hospital whose walls record his father a benefactor? or of so many buckets bestowed on his parish church in his life time, with his name at length, for want of arms, trickt upon them? any of these. Or to praise the cleanness of the street wherein he dwelt? or the provident painting of his posts, against he should have been prator?<sup>5</sup> or, leaving his parent, come to some special ornament about himself, as his rapier, or some other of his accoutrements? I have it: thanks, gracious Minerva!

*Aso.* Would I had but once spoke to him, and then—He comes to me!

<sup>1</sup> Since I trod on this side the Alps,] O bone! Was the scene laid in Bœotia for this?

<sup>2</sup> *Ragioni del stato*,] This "choice remnant of Italian," (which no Italian could pronounce,) or, something like it, seems to have been proverbial for the politics of different countries. It is used by Cartwright, (and many others,) "*Ragioni di stato* generally reckon in all."—*Ordinary*, act i. sc. 4.

<sup>3</sup> Burning of cans,] i.e., impressing the mark of legality with a hot iron, on the wooden measures then in use.—*WHAL.*

<sup>4</sup> As also their religion, in pulling down a superstitious cross, and advancing a Venus, or Priapus, in place of it!] This alludes to the practices of the Puritans. Stowe tells us, that many of the lower images belonging to the cross in Cheapside were frequently broken or pulled

*Amo.* 'Tis a most curious and neatly wrought band, this same, as I have seen, sir.

*Aso.* O lord, sir!

*Amo.* You forgive the humour of mine eye, in observing it.

*Cri.* His eye waters after it, it seems.

*Aso.* O lord, sir! there needs no such apology, I assure you.

*Cri.* I am anticipated: they'll make a solemn deed of gift of themselves, you shall see.

*Amo.* Your riband too does most gracefully, in troth.

*Aso.* 'Tis the most genteel, and received wear now, sir.

*Amo.* Believe me, sir, I speak it not to humour you—I have not seen a young gentleman, generally, put on his clothes with more judgment.

*Aso.* O, 'tis your pleasure to say so, sir.

*Amo.* No, as I am virtuous, being altogether untravelled, it strikes me into wonder.

*Aso.* I do purpose to travel, sir, at spring.

*Amo.* I think I shall affect you, sir. This last speech of yours hath begun to make you dear to me.

*Aso.* O lord, sir! I would there were anything in me, sir, that might appear worthy the least worthiness of your worth, sir. I protest, sir, I should endeavour to shew it, sir, with more than common regard, sir.

*Cri.* O, here's rare motley,<sup>6</sup> sir.

*Amo.* Both your desert, and your endeavours are plentiful, suspect them not: but your sweet disposition to travel, I assure you, hath made you another myself in

down, and particularly, that about the year 1596, "under the image of Christ's resurrection defaced, was set up a curious wrought tabernacle of grey marble; and in the same, an alabaster image of Diana, a woman for the most part naked, and water conveyed from the Thames prilling from her naked breast."—*WHAL.*

Jonson was at this time a Catholic; but the satire is not, on that account, the less ingenious and severe, if what is strictly just can be termed satire.

<sup>5</sup> Or the provident painting of his posts, against he should have been prator?] See p. 108 a.

<sup>6</sup> O, here's rare motley,] i.e., simple, silly; from the parti-coloured dress worn by fools. Thus Fletcher, "What motley stuff is this! sirrah, speak sense."—*Maid in the Mill.*

mine eye, and struck me enamoured on your beauties.

*Aso.* I would I were the fairest lady of France for your sake, sir! and yet I would travel too.

*Amo.* O, you should digress from yourself else: for, believe it, your travel is your only thing that rectifies, or, as the Italian says, *vi rendi pronto all' attioni*, makes you fit for action.

*Aso.* I think it be great charge though, sir.

*Amo.* Charge! why, 'tis nothing for a gentleman that goes private, as yourself, or so; my intelligence shall quit my charge at all time. Good faith, this hat hath possess mine eye exceedingly; 'tis so pretty and fantastic: what! is it a beaver?

*Aso.* Ay, sir, I'll assure you 'tis a beaver, it cost me eight crowns but this morning.

*Amo.* After your French account?

*Aso.* Yes, sir.

*Cri.* And so near his head! beshrew me, dangerous. [*Aside.*

*Amo.* A very pretty fashion, believe me, and a most novel kind of trim: your band is conceited too!

*Aso.* Sir, it is all at your service.

*Amo.* O, pardon me.

*Aso.* I beseech you, sir, if you please to wear it, you shall do me a most infinite grace.

*Cri.* 'Slight, will he be praised out of his clothes?

*Aso.* By heaven, sir, I do not offer it you after the Italian manner;<sup>1</sup> I would you should conceive so of me.

*Amo.* Sir, I shall fear to appear rude in denying your courtesies, especially being invited by so proper a distinction. May I pray your name, sir?

*Aso.* My name is Asotus, sir.

*Amo.* I take your love, gentle Asotus; but let me win you to receive this, in exchange— [*They exchange beavers.*

*Cri.* Heart! they'll change doublets anon. [*Aside.*

<sup>1</sup> After the Italian manner,] i.e., with a hope to have it refused. Beaver hats were not common in this country. Howel sends home one from Paris (Lett. 17) as a great rarity.

<sup>2</sup> Cos! how happily hath fortune furnished him with a whetstone?] Cos is the Latin word for a whetstone; and the joke consists in the allusion of his name to his manners. A whetstone was a cant term of that age to denote the faculty of lying, or any incitement to tell a lie. So in the Induction, the traveller is said to have the Whetstone following him.—WHAL.

Whalley has said nothing of the origin of this

*Amo.* And, from this time esteem yourself in the first rank of those few whom I profess to love. What make you in company of this scholar here? I will bring you known to gallants, as Anaiides of the ordinary, Hedon the courtier, and others, whose society shall render you graced and respected: this is a trivial fellow, too mean, too cheap, too coarse for you to converse with.

*Aso.* 'Slid, this is not worth a crown, and mine cost me eight but this morning.

*Cri.* I looked when he would repent him, he has begun to be sad a good while.

*Amo.* Sir, shall I say to you for that hat? Be not so sad, be not so sad. It is a relic I could not so easily have departed with, but as the hieroglyphic of my affection; you shall alter it to what form you please, it will take any block; I have received it varied on record to the three thousandth time, and not so few. It hath these virtues beside; your head shall not ache under it, nor your brain leave you, without licence; it will preserve your complexion to eternity; for no beam of the sun, should you wear it under *zona torrida*, hath power to approach it by two elis. It is proof against thunder and enchantment; and was given me by a great man in Russia, as an especial prized present; and constantly affirmed to be the hat that accompanied the politic Ulysses in his tedious and ten years travels.

*Aso.* By Jove, I will not depart withal, whosoever would give me a million.

*Enter Cos and Prosaites.*

*Cos.* Save you, sweet bloods! does any of you want a creature, or a dependent?

*Cri.* Beshrew me, a fine blunt slave!

*Amo.* A page of good timber! it will now be my grace to entertain him first, though I cashier him again in private.—How art thou called?

*Cos.* Cos, sir, Cos.

*Cri.* Cos! how happily hath fortune furnished him with a whetstone?<sup>2</sup>

"joke," as he calls it: nor can I pretend to advance anything with certainty on the subject. It may have arisen from the story of the whetstone which was cut in two by the augur, Accius: though why the simplest miracle in all Livy should have been singled out to typify lying, it is not easy to conjecture. Amidst the elegant amusements of our ancestors at wakes and fairs, such as jumping in a sack, grinning through a collar, &c., there was one of a most extraordinary and culpable nature, which was lying. The clown who told the most enormous and impossible falsehood, was rewarded for his perverse

*Amo.* I do entertain you, Cos; conceal your quality till we be private; if your parts be worthy of me, I will countenance you; if not, catechize you.—Gentles, shall we go?

*Aso.* Stay, sir; I'll but entertain this other fellow, and then—I have a great humour to taste of this water too, but I'll come again alone for that—mark the place.—What's your name, youth?

*Pros.* Prosaites, sir.

*Aso.* Prosaites! a very fine name; Crites, is it not?

*Cri.* Yes, and a very ancient one, sir, the Beggar.

*Aso.* Follow me, good Prosaites; let's talk. *[Exeunt all but Crites.]*

*Cri.* He will rank even with you, ere't be long,

If you hold on your course. O vanity,  
How are thy painted beauties doted on,  
By light and empty ideots! how pursued  
With open and extended appetite!  
How they do sweat, and run themselves  
from breath,

Raised on their toes, to catch thy airy  
forms,  
Still turning giddy, till they reel like  
drunkards,

That buy the merry madness of one hour  
With the long irksomeness of following  
time!

O how despised and base a thing is man,  
If he not strive t'erect his grovelling  
thoughts

Above the strain of flesh! but how more  
cheap,

When, ev'n his best and understanding  
part,

The crown and strength of all his faculties,

ingenuity with a *whetstone*, which four or five centuries ago might perhaps be somewhat more valuable than it is at present. Hence the familiar connexion between the vice and the reward. A notorious liar was said to be *lying for a whetstone*; and it was no uncommon punishment for such a one to have a whetstone tied round his neck, or fastened on the outside of his garment, and to be thus publicly exposed. I could give many instances of this; but enough perhaps has been already said.

<sup>1</sup> *Is hurt with mere intention on their follies.*] *Intention* is the act of fixed and earnest gazing on an object. In this sense the word occurs frequently in Jonson.

<sup>2</sup> *Tut, she is stale, &c.*] This passage is well abridged by Pope;

“Vice is a monster of so foul a mien,  
That, to be hated, needs but to be seen.”

\* *As if we practised in a pasteboard case,*

Floats, like a dead drowned body, on the  
stream

Of vulgar humour, mixt with common'st  
dregs!

I suffer for their guilt now, and my soul,  
Like one that looks on ill-affected eyes,  
Is hurt with mere intention on their follies.<sup>1</sup>  
Why will I view them then, my sense might  
ask me?

Or is't a rarity, or some new object,  
That strains my strict observance to this  
point?

O, would it were! therein I could afford  
My spirit should draw a little near to  
theirs,

To gaze on novelties; so vice were one.  
Tut, she is stale,<sup>2</sup> rank, foul; and were it  
not

That those that woo her greet her with  
locked eyes,

In spite of all th' impostures, paintings,  
drugs,

Which her bawd, Custom, dawbs her cheeks  
withal,

She would betray her loathed and leprous  
face,

And fright the enamoured dotards from  
themselves:

But such is the perverseness of our nature,  
That if we once but fancy levity,  
How antic and ridiculous soe'er

It suit with us, yet will our muffled thought  
Choose rather not to see it, than avoid it:

And if we can but banish our own sense,  
We act our mimic tricks with that free  
licence

That lust, that pleasure, that security,  
As if we practised in a paste-board case,

And no one saw the motion, but the  
motion.<sup>3</sup>

*And no one saw the motion, but the motion.*] A simile taken from the management of puppets behind the curtain, with strings and wires: the cause of whose *motion* must be kept from the eyes of the spectators. The obscurity lies in the different senses of the word *motion*; the first is taken in the common sense, the last signifies the puppet itself.—*WHAL.*

Whalley seems pleased with this note, for, in the margin of his copy, he has directed it to stand: it is, however, incorrect. Jonson's meaning is simply this—“As if we were without spectators, and none but the puppets saw the puppet-show.” In the quarto *Motion* is in both places distinguished by italics and capitals: this, perhaps, Whalley did not know; for he seems to have generally overlooked the first copies.

There is great force and beauty in this speech of Crites; and, indeed, the whole of this act is worthy of the author in his happiest moments.

Well, check thy passion, lest it grow too loud:  
While fools are pitied, they wax fat and proud.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Court.*

*Enter Cupid and Mercury, disguised as pages.*

*Cup.* Why, this was most unexpectedly followed, my divine delicate Mercury; by the beard of Jove, thou art a precious deity.

*Mer.* Nay, Cupid, leave to speak improperly; since we are turned cracks, let's study to be like cracks; practise their language and behaviours, and not with a dead imitation: Act freely, carelessly, and capriciously, as if our veins ran with quicksilver, and not utter a phrase but what shall come forth steeped in the very brine of conceit, and sparkle like salt in fire.

*Cup.* That's not every one's happiness, Hermes: Though you can presume upon the easiness and dexterity of your wit, you shall give me leave to be a little jealous of mine; and not desperately to hazard it after your capering humour.

*Mer.* Nay, then, Cupid, I think we must have you hoodwinked again; for you are grown too provident since your eyes were at liberty.

*Cup.* Not so, Mercury, I am still blind Cupid to thee.

*Mer.* And what to the lady nymph you serve?

*Cup.* Troth, page, boy, and sirrah: these are all my titles.

*Mer.* Then thou hast not altered thy name, with thy disguise?

*Cup.* O no, that had been supererogation; you shall never hear your courtier call but by one of these three.

*Mer.* Faith, then both our fortunes are the same.

*Cup.* Why, what parcel of man hast thou lighted on for a master?

*Mer.* Such a one as, before I begin to decipher him, I dare not affirm to be anything less than a courtier. So much he is during this open time of revels, and would be longer, but that his means are to leave him shortly after. His name is Hedon, a gallant wholly consecrated to his pleasures.

*Cup.* Hedon! he uses much to my lady's chamber, I think.

*Mer.* How is she called, and then I can shew thee?

*Cup.* Madam Philautia.

*Mer.* O ay, he affects her very particularly indeed. These are his graces. He doth (besides me) keep a barber and a monkey; he has a rich wrought waistcoat to entertain his visitants in, with a cap almost suitable. His curtains and bedding are thought to be his own: his bathing-tub is not suspected.<sup>1</sup> He loves to have a fencer, a pedant,<sup>2</sup> and a musician seen in his lodging a-mornings.

*Cup.* And not a poet?

*Mer.* Fie, no: himself is a rhymer, and that's thought better than a poet. He is not lightly within to his mercer,<sup>3</sup> no, though he come when he takes physic, which is commonly after his play. He beats a tailor very well, but a stocking-seller admirably: and so consequently any one he owes money to, that dares not resist him. He never makes general invitation, but against the publishing of a new suit; marry, then you shall have more drawn to his lodging, than come to the launching of some three ships; especially if he be furnished with supplies for the retiring of his old wardrobe from pawn: if not, he does hire a stock of apparel, and some forty or fifty pound in gold, for that forenoon, to shew. He is thought a very necessary perfume for the presence, and for that only cause welcome thither: six milliners' shops afford you not the like scent. He courts ladies with how many great horse he hath rid that morning, or how oft he hath done the whole, or half the pommado<sup>4</sup> in a

<sup>1</sup> *His bathing-tub is not suspected.*] i.e., is supposed to be used simply for a bath, and not for the cure of any disease, as was then the common practice.

<sup>2</sup> *A pedant,*] i.e., a teacher of the languages.

<sup>3</sup> *He is not lightly within to his mercer,*] *Lightly* is commonly, in ordinary cases. Thus Shakespeare:

"Short summers lightly have a forward spring."  
*Richard III.*—WHAL.

<sup>4</sup> *The whole or half the pommado*] It may be just necessary to observe, that the *pommado* is vaulting on a horse, without the aid of stirrups, by resting one hand on the saddle-bow. The pommado reversa was vaulting off again. Thus Marston:

"Room for a vaulting skip,  
Room for Torquatus, that ne'er opt his lip  
But in prate of pommado reversa."—*Sat. xl.*

seven-night before : and sometimes ventures so far upon the virtue of his pomander, that he dares tell 'em how many shirts he has sweat at tennis that week ; but wisely conceals so many dozen of balls he is on the score. Here he comes, that is all this.

*Enter Hedon, Anaides, and Gelaia.*

*Hed.* Boy !

*Mer.* Sir.

*Hed.* Are any of the ladies in the presence ?

*Mer.* None yet, sir.

*Hed.* Give me some gold,—more.

*Ana.* Is that thy boy, Hedon ?

*Hed.* Ay, what think'st thou of him ?

*Ana.* I'd geld him ; I warrant he has the philosopher's stone.

*Hed.* Well said, my good melancholy devil ; sirrah, I have devised one or two of the prettiest oaths, this morning in my bed, as ever thou heard'st, to protest withal in the presence.

*Ana.* Prithee, let's hear them.

*Hed.* Soft, thou'lt use them afore me.

*Ana.* No, d—mn me then—I have more oaths than I know how to utter, by this air.

*Hed.* Faith, one is, *By the tip of your ear, sweet lady.* Is it not pretty, and genteel ?

*Ana.* Yes, for the person 'tis applied to, a lady. It should be light and—

*Hed.* Nay, the other is better, exceeds it much : the invention is farther fet too. *By the white valley that lies between the alpine hills of your bosom, I protest—*

*Ana.* Well, you travelled for that, Hedon.

*Mer.* Ay, in a map, where his eyes were but blind guides to his understanding, it seems.

*Hed.* And then I have a salutation will nick all, by this caper : hay !

*Ana.* How is that ?

*Hed.* You know I call madam Philautia, my Honour ; and she calls me, her Ambition. Now, when I meet her in the presence anon, I will come to her, and say, *Sweet Honour, I have hitherto contented my sense with the lilies of your hand, but now I will taste the roses of your lip ;* and withal, kiss her : to which she cannot but blushing answer, *Nay, now you are too ambitious.* And then do I reply : *I cannot be too Ambitious of Honour, sweet lady.* Will't not be good ? ha ? ha ?

*Ana.* O, assure your soul.

*Hed.* By heaven, I think 'twill be excellent ; and a very politic achievement of a kiss.

*Ana.* I have thought upon one for Moria of a sudden too, if it take.

*Hed.* What is't, my dear Invention ?

*Ana.* Marry, I will come to her, (and she always wears a muff, if you be remembered,) and I will tell her, *Madam, your whole self cannot but be perfectly wise ; for your hands have wit enough to keep themselves warm.*<sup>1</sup>

*Hed.* Now, before Jove, admirable ! [*Gelaia laughs.*] Look, thy page takes it too. By Phœbus, my sweet facetious rascal, I could eat water-gruel with thee a month for this jest, my dear rogue.

*Ana.* O, by Hercules, 'tis your only dish ; above all your potatoes or oyster-pies in the world.

*Hed.* I have ruminated upon a most rare wish too, and the prophecy to it ; but I'll have some friend to be the prophet ; as thus : I do wish myself one of my mistress's cioppini.<sup>2</sup> Another demands. Why would he be one of his mistress's cioppini ? a third answers, Because he would make her higher : a fourth shall say, That will make her proud ! and a fifth shall conclude, Then do I prophesy pride will have a fall ;—and he shall give it her.

<sup>1</sup> *Your hands have wit enough to keep themselves warm.*] This proverbial phrase is found in most of our ancient dramas. Thus, in *The Wise Woman of Hogsden* : "You are the wise woman, are you ? you have wit to keep yourself warm enough, I warrant you." It seems unnecessary to cite more examples of so common an expression.

<sup>2</sup> *I do wish myself one of my mistress's cioppini.*] A high shoe, or rather clog, worn by the Spanish and Italian ladies. Coriat, who travelled, with a foolish face of wonder, over a great part of Europe and Asia, gives a particular account of the "*chappineys*" that he saw in the Venetian territories, some of which were "half

a yard in height." Honest Tom seems to have somewhat availed himself of the traveller's privilege ; but that they were of a most posterous thickness cannot be denied. Bulwer is very angry with them : "What a prodigious" (portentous) "affectation is that of *choppines*, wherein our ladies imitate the Venetian and Persian ladies !" And he expresses some concern for the ungenerous deception practised on the Spanish husbands, whose wives, though tall in appearance, "commonly prove no more but half wives ; for at the wedding night it may be perceived that half the bride was made of guided cork." *Artificial Changling*, p. 550.

*Ana.* I will be your prophet. Gods so, it will be most exquisite; thou art a fine inventious rogue, sirrah.

*Hed.* Nay, and I have poesies for rings too, and riddles that they dream not of.

*Ana.* Tut, they'll do that, when they come to sleep on them, time enough. But were thy devices never in the presence yet, Hedon?

*Hed.* O no, I disdain that.

*Ana.* 'Twere good we went afore then, and brought them acquainted with the room where they shall act, lest the strangeness of it put them out of countenance, when they should come forth.

[*Exeunt Hedon and Anaiides.*]

*Cup.* Is that a courtier too?

*Mer.* Troth, no; he has two essential parts of the courtier, pride and ignorance; marry, the rest come somewhat after the ordinary gallant. 'Tis Impudence itself, Anaiides; one that speaks all that comes in his cheeks, and will blush no more than a sackbut. He lightly occupies the jester's room at the table, and keeps laughter, Gelaia, a wench in page's attire, following him in place of a squire, whom he now and then tickles with some strange ridiculous stuff, uttered as his land came to him, by chance. He will censure or discourse of anything, but as absurdly as you would wish. His fashion is not to take knowledge of him that is beneath him in clothes. He never drinks below the salt.<sup>1</sup> He

<sup>1</sup> *He never drinks below the salt.*] He never drinks to those at the lower end of the table. It refers to the manner in which our ancestors were usually seated at their meals. The tables being long, the salt was commonly placed about the middle, and served as a kind of boundary to the different quality of the guests invited. Those of distinction were ranked above; the space below was assigned to the dependents, or inferior relations of the master of the house.—WHAL.

All that remains to be added to this pertinent note is, that the salt (salt-cellar) was of a very large size, and easily distinguishable; so that the mortification of the humbler guests was complete. See Massinger, vol. i. p. 170: but, indeed, the allusions to this practice are so numerous, that no reader of our old poets can want any reference on the subject.

<sup>2</sup> *A pipe of pudding-tobacco.*] It appears from the Induction (p. 145 b) that there were "three sorts of tobacco" then in vogue; which, from the names scattered over our old plays, seem to be leaf, *pudding*, and cane tobacco. I can give the reader no other information respecting them, than that cane tobacco appears to have been the most expensive of the whole:

does naturally admire his wit that wears gold lace or tissue; stabs any man that speaks more contemptibly of the scholar than he. He is a great proficient in all the illiberal sciences, as cheating, drinking, swaggering, whoring, and such like: never kneels but to pledge healths, nor prays but for a pipe of pudding-tobacco.<sup>2</sup> He will blaspheme in his shirt. The oaths which he vomits at one supper would maintain a town of garrison in good swearing a twelve-month. One other genuine quality he has<sup>3</sup> which crowns all these, and that is this: to a friend in want, he will not depart with the weight of a soldered groat, lest the world might censure him prodigal, or report him a gull: marry, to his cockatrice, or punnetto, half a dozen taffata gowns or satin kirtles<sup>4</sup> in a pair or two of months, why, they are nothing.

*Cup.* I commend him, he is one of my clients.

[*They retire to the back of the stage.*]

*Enter Amorphus, Asotus, and Cos.*

*Amo.* Come, sir. You are now within regard of the presence, and see, the privacy of this room how sweetly it offers itself to our retired intendments.—Page, cast a vigilant and enquiring eye about, that we be not rudely surprised by the approach of some ruder stranger.

*Cos.* I warrant you, sir. I'll tell you when the wolf enters,<sup>5</sup> fear nothing.

"The nostrils of his chimnies are still stuffed With snoak, more chargeable than *cane* tobacco."—*Merry Devil of Edmonton.*

<sup>3</sup> *One other genuine quality he has, &c.*] This genuine quality is remarked by Juvenal:

"*Nil habet infelix Numitor quod mittat amico, Quintille quod donet, habet,*" &c. &c.

*Sat. vii.*

<sup>4</sup> *Or satin kirtles*] Few words have occasioned such controversy among the commentators on our old plays, as this; and all for want of knowing that it is used in a twofold sense, sometimes for the jacket merely, and sometimes for the train or upper petticoat attached to it. A full kirtle was always a jacket and petticoat, a *half kirtle* (a term which frequently occurs) was either the one or the other: but our ancestors, who wrote when this article of dress was everywhere in use, and when there was little danger of being misunderstood, most commonly contented themselves with the simple term (*kirtle*), leaving the sense to be gathered from the context. A man's jacket was also called a kirtle.

<sup>5</sup> *I'll tell you when the wolf enters,*] This is an allusion to a Latin proverb, and applied when the person talked of comes in unexpectedly, and puts an end to the discourse.—WHAL.

*Mer.* O what a mass of benefit shall we possess, in being the invisible spectators of this strange show now to be acted!

*Amo.* Plant yourself there, sir; and observe me. You shall now, as well be the ocular, as the ear-witness, how clearly I can refel that paradox, or rather pseudo-dox, of those, which hold the face to be the index of the mind, which, I assure you, is not so in any politic creature: for instance; I will now give you the particular and distinct face<sup>1</sup> of every your most noted species of persons, as your merchant, your scholar, your soldier, your lawyer, courtier, &c., and each of these so truly, as you would swear, but that your eye shall see the variation of the lineament, it were my most proper and genuine aspect. First, for your merchant, or city-face, 'tis thus; a dull, plodding face, still looking in a direct line, forward: there is no great matter in this face. Then have you your student's, or academic face, which is here an honest, simple, and methodical face; but somewhat more spread than the former. The third is your soldier's face, a menacing and astounding face, that looks broad and big: the grace of this face consisteth much in a beard. The anti-face to this is your lawyer's face a contracted, subtle, and intricate face, full of quirks and turnings, a labyrinthean face, now angularly, now circularly, every way aspected. Next is your statist's face,<sup>2</sup> a serious, solemn, and supercilious face, full of formal and square gravity: the eye for the most part deeply and artificially shadowed: there is great judgment required in the making of this face. But now, to come to your face of faces, or courtier's face; 'tis of three sorts, according to our subdivision of a courtier, elementary, practic,<sup>3</sup> and theoretic. Your courtier theoretic, is he that hath arrived to his farthest, and doth now know the court rather by speculation than practice; and

this is his face: a fastidious and oblique face; that looks as it went with a vice, and were screwed thus. Your courtier practic, is he that is yet in his path, his course, his way, and hath not touched the punctilio or point of his hopes; his face is here: a most promising, open, smooth, and overflowing face, that seems as it would run and pour itself into you: somewhat a northerly face. Your courtier elementary, is one but newly entered, or as it were in the alphabet, or *ut-re-mi-fa-sol-la* of courtship. Note well this face, for it is this you must practise.

*Aso.* I'll practise them all, if you please, sir.

*Amo.* Ay, hereafter you may: and it will not be altogether an ungrateful study. For, let your soul be assured of this, in any rank or profession whatever, the more general or major part of opinion goes with the face, and simply respects nothing else. Therefore, if that can be made exactly, curiously, exquisitely, thoroughly, it is enough: but for the present you shall only apply yourself to this face of the elementary courtier, a light, revelling, and protesting face, now blushing, now smiling, which you may help much with a wanton wagging of your head, thus, (a feather will teach you,) or with kissing your finger that hath the ruby, or playing with some string of your band, which is a most quaint kind of melancholy besides: or, if among ladies, laughing loud, and crying up your own wit, though perhaps borrowed, it is not amiss. Where is your page? call for your casting-bottle, and place your mirror in your hat,<sup>3</sup> as I told you: so! Come, look not pale, observe me, set your face, and enter.

*Mer.* O for some excellent painter, to have taken the copy of all these faces! [*Aside.*]

*Aso.* Prosaites!

*Amo.* Fie! I premonish you of that: in the court, boy, lacquey, or sirrah.

*Cos.* Master, *lupus in*<sup>4</sup>—O, 'tis Prosaites.

<sup>1</sup> I will now give you the particular and distinct face, &c.] This corroborates my explanation of the passage, p. 152 b. That "the face is the index of the mind" was "held" by Ovid, Juvenal, and others.

<sup>2</sup> Next is your statist's face,] i.e., your statesman's. Thus Marmion: "Adorned with that even mixture of fluency and grace, as are required both in a *statist* and a courtier."—*The Antiquary*, act i. sc. i.—WHAL.

<sup>3</sup> Place your mirror in your hat,] "It should seem," Whalley says, "from this passage, that the finical courtiers carried a pocket-mirror about them, which they sometimes put in their hats." There can be no doubt of it: both sexes wore

them publicly; the men, as brooches or ornaments in their hats; and the women, at their girdles (see Massinger, vol. iv. p. 8), or on their breasts; nay, sometimes in the centre of their fans, which were then made of feathers, inserted into silver or ivory tubes. Lovelace has a poem on his mistress's fan, "with a looking-glass in it." This is a part of her address to it:

"My lively shade thou ever shalt retain  
In thy inclosed feather-framed glass;  
And, but unto ourselves, to all remain  
Invisible, thou feature of this face!" &c.

<sup>4</sup> Master, *lupus in* —] *fabula*, the Latin proverb referred to, p. 159 b.

*Enter Prosaïtes.*

*Aso.* Sirrah, prepare my casting-bottle; I think I must be enforced to purchase me another page; you see how at hand Cos waits here.

[*Exeunt Amorphus, Asotus, Cos, and Prosaïtes.*

*Mer.* So will he too, in time.

*Cup.* What's he, Mercury?

*Mer.* A notable smelt.<sup>1</sup> One that hath newly entertained the beggar to follow him, but cannot get him to wait near enough. 'Tis Asotus, the heir of Philargyrus; but first I'll give ye the other's character,<sup>2</sup> which may make his the clearer. He that is with him is Amorphus, a traveller, one so made out of the mixture of shreds of forms, that himself is truly deformed. He walks most commonly with a clove or pick-tooth in his mouth, he is the very mint of compliment, all his behaviours are printed, his face is another volume of essays, and his beard is an Aristarchus. He speaks all cream skimmed, and more affected than a dozen waiting-women. He is his own promoter in every place. The wife of the ordinary gives him his diet to maintain her table in discourse; which, indeed, is a mere tyranny over her other guests, for he will usurp all the talk: ten constables are not so tedious.<sup>3</sup> He is no great shifter; once a year his apparel is ready to revolt. He doth use much to arbitrate quarrels, and fights himself, exceeding well, out at a window. He will lie cheaper than any beggar, and louder than most clocks: for which he is right properly accommodated to the Whetstone, his page. The other gallant is his Zany, and doth most of these tricks after him; sweats to imitate him in every-

<sup>1</sup> *A notable smelt.*] The quarto reads *finch*. *Smeit*, like *gudgeon*, is used by our old writers for a gull, a simpleton. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher:

"These direct men, they are no men of fashion; Talk what you will, this is a very *smelt*."

*Love's Pilgrimage*, act v. sc. 2.

<sup>2</sup> *But first I'll give ye the other's character, &c.*] This is all very inartificial. The plot stands still while the author is displaying his dexterity in drawing individual and insulated characters. Undoubtedly, if keen, vigorous, and discriminating delineations of this nature were sufficient of themselves to constitute a legitimate drama, no man who ever wrote for the stage would stand in competition with Jonson. But the vivifying soul of the drama is action. Of this, unfortunately, we have but little; and that little is nearly overlooked amidst

thing to a hair, except a beard, which is not yet extant. He doth learn to make strange sauces, to eat anchovies, macaroni, bovoli, fagioli,<sup>4</sup> and caviare, because he loves them; speaks as he speaks, looks, walks, goes so in clothes and fashion: is in all as if he were moulded of him. Marry, before they met, he had other very pretty sufficiencies, which yet he retains some light impression of; as frequenting a dancing school, and grievously torturing strangers with inquisition after his grace in his galliard. He buys a fresh acquaintance at any rate. His eyes and his raiment confer much together as he goes in the street. He treads nicely like the fellow that walks upon ropes, especially the first Sunday of his silk stockings; and when he is most neat and new, you shall strip him with commendations.

*Cup.* Here comes another.

[*Crites passes over the stage.*

*Mer.* Ay, but one of another strain, Cupid; this fellow weighs somewhat.

*Cup.* His name, Hermes?

*Mer.* Crites. A creature of a most perfect and divine temper: one in whom the humours and elements are peaceably met without emulation of precedence; he is neither too fantastically melancholy, too slowly phlegmatic, too lightly sanguine, or too rashly choleric; but in all so composed and ordered, as it is clear Nature went about some full work, she did more than make a man when she made him. His discourse is like his behaviour, uncommon, but not displeasing; he is prodigal of neither. He strives rather to be that which men call judicious, than to be thought so; and is so truly learned, that he affects not to shew it. He will think and speak his

a minute and tiresome description of what the progress of the plot alone should have unfolded.

<sup>3</sup> *Ten constables are not so tedious.*] This is said to be an attack on the constables in *Muc's Ado about Nothing* and *Measure for Measure*. The last of these comedies, be it observed, was written full two years after *Cynthia's Revels!* and the first probably about as many months, for it was not brought on the stage till 1600. The prolixity, as well as the dulness, of a constable was proverbial; and Shakspeare, Jonson, and hundreds besides, turned it to a humourous account. This is the whole of the matter.

<sup>4</sup> *Bovoli, fagioli, &c.*] These were delicacies in Jonson's days, and probably for some time after; the first were snails, or rather cockles; and the latter, French beans: they were dressed after the Italian manner, which was the fashion in vogue, and which gave way to a better taste at the Restoration.

thoughts both freely ; but as distant from depraving another man's merit, as proclaiming his own. For his valour, 'tis such that he dares as little to offer an injury as receive one. In sum, he hath a most ingenious and sweet spirit, a sharp and seasoned wit, a straight judgment and a strong mind. Fortune could never break him, nor make him less. He counts it his pleasure to despise pleasures, and is more delighted with good deeds than goods. It is a competency to him that he can be virtuous. He doth neither covet nor fear ; he hath too much reason to do either ; and that commends all things to him.

*Cup.* Not better than Mercury commends him.

*Mer.* O, Cupid, 'tis beyond my deity to give him his due praises : I could leave my place in heaven to live among mortals, so I were sure to be no other than he.

*Cup.* 'Slight, I believe he is your minion, you seem to be so ravished with him.

*Mer.* He's one I would not have a wry thought darted against, willingly.

*Cup.* No, but a straight shaft in his bosom I'll promise him, if I am Cytherea's son.

*Mer.* Shall we go, Cupid ?

*Cup.* Stay, and see the ladies now : they'll come presently. I'll help to paint them.

*Mer.* What, lay colour upon colour ! that affords but an ill blazon.

*Cup.* Here comes metal to help it, the Lady Argurion.

[Argurion passes over the stage.]

*Mer.* Money, money.

*Cup.* The same. A nymph of a most wandering and giddy disposition, humorous as the air, she'll run from gallant to gallant, as they sit at primero in the presence, most strangely, and seldoms stays with any. She spreads as she goes. To-day you shall have her look as clear and fresh as the morning, and to-morrow as melancholic as midnight. She takes special pleasure in a close obscure lodging, and for that cause visits the city so often, where she has many secret true concealing favourites. When she comes abroad, she's more loose and scattering than dust, and will fly from place to place, as she were wrapped

with a whirlwind. Your young student, for the most part, she affects not, only salutes him, and away : a poet, nor a philosopher, she is hardly brought to take any notice of ; no, though he be some part of an alchemist. She loves a player well, and a lawyer infinitely ; but your fool above all. She can do much in court for the obtaining of any suit whatsoever, no door but flies open to her, her presence is above a charm. The worst in her is want of keeping state, and too much descending into inferior and base offices ; she's for any coarse employment you will put upon her, as to be your procurer, or pander.<sup>1</sup>

*Mer.* Peace, Cupid, here comes more work for you, another character or two.

*Enter Phantaste, Moria, and Philautia.*

*Phan.* Stay, sweet Philautia, I'll but change my fan, and go presently.

*Mer.* Now, in very good serious, ladies, I will have this order reversed, the presence must be better maintained from you : a quarter past eleven, and ne'er a nymph in prospective ! Beshrew my hand, there must be a reformed discipline. Is that your new ruff, sweet lady-bird ? By my truth, 'tis most intricately rare.

*Mer.* Good Jove, what reverend gentleman in years might this be ?

*Cup.* 'Tis Madam Moria, guardian of the nymphs ; one that is not now to be persuaded of her wit ; she will think herself wise against all the judgments that come. A lady made all of voice and air, talks anything of anything. She is like one of your ignorant poetasters of the time, who, when they have got acquainted with a strange word, never rest till they have wrung it in, though it loosen the whole fabric of their sense.

*Mer.* That was pretty and sharply noted, Cupid.

*Cup.* She will tell you, Philosophy was a fine reveller, when she was young, and a gallant, and that then, though she say it, she was thought to be the dame Dido and Helen of the court : as also, what a sweet dog she had this time four years, and how it was called Fortune ; and that, if the Fates had not cut his thread, he had been

<sup>1</sup> Nothing can possibly be more lively and ingenious than this description of Argurion ; it partakes, however, of the defect which is so visible in many parts of the author's model, the *Plutus* of Aristophanes ; where the literal and

metaphorical sense is so blended as to form a very indistinct, though an amusing representation. This character Jonson subsequently expanded into the Lady Pecunia and her train, in that most singular drama, the *Staple of News*.

a dog to have given entertainment to any gallant in this kingdom; and unless she had whelped it herself, she could not have loved a thing better in this world.

*Mer.* O, I prithee no more, I am full of her.

*Cup.* Yes, I must needs tell you she composes a sack-posset well; and would court a young page sweetly, but that her breath is against it.

*Mer.* Now, her breath or something more strong protect me from her! The other, the other, Cupid?

*Cup.* O, that's my lady and mistress, Madam Philautia. She admires not herself for any one particularity, but for all: she is fair, and she knows it; she has a pretty light wit too, and she knows it; she can dance, and she knows that too; play at shuttle-cock, and that too: no quality she has, but she shall take a very particular knowledge of, and most lady-like commend it to you. You shall have her at any time read you the history of herself, and very subtilly run over another lady's sufficiencies to come to her own. She has a good superficial judgment in painting, and would seem to have so in poetry. A most complete lady in the opinion of some three beside herself.

*Phi.* Faith, how liked you my quip to Hedon, about the garter? Was't not witty?

*Mor.* Exceeding witty and integrate: you did so aggravate the jest withal.

*Phi.* And did I not dance movingly the last night?

*Mor.* Movingly! out of measure, in troth, sweet charge.

*Mer.* A happy commendation, to dance out of measure!

*Mor.* Save only you wanted the swim in the turn: O! when I was at fourteen—

*Phi.* Nay, that's mine own from any nymph in the court, I'm sure on't; therefore you mistake me in that, guardian: both the swim and the trip are properly mine; everybody will affirm it that has any judgment in dancing, I assure you.

*Phi.* Come now, Philautia. I am for you; shall we go?

*Phi.* Ay, good Phantaste. What! have you changed your head-tire?

*Phi.* Yes, faith, the other was so near the common, it had no extraordinary grace; besides, I had worn it almost a day, in good troth.

*Phi.* I'll be sworn, this is most excellent for the device, and rare; 'tis after the Italian print! we looked on t'other night.

*Phi.* 'Tis so: by this fan, I cannot abide anything that savours the poor over-worn cut, that has any kindred with it; I must have variety, I: this mixing in fashion, I hate it worse than to burn juniper<sup>2</sup> in my chamber, I protest.

*Phi.* And yet we cannot have a new peculiar court-tire, but these retainers will have it; these suburb Sunday-waiters; these courtiers for high days; I know not what I should call 'em—

*Phi.* O, ay, they do most pitifully imitate; but I have a tire a coming, i' faith, shall—

*Mor.* In good certain, madam, it makes you look most heavenly; but, lay your hand on your heart, you never skinned a new beauty more prosperously in your life, nor more metaphysically: look, good lady; sweet lady, look.

*Phi.* 'Tis very clear and well, believe me. But if you had seen mine yesterday, when 'twas young, you would have—Who's your doctor, Phantaste?

*Phi.* Nay, that's counsel,<sup>3</sup> Philautia; you shall pardon me: yet I'll assure you he's the most dainty, sweet, absolute, rare man of the whole college. O! his very looks, his discourse, his behaviour, all he does is physic, I protest.

*Phi.* For heaven's sake, his name, good dear Phantaste.

*Phi.* No, no, no, no, no, believe me, not for a million of heavens: I will not make him cheap. Fie—

[*Exeunt* Phantaste, Moria, and Philautia.

*Cup.* There is a nymph too of a most curious and elaborate strain, light, all motion, an ubiquitary, she is everywhere, Phantaste—

*Mer.* Her very name speaks her, let her pass. But are these, Cupid, the stars of Cynthia's court? Do these nymphs attend upon Diana?

<sup>1</sup> 'Tis after the Italian print, &c.] Phantaste alludes, perhaps, to the *Habiti Antichi e Moderni di Cesare Vecellio*, published at Venice in 1589.

<sup>2</sup> I hate it worse than to burn juniper in my chamber.] I know not the cause of Phantaste's contempt. Perhaps she thought the practice

too common; or, as juniper was burnt to sweeten rooms (p. 63), she might look on it as "insinuating her" of not being sufficiently fragrant in herself.

<sup>3</sup> Nay, that's counsel,] i.e., that's a secret: the expression is very common in this sense. See Massinger, vol. i. p. 281.

*Cup.* They are in her court, Mercury, but not as stars; these never come in the presence of Cynthia. The nymphs that make her train are the divine Arete, Timè, Phronesis, Thauma, and others of that high sort. These are privately brought in by Moria in this licentious time, against her knowledge: and, like so many meteors, will vanish when she appears.

*Enter* Prosaïtes, *singing, followed by* Gelaïa and Cos, *with bottles.*

"Come follow me, my wags, and say, as I say,

There's no riches but in rags, hey day, hey day:

You that profess this art, come away, come away,

And help to bear a part. Hey day, hey day,"<sup>1</sup> &c.

[Mercury and Cupid come forward.

*Mer.* What, those that were our fellow pages but now, so soon preferred to be yeomen of the bottles! The mystery, the mystery, good wags?

*Cup.* Some diet-drink they have the guard of.

*Pro.* No, sir, we are going in quest of a strange fountain, lately found out.

*Cup.* By whom?

*Cos.* My master, or the great discoverer, Amorphus.

*Mer.* Thou hast well intitled him, Cos, for he will discover all he knows.

*Gel.* Ay, and a little more too, when the spirit is upon him.

*Pro.* O, the good travelling gentleman yonder has caused such a drought in the presence, with reporting the wonders of this new water, that all the ladies and gallants lie languishing upon the rushes,<sup>2</sup> like so many pounded cattle in the midst of harvest, sighing one to another, and gasping, as if each of them expected a cock from the fountain to be brought into his mouth; and without we return quickly, they are all, as a youth would say, no better than a few trouts cast ashore, or a dish of eels in a sand-bag.

<sup>1</sup> In the quarto there is more of this doggrel. Jonson did well in omitting it; and I shall not bring it back.

<sup>2</sup> The ladies and gallants lie languishing upon the rushes. The chambers of palaces, as well as of noblemen and gentlemen's houses, were at this time strewed with rushes. See p. 109 a. "Rushes," says the old *Boke of Simples*, "that growe upon dry groundes, be good to strew in halles, chambers, and galleries, to walk

*Mer.* Well then, you were best dispatch, and have a care of them. Come, Cupid, thou and I'll go peruse this dry wonder.

[*Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—An Apartment at the Court.

*Enter* Amorphus and Asotus.

*Amo.* Sir, let not this discountenance or disgallant you a whit; you must not sink under the first disaster. It is with your young grammatical courtier, as with your neophyte player, a thing usual to be daunted at the first presence or interview: you saw, there was Hedon, and Anaides, far more practised gallants than yourself, who were both out, to comfort you. It is no disgrace, no more than for your adventurous reveller to fall by some inauspicious chance in his galliard, or for some subtle politic to undertake the bastinado, that the state might think worthy of him, and respect him as a man well beaten to the world. What! hath your tailor provided the property we spake of at your chamber, or no?

*Aso.* I think he has.

*Amo.* Nay, I intreat you, be not so flat and melancholic. Erect your mind: you shall redeem this with the courtship I will teach you against the afternoon. Where eat you to-day?

*Aso.* Where you please, sir; anywhere, I.

*Amo.* Come, let us go and taste some light dinner, a dish of sliced caviare, or so; and after, you shall practise an hour at your lodging some few forms that I have recalled. If you had but so far gathered your spirits to you, as to have taken up a rush when you were out, and wagged it thus, or cleansed your teeth with it; or but turned aside, and feigned some business to whisper with your page, till you had recovered yourself, or but found some slight stain in your stocking, or any other pretty invention, so it had been sudden, you might

upon, defending apparel, as traynes of gowns and kirtles, from dust. Rushes be old courtiers; and when they be nothing worthe, then they be cast out of the doores; so be many that doe tread upon them."—P. 36. But they not only trod, but danced upon them; this was not the way to keep their "trains from dust."

"Thou dancest on my heart, lascivious queen,  
Even as upon these rushes."

*Dumb Knight, act iv. sc. 1*

have come off with a most clear and courtly grace.

*Aso.* A poison of all! I think I was forespoke, I.<sup>1</sup>

*Amo.* No, I must tell you, you are not audacious enough; you must frequent ordinaries a month more, to initiate yourself: in which time, it will not be amiss, if, in private, you keep good your acquaintance with Crites, or some other of his poor coat, visit his lodging secretly and often; become an earnest suitor to hear some of his labours.

*Aso.* O Jove! sir, I could never get him to read a line to me.

*Amo.* You must then wisely mix yourself in rank with such as you know can; and, as your ears do meet with a new phrase, or an acute jest, take it in: a quick nimble memory will lift it away, and, at your next public meal, it is your own.

*Aso.* But I shall never utter it perfectly, sir.

*Amo.* No matter, let it come lame. In ordinary talk you shall play it away, as you do your light crowns at primero: it will pass.

*Aso.* I shall attempt, sir.

*Amo.* Do. It is your shifting age for wit, and, I assure you, men must be prudent. After this you may to court, and there fall in, first with the waiting-woman, then with the lady. Put case they do retain you there, as a fit property, to hire coaches some pair of months, or so; or to read them asleep in afternoons upon some pretty pamphlet, to breathe you; why, it shall in time embolden you to some farther achievement: in the interim, you may fashion yourself to be careless and impudent.

*Aso.* How if they would have me to make verses? I heard Hedon spoke to for some.

*Amo.* Why, you must prove the aptitude of your genius; if you find none, you must

hearken out a vein, and buy; provided you pay for the silence as for the work, then you may securely call it your own.

*Aso.* Yes, and I'll give out my acquaintance with all the best writers, to countenance me the more.

*Amo.* Rather seem not to know them, it is your best. Ay, be wise, that you never so much as mention the name of one, nor remember it mentioned; but if they be offered to you in discourse, shake your light head, make between a sad and a smiling face, pity some, rail at all, and commend yourself: 'tis your only safe and unsuspected course. Come, you shall look back upon the court again to-day, and be restored to your colours: I do now partly aim at the cause of your repulse—which was ominous indeed—for as you enter at the door, there is opposed to you the frame of a wolf in the hangings, which, surprising your eye suddenly, gave a false alarm to the heart; and that was it called your blood out of your face, and so routed the whole rank of your spirits: I beseech you labour to forget it. And remember, as I inculcated to you before, for your comfort, Hedon and Anaides. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

*Enter Hedon and Anaides.*

*Hed.* Heart, was there ever so prosperous an invention thus unluckily perverted and spoiled by a whoreson book-worm, a candle-waster?<sup>2</sup>

*Ana.* Nay, be not impatient, Hedon.

*Hed.* 'Slight, I would fain know his name.

*Ana.* Hang him, poor grogran rascal! prithee think not of him: I'll send for him to my lodging, and have him blanketed when thou wilt, man.

*Hed.* Ods so, I would thou couldst. Look, here he comes.

And in many other places.

What follows, to the conclusion of the scene, is not in the quarto.

<sup>2</sup> A candle-waster? This contemptuous term for a hard student occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing*; where Whalley, though with somewhat too much parade, has set the commentators right, and settled the meaning of a disputed passage:

“Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk  
With candle-wasters.”

<sup>1</sup> I think I was forespoke, I.] *Fore*, prefixed to a verb, is frequently taken negatively; as in Shakspeare:

“Thou hast *forespoke* my being in these wars.”  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, act iii. sc. 7.—WHAL.

This is true; but the expression is often applied by our old writers, and with perfect propriety, to the supposed effects of a supernatural power. To *forespeak* here, like *forbid* in *Macbeth*, is to subject to a curse, to *bewitch*. Thus Drayton, in his *Epistles*:

“Or to *forespeak* whole flocks, as they did feed.”

*Enter Crites, and walks in a musing posture at the back of the stage.*

Laugh at him, laugh at him; ha, ha, ha!

*Ana.* Fough! he smells all lamp-oil with studying by candle-light.

*Hed.* How confidently he went by us, and carelessly! Never moved, nor stirred at anything! Did you observe him?

*Ana.* Ay, a pox on him, let him go, dormouse: he is in a dream now. He has no other time to sleep, but thus when he walks abroad to take the air.

*Hed.* 'Sprecious, this afflicts me more than all the rest, that we should so particularly direct our hate and contempt against him, and he to carry it thus without wound or passion! 'tis insufferable.

*Ana.* 'Slid, my dear Envy, if thou but say'st the word now, I'll undo him eternally for thee.

*Hed.* How, sweet Anaides?

*Ana.* Marry, half a score of us get him in, one night, and make him pawn his wit for a supper.

*Hed.* Away, thou hast such unseasonable jests! By this heaven, I wonder at nothing more than our gentlemen ushers, that will suffer a piece of serge or perpetuana<sup>1</sup> to come into the presence: methinks they should, out of their experience, better distinguish the silken disposition of courtiers, than to let such terrible coarse rags mix with us, able to fret any smooth or gentle society to the threads with their rubbing devices.

*Ana.* Unless 'twere Lent, Ember-weeks, or fasting-days, when the place is most penuriously empty of all other good outsides. D—n me, if I should adventure on his company once more, without a suit of buff to defend my wit! he does nothing but stab, the slave! How mischievously he crossed thy device of the prophecy there? and Moria, she comes without her muff too, and there my invention was lost.

<sup>1</sup> *A piece of serge or perpetuana*] This seems to be that glossy kind of stuff now called *everlasting*, and anciently worn by serjeants, and other city officers. It was also worn by the poet himself, and (whether out of modesty or arrogance let the reader determine) he has chosen to dress his diminutive representative in it. Decker has not forgotten this circumstance, nor to twit him with being in debt even for his homely attire:

“*Tucca.* Is't not better to be out at elbows, than to be a bond-slave, and to go all in parchment as thou dost?”

*Horace.* Parchment! Nay, 'tis *perpetuana*, I assure you.”

*Hed.* Well, I am resolved what I'll do.

*Ana.* What, my good spirituous spark?

*Hed.* Marry, speak all the venom I can of him; and poison his reputation in every place where I come.

*Ana.* 'Fore God, most courtly.

*Hed.* And if I chance to be present where any question is made of his sufficiencies, or of anything he hath done private or public, I'll censure it slightly and ridiculously.

*Ana.* At any hand beware of that; so thou mayst draw thine own judgment in suspect. No, I'll instruct thee what thou shalt do, and by a safer means: approve anything thou hearest of his, to the received opinion of it; but if it be extraordinary, give it from him to some other whom thou more particularly affect'st; that's the way to plague him, and he shall never come to defend himself. 'Slud, I'll give out all he does is dictated from other men,<sup>2</sup> and swear it too, if thou'lt have me, and that I know the time and place where he stole it, though my soul be guilty of no such thing; and that I think, out of my heart, he hates such barren shifts: yet to do thee a pleasure, and him a disgrace, I'll damn myself, or do anything.

*Hed.* Gramercy, my dear devil; we'll put it seriously in practice, i' faith.

[*Exeunt Hedon and Anaides.*

*Cri.* [*coming forward.*] Do, good Detraction, do, and I the while Shall shake thy spight off with a careless smile.

Poor piteous gallants! what lean idle slights

Their thoughts suggest to flatter their starved hopes!

As if I knew not how to entertain

These straw-devices; but of force must yield

To the weak stroke of their calumnious tongues.

What should I care what every dor both buz<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *I'll give out all he does is dictated from other men, &c.*] If Jouson really designed the character of Crites for his own picture, it will be no easy matter to acquit him of the charge of vanity, which his enemies so often brought against him; but I will not affirm the similitude to be perfectly exact. It is only probable, that as he glanced at his adversaries in some passages of the play, he might have intended to sketch the outlines of his own character.—*WHAL.*

<sup>3</sup> *Why should I care what every dor doth buz, &c.*] I have already had occasion to notice the impertinent attacks of this troublesome in-

In credulous ears? It is a crown to me  
That the best judgments can report me  
wronged;

Them liars, and their slanders impudent.  
Perhaps, upon the rumour of their speeches,  
Some grieved friend will whisper to me;  
Crites,

Men speak ill of thee. So they be ill men,  
If they spake worse, 'twere better: for of  
such

To be dispraised, is the most perfect praise.  
What can his censure hurt me whom the  
world

Hath censured vile before me! If good  
Chrestus,

Euthus, or Phronimus, had spoke the  
words,

They would have moved me, and I should  
have called

My thoughts and actions to a strict account  
Upon the hearing: but when I remember,  
'Tis Hedon and Anaides, alas, then  
I think but what they are, and am not  
stirred.

The one a light voluptuous reveller,  
The other, a strange arrogating puff,  
Both impudent, and ignorant enough;  
That talk as they are wont, not as I merit:  
Traduce by custom, as most dogs do bark,  
Do nothing out of judgment, but disease,  
Speak ill, because they never could speak  
well.

And who'd be angry with this race of  
creatures?

What wise physician have we ever seen  
Moved with a frantic man? the same  
affects<sup>1</sup>

That he doth bear to his sick patient,  
Should a right mind carry to such as these:

sect, of which the poet always speaks with great contempt. It is mentioned in the same way by Fletcher and others. Thus in the *Merry Milkmaids*: "Cal. What was that? Kar. What? Cal. Something crost my nose. Kar. A dor, a dor; the fields are full of them. Smirke. I'll give you the dor too. [Sillips her.]" It is singular that the editors of Beaumont and Fletcher should doubt the existence of *dor* as a verb; it is by no means uncommon, and an instance of it may be found in Jonson, p. 49 b.

Decker, as Whalley observes, has fastened on many parts of this speech as proofs, perhaps, of Jonson's personality and arrogance; it is to be lamented that they savour of both. But Decker also attempts to ridicule them:—in this he is, of course, unfortunate; for the English stage does not afford a more spirited and masterly delineation of characters than is to be found in this and the six following pages. It is a pitch far above the flight of the "Untrusser."

And I do count it a most rare revenge,  
That I can thus, with such a sweet neglect,  
Pluck from them all the pleasure of their  
malice,

For that's the mark of all their ingenious  
drifts,<sup>2</sup>

To wound my patience, howso'er they  
seem

To aim at other objects; which if missed,  
Their envy's like an arrow shot upright,  
That, in the fall, endangers their own  
heads.

*Enter Arcte.*

*Ar.* What, Crites! where have you  
drawn forth the day,

You have not visited your jealous friends?

*Cri.* Where I have seen, most honoured  
Arcte,

The strangest pageant, fashioned like a  
court,

(As least I dreamt I saw it) so diffused,<sup>3</sup>

So painted, pied, and full of rainbow strains,  
As never yet, either by time, or place,

Was made the food to my distasted sense:

Nor can my weak imperfect memory

Now render half the forms unto my tongue,  
That were convolved within this thrifty

room.

Here stalks me by a proud and spangled  
sir,

That looks three handfuls higher than his  
foretop;

Savours himself alone, is only kind

And loving to himself; one that will speak

More dark and doubtful than six oracles;

Salutes a friend, as if he had a stitch;

Is his own chronicle, and scarce can eat

For registering himself; is waited on

<sup>1</sup> *The same affects,*] i.e., affections, dispositions.—WHAL.

See Massinger, vol. ii. p. 29.

<sup>2</sup> *For that's the mark of all their ingenious drifts,*] So the quarto. The folio reads *ingenious*, which has the same sense. Whalley printed it from the paltry edition of the booksellers, *ingenious*, and then remarked that the line "was not very harmonious." *Engine* and *ingine*, are both used by our old poets for craft, artifice, and sometimes in a better sense for wit, that is, genius, or the inventive faculty.

<sup>3</sup> *So diffused,*] i.e., wild, irregular, careless, &c. So in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"Rush at once  
With some *diffused* song."

And *Henry V.*:

"Swearing and stern looks, *diffused* attire."

WHAL.

By mimics, jesters, panders, parasites,  
And other such like prodigies of men.  
He past, appears some mincing marmoset  
Made all of clothes and face; his limbs so  
set

As if they had some voluntary act  
Without man's motion, and must move  
just so

In spite of their creation: one that weighs  
His breath between his teeth, and dares  
not smile

Beyond a point, for fear t'unstarch his look;  
Hath travelled to make legs, and seen the  
cringe

Of several courts, and courtiers; knows the  
time

Of giving titles, and of taking walls;  
Hath read court-common-places; made  
them his:

Studied the grammar of state, and all the  
rules

Each formal usher in that politic school  
Can teach a man. A third comes, giving  
nods

To his repenting creditors, protests  
To weeping suitors, takes the coming gold  
Of insolent and base ambition,  
That hourly rubs his dry and itchy palms;  
Which griped, like burning coals, he hurls  
away

Into the laps of bawds, and buffoons'  
mouths.

With him there meets some subtle Proteus,  
one

Can change, and vary with all forms he  
sees;

Be anything but honest; serves the time;  
Hovers betwixt two factions, and explores  
The drifts of both; which, with cross face,  
he bears

To the divided heads, and is received  
With mutual grace of either: one that  
dares

Do deeds worthy the hurdle or the wheel,  
To be thought somebody: and is in sooth  
Such as the satirist<sup>1</sup> points truly forth,  
That only to his crimes owes all his worth.

*Are.* You tell us wonders, Crites.

*Cri.* This is nothing.

There stands a neophite glazing of his face,  
Pruning his clothes, perfuming of his hair,  
Against his idol enters; and repeats,  
Like an unperfect prologue, at third music,  
His part of speeches, and confederate jests,

In passion to himself. Another swears  
His scene of courtship over; bids, believe  
him,

Twenty times ere they will; anon, doth  
seem

As he would kiss away his hand in kindness;  
Then walks off melancholic, and stands  
wreathed,

As he were pinned up to the arras, thus.  
A third is most in action, swims and frisks,  
Plays with his mistress's paps, salutes her  
pumps,

Adores her hems, her skirts, her knots, her  
curls,

Will spend his patrimony for a garter,  
Or the least feather in her bounteous fan.

A fourth, he only comes in for a mute;  
Divides the act with a dumb shew, and  
exit.

Then must the ladies laugh, straight comes  
their scene,

A sixth times worse confusion than the rest.  
Where you shall hear one talk of this man's  
eye,

Another of his lip, a third, his nose,  
A fourth commend his leg, a fifth, his foot,  
A sixth, his hand, and every one a limb;  
That you would think the poor distorted  
gallant

Must there expire. Then fall they in dis-  
course

Of tires and fashions, how they must take  
place,

Where they may kiss, and whom, when to  
sit down,

And with what grace to rise; if they salute,  
What court'sy they must use: such cobweb  
stuff

As would enforce the common'st sense  
abhor

Th' Arachnean workers.

*Are.* Patience, gentle Crites.

This knot of spiders will be soon dissolved,  
And all their webs swept out of Cynthia's  
court,

When once her glorious deity appears,  
And but presents itself in her full light:  
Till when, go in, and spend your hours  
with us,

Your honoured friends, Timè and Phronesis,  
In contemplation of our goddess' name.

Think on some sweet and choice invention  
now,

Worthy her serious and illustrious eyes,

<sup>1</sup> Such as the satirist, &c.]

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, et carcere dignum,*

*Si vis esse aliquis; probitas laudatur et alget;  
Criminibus debent hortos, pratoria, mensas,  
Argentum vetus, et stantem extra pocula  
caprum.—Juvenal, Sat. I.*

That from the merit of it we may take  
Desired occasion to prefer your worth,  
And make your service known to Cynthia.  
It is the pride of Arete to grace  
Her studious lovers; and, in scorn of time,  
Envy, and ignorance, to lift their state  
Above a vulgar height. True happiness  
Consists not in the multitude of friends,  
But in the worth and choice. Nor would  
I have  
Virtue a popular regard pursue:  
Let them be good that love me, though  
but few.

*Cri.* I kiss thy hands, divinest Arete,  
And vow myself to thee and Cynthia.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in  
the same.*

*Enter Amorphus, followed by Asotus and  
his Tailor.*

*Amo.* A little more forward: so, sir.  
Now go in, discloak yourself, and come  
forth. [*Exit Asotus.*] Tailor, bestow thy  
absence upon us; and be not prodigal of  
this secret, but to a dear customer.

[*Exit Tailor.*]

*Re-enter Asotus.*

'Tis well entered, sir. Stay, you come on  
too fast; your pace is too impetuous.  
Imagine this to be the palace of your  
pleasure, or place where your lady is  
pleased to be seen. First, you present  
yourself, thus: and spying her, you fall off,  
and walk some two turns; in which time,  
it is to be supposed, your passion hath suf-  
ficiently whited your face, then, stifling a  
sigh or two, and closing your lips, with a  
trembling boldness, and bold terror, you  
advance yourself forward. Prove thus  
much, I pray you.

*Aso.* Yes, sir;—pray Jove I can light on  
it! Here, I come in, you say, and present  
myself?

*Amo.* Good.

*Aso.* And then I spy her, and walk off?

*Amo.* Very good.

*Aso.* Now, sir, I stifle, and advance for-  
ward?

*Amo.* Trembling.

*Aso.* Yes, sir, trembling: I shall do it  
better when I come to it. And what must  
I speak now?

*Amo.* Marry, you shall say: "Dear  
Beauty," or "Sweet Honour," (or by what  
other title you please to remember her,)  
"methinks you are melancholy." This is,  
if she be alone now, and discompanied.

*Aso.* Well, sir, I'll enter again; her title  
shall be, "My dear Lindabrides."<sup>1</sup>

*Amo.* Lindabrides!

*Aso.* Ay, sir, the Emperor Alicandroe's  
daughter, and the Prince Meridian's sister,  
in *The Knight of the Sun*; she should  
have been married to him, but that the  
Princess Claridiana—

*Amo.* O, you betray your reading.

*Aso.* Nay, sir, I have read history, I am  
a little humanitian. Interrupt me not,  
good sir. "My dear Lindabrides, my  
dear Lindabrides,—my dear Lindabrides,  
methinks you are melancholy."

*Amo.* Ay, and take her by the rosy-  
fingered hand.

*Aso.* Must I so: O!—"My dear Lin-  
dabrides, methinks you are melancholy."

*Amo.* Or thus, sir. "All variety of  
divine pleasures, choice sports, sweet music,  
rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken  
thoughts, attend this dear beauty."

*Aso.* Believe me, that's pretty. "All  
variety of divine pleasures, choice sports,  
sweet music, rich fare, brave attire, soft  
beds, and silken thoughts, attend this dear  
beauty."

*Amo.* And then, offering to kiss her  
hand, if she shall coyly recoil, and signify  
your repulse; you are to re-enforce your-  
self with,

"More than most fair lady,

Let not the rigour<sup>2</sup> of your just disdain

Thus coarsely censure of your servant's  
zeal."

And withal, protest her to be the only and  
absolute unparalleled creature you do adore,  
and admire, and respect, and reverence, in  
this court, corner of the world, or king-  
dom.

*Aso.* This is hard, by my faith. I'll  
begin it all again.

<sup>1</sup> *My dear Lindabrides.*] This fair creature,  
who should have been married to the Donzel del  
Phebo, is often mentioned by our old writers.  
So Rowley: "*Lindabrides!* slid, I have read  
of her in the *Mirror of Knighthood*," &c.—  
*Match at Midnight.* From her celebrity, she  
became with them a common name for a mistress.

<sup>2</sup> *Let not, &c.*] These verses are probably  
what Jonson just below calls "play-particles."  
The prose was undoubtedly borrowed from  
the absurd and fustian courtship of the times,  
which was a corruption of the *Lithphues* and  
*Aradia*.

*Amo.* Do so, and I will act it for your lady.

*Aso.* Will you vouchsafe, sir? "All variety of divine pleasures, choice sports, sweet music, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend this dear beauty."

*Amo.* So, sir, pray you away.

*Aso.* "More than most fair lady, Let not the rigour of your just disdain Thus coarsely censure of your servant's zeal;

I protest you are the only, and absolute, unapparelled"——

*Amo.* Unparalleled.

*Aso.* "Unparalleled creature, I do adore, and admire, and respect, and reverence, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom."

*Amo.* This is, if she abide you. But now, put the case she should be passant when you enter, as thus: you are to frame your gait thereafter, and call upon her, "lady, nymph, sweet refuge, star of our court." Then, if she be guardant, here; you are to come on, and, laterally disposing yourself, swear by her blushing and well-coloured cheek, the bright dye of her hair, her ivory teeth (though they be ebony), or some such white and innocent oath, to induce you. If regardant, then maintain your station, brisk and irpe,<sup>1</sup> shew the supple motion of your pliant body, but in chief of your knee, and hand, which cannot but arride her proud humour exceedingly.

*Aso.* I conceive you, sir, I shall perform all these things in good time, I doubt not, they do so hit me.

*Amo.* Well, sir, I am your lady; make use of any of these beginnings, or some other out of your own invention; and prove how you can hold up, and follow it. Say, say.

*Aso.* Yes, sir. "My dear Lindabrides."

*Amo.* No, you affect that Lindabrides too much; and let me tell you it is not so courtly. Your pedant<sup>2</sup> should provide you some parcels of French, or some pretty

commodity of Italian, to commence with, if you would be exotic and exquisite.

*Aso.* Yes, sir, he was at my lodging t'other morning, I gave him a doublet.

*Amo.* Double your benevolence, and give him the hose too; clothe you his body, he will help to apparel your mind. But now, see what your proper genius can perform alone, without adjection of any other Minerva.

*Aso.* I comprehend you, sir.

*Amo.* I do stand you, sir: fall back to your first place. Good, passing well; very properly pursued.

*Aso.* "Beautiful, ambiguous, and sufficient lady, what! are you all alone?"

*Amo.* "We would be, sir, if you would leave us."

*Aso.* "I am at your beauty's appointment, bright angel; but——"

*Amo.* "What but?"

*Aso.* "No harm, more than most fair feature."

*Amo.* That touch relished well.

*Aso.* "But, I protest——"

*Amo.* "And why should you protest?"

*Aso.* "For good will, dear esteemed madam, and I hope your ladyship will so conceive of it:

'And will, in time, return from your disdain, And rue the suff'rance of our friendly pain.'"

*Amo.* O, that piece was excellent! If you could pick out more of these play-particles, and, as occasion shall salute you, embroider or damask your discourse with them, persuade your soul, it would most judiciously commend you. Come, this was a well-discharged and auspicious bout. Prove the second.

*Aso.* "Lady, I cannot ruffle it<sup>3</sup> in red and yellow."

*Amo.* "Why, if you can revel it in white, sir, 'tis sufficient."

*Aso.* "Say you so, sweet lady! Lan, tede, de, de, dant, dant, dant, dante. [*Sings and dances.*] No, in good faith, madam, whosoever told your ladyship so, abused you; but I would be glad to meet your ladyship in a measure."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Brisk and irpe.*] See the *Palinode*. p. 203

<sup>2</sup> *Your pedant.*] See p. 157 a, and the *Poelaster*.

<sup>3</sup> *I cannot ruffle it;*] i.e., flaunt it, swagger, or act the part of a ruffler. A cheating bully is called a ruffler in several acts of parliament in the reign of Hen. VIII. See *Old Plays*, vol. i. p. 259. So in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611: "A ruffler is my stile, my title, my profession." A ruffler is described in *Decker's Belman of London*, 1616, Sign. D.—WHAL.

<sup>4</sup> *I would be glad to meet your ladyship in a measure,*] Measures (when spoken of technically) were dances of a grave and dignified kind, performed at court and at public entertainments at the Temple, Inns of Court, &c. They were not to the taste of Sir Toby, if we may trust Shakspeare; and that the knight was not singular in his dislike appears from *Shirley's Bird in a Cage*: "No, none of your dull measures! There's no sport but in your country figaries."

*Amo.* "Me, sir! Belike you measure me by yourself, then?"

*Aso.* "Would I might, fair feature."

*Amo.* "And what were you the better, if you might?"

*Aso.* "The better it please you to ask, fair lady."

*Amo.* Why, this was ravishing, and most acutely continued. Well, spend not your humour too much, you have now competently exercised your conceit: this, once or twice a day, will render you an accomplished, elaborate, and well-levelled gallant. Convey in your courting-stock, we will in the heat of this go visit the nymphs' chamber. [Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter* Phantaste, Philautia, Argurion, Moria, and Cupid.

*Pha.* I would this water would arrive once, our travelling friend so commended to us.

*Arg.* So would I, for he has left all us in travail with expectation of it.

*Pha.* Pray Jove, I never rise from this couch, if ever I thirsted more for a thing in my whole time of being a courtier.

*Phi.* Nor I, I'll be sworn: the very mention of it sets my lips in a worse heat, than if he had sprinkled them with mercury. Reach me the glass, sirrah.

*Cup.* Here, lady.

*Mor.* They do not peel, sweet charge, do they?

*Phi.* Yes, a little, guardian.

*Mor.* O, 'tis an eminent good sign. Ever when my lips do so, I am sure to have some delicious good drink or other approaching.

*Arg.* Marry, and this may be good for us ladies;<sup>1</sup> for it seems 'tis far fet by their stay.

*Mor.* My palate for yours, dear Honour, it shall prove most elegant, I warrant you. O, I do fancy this gear that's long a coming, with an unmeasurable strain.

*Pha.* Pray thee sit down, Philautia; that rebatu becomes thee singularly.<sup>2</sup>

*Phi.* Is it not quaint?

*Pha.* Yes, faith. Methinks, thy servant Hedon is nothing so obsequious to thee as he was wont to be: I know not how, he is grown out of his garb a-late, he's warped.

*Mor.* In trueness, and so methinks too: he is much converted.

*Phi.* Tut, let him be what he will, 'tis an animal I dream not of. This tire, methinks, makes me look very ingeniously, quick, and spirited; I should be some Laura, or some Delia, methinks.

*Mor.* As I am wise, fair Honours, that title she gave him, to be her Ambition, spoiled him: before, he was the most propitious and observant young novice——

*Pha.* No, no, you are the whole heaven awry, guardian; 'tis the swaggering coach-horse Anaides draws with him there,<sup>3</sup> has been the diverter of him.

*Phi.* For Cupid's sake speak no more of him; would I might never dare to look in a mirror again, if I respect ever a marmoset of 'em all, otherwise than I would a feather, or my shuttlecock, to make sport with now and then.

*Pha.* Come, sit down; troth, an you be good beauties, let's run over them all now. Which is the properest man amongst them? I say, the traveller, Amorphus.

*Phi.* O, fie on him, he looks like a Venetian trumpeter in the battle of Lepanto,<sup>4</sup> in the gallery yonder; and speaks

Again:

"He'll be an excellent coach-horse for any captain."—*Green's Tu Quoque.*

And Shakspeare: "Three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym."—*Merry Wives of Windsor* **WHAL.**

<sup>4</sup> *He looks like a Venetian trumpeter in the battle of Lepanto.*] Alluding to the famous sea-fight between the Turks and Christians in the year 1571, in which the Turks were defeated with great loss—**WHAL.**

And to little purpose, Whalley might have added. The 4to reads *Dutch trumpeter*, which was well corrected in the folio.

<sup>1</sup> *This may be good for us ladies, &c.*] Argurion alludes to the old proverb: "*Far fet* (fetched) *is good for ladies.*"

<sup>2</sup> *That rebatu becomes thee singularly.*] This was a kind of ruff or collar-band, which turned back, and lay in plaits, on the shoulders. It is frequently mentioned by our old poets, as a fashionable part of the dress both of ladies and gentlemen.

<sup>3</sup> *'Tis the swaggering coach-horse Anaides draws with him.*] This contemptuous term for a companion or close associate is very common. Thus, in *Mons. d'Olive*: "Welcome, little wit; my page Pacque here makes choice of you to be his fellow coach-horse."

to the tune of a country lady, that comes ever in the rearward or train of a fashion.

*Mor.* I should have judgment in a feature, sweet beauties.

*Pha.* A body would think so, at these years.

*Mor.* And I prefer another now, far before him, a million at least.

*Pha.* Who might that be, guardian?

*Mor.* Marry, fair charge, Anaides.

*Pha.* Anaides! you talked of a tune, Philautia: there's one speaks in a key, like the opening of some justice's gate, or a postboy's horn, as if his voice feared an arrest for some ill words it should give, and were loth to come forth.

*Phi.* Ay, and he has a very imperfect face.

*Pha.* Like a sea-monster, that were to ravish Andromeda from the rock.

*Phi.* His hands too great too, by at least a straw's breadth.

*Pha.* Nay, he has a worse fault than that too.

*Phi.* A long heel?

*Pha.* That were a fault in a lady, rather than him: no, they say he puts off the calves of his legs, with his stockings, every night.

*Phi.* Out upon him! Turn to another of the pictures, for love's sake. What says Argurion? Whom does she commend after the rest?

*Cup.* I hope I have instructed her sufficiently for an answer. [Aside.]

*Mor.* Troth, I made the motion to her ladyship for one to-day, i' the presence, but it appeared she was otherways furnished before: she would none.

*Pha.* Who was that, Argurion?

*Mor.* Marry, the poor plain gentleman in the black there.

*Pha.* Who, Crites?

*Arg.* Ay, ay, he: a fellow that nobody so much as looked upon, or regarded; and she would have had me done him particular grace.

*Pha.* That was a true trick of yourself, Moria, to persuade Argurion to affect the scholar.

*Arg.* Tut, but she shall be no chooser for me. In good faith, I like the citizen's son there, Asotus; methinks none of them all come near him.

*Pha.* Not Hedon?

*Arg.* Hedon! in troth, no. Hedon's a pretty slight courtier, and he wears his clothes well, and sometimes in fashion; marry, his face is but indifferent, and he has no such excellent body. No, the other is a most delicate youth; a sweet face, a straight body, a well-proportioned leg and foot, a white hand, a tender voice.

*Phi.* How now, Argurion!

*Pha.* O, you should have let her alone, she was bestowing a copy of him upon us. Such a nose were enough to make me love a man, now.

*Phi.* And then his several colours, he wears; wherein he flourisheth changeably, every day.

*Pha.* O, but his short hair, and his narrow eyes!

*Phi.* Why she doats more palpably upon him than ever his father did upon her.

*Pha.* Believe me, the young gentleman deserves it. If she could doat more, 'twere not amiss. He is an exceeding proper youth, and would have made a most neat barber-surgeon, if he had been put to it in time.

*Phi.* Say you so! Methinks he looks like a tailor already.

*Pha.* Ay, that had said on one of his customer's suits. His face is like a squeezed orange, or—

*Arg.* Well, ladies, jest on: the best of you both would be glad of such a servant.

*Mor.* Ay, I'll be sworn would they, though he be a little shame-faced.

*Pha.* Shame-faced, Moria! out upon him. Your shame-faced servant is your only gull.

*Mor.* Go to, beauties, make much of time, and place, and occasion, and opportunity, and favourites, and things that belong to them, for I'll ensure you they will all relinquish; they cannot endure above another year; I know it out of future experience; and therefore take exhibition, and warning. I was once a reveller myself, and though I speak it, as mine own trumpet, I was then esteemed—

*Phi.* The very march-pane of the court,<sup>1</sup> I warrant you.

*Pha.* And all the gallants came about you like flies, did they not?

*Mor.* Go to, they did somewhat;<sup>2</sup> that's no matter now.

*Pha.* Nay, good Moria, be not angry. Put

<sup>1</sup> The very march-pane of the court.] A confection made of pistachio nuts, almonds, sugar, &c. much esteemed in the poet's age.—WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> Go to, they did somewhat, &c.] All, from this speech to the entrance of Hedon, was first added in the folio, 1616. It is admirably written,

case, that we four now had the grant from Juno, to wish ourselves into what happy estate we could, what would you wish to be, Moria?

*Mor.* Who, I ! let me see now. I would wish to be a wise woman, and know all the secrets of court, city, and country. I would know what were done behind the arras, what upon the stairs, what in the garden, what in the nymphs' chamber, what by barge, and what by coach. I would tell you which courtier were scabbed and which not; which lady had her own face to lie with her a-nights and which not; who put off their teeth with their clothes in court, who their hair, who their complexion; and in which box they put it. There should not a nymph, or a widow, be got with child in the Verge, but I would guess, within one or two, who was the right father, and in what month it was gotten; with what words, and which way. I would tell you which madam loved a monsieur, which a player, which a page; who slept with her husband, who with her friend, who with her gentleman-usher, who with her horse-keeper, who with her monkey, and who with all; yes, and who jiggered the cock too.<sup>1</sup>

*Pha.* Pie, you'd tell all, Moria! If I should wish now, it should be to have your tongue out. But what says Philautia? Who should she be?

*Phi.* Troth, the very same I am. Only I would wish myself a little more command and sovereignty; that all the court were subject to my absolute beck, and all things in it depending on my look; as if there were no other heaven but in my smile, nor other hell but in my frown; that I might send for any man I list, and have his head cut off when I have done with him, or made an eunuch if he denied me; and if I saw a better face than mine own, I might have my doctor to poison it. What would you wish, Phantaste?

*Pha.* Faith, I cannot readily tell you what; but methinks I should wish myself all manner of creatures. Now I would be

an empress, and by and by a duchess; then a great lady of state, then one of your miscellany madams, then a waiting-woman, then your citizen's wife, then a coarse country gentlewoman, then a dairy-maid, then a shepherd's lass, then an empress again, or the queen of fairies: and thus I would prove the vicissitudes and whirl of pleasures about and again. As I were a shepherdess, I would be piped and sung to; as a dairy-wench, I would dance at maypoles, and make syllabubs; as a country gentlewoman, keep a good house, and come up to term to see motions; as a citizen's wife, be troubled with a jealous husband, and put to my shifts; others' miseries should be my pleasures. As a waiting-woman I would taste my lady's delights to her; as a miscellany madam, invent new tires, and go visit courtiers; as a great lady, lie a-bed, and have courtiers visit me; as a duchess, I would keep my state; and as an empress, I would do anything. And, in all these shapes, I would ever be followed with the affections of all that see me. Marry, I myself would affect none: or if I did, it should not be heartily, but so as I might save myself in them still, and take pride in tormenting the poor wretches. Or, now I think on't, I would, for one year, wish myself one woman; but the richest, fairest, and delicatest in a kingdom, the very centre of wealth and beauty, wherein all lines of love should meet, and in that person I would prove all manner of suitors, of all humours, and of all complexions, and never have any two of a sort. I would see how love, by the power of his object, could work inwardly alike, in a choleric man and a sanguine, in a melancholic and a phlegmatic, in a fool and a wise man, in a clown and a courtier, in a valiant man and a coward; and how he could vary outward, by letting this gallant express himself in dumb gaze; another with sighing and rubbing his fingers; a third, with play-ends and pitiful verses; a fourth with stabbing himself,<sup>2</sup> and drunk-

and perfectly characteristic of the several speakers; yet it might well have been spared, as it conduces nothing to the progress of the plot, (such as it is,) and the play was before sufficiently long.

<sup>1</sup> Yes, and who jiggered the cock too.] This expression I do not understand. In canting language *jigger* is a *key*. Whether Mother Moria means to say that she knew who turned the cock clandestinely, and added *drunkenness*

to her other vices, I know not; perhaps the subject is better left in obscurity: I may, however, observe that the good old lady had been looking into Juvenal.

<sup>2</sup> A fourth, with stabbing himself, &c.] These appear to have been marks of heroic gallantry in this age.

“By the faith of a soldier, lady, I do reverence the ground that you walk upon. I will fight with him that dares say you are not fair, stab him

ing healths, or writing languishing letters in his blood ; a fifth, in coloured ribands and good clothes ; with this lord to smile, and that lord to court, and the t'other lord to dote, and one lord to hang himself. And, then, I to have a book made of all this, which I would call the *Book of Humours*, and every night read a little piece ere I slept, and laugh at it.—Here comes Hedon.

*Enter Hedon, Anaides, and Mercury, who retires with Cupid to the back of the stage, where they converse together.*

*Hed.* Save you, sweet and clear beauties ! By the spirit that moves in me, you are all most pleasingly bestowed, ladies. Only I can take it for no good omen, to find mine Honour so dejected.

*Phi.* You need not fear, sir ; I did of purpose humble myself against your coming, to decline the pride of my Ambition.

*Hed.* Fair Honour, Ambition dares not stoop ; but if it be your sweet pleasure I shall lose that title, I will, as I am Hedon, apply myself to your bounties.

*Phi.* That were the next way to dis-title myself of honour. O no, rather be still Ambitious, I pray you.

*Hed.* I will be anything that you please, whilst it pleaseth you to be yourself, lady. Sweet Phantaste, dear Moria, most beautiful Argurion—

*Ana.* Farewell, Hedon.

*Hed.* Anaides, stay, whither go you ?

*Ana.* 'Slight, what should I do here ? an you engross them all for your own use, 'tis time for me to seek out.

*Hed.* I engross them ! Away, mischief ; this is one of your extravagant jests now, because I began to salute them by their names.

*Ana.* Faith, you might have spared us Madam Prudence, the guardian there, though you had more covetously aimed at the rest.

*Hed.* 'Sheart, take them all, man : what speak you to me of aiming or covetous ?

*Ana.* Ay, say you so ! nay, then, have at them :—Ladies, here's one hath distinguished you by your names already. It shall only become me to ask how you do.

*Hed.* Ods so, was this the design you travailed with ?

*Phi.* Who answers the brazen head ? it spoke to somebody.

*Ana.* Lady Wisdom, do you interpret for these puppets ?

*Mor.* In truth and sadness, honours, you are in great offence for this. Go to ; the gentleman (I'll undertake with him) is a man of fair living, and able to maintain a lady in her two coaches a day, besides pages, monkeys, and paraquettoes, with such attendants as she shall think meet for her turn ; and therefore there is more respect requirable, howsoe'er you seem to connive.<sup>1</sup> Hark you, sir, let me discourse a syllable with you. I am to say to you, these ladies are not of that close-and-open behaviour as haply you may suspend ;<sup>2</sup> their carriage is well known to be such as it should be, both gentle and extraordinary.

*Mer.* O, here comes the other pair.

*Enter Amorphus and Asotus.*

*Amo.* That was your father's love, the nymph Argurion. I would have you direct all your courtship thither ; if you could but endear yourself to her affection, you were eternally engallanted.

*Aso.* In truth, sir ! pray Phœbus I prove favourable in her fair eyes.

*Amo.* All divine mixture, and increase of beauty to this bright bevy of ladies ; and to

that will not pledge your health, and with a dagger open a vein to drink a full health to you." *Green's Tu Quoque.*

<sup>1</sup> Howsoe'er you seem to connive,] i.e., I suppose to wink or make faces at it. Decker ridicules Jonson for the use of this word in his *Satirromastix*. "I was but at the barber's last day, and when he was rincing my face, did but cry out, Fellow, thou makest me *connive* too long ; and says he, Master Asinius Bubo, you have e'en *Horace's* words as right as if he had spit them into your mouth." As the poet is evidently imitating the affected jargon of the ladies of the court, it may be questioned whether his language be a legitimate object of satire : but, indeed, *connive* is used by other dramatic writers without the

preposition ; if it be this which offended Decker. Thus Fletcher :

"The truth is,

I must *connive* no more, no more admittance  
Must I consent to."—*Martial Maid.*

And Massinger :

"'Tis then most fit that we

Should not *connive*, and see his government  
Depraved and scandalized."—*Roman Actor.*

<sup>2</sup> These ladies are not of that close and open behaviour, as haply you may suspend.] If this be not an *Euphuism* for a disposition in the ladies to play fast and loose with their lovers, the reader, I believe, must acquiesce in Whalley's conjecture, and for *close* read *loose*. *Suspend*, as he observes, has the sense of *suspect*.

the male courtiers, compliment and courtesy.

*Hed.* In the behalf of the males, I gratify you, Amorphus.

*Pha.* And I of the females.

*Amo.* Succinctly returned. I do vail to both your thanks, and kiss them; but primarily to yours, most ingenious, acute, and polite lady.

*Phi.* Ods my life, how he does all-to-bequalify her! *ingenious, acute, and polite!* as if there was not others in place as ingenious, acute, and polite as she.

*Hed.* Yes, but you must know, lady, he cannot speak out of a dictionary method.

*Pha.* Sit down, sweet Amorphus. When will this water come, think you?

*Amo.* It cannot now be long, fair lady.

*Cup.* Now observe, Mercury.

*Aso.* How, most ambiguous beauty! love you? that I will by this handkerchief.

*Mer.* 'Slid, he draws his oaths out of his pocket.

*Arg.* But will you be constant?

*Aso.* Constant, madam! I will not say for constantness; but by this purse, which I would be loth to swear by, unless it were embroidered, I protest, more than most fair lady, you are the only absolute and unparalleled creature, I do adore, and admire, and respect, and reverence in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom. Methinks you are melancholy.

*Arg.* Does your heart speak all this?

*Aso.* Say you?

*Mer.* O, he is groping for another oath.

*Aso.* Now by this watch—I marle how forward the day is—I do unfeignedly vow myself—'sight, 'tis deeper than I took it, past five—yours entirely addicted, madam.

*Arg.* I require no more, dearest Asotus; henceforth let me call you mine, and in remembrance of me, vouchsafe to wear this chain and this diamond.

*Aso.* O lord, sweet lady!

*Cup.* There are new oaths for him.

What! doth Hermes taste no alteration in all this?

*Mer.* Yes, thou hast strook Argurion enamoured on Asotus, methinks.

*Cup.* Alas, no; I am nobody, I; I can do nothing in this disguise.

*Mer.* But thou hast not wounded any of the rest, Cupid.

*Cup.* Not yet; it is enough that I have begun so prosperously.

*Arg.* Nay, these are nothing to the gems I will hourly bestow upon thee; be but faithful and kind to me, and I will lade thee with my richest bounties; behold, here my bracelets from mine arms.

*Aso.* Not so, good lady, by this diamond.

*Arg.* Take 'em, wear 'em; my jewels, chain of pearl, pendants, all I have.

*Aso.* Nay, then, by this pearl you make me a wanton.

*Cup.* Shall she not answer for this, to maintain him thus in swearing?

*Mer.* O no, there is a way to wean him from this, the gentleman may be reclaimed.

*Cup.* Ay, if you had the airing of his apparel, coz, I think.

*Aso.* Loving! 'twere pity an I should be living else, believe me. Save you, sir, save you, sweet lady, save you, Monsieur Anaides, save you, dear madam.

*Ana.* Dost thou know him that saluted thee, Hedon?

*Hed.* No, some idle Fungoso, that hath got above the cupboard since yesterday.<sup>1</sup>

*Ana.* 'Slud, I never saw him till this morning, and he salutes me as familiarly as if we had known together since the deluge, or the first year of Troy action.

*Amo.* A most right-handed and auspicious encounter. Confine yourself to your fortunes.

*Phi.* For sport's sake let's have some Riddles or Purposes, ho!

*Pha.* No, faith, your Prophecies are best, the t'other are stale.

*Phi.* Prophecies! we cannot all sit in

<sup>1</sup> *Some Fungoso that hath got above the cupboard since yesterday.*] Some mushroom, some upstart servant who has been just advanced. The cupboard (the modern sideboard) then contained the plate: near this, and above it, the retainers and superior domestics of great families were ranged for state, and for the service of the nobler guests. When the numerous gradations of servitude are considered, and the strictness with which each of them was formerly defined and maintained, it will not appear strange that a rapid advancement should produce some degree

of pride, in weak minds. These *cupboards* are often mentioned by our old writers. Thus Sir John Harrington: "I have ever been against the opinion of some elder servitors, who will maintain that till ii of the clocke no gentleman should stand *above the cupboard.*"

*Treatise on Plays.*

And Donne:

"Hear how the huishers cheques, *cupbord* and *fire* I passed; by which degrees young men aspire In court," &c.—*Sat. vi.*

at them ; we shall make a confusion. No ; what called you that we had in the forenoon ?

*Pha.* Substantives and adjectives, is it not, Hedon ?

*Phi.* Ay, that. Who begins ?

*Pha.* I have thought ; speak your adjectives, sirs.

*Phi.* But do not you change then.

*Pha.* Not I. Who says ?

*Mor.* Odoriferous.

*Phi.* Popular.

*Arg.* Humble.

*Ana.* White-livered.

*Hed.* Barbarous.

*Amo.* Pythagorical.

*Hed.* Yours, signior ?

*Aso.* What must I do, sir ?

*Amo.* Give forth your adjective with the rest ; as preposterous, good, fair, sweet, well—

*Hed.* Anything that hath not been spoken.

*Aso.* Yes, sir, well-spoken shall be mine.

*Pha.* What, have you all done ?

*All.* Ay.

*Pha.* Then the substantive is Breeches. Why *odoriferous* breeches, guardian ?

*Mor.* Odoriferous, -- because odoriferous : that which contains most variety of savour and smell we say is most odoriferous ; now breeches, I presume, are incident to that variety, and therefore odoriferous breeches.

*Pha.* Well, we must take it howsoever. Who's next ? Philautia ?

*Phi.* Popular.

*Pha.* Why *popular* breeches ?

*Phi.* Marry, that is, when they are not content to be generally noted in court, but will press forth on common stages and brokers' stalls, to the public view of the world.

*Pha.* Good. Why *humble* breeches, Argurion ?

*Arg.* Humble ! because they use to be sat upon ; besides, if you tie them not up, their property is to fall down about your heels.

*Mer.* She has worn the breeches, it seems, which have done so.

<sup>1</sup> *Pha.* *Nay, we have another sport afore this, &c.* ] The preceding and following sport, as the author calls it, were probably the diversion of the age, and of the same stamp with our modern *cross-purposes, questions and commands, &c.* ; but, trifling as it is, Jonson is not to be censured for representing his courtiers as they really were.—**WHAL.**

This "other sport" is not in the quarto. Jon-

*Pha.* But why *white-livered* ?

*Ana.* Why ! are not their linings white ? Besides, when they come in swaggering company, and will pocket up anything, may they not properly be said to be white-livered ?

*Pha.* O yes, we must not deny it. And why *barbarous*, Hedon ?

*Hed.* Barbarous ! because commonly, when you have worn your breeches sufficiently, you give them to your barber.

*Amo.* That's good ; but how *Pythagorical* ?

*Phi.* Ay, Amorphus, why Pythagorical breeches ?

*Amo.* O most kindly of all ; 'tis a conceit of that fortune, I am bold to hug my brain for.

*Pha.* How is it, exquisite Amorphus ?

*Amo.* O, I am rapt with it, 'tis so fit, so proper, so happy—

*Phi.* Nay, do not rack us thus.

*Amo.* I never truly relished myself before. Give me your ears. Breeches Pythagorical, by reason of their transmigration into several shapes.

*Mor.* Most rare, in sweet troth. Marry this young gentleman, for his well-spoken—

*Pha.* Ay, why *well-spoken* breeches ?

*Aso.* Well-spoken ! Marry, well-spoken, because—whatsoever they speak is well-taken ; and whatsoever is well-taken is well-spoken.

*Mor.* Excellent ! believe me.

*Aso.* Not so, ladies, neither.

*Hed.* But why breeches, now ?

*Pha.* Breeches, *quasi* bear-riches ; when a gallant bears all his riches in his breeches.

*Amo.* Most fortunately etymologized.

*Pha.* <sup>1</sup>Nay, we have another sport afore this, of A thing done, and who did it, &c.

*Phi.* Ay, good Phantaste, let's have that : distribute the places.

*Pha.* Why, I imagine, A thing done ; Hedon thinks, who did it ; Moria, with what it was done ; Anaides, where it was done ; Argurion, when it was done ; Amorphus, for what cause was it done ; you, Philautia, what followed upon the doing of it ; and this

son or his audiences must have found the ridicule on the state follies of Whitehall highly entertaining, to encourage such frequent interpolations in this interminable drama. "Good Queen Bess" was now growing indifferent to popular amusements ; but there had been a time when such attempts to excite mirth at the expense of even her meanest servants could not be hazarded with impunity.

gentleman, who would have done it better? What? is it conceived about?

*All.* Yes, yes.

*Phi.* Then speak you, sir, *Who would have done it better?*

*Aso.* How! does it begin at me?

*Phi.* Yes, sir: this play is called the Crab, it goes backward.

*Aso.* May I not name myself?

*Phi.* If you please, sir, and dare abide the venture of it.

*Aso.* Then I would have done it better, whatever it is.

*Phi.* No doubt on't, sir: a good confidence. *What followed upon the act, Philautia?*

*Phi.* A few heat drops, and a month's mirth.

*Phi.* *For what cause, Amorphus?*

*Amo.* For the delight of ladies.

*Phi.* *When, Argurion?*

*Arg.* Last progress.

*Phi.* *Where, Anaides?*

*Ana.* Why, in a pair of pained slops.<sup>1</sup>

*Phi.* *With what, Moria?*

*Mor.* With a glyster.

*Phi.* *Who, Hedon?*

*Hed.* A traveller.

*Phi.* Then the thing done was, *An oration was made.* Rehearse. An oration was made—

*Hed.* By a traveller—

*Mor.* With a glyster—

*Ana.* In a pair of pained slops—

*Arg.* Last progress—

*Amo.* For the delight of ladies—

*Phi.* A few heat drops, and a month's mirth followed.

*Phi.* And, this silent gentleman would have done it better.

*Aso.* This was not so good, now.

*Phi.* In good faith, these unhappy pages would be whipped for staying thus.

*Mor.* Beshrew my hand and my heart else.

*Amo.* I do wonder at their protraction.

*Ana.* Pray Venus my whore have not discovered herself to the rascally boys, and that be the cause of their stay.

*Aso.* I must suit myself with another

page: this idle Prosaite will never be brought to wait well.

*Mor.* Sir, I have a kinsman I could willingly wish to your service,<sup>2</sup> if you will deign to accept of him.

*Aso.* And I shall be glad, most sweet lady, to embrace him. Where is he?

*Mor.* I can fetch him, sir, but I would be loth to make you to turn away your other page.

*Aso.* You shall not, most sufficient lady; I will keep both: pray you let's go see him.

*Arg.* Whither goes my love?

*Aso.* I'll return presently, I go but to see a page with this lady.

[*Exeunt Asotus and Moria.*]

*Ana.* As sure as fate, 'tis so; she has opened all: a pox of all cockatrices! D—n me, if she have played loose with me, I'll cut her throat, within a hair's breadth, so it may be healed again.

*Mer.* What, is he jealous of his hermaprodite?

*Cup.* O, ay, this will be excellent sport.

*Phi.* Phantaste, Argurion! what, you are suddenly struck, methinks! For love's sake let's have some music till they come: Ambition, reach the lyra, I pray you.

*Hed.* Anything to which my Honour shall direct me.

*Phi.* Come, Amorphus, cheer up Phantaste.

*Amo.* It shall be my pride, fair lady, to attempt all that is in my power. But here is an instrument that alone is able to infuse soul into the most melancholic and dull-disposed creature upon earth. O, let me kiss thy fair knees. Beauteous ears, attend it.

*Hed.* Will you have "*the Kiss*," Honour?

*Phi.* Ay, good Ambition.

*Hedon sings.*

O, that joy so soon should waste!

Or so sweet a bliss

As a kiss

Might not for ever last!

So sugared, so melting, so soft, so delicious,  
The dew that lies on roses,

<sup>1</sup> *Pained slops.*] Large and loose breeches, which were the fashionable dress of the age, and seem to have been made of *panes* or partitions, perhaps of different colours. Of this make were the coverings for beds, which are still called *counterpanes*. These slops seem to be alluded to in *Marston's Satires*:

"Yon tissue *slop*, yon holy-crossed *pane*."

B. ii. Sat. 7.—WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> *Wish to your service.*] To *wish* is to recommend. Thus in a *Match at Midnight*: "He says he was *wished* to a very wealthy widow." And in *The City Night-cap*: "He is *wished* to her by Madona Lussuriosa." The word occurs again in the *Alchemist*.—WHAL.

When the morn herself discloses,  
Is not so precious.  
O rather than I would it smother,  
Were I to taste such another;  
It should be my wishing  
That I might die with kissing.

*Hed.* I made this ditty, and the note to it, upon a kiss that my Honour gave me; how like you it, sir?

*Amo.* A pretty air; in general, I like it well: but in particular, your long die-note did arride me most, but it was somewhat too long. I can shew one almost of the same nature, but much before it, and not so long, in a composition of mine own. I think I have both the note and ditty about me.

*Hed.* Pray you, sir, see.

*Amo.* Yes, there is the note; and all the parts if I misthink not. I will read the ditty to your beauties here; but first I am to make you familiar with the occasion, which presents itself thus. Upon a time, going to take my leave of the emperor, and kiss his great hands, there being then present the kings of France and Arragon, the dukes of Savoy, Florence, Orleans, Bourbon, Brunswick, the Landgrave, Count Palatine; all which had severally feasted me; besides infinite more of inferior persons, as counts and others; it was my chance (the emperor detained by some exorbitant affair) to wait him the fifth part of an hour, or much near it. In which time, retiring myself into a bay-window,<sup>1</sup> the beauteous lady Annabel, niece to the empress, and sister to the king of Arragon, who having never before eyed me, but only heard the common report of my virtue, learning, and travel, fell into that extremity of passion for my love, that she there immediately swooned: physicians were sent for, she had to her chamber, so to her bed; where, languishing some few days, after many times calling upon me, with my name in her lips, she expired. As that (I must mournfully say) is the only fault of my fortune, that, as it hath ever been my hap to be sued to, by all ladies and beauties, where I have come;

<sup>1</sup> A bay-window,] This is what we call a bow-window, and was very common in our old houses. As these bows were sufficiently large, they were the common retiring-places; and it is impossible to read any of our ancient historians without discovering that the most confidential conversations were held in them. "It hath its name," says Minshew, "because it is buildd in manner like a bate or rode for shippes, that is, round." He is right in his explanation; but why a bay window should take its name from a

so I never yet sojourned or rested in that place or part of the world, where some high-born, admirable, fair feature died not for my love.

*Mer.* O, the sweet power of travel!—Are you guilty of this, Cupid?

*Cup.* No, Mercury, and that his page Cos knows, if he were here present to be sworn.

*Phi.* But how doth this draw on the ditty, sir?

*Mer.* O, she is too quick with him; he hath not devised that yet.

*Amo.* Marry, some hour before she departed, she bequeathed to me this glove: which golden legacy, the emperor himself took care to send after me, in six coaches, covered all with black velvet, attended by the state of his empire; all which he freely presented me with: and I reciprocally (out of the same bounty) gave to the lords that brought it: only reserving the gift of the deceased lady, upon which I composed this ode, and set it to my most affected instrument, the lyra.

Thou more than most sweet glove,  
Unto my more sweet love,  
Suffer me to store with kisses  
This empty lodging, that now misses  
The pure rosy hand, that wear thee,  
Whiter than the kid that bare thee.  
Thou art soft, but that was softer;  
Cupid's self hath kissed it ofter  
Than e'er he did his mother's doves,  
Supposing her the queen of loves,  
That was thy mistress, BEST OF GLOVES.

*Mer.* Blasphemy, blasphemy, Cupid!

*Cup.* I'll revenge it time enough, Hermes.

*Phi.* Good Amorphus, let's hear it sung.

*Amo.* I care not to admit that, since it pleaseth Philautia to request it.

*Hed.* Here, sir.

*Amo.* Nay, play it, I pray you; you do well, you do well. [*He sings it.*] How like you it, sir?

*Hed.* Very well, in troth.

*Amo.* But very well! O, you are a mere mammothrept<sup>2</sup> in judgment, then. Why,

bay for shipping, does not appear: both terms, in fact, are equally ancient, and derived, with a variety of others, from the Anglo-Saxon verb *Bygan*, signifying to bend or curve.

<sup>2</sup> O, you are a mere mammothrept] i.e., a spoiled child, a delicate nursling, a cockney, as Ainsworth has it. It is thus learnedly discussed in the *Colloquies*: "*Hoc dilucide docet Mammetrectus vulgè corrupte dictus, cum vero nomine dicatur Mammothreptus, quasi dicas avia aluminum.*"—Synod. Grammat.

do you not observe how excellently the ditty is affected in every place? that I do not marry a word of short quantity to a long note? nor an ascending syllable to a descending tone? Besides, upon the word *best* there, you see how I do enter with an odd minum, and drive it through the brief; which no intelligent musician, I know, but will affirm to be very rare, extraordinary, and pleasing.

*Mer.* And yet not fit to lament the death of a lady, for all this.

*Cup.* Tut, here be they will swallow anything.

*Pha.* Pray you, let me have a copy of it, Amorphus.

*Phi.* And me too; in troth, I like it exceedingly.

*Amo.* I have denied it to princes; nevertheless, to you, the true female twins of perfection, I am won to depart withal.

*Hed.* I hope, I shall have my Honour's copy.

*Pha.* You are Ambitious in that, Hedon.

*Re-enter Anaiides.*

*Amo.* How now, Anaiides! what is it hath conjured up this distemperature in the circle of your face?

*Ana.* Why, what have you to do? A pox upon your filthy travelling face! hold your tongue.

*Hed.* Nay, dost hear, Mischiev?

*Ana.* Away, musk-cat!

*Amo.* I say to thee thou art rude, debauched, impudent, coarse, unpolished, a frapler,<sup>1</sup> and base.

*Hed.* Heart of my father, what a strange alteration has half a year's haunting of ordinaries wrought in this fellow! that came with a tuftaffata jerkin to town but the other day, and a pair of pennyless hose, and now he is turned Hercules, he wants but a club.

*Ana.* Sir, you with the pencil on your

chin;? I will garter my hose with your guts, and that shall be all. [*Exit.*]

*Mer.* 'Slid, what rare fireworks be here? flash, flash.

*Pha.* What's the matter, Hedon? can you tell?

*Hed.* Nothing, but that he lacks crowns, and thinks we'll lend him some to be friends.

*Re-enter Asotus and Moria, with Morus.*

*Aso.* Come, sweet lady, in good truth I'll have it, you shall not deny me. Morus, persuade your aunt I may have her picture, by any means.

*Morus.* Yea, sir: good aunt now, let him have it, he will use me the better; if you love me, do, good aunt.

*Mor.* Well, tell him he shall have it.

*Morus.* Master, you shall have it, she says.

*Aso.* Shall I? thank her, good page.

*Cup.* What, has he entertained the fool?

*Mer.* Ay, he'll wait close, you shall see, though the beggar hang off a while.

*Morus.* Aunt, my master thanks you.

*Mor.* Call him hither.

*Morus.* Yes; master.

*Mor.* Yes, in verity, and gave me this purse, and he has promised me a most fine dog; which he will have drawn with my picture, he says: and desires most vehemently to be known to your ladyships.

*Pha.* Call him hither, 'tis good groping such a gull.

*Morus.* Master Asotus, Master Asotus!

*Aso.* For love's sake, let me go: you see I am called to the ladies.

*Arg.* Wilt thou forsake me, then?

*Aso.* Od so! what would you have me do?

*Mer.* Come hither, Master Asotus.—I do ensure your ladyships, he is a gentleman of a very worthy desert: and of a most bountiful nature.—You must shew and insinuate yourself responsible, and equivalent now to my commendment.—Good honours, grace him.

<sup>1</sup> A frapler.] A quarreller, a bully, perhaps from the French, *frapper*; but I can produce no instance of the use of the word. *Frape* is in Bulloker's *Expositor*, and is there said to mean a rabble: this too is Coles's explanation, for he translates *fraps* by *cætus, turba*.

<sup>2</sup> *Sir, you with the pencil on your chin;*] Here again I am left to guess. Probably the allusion is to the form of Hedon's beard, which might resemble a *pencil*, or, as our old writers sometimes spell the word, *penselle*, a small flag gradually diminishing to a point. The beard of Charles I. and other persons of this age appears from their portraits to have been picked in

this manner: and that such kind of beards were not unfashionable may be learned from Greene: "Then he descends as low as his beard, and asketh whether he will be shaven or no: whether he will have his *peake cut short and sharpe, amiable like an innamorato*, or broad pendant, like a spade, to be terrible like a warrior and a soldado."—*Quip for an Upstart Courtier*. Taylor mentions "perpendicular beards," which seem to have been of the same description; but this, with many other doubtful points, must be left to the better knowledge of the reader. The passage is not in the quarto. [The term *pencilled*, applied to eyebrows, preserves this idea.]

*Aso.* I protest, more than most fair ladies, "I do wish all variety of divine pleasures, choice sports, sweet music, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend these fair beauties." Will it please your ladyship to wear this chain of pearl, and this diamond, for my sake?

*Arg.* O!

*Aso.* And you, madam, this jewel and pendants?

*Arg.* O!

*Pha.* We know not how to deserve these bounties, out of so slight merit, Asotus.

*Phi.* No, in faith, but there's my glove for a favour.

*Pha.* And soon after the revels, I will bestow a garter on you.

*Aso.* O lord, ladies! it is more grace than ever I could have hoped, but that it pleaseth your ladyships to extend. I protest it is enough, that you but take knowledge of my— if your ladyship want embroidered gowns, tires of any fashion, rebatoes, jewels, or carcanets,<sup>1</sup> anything whatsoever, if you vouchsafe to accept—

*Cup.* And for it they will help you to shoe-ties and devices.

*Aso.* I cannot utter myself, dear beauties, but you can conceive—

*Arg.* O!

*Pha.* Sir, we will acknowledge your service, doubt not—henceforth, you shall be no more Asotus to us, but our goldfinch, and we your cages.

*Aso.* O Venus! madams! how shall I deserve this? if I were but made acquainted with Hedon, now,—I'll try: pray you, away. [To Argurion.]

*Mor.* How he prays money to go away from him!

*Aso.* Amorphus, a word with you; here's a watch I would bestow upon you, pray you make me known to that gallant.

*Amo.* That I will, sir.—Monsieur Hedon, I must entreat you to exchange knowledge with this gentleman.

*Hed.* 'Tis a thing, next to the water we expect, I thirst after, sir. Good Monsieur Asotus.

*Aso.* Good Monsieur Hedon, I would be glad to be loved of men of your rank and spirit, I protest. Please you to accept this pair of bracelets, sir; they are not worth the bestowing—

*Mer.* O Hercules, how the gentleman purchases! this must needs bring Argurion to a consumption.

*Hed.* Sir, I shall never stand in the merit of such bounty, I fear.

*Aso.* O Venus, sir; your acquaintance shall be sufficient. And, if at any time you need my bill, or my bond—

*Arg.* O, O!

[Swoons.]

*Amo.* Help the lady there!

*Mor.* Gods-dear, Argurion! madam, how do you?

*Arg.* Sick.

*Pha.* Have her forth, and give her air.

*Aso.* I come again straight, ladies.

[Exit Asotus, Morus, and Argurion.]

*Mer.* Well, I doubt all the physic he has will scarce recover her; she's too far spent.

*Re-enter* Anaides with Gelaia, Prosaites, and Cos, with the bottles.

*Phi.* O, here's the water come; fetch glasses, page.

*Gel.* Heart of my body, here's a coil, indeed, with your jealous humours! nothing but whore and bitch, and all the villainous swaggering names you can think on! 'Slid, take your bottle, and put it in your guts for me, I'll see you poked ere I follow you any longer.

*Ana.* Nay, good punk, sweet rascal; d—n me, if I am jealous now.

*Gel.* That's true, indeed; pray let's go.

*Mor.* What's the matter, there?

*Gel.* 'Slight, he has me upon interrogatories, (nay, my mother shall know how you use me,) where I have been? and why I should stay so long, and, how is't possible? and withal calls me at his pleasure I know not how many cockatrices, and things.

*Mor.* In truth and sadness, these are no good epitaphs, Anaides, to bestow upon any gentlewoman; and I'll ensure you if I had known you would have dealt thus with my daughter, she should never have fancied you so deeply as she has done. Go to.

*Ana.* Why, do you hear, Mother Moria? heart!

*Mor.* Nay, I pray you, sir, do not swear.

*Ana.* Swear! why? 'sblood, I have sworn afore now, I hope. Both you and your daughter mistake me. I have not honoured Arete, that is held the worthiest lady in court, next to Cynthia, with half

<sup>1</sup> Carcanets,] i.e., necklaces, and sometimes bracelets for the arm; the word has occurred before, and indeed is sufficiently common in our old poets.

that observance and respect as I have done her in private, howsoever outwardly I have carried myself careless and negligent. Come, you are a foolish punk, and know not when you are well employed. Kiss me, come on ; do it, I say.

*Mor.* Nay, indeed, I must confess, she is apt to misprision. But I must have you leave it, minion.

*Re-enter Asotus.*

*Amo.* How now, Asotus ? how does the lady ?

*Aso.* Faith, ill. I have left my page with her, at her lodging.

*Hed.* O, here's the rarest water that ever was tasted : fill him some.

*Pro.* What ! has my master a new page ?

*Mer.* Yes, a kinsman of the Lady Moria's : you must wait better now, or you are cashiered, Prosartes.

*Ana.* Come, gallants, you must pardon my foolish humour ; when I am angry, that anything crosses me, I grow impatient straight. Here, I drink to you.

*Phi.* O, that we had five or six bottles more of this liquor !

*Pha.* Now I commend your judgment, Amorphus : [*knocking within.*] Who's that knocks ? look page. [*Exit Cos.*]

*Mor.* O, most delicious ; a little of this would make Argurion well.

*Pha.* O, no, give her no cold drink by any means.

*Ana.* 'Sblood, this water is the spirit of wine, I'll be hanged else.

*Re-enter Cos with Arete.*

*Cos.* Here's the Lady Arete, madam.

*Are.* What, at your bever, gallants ?

*Mor.* Will't please your ladyship to drink ? 'tis of the New Fountain water.

*Are.* Not I, Moria, I thank you.—Gallants, you are for this night free to your peculiar delights ; Cynthia will have no sports : when she is pleased to come forth, you shall have knowledge. In the meantime, I could wish you did provide for solemn revels, and some unlooked-for device of wit, to entertain her, against she should vouchsafe to grace your pastimes with her presence.

*Amo.* What say you to a masque ?

*Hed.* Nothing better, if the project were new and rare.

*Are.* Why, I'll send for Crites, and have his advice : be you ready in your endeavours : he shall discharge you of the inventive part.

*Pha.* But will not your ladyship stay ?

*Are.* Not now, Phantaste. [*Exit.*]

*Phi.* Let her go, I pray you good Lady Sobriety, I am glad we are rid of her.

*Pha.* What a set face the gentlewoman has, as she were still going to a sacrifice !

*Phi.* O, she is the extraction of a dozen of Puritans, for a look.

*Mor.* Of all nymphs i' the court, I cannot away with her ;<sup>1</sup> 'tis the coarsest thing !

*Phi.* I wonder how Cynthia can affect her so above the rest. Here be they are every way as fair as she, and a thought fairer, I trow.

*Pha.* Ay, and as ingenious and conceited as she.

*Mor.* Ay, and as politic as she, for all she sets such a forehead on't.

*Phi.* Would I were dead, if I would change to be Cynthia.

*Pha.* Or I.

*Mor.* Or I.

*Amo.* And there's her minion, Crites : why his advice more than Amorphus ? Have not I invention afore him ? learning to better that invention above him ? and infanted with pleasant travel—

*Ana.* Death, what talk you of his learning ? he understands no more than a schoolboy ; I have put him down myself a thousand times, by this air, and yet I never talked with him but twice in my life : you never saw his like. I could never get him to argue with me but once ; and then, because I could not construe an author I quoted at first sight, he went away and laughed at me. By Hercules, I scorn him, as I do the sodden nymph that was here even now, his mistress, Arete ? and I love myself for nothing else.

*Hed.* I wonder the fellow does not hang himself, being thus scorned and contemned of us that are held the most accomplished society of gallants.

*Mer.* By yourselves, none else.

*Hed.* I protest, if I had no music in me, no courtship, that I were not a reveller and could dance, or had not those excellent qualities that give a man life and perfection, but a mere poor scholar as he is, I think I should make some desperate way with myself ; whereas now,—would I might never breathe more, if I do know that creature in this kingdom with whom I would change.

<sup>1</sup> I cannot away with her ;] I cannot endure her. See *Bartholomew Fair*.

*Cup.* This is excellent! Well, I must alter all this soon.

*Mer.* Look you do, Cupid. The bottles have wrought, it seems.

*Aso.* O, I am sorry the revels are crost. I should have tickled it soon. I did never appear till then. 'Slid, I am the neatliest-made gallant i' the company, and have the best presence; and my dancing—well, I know what our usher said to me last time I was at the school. Would I might have led Philautia in the measures, an it had been the gods' will! I am most worthy, I am sure.

*Re-enter Morus.*

*Morus:* Master, I can tell you news; the lady kissed me yonder, and played with me, and says she loved you once as well as she does me, but that you cast her off.

*Aso.* Peace, my most esteemed page.

*Morus.* Yes.

*Aso.* What luck is this, that our revels are dashed! now was I beginning to glisten in the very highway of preferment. An Cynthia had but seen me dance a strain, or do but one trick, I had been kept in court, I should never have needed to look towards my friends again.

*Amo.* Contain yourself, you were a fortunate young man, if you knew your own good; which I have now projected, and will presently multiply upon you. Beauties and valours, your vouchsafed applause to a motion. The humorous Cynthia hath, for this night, withdrawn the light of your delight.

*Pha.* 'Tis true, Amorphus; what may we do to redeem it?

*Amo.* Redeem that we cannot, but to create a new flame is in our power. Here is a gentleman, my scholar, whom, for some private reasons me specially moving, I am covetous to gratify with title of master in the noble and subtle science of courtship: for which grace he shall this night, in court, and in the long gallery, hold his public act, by open challenge, to all masters of the mystery whatsoever, to play at the four choice and principal weapons thereof, *viz. the Bare Accost, the Better Regard, the Solemn Address, and the Perfect Close.* What say you?

*All.* Excellent, excellent, Amorphus.

*Amo.* Well, let us then take our time by the forehead: I will instantly have bills drawn, and advanced in every angle of the court.—Sir, betray not your too much joy.—Anaides, we must mix this gentleman

with you in acquaintance, Monsieur Asotus.

*Ana.* I am easily entreated to grace any of your friends, Amorphus.

*Aso.* Sir, and his friends shall likewise grace you, sir. Nay, I begin to know myself now.

*Amo.* O, you must continue your bounties.

*Aso.* Must I! Why, I'll give him this ruby on my finger. Do you hear, sir? I do heartily wish your acquaintance, and I partly know myself worthy of it; please you, sir, to accept this poor ruby in a ring, sir. The poesy is of my own device, *Let this blush for me, sir.*

*Ana.* So it must for me too, for I am not ashamed to take it.

*Morus.* Sweet man! By my troth, master, I love you; will you love me too, for my aunt's sake? I'll wait well, you shall see. I'll still be here. Would I might never stir, but you are a fine man in these clothes; master, shall I have them when you have done with them?

*Aso.* As for that, Morus, thou shalt see more hereafter, in the meantime, by this air, or by this feather, I'll do as much for thee, as any gallant shall do for his page, whatsoever, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom.

[*Exeunt all but the Pages.*]

*Mer.* I wonder this gentleman should affect to keep a fool: methinks he makes sport enough with himself.

*Cup.* Well, Prosaites, 'twere good you did wait closer.

*Pro.* Ay, I'll look to it; 'tis time.

*Cos.* The revels would have been most sumptuous to-night, if they had gone forward.

[*Exit.*]

*Mer.* They must needs, when all the choicest singularities of the court were up in pantofles; ne'er a one of them but was able to make a whole shew of itself.

*Aso.* [*within.*] Sirrah, a torch, a torch!

*Pro.* O, what a call is there! I will have a canzonet made, with nothing in it but sirrah; and the burthen shall be, I come.

[*Exit.*]

*Mer.* How now, Cupid, how do you like this change?

*Cup.* Faith, the thread of my device is cracked, I may go sleep till the revelling music awake me.

*Mer.* And then too, Cupid, without you had prevented the fountain. Alas, poor god, that remembers not self-love to be proof against the violence of his quiver!

Well, I have a plot upon these prizers, for which I must presently find out Crites, and with his assistance pursue it to a high strain of laughter, or Mercury hath lost of his metal.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

*Enter Mercury and Crites.*

*Mer.* It is resolved on, Crites, you must do it.

*Cri.* The grace divinest Mercury hath done me,

In this vouchsafed discovery of himself, Binds my observance in the utmost term Of satisfaction to his godly will : Though I profess, without the affectation Of an enforced and formed austerity, I could be willing to enjoy no place With so unequal natures.

*Mer.* We believe it.

But for our sake, and to inflict just pains On their prodigious follies, aid us now : No man is presently made bad with ill.<sup>2</sup> And good men, like the sea, should still maintain

Their noble taste in midst of all fresh humours

That flow about them, to corrupt their streams,

Bearing no season, much less salt of goodness.

It is our purpose, Crites, to correct, And punish, with our laughter, this night's sport,

Which our court-dors so heartily intend : And by that worthy scorn, to make them know

How far beneath the dignity of man Their serious and most practised actions are.

<sup>1</sup> The whole of what follows, to the entrance of Crites and Arete (near two-thirds of this immeasurable act), was first added in the folio, 1616. It consists of "inexplicable dumb shew," which, if the reader comprehends it, may not be unamusing.

<sup>2</sup> *No man is presently made bad with ill.* *Opus est interprete*; and, luckily, we find him in Juvenal, who is perfectly intelligible: "*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.*"

<sup>3</sup> *The true nobility called virtue.* Mercury acts quite in character, and lays the poets under heavy contribution. This is from Juvenal—*Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.* Just below he contributes, with Virgil, to furnish a couple of lines :

*Cri.* Ay, but though Mercury can warrant out

His undertakings, and make all things good, Out of the powers of his divinity, Th' offence will be returned with weight on me,

That am a creature so despised and poor ; When the whole court shall take itself abused

By our ironical confederacy.

*Mer.* You are deceived. The better race in court,

That have the true nobility called virtue,<sup>3</sup> Will apprehend it, as a grateful right Done to their separate merit ; and approve The fit rebuke of so ridiculous heads, Who with their apish customs and forced garbs

Would bring the name of courtier in contempt,

Did it not live unblemished in some few, Whom equal Jove hath loved, and Phœbus formed

Of better metal, and in better mould.

*Cri.* Well, since my leader-on is Mercury, I shall not fear to follow. If I fall, My proper virtue shall be my relief, That followed such a cause, and such a chief.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter Asotus and Amorphus.*

*Aso.* No more, if you love me, good master ; you are incompatible to live withal : send me for the ladies !

*Amo.* Nay, but intend me.<sup>4</sup>

*Aso.* Fear me not ; I warrant you, sir.

*Amo.* Render not yourself a refractory on the sudden. I can allow well, you should repute highly, heartily, and to the most, of your own endowments ; it gives you forth to the world the more assured : but with reservation of an eye, to be

" *Pauci quos æquus amavit*  
*Jupiter.*"

" *Quibus arte benigna,*  
*Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.*"

<sup>4</sup> *Nay, but intend me.* Note me heedfully. Our old writers sometimes use this word in the sense of attend ; and sometimes for a higher and more active degree of observation. Jonson usually adopts the latter sense, as here, and in a former passage of this play, already noted :

" My soul  
Is hurt with mere *intention* on their follies."

always turned dutifully back upon your teacher.

*Aso.* Nay, good sir, leave it to me. Trust me with trussing all the points of this action, I pray. 'Slid, I hope we shall find wit to perform the science as well as another.

*Amo.* I confess you to be of an apted<sup>1</sup> and docible humour. Yet there are certain punctilios, or (as I may more nakedly insinuate them), certain intrinsecate strokes and wards, to which your activity is not yet amounted, as your gentile dor in colours. For supposition, your mistress appears here in prize, ribanded with green and yellow; now, it is the part of every obsequious servant, to be sure to have daily about him copy and variety of colours,<sup>2</sup> to be presently answerable to any hourly or half-hourly change in his mistress's revolution—

*Aso.* I know it, sir.

*Amo.* Give leave, I pray you—which, if your antagonist, or player against you, shall ignorantly be without, and yourself can produce, you give him the dor.

*Aso.* Ay, ay, sir.

*Amo.* Or, if you can possess your opposite, that the green your mistress wears, is her rejoicing or exultation in his service; the yellow, suspicion of his truth, from her height of affection: and that he, greenly credulous, shall withdraw thus, in private, and from the abundance of his pocket (to

displace her jealous conceit) steal into his hat the colour, whose blueness doth express trueness, she being not so, nor so affected; you give him the dor.<sup>3</sup>

*Aso.* Do not I know it, sir?

*Amo.* Nay, good—swell not above your understanding. There is yet a third dor in colours.

*Aso.* I know it too, I know it.

*Amo.* Do you know it too? what is it? make good your knowledge.

*Aso.* Why, it is—no matter for that.

*Amo.* Do it, on pain of the dor.

*Aso.* Why; what is't, say you?

*Amo.* Lo, you have given yourself the dor. But I will remonstrate to you the third dor, which is not, as the two former dors, indicative, but deliberative: as how? as thus. Your rivalis, with a dutiful and serious care, lying in his bed, meditating how to observe his mistress, dispatcheth his lacquey to the chamber early, to know what her colours are for the day, with purpose to apply his wear that day accordingly: you lay wait before, preoccupy the chambermaid, corrupt her to return false colours; he follows the fallacy, comes out accoutred to his believed instructions; your mistress smiles, and you give him the dor.

*Aso.* Why, so I told you, sir, I knew it.

*Amo.* Told me! It is a strange outrecuidance:<sup>4</sup> your humour too much reboundeth.

<sup>1</sup> *I confess you to be of an aped and docible humour.*] Here appears to be a mistake in the word *aped*, and I am glad to have Mr. Theobald's conjecture in support of my own. I imagined that *aped* was the true word; and confirmed by this authority, it has now a place in the text.—WHAL.

*I confess you to be of an apted, &c.*] I have not disturbed Whalley's reading, because it affords very good sense: yet the old copies may after all be right. *Aped*, in the fantastical language of Amorphus, may mean "having the imitative qualities of an ape," and, therefore, prone to learn. The reader must decide for himself.

<sup>2</sup> *Now it is the part of an obsequious servant to have daily about him copy and variety of colours, &c.*] We have had this vile Latinism (*copy*) for plenty already: others follow to which it scarcely appears necessary to call the reader's attention. With respect to *colours*, on which the most learned commentary extant is here furnished by Amorphus, it is only necessary to observe that the gallants of the court (and perhaps of the city) carried about with them different coloured ribands, that they might be prepared to place in their hats, or on their arms, the colour in which their respective mistresses

dressed for the day. To this custom there are numerous allusions. Thus in the *Parson's Wedding*: "As visible in your face, as your mistress's colours in your hat."—Act ii. sc. 7. And in the *Antiquary*:

"I was so simple, mistress,  
To wear your foolish colour," &c.

To a favourite, or accepted lover, a lady would sometimes, as a mark of especial kindness, present a riband or some other ornamental article of her dress; this was guarded with superstitious care:

"To lose't, or give't away, was such perdition  
As nothing else could match."

See Massinger, vol. ii. p. 105.

<sup>3</sup> *You give him the dor,* i. e., as I must remark for the last time, baffle him, subject him to scorn. The reader who hopes to understand any part of the mummery which follows, must carefully attend to these instructions.

<sup>4</sup> *It is a strange outrecuidance.*] Pride, arrogance, or presumption.—WHAL.

It should be observed that this strange petulance and forwardness in the once sheepish and timid Asotus, is the effect of the waters of the fountain of Self-love. No man ever preserved

*Aso.* Why, sir, what, do you think you know more?

*Amo.* I know that a cook may as soon and properly be said to smell well, as you to be wise. I know these are most clear and clean strokes. But then, you have your passages and imbrocatus in courtship; as the bitter bob in wit; the reverse in face or wry-mouth; and these more subtle and secure offenders. I will example unto you: Your opponent makes entry as you are engaged with your mistress. You seeing him, close in her ear with this whisper, *Here comes your baboon, disgrace him;* and withal stepping off, fall on his bosom, and turning to her, politicially, aloud say, Lady, regard this noble gentleman, a man rarely parted, second to none in this court; and then, stooping over his shoulder, your hand on his breast, your mouth on his backside, you give him the reverse stroke, with this sanna, or stork's-bill,<sup>1</sup> which makes up your wit's bob most bitter.

*Aso.* Nay, for heaven's sake, teach me no more. I know all as well—'Slid, if I did not, why was I nominated? why did you choose me? why did the ladies prick out me? I am sure there were other gallants. But me of all the rest! By that light, and, as I am a courtier, would I might never stir, but 'tis strange. Would to the lord the ladies would come once!

*Enter Morphides.*

*Morp.* Signior, the gallants and ladies are at hand. Are you ready, sir?

*Amo.* Instantly. Go, accomplish your attire. [*Exit Asotus.*] Cousin Morphides, assist me to make good the door with your officious tyranny.

*Citizen* [*within.*] By your leave, my masters there, pray you let's come by.

*Pages* [*within.*] You by! why should you come by more than we?

*Citizen's Wife* [*within.*] Why, sir! because he is my brother that plays the prizes.

*Morp.* Your brother!

*Citizen* [*within.*] Ay, her brother, sir, and we must come in.

the consistency of his characters with such scrupulous, such unbending circumspection, as our great poet. If it were ever true of any English dramatic writer, that his dialogue might be correctly appropriated to the several speakers, without seeing their names, I do not hesitate to affirm that it was so of Jonson above all that ever wrote.

<sup>1</sup> *With this sanna, or stork's-bill.* *Sanna* is

*Taylor* [*within.*] Why, what are you?

*Citizen* [*within.*] I am her husband, sir.

*Taylor* [*within.*] Then thrust forward your head.

*Amo.* What tumult is there?

*Morp.* Who's there? bear back there! Stand from the door!

*Amo.* Enter none but the ladies and their hang-byes.

*Enter* Phantaste, Philautia, Argurion, Moria, Hedon, and Anaides, *introducing two Ladies.*

Welcome, beauties, and your kind shadows.

*Hed.* This country lady, my friend, good Signior Amorplus.

*Ana.* And my cockatrice here.

*Amo.* She is welcome.

*The Citizen and his Wife, Pages, &c., appear at the door.*

*Morp.* Knock those same pages there; and, Goodman Coxcomb the citizen, who would you speak withal?

*Wife.* My brother.

*Amo.* With whom? Your brother!

*Morp.* Who is your brother?

*Wife.* Master Asotus.

*Amo.* Master Asotus! is he your brother? he is taken up with great persons; he is not to know you to-night.

*Re-enter Asotus, hastily.*

*Aso.* O Jove, master! an there come e'er a citizen gentlewoman in my name, let her have entrance, I pray you: it is my sister.

*Wife.* Brother!

*Cit.* [*thrusting in.*] Brother, Master Asotus!

*Aso.* Who's there?

*Wife.* 'Tis I, brother.

*Aso.* Gods me, there she is! good master, intrude her.

*Morp.* Make place! bear back there!

*Enter Citizen's Wife.*

*Amo.* Knock that simple fellow there.

*Wife.* Nay, good sir, it is my husband.

a Latin word which implies some gesture of scorn and contempt; which the poet calls *stork's-bill*, in allusion to the *ciconia* of the ancients; a manner of deriding a person, by extending the forefinger at him. See Casaubon on this verse of Persius:

"O Jans, à tergo quem nulla ciconia pinsit."

WHAL.

*Morp.* The simpler fellow he.—Away! back with your head, sir!

[Pushes the Citizen back.

*Aso.* Brother, you must pardon your non-entry: husbands are not allowed here, in truth. I'll come home soon with my sister; pray you meet us with a lantern, brother. Be merry, sister; I shall make you laugh anon.

[Exit.

*Pha.* Your prizier is not ready, Amorphus.

*Amo.* Apprehend your places; he shall be soon, and at all points.

*Ana.* Is there anybody come to answer him? shall we have any sport?

*Amo.* Sport of importance; howsoever, give me the gloves.

*Hed.* Gloves! why gloves, signior?

*Phi.* What's the ceremony?

*Amo.* [distributing gloves.] Beside their received fitness, at all prizes, they are here properly accommodate to the nuptials of my scholar's 'haviour to the lady Courtship. Please you apparel your hands. Madam Phantaste, Madam Philautia, guardian, Signior Hedon, Signior Anaides, gentlemen all, ladies.

*All.* Thanks, good Amorphus.

*Amo.* I will now call forth my provost, and present him.

[Exit.

*Ana.* Heart! why should not we be masters as well as he?

*Hed.* That's true, and play our masters' prizes as well as the t'other?

*Morp.* In sadness, for using your court-weapons, methinks you may.

*Pha.* Nay, but why should not we ladies play our prizes, I pray? I see no reason but we should take them down at their own weapons.

*Phi.* Troth, and so we may, if we handle them well.

*Wife.* Ay, indeed, forsooth, madam, if 'twere in the city, we would think foul scorn but we would, forsooth.

*Pha.* Pray you, what should we call your name?

*Wife.* My name is Downfall.

*Hed.* Good Mistress Downfall! I am sorry your husband could not get in.

*Wife.* 'Tis no matter for him, sir.

*Ana.* No, no, she has the more liberty for herself.

[A flourish.

*Pha.* Peace, peace! they come.

*Re-enter Amorphus, introducing Asotus in a full-dress suit.*

*Amo.* So, keep up your ruff; the tincture of your neck is not all so pure, but it will ask it. Maintain your sprig upright! your cloke on your half-shoulder falling; so: I will read your bill, advance it, and present you.—Silence!

“Be it known<sup>1</sup> to all that profess courtship, by these presents (from the white satin reveller, to the cloth of tissue and bodkin) that we, Ulysses-Polytropus-Amorphus, master of the noble and subtile science of courtship, do give leave and licence to our provost, Acolastus-Polypragmon-Asotus, to play his master's prize, against all masters whatsoever, in this subtile mystery, at these four, the choice and most cunning weapons of court-compliment, viz. the BARE ACCOST; the BETTER REGARD; the SOLEMN ADDRESS; and the PERFECT CLOSE. These are therefore to give notice to all comers, that he, the said Acolastus-Polypragmon-Asotus, is here present (by the help of his mercer, tailor, milliner, sempster, and so forth) at his designed hour, in this fair gallery, the present day of this present month, to perform and do his uttermost for the achievement and bearing away of the prizes, which are these: viz. For the Bare Accost, two wall-eyes in a face forced: for the Better Regard, a face favourably simpering, with a fan waving: for the Solemn Address, two lips wagging, and never a wise word: for the Perfect Close, a wring by the hand, with a banquet in a corner. And Phœbus save Cynthia!”

Appareth no man yet, to answer the prizier? no voice?—Music, give them their summons.

[Music.

*Pha.* The solemnity of this is excellent.

*Amo.* Silence! Well, I perceive your name is their terror, and keepeth them back.

*Aso.* I'faith, master, let's go; nobody comes. *Victus, victa, victum; victi, victa, victi*—let's be retrograde.

*Amo.* Stay. That were dispunct to the ladies. Rather ourself shall be your encounter. Take your state up to the wall;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Be it known, &c.*] This bill is a parody on one of the licences formerly granted by masters of defence to their pupils, when they were supposed to be properly qualified for taking either of their three degrees in the fencing-school, viz., a master's, a provost's, or a scholar's: indeed,

the whole of this scene is a burlesque imitation of these public trials of skill in the “noble science of defence.”

<sup>2</sup> *Take your state up to the wall;*] The state sometimes means the raised platform and canopy under which the ornamented chair was placed,

and, lady [*leading Moria to the state*] may we implore you to stand forth, as first term or bound to our courtship.

*Hed.* 'Fore heaven, 'twill shew rarely.

*Amo.* Sound a charge. [*A charge.*]

*Ana.* A pox on't! Your vulgar will count this fabulous and impudent now! by that candle, they'll never conceit it.

[*They act their Accost severally to Moria.*]

*Pha.* Excellent well! admirable!

*Phi.* Peace!

*Hed.* Most fashionably, believe it.

*Phi.* O, he is a well-spoken gentleman.

*Pha.* Now the other.

*Phi.* Very good.

*Hed.* For a scholar, Honour.

*Ana.* O, 'tis too Dutch. He reels too much. [*A flourish.*]

*Hed.* This weapon is done.

*Amo.* No, we have our two bouts at every weapon; expect.

*Cri.* [*within.*] Where be these gallants, and their brave prizier here?

*Morp.* Who's there? bear back: keep the door.

*Enter Crites, introducing Mercury, fantastically dressed.*

*Amo.* What are you, sir?

*Cri.* By your licence, grand-master.—Come forward, sir. [*To Mercury.*]

*Ana.* Heart! who let in that rag there amongst us? Put him out, an impecunious creature.

*Hed.* Out with him!

*Morp.* Come, sir.

*Amo.* You must be retrograde.

*Cri.* Soft, sir, I am truchman,<sup>1</sup> and do flourish before this monsieur, or French-behaved gentleman, here; who is drawn hither by report of your chartels, advanced in court, to prove his fortune with your prizier, so he may have fair play shewn him, and the liberty to choose his stickler.<sup>2</sup>

*Amo.* Is he a master?

*Cri.* That, sir, he has to shew here; and

and sometimes, as here, the chair itself. Instances of both these senses are so common in our old writers, that it seems sufficient just to have noticed them

<sup>1</sup> *Sir, I am truchman,* i.e., interpreter: the word is originally Turkish.—WHAL.

Is it not rather a miserable corruption of the modern Greek, *δραγομανος*? [*Dragoman*]

<sup>2</sup> *To choose his stickler.* *Sticklers* were side-men to fencers, or seconds in a duel; and were so called from the *sticks*, or wands, which they carried to part the combatants before blood was drawn.—WHAL.

confirmed under the hands of the most skilful and cunning complimentaries alive.<sup>3</sup> Please you read, sir.

[*Gives him a certificate.*]

*Amo.* What shall we do?

*Ana.* Death! disgrace this fellow in the black stuff, whatever you do.

*Amo.* Why, but he comes with the stranger.

*Hed.* That's no matter: he is our own countryman.

*Ana.* Ay, and he is a scholar besides. You may disgrace him here with authority.<sup>4</sup>

*Amo.* Well, see these must.

*Aso.* Now shall I be observed by yon scholar till I sweat again; I would to Jove it were over.

*Cri.* [*to Mercury.*] Sir, this is the wight of worth that dares you to the encounter. A gentleman of so pleasing and ridiculous a carriage; as, even standing, carries meat in the mouth, you see; and, I assure you, although no bred courtling, yet a most particular man, of goodly havings, well fashioned 'haviour, and of as hardened and excellent a bark as the most naturally qualified amongst them, informed, reformed, and transformed from his original citycism; by this elixir, or mere magazine of man. And, for your spectators, you behold them what they are: the most choice particulars in court; this tells tales well; this provides coaches; this repeats jests; this presents gifts; this holds up the arras; this takes down from horse; this protests by this light; this swears by that candle; this delighteth; this adareth: yet all but three men. Then, for your ladies, the most proud, witty creatures, all things apprehending, nothing understanding, perpetually laughing, curious maintainers of fools, mercers, and minstrels, costly to be kept, miserably keeping, all disdaining but their painter and apothecary, 'twixt whom and them there is this reciproock commerce, their beauties maintain their painters, and their painters their beauties.

<sup>3</sup> *The most cunning complimentaries alive!* *Complimentaries* were masters of defence, such as Caranza, &c., who published elaborate works on the *compliments* and ceremonies of duelling.

<sup>4</sup> *He is our own countryman.*—*Ay, and a scholar besides.* *You may disgrace him with authority.* “Let us cast nothing away,” says Pandarus, “for we know not what use we may have for it.” Anais has lately found admirers in the North, who have put his notable maxim in practice with great perseverance and success [*Edinburgh Reviewers, to wit*].

*Mer.* Sir, you have played the painter yourself, and limned them to the life. I desire to deserve before them.

*Amo.* [*returning the certificate.*] This is authentic. We must resolve to entertain the monsieur, howsoever we neglect him.<sup>1</sup>

*Hed.* Come, let's all go together, and salute him.

*Ana.* Content, and not look on the other.

*Amo.* Well devised; and a most punishing disgrace.

*Hed.* On.

*Amo.* Monsieur, we must not so much betray ourselves to discourtesy, as to suffer you to be longer unsaluted: please you to use the state ordained for the opponent; in which nature, without envy, we receive you.

*Hed.* And embrace you.

*Ana.* And commend us to you, sir.

*Phi.* Believe it, he is a man of excellent silence.

*Pha.* He keeps all his wit for action.

*Ana.* This hath discountenanced our scholaris, most richly.

*Hed.* Out of all emphasis. The monsieur sees we regard him not.

*Amo.* Hold on; make it known how bitter a thing it is not to be looked on in court.

*Hed.* 'Slud, will he call him to him yet! Does not monsieur perceive our disgrace?

*Ana.* Heart! he is a fool, I see. We have done ourselves wrong to grace him.

*Hed.* 'Slight, what an ass was I to embrace him!

*Cri.* Illustrious and fearful judges—

*Hed.* Turn away, turn away.

*Cri.* It is the suit of the strange opponent (to whom you ought not to turn your tails, and whose noses I must follow) that he may have the justice, before he encounter his respected adversary, to see some light stroke of his play, commenced with some other.

*Hed.* Answer not him, but the stranger; we will not believe him.

*Amo.* I will demand him myself.

*Cri.* O dreadful disgrace, if a man were so foolish to feel it!

*Amo.* Is it your suit, monsieur, to see some prelude of my scholar? Now, sure the monsieur wants language—

*Hed.* And take upon him to be one of the accomplished! 'Slight, that's a good jest; would we could take him with that nullity.—*Non sapete voi parlar' Italiano!*

*Ana.* 'Sfoot, the carp has no tongue.<sup>2</sup>

*Cri.* Signior, in courtship, you are to bid your abettors forbear, and satisfy the monsieur's request.

*Amo.* Well, I will strike him more silent with admiration, and terrify his daring hither. He shall behold my own play with my scholar. Lady, with the touch of your white hand, let me reinstate you. [*Leads Moria back to the state.*] Provost, [*to Asotus,*] begin to me at the *Bare Accost.*<sup>3</sup> [*A charge.*] Now, for the honour of my discipline.

*Hed.* Signior Amorphus, reflect, reflect: what means he by that mouthed wave?

*Cri.* He is in some distaste of your fellow-disciple.

*Mer.* Signior, your scholar might have played well still, if he could have kept his seat longer: I have enough of him now. He is a mere piece of glass, I see through him by this time.

*Amo.* You come not to give us the scorn, monsieur?

*Mer.* Nor to be frightened with a face, signior. I have seen the lions. You must pardon me. I shall be loth to hazard a reputation with one that has not a reputation to lose.

*Amo.* How!

*Cri.* Meaning your pupil, sir.

*Ana.* This is that black devil there.

*Amo.* You do offer a strange affront, monsieur.

*Cri.* Sir, he shall yield you all the honour of a competent adversary, if you please to undertake him.

*Mer.* I am prest for the encounter.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Howsoever we neglect him.*] i.e., the "impetuous fellow in the black stuff," Crites.

<sup>2</sup> *'Sfoot, the carp has no tongue.*] See the *Alchemist*.

<sup>3</sup> Provost, *begin to me at the Bare Accost.*] It appears from this term (*provost*) that Asotus had obtained his second degree in the school of courtship. Of the mummery which follows I comprehend but little; that little, however, is more than I can pretend to make intelligible to the reader.

<sup>4</sup> *I am prest for the encounter.*] I am ready, I am prepared. Thus Spenser:

"Who him affronting soone to fight was readie prest:"

And Beaumont and Fletcher:

"However, stand prepared, prest for our journey."—*Wildegoose Chase*. WHAL.

*Amo.* Me! challenge me!

*Aso.* What, my master, sir! 'Slight, monsieur, meddle with me, do you hear: but do not meddle with my master.

*Mer.* Peace, good squib, go out.

*Cri.* And stink, he bids you.

*Aso.* Master!

*Amo.* Silence! I do accept him. Sit you down and observe. Me! he never profest a thing at more charges.—Prepare yourself, sir.—Challenge me! I will prosecute what disgrace my hatred can dictate to me.

*Cri.* How tender a traveller's spleen is! Comparison to men that deserve least, is ever most offensive.

*Amo.* You are instructed in our chartel, and know our weapons?

*Mer.* I appear not without their notice, sir.

*Aso.* But must I lose the prizes, master?

*Amo.* I will win them for you; be patient.—Lady, [to Moria.] vouchsafe the tenure of this ensign.—Who shall be your stickler?

*Mer.* Behold him. [Points to Crites.

*Amo.* I would not wish you a weaker.—Sound, musics.—I provoke you at the Bare Accost. [A charge.

*Pha.* Excellent comely!

*Cri.* And worthily studied. This is the exalted foretop.

*Hed.* O, his leg was too much produced.

*Ana.* And his hat was carried scurvily.

*Phi.* Peace; let's see the monsieur's Accost. Rare!

*Pha.* Sprightly and short.

*Ana.* True, it is the French courteau:<sup>1</sup> he lacks but to have his nose slit.

*Hed.* He does hop. He does bound too much. [A flourish.

*Amo.* The second bout, to conclude this weapon. [A charge.

*Pha.* Good, believe it!

*Phi.* An excellent offer!

*Cri.* This is called the solemn band-string.

*Hed.* Foh, that cringe was not put home.

*Ana.* He makes a face like a stabbed Lucrece.<sup>2</sup>

*Aso.* Well, he would needs take it upon

him, but would I had done it for all this He makes me sit still here, like a baboon as I am.

*Cri.* Making villainous faces.

*Phi.* See, the French prepares it richly.

*Cri.* Ay, this is ycleped the Serious Trifle.

*Ana.* 'Slud, 'tis the horse-start out o' the brown study.

*Cri.* Rather the bird-eyed stroke, sir. Your observance is too blunt, sir.

[A flourish.

*Amo.* Judges, award the prize. Take breath, sir. This bout hath been laborious.

*Aso.* And yet your critic, or your besogno,<sup>3</sup> will think these things foppery, and easy, now!

*Cri.* Or rather mere lunacy. For would any reasonable creature make these his serious studies and perfections, much less, only live to these ends? to be the false pleasure of a few, the true love of none, and the just laughter of all?

*Hed.* We must prefer the monsieur, we courtiers must be partial.

*Ana.* Speak, guardian. Name the prize, at the Bare Accost.

*Mor.* A pair of wall eyes in a face forced.

*Ana.* Give the monsieur. Amorphus hath lost his eyes.

*Amo.* I! Is the palate of your judgment down? Gentles, I do appeal.

*Aso.* Yes, master, to me: the judges be fools.

*Ana.* How now, sir! tie up your tongue, mungrel. He cannot appeal.

*Aso.* Say you, sir?

*Ana.* Sit you still, sir.

*Aso.* Why, so I do; do not I, I pray you?

*Mer.* Remercie, madame, and these honourable censors.

*Amo.* Well, to the second weapon, the *Better Regard*. I will encounter you better. Attempt.

*Hed.* Sweet Honour.

*Phi.* What says my good Ambition?

*Hed.* Which take you at this next weapon? I lay a Discretion with you on Amorphus's head.

*Phi.* Why, I take the French behaved gentleman.

<sup>1</sup> It is the French courteau:] i.e., bidet, a little active horse: whence our curtal.

<sup>2</sup> He makes a face like a stabbed Lucrece.] Perhaps the poet alludes to Purfoote the printer's sign of Lucretia, in St. Paul's churchyard. This lady, with the dagger at her breast and a ridiculous expression of agony in her face, formed a vignette to most of his books: the same figure was also

stamped on the covers of them. Several of his books thus ornamented, Mr. Steevens says, are in the British Museum.

<sup>3</sup> Or your besogno,] i.e., your beggar, your needy wretch: he alludes to Crites. This contemptuous term is very common in our old writers. See Massinger, vol. iii. 67.

*Hed.* 'Tis done, a Discretion.

*Cri.* A Discretion! A pretty court-wager! Would any discreet person hazard his wit so?

*Pha.* I'll lay a Discretion with you, Anaides.

*Ana.* Hang 'em, I'll not venture a doit of Discretion on either of their heads.

*Cri.* No, he should venture all then.

*Ana.* I like none of their plays.

[*A charge.*]

*Hed.* See, see! this is strange play!

*Ana.* 'Tis too full of uncertain motion. He hobbles too much.

*Cri.* 'Tis called your court-staggers, sir.

*Hed.* That same fellow talks so now he has a place!

*Ana.* Hang him! neglect him.

*Mer.* "Your good ladyship's affectioned."

*Wife.* Ods so! they speak at this weapon, brother.

*Aso.* They must do so, sister; how should it be the Better Regard, else?

*Pha.* Methinks he did not this respectfully enough.

*Phi.* Why, the monsieur but dallies with him.

*Hed.* Dallies! 'Slight, see! he'll put him to 't in earnest.—Well done, Amorphus!

*Ana.* That puff was good indeed.

*Cri.* Ods me! this is desperate play: he hits himself o' the shins.

*Hed.* An he make this good through, he carries it, I warrant him.

*Cri.* Indeed he displays his feet rarely.

*Hed.* See, see! he does the respective leer damnably well.

*Amo.* "The true idolater of your beauties shall never pass their deities unadored: I rest your poor knight."

*Hed.* See, now the oblique leer, or the Janus: he satisfies all with that aspect most nobly.

[*A flourish.*]

*Cri.* And most terribly he comes off; like your rodomontado.

*Pha.* How like you this play, Anaides?

*Ana.* Good play; but 'tis too rough and boisterous.

*Amo.* I will second it with a stroke easier, wherein I will prove his language.

[*A charge.*]

*Ana.* This is filthy, and grave, now.

*Hed.* O, 'tis cool and wary play. We must not disgrace our own camerade too much.

*Amo.* "Signora, ho tanto obbligo per le favore rescuito da lei; che veramente desidero con tutto il core, à remunerarla in parte: e sicurative, signora mea cara, chè io sera sempre pronto à servirla, e honorarla. Bascio le mane de vo' signoria."

*Cri.* The Venetian dop this.<sup>1</sup>

*Pha.* Most unexpectedly excellent! The French goes down certain.

*Aso.* "As buckets are put down into a well;

Or as a school-boy——"

*Cri.* Truss up your simile, jackdaw, and observe.

*Hed.* Now the monsieur is moved.

*Ana.* Bo-peep!

*Hed.* O, most antick.

*Cri.* The French quirk, this, sir.

*Ana.* Heart, he will over-run her.

*Mer.* "Madamoyselle, Je voudroy que pouvoy monstier mon affection, mais je suis tant malheureuse, ci froid, ci layd, ci—Je ne seay qui de dire—excuse moi, Je suis tout vostre."

[*A flourish.*]

*Phi.* O brave and spirited! he's a right Jovialist.

*Pha.* No, no: Amorphus's gravity outweighs it.

*Cri.* And yet your lady, or your feather, would outweigh both.

*Ana.* What's the prize, lady, at this Better Regard?

*Mer.* A face favourably simpering, and a fan waving.

*Ana.* They have done doubtfully. Divide. Give the favourable face to the signior, and the light wave to the monsieur.

*Amo.* You become the simper well, lady.

*Mer.* And the wag better.

*Amo.* Now to our *Solemn Address*. Please the well-graced Philautia to relieve the lady sentinel; she hath stood long.

*Phi.* With all my heart; come, guardian, resign your place.

[*Moria comes from the state.*]

*Amo.* Monsieur, furnish yourself with what solemnity of ornament you think fit for this third weapon; at which you are to shew all the cunning of stroke your devotion can possibly devise.

*Mer.* Let me alone, sir. I'll sufficiently decipher your amorous solemnities.—Crites, have patience. See, if I hit not all their practic observance, with which they lime twigs to catch their fantastic lady-birds.

<sup>1</sup> *The Venetian dop this.* The *dop* is the dip, a very low bow, or curtesy. I have not attempted to correct the complimentary jargon

in the preceding speech, or in that of Mercury below; as the poet perhaps meant to display his courtier's ignorance in them.

*Cri.* Ay, but you should do more charitably to do it more openly, that they might discover themselves mocked in these monstrous affections. [A charge.

*Mer.* Lackey, where's the tailor?

*Enter* Tailor, Barber, Perfumer, Milliner, Jeweller, and Feather-maker.

*Tai.* Here, sir.

*Hed.* See, they have their tailor, barber, perfumer, milliner, jeweller, feather-maker, all in common!

[*They make themselves ready on the stage.*

*Ana.* Ay, this is pretty.

*Amo.* Here is a hair too much, take it off. Where are thy mullets?<sup>1</sup>

*Mer.* Is this pink of equal proportion to this cut, standing off this distance from it?

*Tai.* That it is, sir.

*Mer.* Is it so, sir? You impudent poltroon, you slave, you list, you shreds, you—

[*Beats the Tailor.*

*Hed.* Excellent! This was the best yet.

*Ana.* Why, we must use our tailors thus: this is our true magnanimity.

*Mer.* Come, go to, put on; we must bear with you for the times' sake.

*Amo.* Is the perfume rich in this jerkin?

*Per.* Taste, smell; I assure you, sir, pure benjamin,<sup>2</sup> the only spirited scent that ever awaked a Neapolitan nostril. You would wish yourself all nose for the love on't. I frotted a jerkin for a new-revenued gentleman yielded me threescore crowns but this morning, and the same titillation.

*Amo.* I savour no sampsuchine in it.<sup>3</sup>

*Per.* I am a Nulli-fidian,<sup>4</sup> if there be not three-thirds of a scruple more of sampsuchinum in this confection than ever I put in any. I'll tell you all the ingredients, sir.

*Amo.* You shall be simple to discover your simples.

*Per.* Simple! why, sir? What reck I to whom I discover? I have in it musk, civet, amber, Phœnicobalanus, the decoction of turmerick, sesana, nard, spikenard,

calamus odoratus, stacte, opobalsamum, amomum, storax, ladanum, aspalathum, opoponax, œnanthe. And what of all these now? what are you the better? Tut, it is the sorting, and the dividing, and the mixing, and the tempering, and the searching, and the decocting, that makes the fumigation and the suffumigation.

*Amo.* Well, indue me with it.

*Per.* I will, sir.

*Hed.* An excellent confection.

*Cri.* And most worthy a true voluptuary. Jove! what a coil these musk-worms take to purchase another's delight? for themselves, who bear the odours, have ever the least sense of them. Yet I do like better the prodigality of jewels and clothes, whereof one passeth to a man's heirs; the other at least wears out time. This presently expires, and, without continual riot in reparation, is lost: which whoso strives to keep, it is one special argument to me, that, affecting to smell better than other men, he doth indeed smell far worse.

*Mer.* I know you will say, it sits well, sir.

*Tai.* Good faith, if it do not, sir, let your mistress be judge.

*Mer.* By heaven, if my mistress do not like it, I'll make no more conscience to undo thee than to undo an oyster.

*Tai.* Believe it, there's ne'er a mistress in the world can mislike it.

*Mer.* No, not goodwife tailor, your mistress; that has only the judgment to heat your pressing-tool. But for a court-mistress that studies these decorums, and knows the proportion of every cut to a hair, knows why such a colour is cut upon such a colour, and when a satin is cut upon six taffataes, will look that we should dive into the depth of the cut—Give me my scarf. Shew some ribands, sirrah. Have you the feather?

*Feat.* Ay, sir.

*Mer.* Have you the jewel?

*Jew.* Yes, sir.

*Mer.* What must I give for the hire on't?

*Jew.* You shall give me six crowns, sir.

"Totum te cupias, Fabulle, nasum."

<sup>1</sup> *I savour no sampsuchine in it.*] Sampsuchine is sweet marjoram, an herb much in repute once for its sanative virtues.

<sup>2</sup> *I am a Nulli-fidian.*] An unbeliever, an atheist, or, in the modern phrase, a free-thinker: the perfumer seems to use the word for a person of no honour or credit, which is not much amiss.

<sup>1</sup> *Where are thy mullets?*] Mulletts are small pincers, answering perhaps to our curling-irons. The word is in Coles's English Dictionary: but I can give no example of its use by Jonson's contemporaries.

<sup>2</sup> *Pure benjamin.*] Benjamin or benjoun is an aromatic gum, sent into these parts from the East, from whence it is probable the name itself came likewise.—*WHAL.*

In the next line there is an allusion to Martial:

*Mer.* Six crowns! By heaven 'twere a good deed to borrow it of thee to shew, and never let thee have it again.

*Jew.* I hope your worship will not do so, sir.

*Mer.* By Jove, sir, there be such tricks stirring, I can tell you, and worthily too. Extorting knaves, that live by these court-decorums, and yet—What's your jewel worth, I pray?

*Jew.* A hundred crowns, sir.

*Mer.* A hundred crowns, and six for the loan on't an hour! what's that in the hundred for the year? These impostors would not be hanged! Your thief is not comparable to them, by Hercules. Well, put it in, and the feather; you will have it an you shall, and the pox give you good on't!

*Amo.* Give me my confects, my moscardini, and place those colours in my hat.

*Mer.* These are Bolognian ribands, I warrant you.

*Mil.* In truth, sir, if they be not right Granado silk—

*Mer.* A pox on you, you'll all say so.

*Mil.* You give me not a penny, sir.

*Mer.* Come, sir, perfume my devant ;<sup>1</sup>

"May it ascend, like solemn sacrifice,  
Into the nostrils of the Queen of Love!"

*Hed.* Your French ceremonies are the best.

*Ana.* Monsieur, signior, your Solemn Address is too long; the ladies long to have you come on.

*Amo.* Soft, sir, our coming on is not so easily prepared. Signior Fig!

*Per.* Ay, sir.

*Amo.* Can you help my complexion, here?

*Per.* O yes, sir, I have an excellent mineral fucus for the purpose. The gloves are right, sir; you shall bury them in a muck-hill, a draught, seven years, and take them out and wash them, they shall still retain their first scent, true Spanish. There's ambre in the umbre.<sup>2</sup>

*Mer.* Your price, sweet Fig?

*Per.* Give me what you will, sir; the

signior pays me two crowns a pair; you shall give me your love, sir.

*Mer.* My love! with a pox to you, goodman Sassafras.

*Per.* I come, sir. There's an excellent diapasm in a chain too,<sup>3</sup> if you like it.

*Amo.* Stay, what are the ingredients to your fucus?

*Per.* Nought but sublimate and crude mercury, sir, well prepared and dulcified, with the jaw-bones of a sow, burnt, beaten, and searced.<sup>4</sup>

*Amo.* I approve it. Lay it on.

*Mer.* I'll have your chain of pomander, sirrah; what's your price?

*Per.* We'll agree, monsieur; I'll assure you it was both decocted and dried where no sun came, and kept in an onyx ever since it was balled.

*Mer.* Come, invert my mustachio, and we have done.

*Amo.* 'Tis good.

*Bar.* Hold still, I pray you, sir.

*Per.* Nay, the fucus is exorbitant, sir.

*Mer.* Death, dost thou burn me, harlot!

*Bar.* I beseech you, sir.

*Mer.* Beggar, valet, poltroon.

[Beats him.]

*Hed.* Excellent, excellent!

*Ana.* Your French beat is the most natural beat of the world.

*Aso.* O that I had played at this weapon!

[A charge.]

*Pha.* Peace, now they come on; the second part.

*Amo.* "Madam, your beauties being so attractive, I muse you are left thus alone."

*Phi.* "Better be alone, sir, than ill accompanied."

*Amo.* "Nought can be ill, lady, that can come near your goodness."

*Mer.* "Sweet madam, on what part of you soever a man casts his eye, he meets with perfection; you are the lively image of Venus throughout; all the graces smile in your cheeks; your beauty nourishes as well as delights; you have a tongue steeped in honey, and a breath like a panther;<sup>5</sup> your breasts and forehead are whiter than goat's

<sup>1</sup> Come, sir, perfume my devant;] Meaning, perhaps, his "predominant," his foretop: but I would not have the reader rely too securely on these and similar attempts at explanation, which, at best, are but lucky guesses.

<sup>2</sup> There's ambre in the umbre.] There's ambergris in the dye. The gloves, I suppose, were of a brown colour.

<sup>3</sup> There's an excellent diapasm in a chain,]

Diapasms are aromatic herbs dried, and reduced to powder; they were formerly made into little balls with sweet water, and strung together as here, or worn loose in the pocket. This is the "pomander chain," mentioned just below.

<sup>4</sup> Searced,] i.e., finely sifted.

<sup>5</sup> A breath like a panther,] i.e., sweet. See the Fox.

milk or May blossoms ; a cloud is not so soft as your skin——"

*Hed.* Well strook, monsieur ! He charges like a Frenchman indeed, thick and hotly.<sup>1</sup>

*Mer.* "Your cheeks are Cupid's baths, wherein he uses to steep himself in milk and nectar : he does light all his torches at your eyes, and instructs you how to shoot and wound with their beams. Yet I love nothing in you more than your innocence ; you retain so native a simplicity, so unblamed a behaviour ! Methinks, with such a love, I should find no head, nor foot of my pleasure : you are the very spirit of a lady."

*Ana.* Fair play, monsieur, you are too hot on the quarry ; give your competitor audience.

*Amo.* "Lady, how stirring soever the monsieur's tongue is, he will lie by your side more dull than your eunuch."

*Ana.* A good stroke ; that mouth was excellently put over.

*Amo.* "You are fair, lady——"

*Cri.* You offer foul, signior, to close ; keep your distance ; for all your bravo rampant here.

*Amo.* "I say you are fair, lady, let your choice be fit, as you are fair."

*Mer.* "I say ladies do never believe they are fair, till some fool begins to doat upon them."

*Phi.* You play too rough, gentlemen.

*Amo.* "Your Frenchified fool is your only fool, lady : I do yield to this honourable monsieur in all civil and humane courtesy. [*A flourish.*]

*Mer.* Buz !

*Ana.* Admirable. Give him the prize, give him the prize : that mouth again was most courtly hit, and rare.

*Amo.* I knew I should pass upon him with the bitter bob.

*Hed.* O, but the reverse was singular.

*Phi.* It was most subtile, Amorphus.

*Amo.* If I had done 't, it should have been better.

*Mer.* How heartily they applaud this, Crites !

*Cri.* You suffer them too long.

*Mer.* I'll take off their edge instantly.

*Ana.* Name the prize, at the *Solemn Address.*

<sup>1</sup> *He charges like a Frenchman indeed, thick and hotly.* This, as Whalley observes, is from Florus. "*Sicut primus impetus eis major quam virorum est, ita sequens minor quam feminarum.*"—Lib. ii. c. iv.

*Phi.* Two lips wagging.

*Cri.* And never a wise word, I take it.

*Ana.* Give to Amorphus. And, upon him again ; let him not draw free breath.

*Amo.* Thanks, fair deliverer, and my honourable judges. Madam Phantaste, you are our worthy object at this next weapon.

*Phi.* Most covetingly ready, Amorphus. [*She takes the state instead of Philautia.*]

*Hed.* Your monsieur is crest-fallen.

*Ana.* So are most of them once a year.

*Amo.* You will see, I shall now give him the gentle Dor presently, he forgetting to shift the colours, which are now changed with alteration of the mistress. At your last weapon, sir. *The Perfect Close.* Set forward. [*A charge.*] Intend your approach, monsieur.

*Mer.* 'Tis yours, signior.

*Amo.* With your example, sir.

*Mer.* Not I, sir.

*Amo.* It is your right.

*Mer.* By no possible means.

*Amo.* You have the way.

*Mer.* As I am noble——

*Amo.* As I am virtuous——

*Mer.* Pardon me, sir.

*Amo.* I will die first.

*Mer.* You are a tyrant in courtesy.

*Amo.* He is removed. [*Stays Mercury on his moving.*] Judges, bear witness.

*Mer.* What of that, sir ?

*Amo.* You are removed, sir.

*Mer.* Well.

*Amo.* I challenge you ; you have received the Dor. Give me the prize.

*Mer.* Soft, sir. How, the Dor ?

*Amo.* The common mistress, you see, is changed.

*Mer.* Right, sir.

*Amo.* And you have still in your hat the former colours.

*Mer.* You lie, sir, I have none : I have pulled them out. I meant to play discoloured. [*A flourish.*]

*Cri.* The Dor, the Dor, the Dor, the Dor, the Dor, the palpable Dor !

*Ana.* Heart of my blood, Amorphus, what have you done ? stuck a disgrace upon us all, and at your last weapon !

*Amo.* I could have done no more.

*Hed.* By heaven, it was most unfortunate luck.

*Ana.* Luck ! by that candle, it was mere rashness, and oversight ; would any man have ventured to play so open, and forsake his ward ? D—n me, if he have not eter-

nally undone himself in court, and discountenanced us that were his main countenance, by it.

*Amo.* Forgive it now : it was the solecism of my stars.

*Cri.* The Wring by the hand, and the Banquet, is ours.

*Mer.* O, here's a lady feels like a wench of the first year; you would think her hand did melt in your touch; and the bones of her fingers ran out at length when you prest 'em, they are so gently delicate! He that had the grace to print a kiss on these lips, should taste wine and rose-leaves. O, she kisses as close as a cockle. Let's take them down, as deep as our hearts, wench, till our very souls mix. Adieu, signior: good faith, I shall drink to you at supper, sir.

*Ana.* Stay, monsieur. Who awards you the prize?

*Cri.* Why, his proper merit, sir; you see he has played down your grand gamb-master here.

*Ana.* That's not in your logic to determine, sir: you are no courter. This is none of your seven or nine beggarly sciences, but a certain mystery above them, wherein we that have skill must pronounce, and not such fresh men as you are.

*Cri.* Indeed, I must declare myself to you no profest courting; nor to have any excellent stroke at your subtile weapons; yet if you please, I dare venture a hit with you, or your fellow, Sir Dagonet, here.

*Ana.* With me?

*Cri.* Yes, sir.

*Ana.* Heart, I shall never have such a fortune to save myself in a fellow again, and your two reputations, gentlemen, as in this. I'll undertake him.

*Hed.* Do, and swinge him soundly, good Anaides.

*Ana.* Let me alone; I'll play other manner of play than has been seen yet. I would the prize lay on't!

*Mer.* It shall if you will, I forgive my right.

*Ana.* Are you so confident! what's your weapon?

*Cri.* At any, I, sir.

*Mer.* The Perfect Close, that's now the best.

*Ana.* Content, I'll pay your scholarship. Who offers?

*Cri.* Marry, that will I: I dare give you that advantage too.

*Ana.* You dare! well, look to your liberal sconce.

*Amo.* Make your play still, upon the answer, sir.

*Ana.* Hold your peace, you are a hobby-horse.

*Aso.* Sit by me, master.

*Mer.* Now, Crites, strike home.

[*A charge.*]

*Cri.* You shall see me undo the assured swaggerer with a trick, instantly: I will play all his own play before him; court the wench in his garb, in his phrase, with his face; leave him not so much as a look, an eye, a stalk, or an imperfect oath, to express himself by, after me.

[*Aside to Mercury.*]

*Mer.* Excellent, Crites.

*Ana.* When begin you, sir? have you consulted?

*Cri.* To your cost, sir. Which is the piece stands forth to be courted? O, are you she? [*To Philautia.*] "Well, madam, or sweet lady, it is so, I do love you in some sort, do you conceive? and though I am no monsieur, nor no signior, and do want, as they say, logic and sophistry, and good words, to tell you why it is so; yet by this hand and by that candle it is so; and though I be no book-worm, nor one that deals by art, to give you rhetoric and causes why it should be so, or make it good it is so; yet d—n me, but I know it is so, and am assured it is so, and I and my sword shall make it appear it is so, and give you reason sufficient how it can be no otherwise but so——"

*Hed.* 'Slight, Anaides, you are mocked, and so we are all.

*Mer.* How now, signior! what, suffer yourself to be cozened of your courtship before your face?

*Hed.* This is plain confederacy to disgrace us: let's be gone, and plot some revenge.

*Amo.* "When men disgraces share,  
The lesser is the care."

*Cri.* Nay, stay, my dear Ambition. [*To Hedon.*] I can do you over too. You that tell your mistress, her beauty is all composed of theft; her hair stole from Apollo's goldy-locks; her white and red, lilies and roses stolen out of paradise; her eyes two stars, plucked from the sky; her nose the gnomon of Love's dial, that tells you how the clock of your heart goes: and for her other parts, as you cannot reckon them, they are so many; so you cannot recount them, they are so manifest. Yours, if his own, unfortunate Hoyden, instead of Hedon.

[*A flourish.*]

*Aso.* Sister, come away, I cannot endure them longer.

[*Exeunt all but Mercury and Crites.*]

*Mer.* Go, Dors, and you, my madam  
Courtningstocks,  
Follow your scorned and derided mates;  
Tell to your guilty breasts, what mere gilt  
blocks  
You are, and how unworthy human states.

*Cri.* Now, sacred God of Wit, if you  
can make  
Those, whom our sports tax in these apish  
graces,  
Kiss, like the fighting snakes, your peaceful  
rod;  
These times shall canonize you for a god.

*Mer.* Why, Crites, think you any noble  
spirit,  
Or any, worth the title of a man,  
Will be incensed to see the enchanted veils  
Of self-conceit, and servile flattery,  
Wrapt in so many iolds by time and cus-  
tom,  
Drawn from his wronged and bewitched  
eyes?

Who sees not now their shape and naked-  
ness,  
Is blinder than the son of earth, the mole;  
Crowned with no more humanity, nor soul.

*Cri.* Though they may see it, yet the  
huge estate,  
Fancy, and form, and sensual pride have  
gotten,  
Will make them blush for anger, not for  
shame,  
And turn shewn nakedness to impudence.  
Humour is now the test we try things in:  
All power is just: nought that delights is  
sin.

And yet the zeal of every knowing man  
Oppress with hills of tyranny, cast on  
virtue  
By the light fancies of fools, thus trans-  
ported,  
Cannot but vent the Ætna of his fires,  
T'inflame best bosoms with much worthier  
love  
Than of these outward and effeminate  
shades;

That these vain joys, in which their wills  
consume  
Such powers of wit and soul as are of force  
To raise their beings to eternity,  
May be converted on works fitting men:  
And, for the practice of a forced look,  
An antic gesture, or a fustian phrase,  
Study the native frame of a true heart,  
An inward comeliness of bounty, know-  
ledge,

And spirit that may conform them actually  
To God's high figures, which they have in  
power;

Which to neglect for a self-loving neatness,  
Is sacrilege of an unpardoned greatness.

*Mer.* Then let the truth of these things  
strengthen thee,  
In thy exempt and only man-like course;  
Like it the more, the less it is respected:  
Though men fail, virtue is by gods pro-  
tected.—

See, here comes Arete; I'll withdraw my-  
self. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Arete.*

*Are.* Crites, you must provide straight  
for a masque,  
'Tis Cynthia's pleasure.

*Cri.* How, bright Arete!  
Why, 'twere a labour more for Hercules:  
Better and sooner durst I undertake  
To make the different seasons of the year,  
The winds or elements, to sympathize,  
Than then unmeasurable vanity  
Dance truly in a measure. They agree!  
What though all concord's born of con-  
traries;

So many follies will confusion prove,  
And like a sort of jarring instruments,  
All out of tune: because, indeed, we see  
There is not that analogy 'twixt discords,  
As between things but merely opposite.

*Are.* There is your error: for as Hermes'  
wand  
Charms the disorders of tumultuous ghosts;  
And as the strife of Chaos then did cease,  
When better light than Nature's did arrive:  
So what could never in itself agree,  
Forgetteth the eccentric property,  
And at her sight turns forthwith regular,  
Whose sceptre guides the flowing ocean:  
And though it did not, yet the most of  
them

Being either courtiers, or not wholly rude,  
Respect of majesty, the place, and pre-  
sence,

Will keep them within ring, especially  
When they are not presented as themselves,  
But masqued like others: for, in troth, not  
so

To incorporate them, could be nothing  
else,

Than like a state ungoverned, without laws,  
Or body made of nothing but diseases:  
The one, through impotency, poor and  
wretched;

The other, for the anarchy, absurd.

*Cri.* But, lady, for the revellers them-  
selves,

It would be better, in my poor conceit,  
That others were employed; for such as  
are

Unfit to be in Cynthia's court, can seem  
No less unfit to be in Cynthia's sports.

*Are.* That, Crites, is not purposed with-  
out

Particular knowledge of the goddess' mind;  
Who holding true intelligence, what follies  
Had crept into her palace, she resolved  
Of sports and triumphs, under that pretext,  
To have them muster in their pomp and  
fulness,

That s<sup>o</sup> she might more strictly, and to  
ro<sup>t</sup>,

Effect the reformation she intends.

*Cri.* I now conceive her heavenly drift  
in all,

And will apply my spirits to serve her will.  
O thou, the very power by which I am,  
And but for which it were in vain to be,  
Chief next Diana, virgin heavenly fair,  
Admired Arete, of them admired

Whose souls are not enkindled by the  
sense,

Disdain not my chaste fire, but feed the  
flame

Devoted truly to thy gracious name.

*Are.* Leave to suspect us: Crites well  
shall find,

As we are now most dear, we'll prove most  
kind.

[*Within.*] Arete!

*Are.* Hark, I'm called. [Exit.]

*Cri.* I follow instantly.

Phœbus Apollo, if with ancient rites,  
And due devotions, I have ever hung  
Elaborate Pœans on thy golden shrine,  
Or sung thy triumphs in a lofty strain,  
Fit for a theatre of gods to hear;

And thou, the other son of mighty Jove,  
Cyllenian Mercury, sweet Maia's joy,  
If in the busy tumults of the mind  
My path thou ever hast illumined,

For which thine altars I have oft per-  
fumed,

And decked thy statues with discoloured  
flowers:<sup>1</sup>

Now thrive invention in this glorious court,

<sup>1</sup> And decked thy statues with discoloured flowers:] i.e., with flowers of different colours. So in *David and Bethsebe*, 1595:

"May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant weight

Be still enamelled with *discolourea* flowers."

And in *Britannia's Pastorals*:

"As are the dainty flowers which Flora spreads  
Unto the Spring in the *discoloured* meads."

That not of bounty only, but of right,  
Cynthia may grace, and give it life by sight.  
[Exit.]

### SCENE III.

*Enter* Hesperus, Cynthia, Arete, Timè,  
Phronesis, and Thauuma.

*Music accompanied.* Hesperus sings.

Queen, and huntress,<sup>2</sup> chaste and fair,  
Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
Seated in thy silver chair,  
Stated in wonted manner keep:  
Hesperus entreats thy light,  
Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
Dare itself to interpose;  
Cynthia's shining orb was made  
Heav'n to clear, when day did close:  
Bless us then with wished sight,  
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
And thy crystal shining quiver;  
Give unto the flying hart  
Space to breathe, how short soever:  
Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
Goddess excellently bright.

*Cyn.* When hath Diana, like an envious  
wretch,

That glitters only to his soothed self,  
Denying to the world the precious use  
Of hoarded wealth, withheld her friendly  
aid?

Monthly we spend our still-repaired shine,  
And not forbid our virgin-waxen torch  
To burn and blaze while nutriment doth  
last:

That once consumed, out of Jove's treasury  
A new we take, and stick it in our sphere,  
To give the mutinous kind of wanting men  
Their looked-for light. Yet what is their  
desert?

Bounty is wronged, interpreted as due;  
Mortals can challenge not a ray, by right,  
Yet do expect the whole of Cynthia's light.  
But if that deities withdrew their gifts  
For human follies, what could men deserve

Just above Jonson uses *discoloured* for colourless, without colours. There is, as Whalley truly observes, a noble spirit of poetry in this invocation, not unworthy of a classic author. In the quarto this scene concludes the fourth act.

<sup>2</sup> Queen, and huntress, &c.] This little hymn is delicate, both in the sentiment and expression; the images are picturesque, and the verses easy and flowing.—WHAL.

But death and darkness? It behoves the high,

For their own sakes, to do things worthily.

*Are.* Most true, most sacred goddess; for the heavens

Receive no good of all the good they do :

Nor Jove, nor you, nor other heavenly Powers,

Are fed with fumes which do from incense rise,

Or sacrifices reeking in their gore ;

Yet for the care which you of mortals have,

(Whose proper good it is that they be so,)

You well are pleased with odours redolent:

But ignorant is all the race of men,

Which still complains, not knowing why, or when.

*Cyn.* Else, noble Arete, they would not blame,

And tax, or for unjust, or for as proud, Thy Cynthia, in the things which are indeed

The greatest glories in our starry crown ;

Such is our chastity, which safely scorns,

Not love, for who more fervently doth love

Immortal honour, and divine renown ?

But giddy Cupid, Venus' frantic son.

Yet, Arete, if by this veiled light

We but discovered (what we not discern)

Any the least of imputations stand

Ready to sprinkle our unspotted fame

With note of lightness, from these revels near ;

Not, for the empire of the universe,

Should night, or court, this whatsoever shine,

Or grace of ours, unhappily enjoy.

Place and occasion are two privy thieves,

And from poor innocent ladies often steal

The best of things, an honourable name ;

To stay with follies, or where faults may be,

Infers a crime, although the party free.

*Are.* How Cynthiaianly, that is, how worthily

And like herself, the matchless Cynthia speaks !

Infinite jealousies, infinite regards,

Do watch about the true virginity :

But Phœbe lives from all, not only fault,

But as from thought, so from suspicion free.

Thy presence broad-seals our delights for pure ;

What's done in Cynthia's sight is done secure.

*Cyn.* That then so answered, dearest Arete,

What th' argument, or of what sort our sports

Are like to be this night, I not demand.

Nothing which duty,<sup>1</sup> and desire to please,

Bears written in the forehead, comes amiss.

But unto whose invention must we owe

The complement of this night's furniture ?

*Are.* Excellent goddess, to a man's, whose worth,

Without hyperbole, I thus may praise ;

One at least studious of deserving well,

And, to speak truth, indeed deserving well.

Potential merit stands for actual,

Where only opportunity doth want,

Not will, nor power ; both which in him abound.

One whom the Muses and Minerva love ;

For whom should they, than Crites, more esteem,

Whom Phœbus, though not Fortune, holdeth dear ?

And, which convinceth excellence in him,

A principal admirer of yourself.

Even through the ungentle injuries of Fate,

And difficulties, which do virtue choke,

Thus much of him appears. What other things

Of farther note do lie unborn in him,

Them I do leave for cherishment to shew,

And for a goddess graciously to judge.

*Cyn.* We have already judged him, Arete ;

Nor are we ignorant how noble minds

Suffer too much through those indignities

Which times and vicious persons cast on them..

Ourselves have ever vowed to esteem

As virtue for itself, so fortune, base ;

Who's first in worth, the same be first in place.

Nor farther notice, Arete, we crave

Than thine approval's sovereign warranty :

Let 't be thy care to make us known to him :

Cynthia shall brighten what the world made dim. [Exit Arete.

### *The First Masque.*

*Enter Cupid, disguised as Anteros, followed by Storgé, Aglaia, Euphantaste, and Apheleia.*

*Cup.* " Clear pearl of heaven, and, not

<sup>1</sup> *Nothing which duty, &c.]* This sentiment of humanity is from Shakspeare :

" Never anything can be amiss,  
When simpleness and duty tender it."

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Cynthia and Theseus are exactly in the same situation, both preparing to see a dramatic exhibition.—*WHAT.*

to be farther ambitious in titles, Cynthia ! the fame of this illustrious night, among others, hath also drawn these four fair virgins from the palace of their queen Perfection, (a word which makes no sufficient difference betwixt hers and thine,) to visit thy imperial court : for she, their sovereign, not finding where to dwell among men, before her return to heaven, advised them wholly to consecrate themselves to thy celestial service, as in whose clear spirit (the proper element and sphere of virtue) they should behold not her alone, their ever-honoured mistress, but themselves (more truly themselves) to live enthronized. Herself would have commended them unto thy favour more particularly, but that she knows no commendation is more available with thee than that of proper virtue. Nevertheless she willed them to present this crystal mound,<sup>1</sup> a note of monarchy, and symbol of perfection, to thy more worthy deity ; which, as here by me they most humbly do, so amongst the rarities thereof, that is the chief, to shew whatsoever the world hath excellent, howsoever remote and various. But your irradiate judgment will soon discover the secrets of this little crystal world. Themselves, to appear more plainly, because they know nothing more odious than false pretexts, have chosen to express their several qualities thus in several colours.

"The first, in citron colour, is natural affection, which, given us to procure our good, is sometime called Storgé ; and as every one is nearest to himself, so this handmaid of reason, allowable Self-love, as it is without harm, so are none without it : her place in the court of Perfection was to quicken minds in the pursuit of honour. Her device is a perpendicular level, upon a cube or square ; the word *se suo modulo* ; alluding to that true measure of one's self, which, as every one ought to make, so is it most conspicuous in thy divine example.

"The second, in green, is Aglaia, delectable and pleasant conversation, whose property is to move a kindly delight, and some-

time not without laughter : her office to entertain assemblies, and keep societies together with fair familiarity. Her device, within a ring of clouds, a heart with shine about it ;<sup>2</sup> the word, *curarum nubila fello* : an allegory of Cynthia's light, which no less clears the sky than her fair mirth the heart.

"The third, in the discoloured<sup>3</sup> mantle spangled all over, is Euphantaste, a well-conceited Wittiness, and employed in honouring the court with the riches of her pure invention. Her device, upon a Pegasus, or Mercurial hat, a crescent ; the word, *sic laus ingenii* ; inferring that the praise and glory of wit doth ever increase, as doth thy growing moon.

"The fourth, in white, is Apheleia, a nymph as pure and simple as the soul, or as an abrase table, and is therefore called Simplicity ; without folds, without plaits, without colour, without counterfeit ; and, (to speak plainly) plainness itself. Her device is no device.<sup>4</sup> The word under her silver shield, *omnis abest fucus* ; alluding to thy spotless self, who art as far from impurity as from mortality.

"Myself, celestial goddess, more fit for the court of Cynthia than the arbores of Cytherea, am called Anteros, or Love's enemy ; the more welcome therefore to thy court, and the fitter to conduct this quaternion, who, as they are thy professed votaries, and for that cause adversaries to Love, yet thee, perpetual virgin, they both love, and vow to love eternally."

*Re-enter Arete, with Crites.*

*Cyn.* Not without wonder, nor without delight,  
Mine eyes have viewed, in contemplation's depth,  
This work of wit, divine and excellent :  
What shape, what substance, or what unknown power,  
In virgin's habit, crowned with laurel leaves,

<sup>1</sup> *This crystal mound,*] Mound is an orb or globe : and by this name particularly the globe is called which the king carries at his coronation.—WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> *A heart with shine about it;*] *Shine* or *shewn* was anciently used for brightness, splendour, &c. Thus in the old translation of the Psalms : "His lightening gave *shine* unto the world." And in *Venus* and *Adonis* :

"Cynthia for shame obscures her silver *shine*."  
It is pure Saxon.

<sup>3</sup> *The third, in the discoloured mantle]* See p. 196 a. *Abrase table*, which occurs just below, is a Latinism, and means clear and smooth as virgin wax, or paper.

<sup>4</sup> *Her device is no device,*] i.e., she bears a plain shield, without any emblem portrayed upon it.—WHAL.

Thus, in the *Arcadia*, "Whose *device* was to come *without any device*, all in white, like a new knight," p. 180.

And olive-branches woven in between,  
On sea-girt rocks, like to a goddess shines !  
O front ! O face ! O all celestial, sure,  
And more than mortal ! Arete, behold  
Another Cynthia, and another queen,  
Whose glory, like a lasting plenilune,  
Seems ignorant of what it is to wane.  
Nor under heaven an object could be  
found  
More fit to please. Let Crites make ap-  
proach.

Bounty forbids to pall our thanks with stay,  
Or to defer our favour, after view :  
The time of grace is, when the cause is  
new.

*Are.* Lo, here the man, celestial Delia,  
Who (like a circle bounded in itself)  
Contains as much as man in fullness may.  
Lo, here the man, who not of usual earth,  
But of that nobler and more precious  
mould  
Which Phœbus self doth temper, is com-  
posed ;  
And who, though all were wanting to  
reward,  
Yet to himself he would not wanting be :  
Thy favour's gain is his ambition's most,  
And labour's best ; who (humble in his  
height)  
Stands fixed silent in thy glorious sight.

*Cyn.* With no less pleasure than we  
have beheld

This precious crystal work of rarest wit,  
Our eye doth read thee, now instiled, our  
Crites ;

Whom learning, virtue, and our favour last,  
Exempteth from the gloomy multitude.  
With common eye the Supreme should not  
see :

Henceforth be ours, the more thyself to be.

*Cri.* Heaven's purest light, whose orb  
may be eclipsed,

But not thy praise ; divinest Cynthia !  
How much too narrow for so high a grace,  
Thine (save therein) the most unworthy  
Crites

Doth find himself ! for ever shine thy  
fame ;

Thine honours ever, as thy beauties do.  
In me they must, my dark world's chiefest  
lights,

By whose propitious beams my powers are  
raised

To hope some part of those most lofty  
points,

Which blessed Arete hath pleased to name,  
As marks, to which my endeavour's steps  
should bend :

Mine, as begun at thee, in thee must end.

### *The Second Masque.*

*Enter Mercury as a page, introducing  
Eucosmos, Eupathes, Eutolmos, and  
Eucolos.*

*Mer.* "Sister of Phœbus, to whose  
bright orb we owe, that we not complain  
of his absence : these four brethren (for  
they are brethren, and sons of Eutaxia, a  
lady known, and highly beloved of your  
resplendent deity) not able to be absent,  
when Cynthia held a solemnity, officiously  
insinuate themselves into thy presence : for  
as there are four cardinal virtues, upon  
which the whole frame of the court doth  
move, so are these the four cardinal pro-  
perties, without which the body of com-  
pliment moveth not. With these four  
silver javelins (which they bear in their  
hands) they support in princes' courts the  
state of the presence, as by office they are  
obliged ; which, though here they may  
seem superfluous, yet, for honour's sake,  
they thus presume to visit thee, having  
also been employed in the palace of Queen  
Perfection. And though to them that  
would make themselves gracious to a  
goddess, sacrifices were fiter than presents,  
or impresses, yet they both hope thy  
favour, and (in place of either) use several  
symbols, containing the titles of thy im-  
perial dignity.

"First, the hithermost, in the change-  
able blue and green robe, is the com-  
mendably-fashioned gallant, Eucosmos ;  
whose courtly habit is the grace of the  
presence, and delight of the surveying eye :  
whom ladies understand by the names of  
Neat and Elegant. His symbol is *divæ  
virgini*, in which he would express thy  
deity's principal glory, which hath ever  
been virginity.

"The second, in the rich accoutrement,  
and robe of purple, empaled with gold, is  
Eupathes ; who entertains his mind with  
an harmless, but not incurious variety : all  
the objects of his senses are sumptuous,  
himself a gallant, that, without excess, can  
make use of superfluity, go richly in em-  
broideries, jewels, and what not, without  
vanity, and fare delicately without glut-  
tony ; and therefore (not without cause) is  
universally thought to be of fine humour.  
His symbol is *divæ optimæ* ; an attribute  
to express thy goodness, in which thou so  
resemblest Jove thy father.

"The third, in the blush-coloured suit,  
is Eutolmos, as duly respecting others, as

never neglecting himself; commonly known by the title of good Audacity; to courts and courtly assemblies a guest most acceptable. His symbol is *divæ viragini*; to express thy hardy courage in chase of savage beasts, which harbour in woods and wildernesses.

"The fourth, in watchet tinsel,<sup>1</sup> is the kind and truly benefique Eucolos, who imparteth not without respect, but yet without difficulty, and hath the happiness to make every kindness seem double, by the timely and freely bestowing thereof. He is the chief of them, who by the vulgar are said to be of good nature. His symbol is *divæ maximæ*; an adjunct to signify thy greatness, which in heaven, earth, and hell, is formidable.

*Music.* A Dance by the two Masques joined, during which Cupid and Mercury retire to the side of the stage.

*Cup.* Is not that Amorphus, the traveller?

*Mer.* As though it were not! do you not see how his legs are in travail with a measure?

*Cup.* Hedon, thy master, is next.

*Mer.* What, will Cupid turn nomenclator, and cry them?

*Cup.* No, faith, but I have a comedy toward, that would not be lost for a kingdom.

*Mer.* In good time, for Cupid will prove the comedy.

*Cup.* Mercury, I am studying how to match them.

*Mer.* How to mismatch them were harder.

*Cup.* They are the nymphs must do it; I shall sport myself with their passions above measure.

*Mer.* Those nymphs would be tamed a little indeed, but I fear thou hast not arrows for the purpose.

*Cup.* O yes, here be of all sorts—flights, rovers, and butt-shafts.<sup>2</sup> But I can wound with a brandish, and never draw bow for the matter.

*Mer.* I cannot but believe it, my invisible archer, and yet methinks you are tedious.

*Cup.* It behoves me to be somewhat circumspect, Mercury; for if Cynthia hear the twang of my bow, she'll go near to whip me with the string: therefore, to prevent that, I thus discharge a brandish upon—it makes no matter which of the couples. Phantaste and Amorphus, at you.

[*Waves his arrow at them.*]

*Mer.* Will the shaking of a shaft strike them into such a fever of affection?

*Cup.* As well as the wink of an eye: but, I pray thee, hinder me not with thy prattle.

*Mer.* Jove forbid I hinder thee! Marry, all that I fear is Cynthia's presence, which, with the cold of her chastity, casteth such an antiperistasis<sup>3</sup> about the place, that no heat of thine will tarry with the patient.

*Cup.* It will tarry the rather, for the antiperistasis will keep it in.

*Mer.* I long to see the experiment.

*Cup.* Why, their marrow boils already, or they are all turned eunuchs.

*Mer.* Nay, an't be so, I'll give over speaking, and be a spectator only.

[*The first dance ends.*]

*Amo.* Cynthia, by my bright soul, is a right exquisite and splendidious lady; yet Amorphus, I think, hath seen more fashions, I am sure more countries: but whether I have or not, what need we gaze on Cynthia, that have ourselves to admire?

*Pha.* O, excellent Cynthia! yet if Phantaste sat where she does, and had such attire on her head, (for attire can do much,) I say no more—but goddesses are goddesses, and Phantaste is as she is! I would the revels were done once, I might go to my school of glass again, and learn to do myself right after all this ruffling.

[*Music: they begin the second dance.*]

*Mer.* How now, Cupid? here's a wonderful change with your brandish! do you not hear how they dote?

*Cup.* What prodigy is this? no word of love, no mention, no motion!

<sup>1</sup> *The fourth, in watchet tinsel,* i.e., in light sky-coloured blue.—*Dict.*

<sup>2</sup> *Here be of all sorts,* flights, rovers, and butt-shafts.] *Flights* were long and light-feathered arrows, which went level to the mark; *rovers* were arrows shot compass-wise, or with a certain degree of elevation; these were the all-dreaded war weapons of the English; *butt-shafts*, as the name sufficiently intimates, were the strong unbarbed arrows used in the field exercises and

amusements of the day. If the reader wishes to peruse a couple of pages on the subject, which will leave him very nearly as wise as they found him, he may turn to the first scene of *Much Ado About Nothing*.

<sup>3</sup> *Casteth such an antiperistasis*] "The opposition of a contrary quality, by which the quality it opposes becomes heightened or intended."

Cowley, *Dict.*

*Mer.* Not a word, my little *ignis fatue*, not a word.

*Cup.* Are my darts enchanted? is their vigour gone? is their virtue—

*Mer.* What! Cupid turned jealous of himself? ha, ha, ha!

*Cup.* Laughs Mercury?

*Mer.* Is Cupid angry?

*Cup.* Hath he not cause, when his purpose is so deluded?

*Mer.* A rare comedy, it shall be entitled Cupid's.

*Cup.* Do not scorn us, Hermes.

*Mer.* Cholera and Cupid are two fiery things; I scorn them not. But I see that come to pass, which I presaged in the beginning.

*Cup.* You cannot tell: perhaps the physic will not work so soon upon some as upon others. It may be the rest are not so resty.

*Mer.* *Ex ungue*; you know the old adage: as these, so are the remainder.

*Cup.* I'll try: this is the same shaft with which I wounded Argurion.

[*Waves his arrow again.*]

*Mer.* Ay, but let me save you a labour, Cupid: there were certain bottles of water fetched, and drunk off since that time, by these gallants.

*Cup.* Jove strike me into earth! the Fountain of Self-love!

*Mer.* Nay, faint not, Cupid.

*Cup.* I remembered it not.

*Mer.* Faith, it was ominous to take the name of Anteros upon you; you know not what charm or enchantment lies in the word: you saw I durst not venture upon any device in our presentment, but was content to be no other than a simple page. Your arrows' properties (to keep decorum), Cupid, are suited, it should seem, to the nature of him you personate.

*Cup.* Indignity not to be born!

*Mer.* Nay, rather an attempt to have been forborn. [*The second dance ends.*]

*Cup.* How might I revenge myself on this insulting Mercury? there's Crites, his minion, he has not tasted of this water. [*Waves his arrow at Crites.*] It shall be so. Is Crites turned dotard on himself too?

*Mer.* That follows not, because the venom of your shafts cannot pierce him, Cupid.

*Cup.* As though there were one antidote for these, and another for him.

*Mer.* As though there were not; or, as if one effect might not arise of divers causes? What say you to Cynthia, Arete, Phronesis, Timè, and others there?

*Cup.* They are divine.

*Mer.* And Crites aspires to be so.

[*Music: they begin the third dance.*]

*Cup.* But that shall not serve him.

*Mer.* 'Tis like to do it, at this time. But Cupid is grown too covetous, that will not spare one of a multitude.

*Cup.* One is more than a multitude.

*Mer.* Arete's favour makes any one shot-proof against thee, Cupid. I pray thee, light honey-bee, remember thou art not now in Adonis' garden, but in Cynthia's presence, where thorns lie in garrison about the roses. Soft, Cynthia speaks.

*Cyn.* Ladies and gallants of our court, to end

And give a timely period to our sports, Let us conclude them with declining night; Our empire is but of the darker half.

And if you judge it any recompense For your fair pains, t' have earned Diana's thanks,

Diana grants them, and bestows their crown To gratify your acceptable zeal.

For you are they, that not, as some have done,

Do censure us, as too severe and sour, But as, more rightly, gracious to the good;

Although we not deny, unto the proud, Or the profane, perhaps indeed austere:

For so Actæon, by presuming far, Did, to our grief, incur a fatal doom;

And so, sworn Niobe, comparing more Than he presumed, was trophæed into stone.

But are we therefore judged too extreme? Seems it no crime to enter sacred bowers,

And hallowed places, with impure aspect, Most lewdly to pollute? Seems it no crime

To brave a deity? Let mortals learn To make religion of offending heaven,<sup>1</sup>

And not at all to censure powers divine. To men this argument should stand for firm,

A goddess did it, therefore it was good: We are not cruel, nor delight in blood,—

But what have serious repetitions To do with revels, and the sports of court?

We not intend to sour your late delights With harsh expostulation. Let it suffice

That we take notice, and can take revenge Of these calumnious and lewd blasphemies.

For we are no less Cynthia than we were, Nor is our power, but as ourself, the same;

<sup>1</sup> *To make religion of offending heaven,*] This Latinism is not unfrequent in Jonson. It means to make a tender and conscientious scruple, &c.

Though we have now put on no tire of shine,<sup>1</sup>  
 But mortal eyes undazzled may endure.  
 Years are beneath the spheres, and time makes weak  
 Things under heaven, not powers which govern heaven.  
 And though ourself be in ourself secure,  
 Yet let not mortals challenge to themselves  
 Immunity from thence. Lo, this is all :  
 Honour hath store of spleen, but wanteth gall.  
 Once more we cast the slumber of our thanks  
 On your ta'en toil, which here let take an end.  
 And that we not mistake your several worths,  
 Nor you our favour, from yourselves remove  
 What makes you not yourselves, those clouds of masquer;  
 Particular pains particular thanks do ask.  
 [The dancers unmask.]  
 How ! let me view you. Ha ! are we contented?  
 Is there so little awe of our disdain,  
 That any (under trust of their disguise)  
 Should mix themselves with others of the court,  
 And, without forehead, boldly press so far,  
 As farther none? How apt is lenity  
 To be abused ! severity to be loathed !  
 And yet how much more doth the seeming face  
 Of neighbour virtues, and their borrowed names,  
 Add of lewd boldness to loose vanities !  
 Who would have thought that Philautia durst  
 Or have usurped noble Storge's name,  
 Or with that theft have ventured on our eyes?  
 Who would have thought, that all of them should hope  
 So much of our connivance, as to come  
 To grace themselves with titles not their own?  
 Instead of med'cines, have we maladies?  
 And such imposthumes as Phantaste is  
 Grow in our palace? We must lance these sores,  
 Or all will putrify. Nor are these all,

<sup>1</sup> *No tire of shine,* i.e., no attire of light. So Whalley explains it : but tire is usually spoken of a head-dress, and here means the glory or rays of light that usually circled the brows of Diana.

For we suspect a farther fraud than this :  
 Take off our veil, that shadows may depart,  
 And shapes appear, beloved Arete. So,  
 Another face of things presents itself,  
 Than did of late. What ! feathered Cupid  
 masqued,  
 And masqued like Anteros? And stay !  
 more strange !  
 Dear Mercury, our brother, like a page,  
 To countenance the ambush of the boy !  
 Nor endeth our discovery as yet :  
 Gelaia, like a nymph, that but erewhile,  
 In male attire, did serve Anaides?—  
 Cupid came hither to find sport and game,  
 Who heretofore hath been too conversant  
 Among our train, but never felt revenge ;  
 And Mercury bare Cupid company.  
 Cupid, we must confess, this time of mirth,  
 Proclaimed by us, gave opportunity  
 To thy attempts, although no privilege :  
 Tempt us no farther ; we cannot endure  
 Thy presence longer ; vanish hence, away !  
 [Exit Cupid.]  
 You, Mercury, we must entreat to stay,  
 And hear what we determine of the rest ;  
 For in this plot we well perceive your hand.  
 But, (for we mean not a censorian task,  
 And yet to lance these ulcers grown so  
 ripe,)  
 Dear Arete, and Crites, to you two  
 We give the charge ; impose what pains  
 you please :  
 Th' incurable cut off, the rest reform,  
 Remembering ever what we first decreed,  
 Since revels were proclaimed, let now none  
 bleed.  
*Are.* How well Diana can distinguish  
 times,  
 And sort her censures, keeping to herself  
 The doom of gods, leaving the rest to us !  
 Come, cite them, Crites, first, and then  
 proceed.  
*Cri.* First, Philautia, for she was the  
 first,  
 Then light Gelaia in Aglaia's name,  
 Thirdly, Phantaste, and Moria next,  
 Main Follies all, and of the female crew :  
 Amorphus, or Eucosmos' counterfeit,  
 Voluptuous Hedon ta'en for Eupathes,  
 Brazen Anaides, and Asotus last,  
 With his two pages, Morus and Prosaites ;  
 And thou, the traveller's evil, Cos, ap-  
 proach,  
 Impostors all, and male deformities—  
*Are.* Nay, forward, for I delegate my  
 power,  
 And will that at thy mercy they do stand,  
 Whom they so oft, so plainly scorned be-  
 fore.

'Tis virtue which they want, and wanting  
it,

Honour no garment to their backs can fit.  
Then Crites, practise thy discretion.

*Cri.* Adored Cynthia, and bright Arete,  
Another might seem fitter for this task,  
Than Crites far, but that you judge not so:  
For I (not to appear vindicative,  
Or mindful of contempts, which I con-  
temned,

As done of impotence) must be remiss;  
Who, as I was the author, in some sort,  
To work their knowledge into Cynthia's  
sight,

So should be much severer to revenge  
The indignity hence issuing to her name:  
But there's not one of these who are un-  
pained,

Or by themselves unpunished; for vice  
Is like a fury to the vicious mind,  
And turns delight itself to punishment.  
But we must forward, to define their doom.  
You are offenders, that must be confessed;  
Do you confess it?

*All.* We do.

*Cri.* And that you merit sharp correc-  
tion?

*All.* Yes.

*Cri.* Then we (reserving unto Delia's  
grace

Her farther pleasure, and to Arete  
What Delia granteth) thus do sentence you:  
That from this place (for penance known  
of all,

Since you have drunk so deeply of Self-  
love)

You, two and two, singing a Palinode,  
March to your several homes by Niobe's  
stone,

And offer up two tears apiece thereon,  
That it may change the name, as you must  
change,

And of a stone be called Weeping-cross;  
Because it standeth cross of Cynthia's way,  
One of whose names is sacred Trivia.

<sup>1</sup> *We do approve thy censure*, beloved Crites.]  
The change of name has here spoiled a verse,  
The quarto reads:

"We do approve thy censure, *Criticus*."

<sup>2</sup> *A virtuous court*, &c.] This and the pre-  
ceding lines form an elegant amplification of the  
well-known saying:

"*Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis*."

<sup>3</sup> *Smirks*, *irpes*, &c.] This word occurred in  
a former part of this play (p. 170a), and I recollect  
it nowhere else in our old poetry. Its meaning  
must be gathered from the context, and may  
probably be set down, without much deviation

And, after penance thus performed, you  
pass

In like set order, not as Midas did,  
To wash his gold off into Tagus' stream;  
But to the well of knowledge, Helicon;  
Where, purged of your present maladies,  
Which are not few, nor slender, you become  
Such as you fain would seem, and then  
return,

Offering your service to great Cynthia.  
This is your sentence, if the goddess please  
To ratify it with her high consent;  
The scope of wise mirth unto fruit is bent.

*Cyn.* We do approve thy censure, be-  
loved Crites;<sup>1</sup>

Which Mercury, thy true propitious friend,  
(A deity next Jove beloved of us,)  
Will undertake to see exactly done.

And for this service of discovery,  
Performed by thee, in honour of our name,  
We vow to guerdon it with such due grace  
As shall become our bounty, and thy  
place.

Princes that would their people should do  
well

Must at themselves begin, as at the head;  
For men, by their example, pattern out  
Their imitations, and regard of laws:

A virtuous court<sup>2</sup> a world to virtue draws.

[*Exeunt Cynthia and her Nymphs, fol-  
lowed by Arete and Crites:—Amor-  
phus, Phantaste, &c., go off the stage  
in pairs, singing the following*

### PALINODE.

*Amo.* From Spanish shrugs, French  
faces, smirks, *irpes*,<sup>3</sup> and all affected hu-  
mours,

*Chorus.* Good Mercury defend us.

*Pha.* From secret friends, sweet ser-  
vants, loves, doves, and such fantastic hu-  
mours,

*Chorus.* Good Mercury defend us.

from the fact, as a fantastic grimace or contor-  
tion of the body. Whether the word bears any  
allusion to that convulsive affection of the features  
caused by the *herpes* (St. Antony's fire), or be  
derived from *wedferen*, *werfen* (Teut.) to *warp*,  
I cannot say. There is indeed a substantive in  
Dutch, of which Jonson unquestionably under-  
stood something, which probably bids fairer than  
either to be the parent of this strange term.  
*Werp*, *wierp*, or *worpe* (the *w* in Dutch is pro-  
nounced as a *v*), means a jerking, *startling*, or  
bowing. From *werp* to *irp* the transition is  
natural and easy; and the sense of both words  
appears to be very nearly the same. Let the  
reader judge.

*Amo.* From stabbing of arms, flap-dragons,<sup>1</sup> healths, whiffs, and all such swag-gering humours,

*Chorus.* Good Mercury defend us.

*Pha.* From waving fans, coy glances, glicks, cringes, and all such simpering humours,

*Chorus.* Good Mercury defend us.

*Amo.* From making love by attorney, courting of puppets, and paying for new acquaintance,

*Chorus.* Good Mercury defend us.

*Pha.* From perfumed dogs, monkies, sparrows, dildoes, and paraquettoes,

*Chorus.* Good Mercury defend us.

*Amo.* From wearing bracelets of hair, shoe-ties, gloves, garters, and rings with poesies.

*Chorus.* Good Mercury defend us.

*Pha.* From pargetting, painting, slicking, glazing, and renewing old rivelled faces,

*Chorus.* Good Mercury defend us.

*Amo.* From squiring to tilt-yards, play-houses, pageants, and all such public places,

*Chorus.* Good Mercury defend us.

*Pha.* From entertaining one gallant to gull another, and making tools of either,

*Chorus.* Good Mercury defend us.

*Amo.* From belying ladies' favours, noblemen's countenance, coining counterfeit employments, vain-glorious taking to them other men's services, and all self-loving humours,

*Chorus.* Good Mercury defend us.

*Mercury and Crites sing.*

Now each one dry his weeping eyes,  
And to the Well of Knowledge haste;

<sup>1</sup> From stabbing of arms, flap-dragons, &c.] The first of these fashionable practices has been already noticed (p. 173 b); it occurs also in Decker's *Honest Whore*:

"How many gallants have drank healths to me  
Out of their daggered arms!"

*Flap-dragons* are plums, &c. placed in a shallow dish filled with some spirituous liquor, out of which, when set on fire, they are to be dextrously snatched with the mouth. This elegant amusement was once more common in England than it is at present, and has been at all times a favourite one in Holland. Thus in *Ram Alley*: "My brother swallows it with more ease than a Dutchman does *flap-dragons*." And in *A Christian turned Turk*: "They will devour one

Where purged of your maladies,  
You may of sweeter waters taste:  
And with refined voice report  
The grace of Cynthia, and her court.

[*Exeunt.*]

## THE EPILOGUE.

Gentles, be 't known to you, since I went  
in

I am turned rhymers, and do thus begin.  
The author (jealous how your sense doth  
take

His travails) hath enjoined me to make  
Some short and ceremonious epilogue;  
But if I yet know what, I am a rogue;  
He ties me to such laws as quite distract  
My thoughts, and would a year of time  
exact.

I neither must be faint, remiss, nor sorry,  
Sour, serious, confident, nor peremptory;  
But betwixt these. Let's see; to lay the  
blame

Upon the children's action, that were lame.  
To crave your favour with a begging knee,  
Were to distrust the writer's faculty.

To promise better at the next we bring,  
Prorogues disgrace, commends not any-  
thing.

Stiffly to stand on this, and proudly ap-  
prove

The play, might tax the maker of Self-  
love.

I'll only speak what I have heard him  
say,

"By — 'tis good, and if you like't, you  
may."<sup>2</sup>

*Ecce rubet quidam, pallet, stupet, oscitat,  
odit.*

*Hoc volo: nunc nobis carmina nostra  
placent.*

another as familiarly as pikes doe gudgeons, and with as much facility as Dutchmen doe flap-dragons."—Act i. sc. 4. *Glicks*, which occurs in the next line, means ogling or leering looks. *Pargetting* (see below) is contemptuously used for painting or rather daubing the face: literally, it signifies coating a wall with plaster. The other terms are either such as have already occurred, or as do not require an explanation.

<sup>2</sup> *And if you like't, you may.*] "Short and ceremonious" with a witness! This is what the modest Massinger calls "strange self-love in a writer," and what might well have been dispensed with on the present occasion. This overweening confidence procured Jonson a

host of enemies, and involved him in petty warfare, unworthy of his powers. The truth is, that he wrote above his audience, and adopted this rude and desperate mode of overawing their censure when he suspected that he had failed to convince their judgment. Not that this way of bullying the hearer (for it is no better) was new to the stage, or peculiar to Jonson. Fletcher's *Nice Valour*, not composed, like this piece, with all the austerity of the ancient drama, but thrown out at random, when he was either drunk or lightheaded, or both, concludes somewhat in the same audacious manner :

“ But for the love scenes—

He'll stand no shock of censure. *The play's good,*

He says, *he knows it*, if well understood.”

This is better perhaps than to have the Poet enter in a mourning suit, with an axe on his shoulders, and a piteous request to the audience that, “ if they are determined not to like his play they will be pleased to cut his head off.” But, in fact, both practices are reprehensible in a high degree, and always defeat their own ends. Overstrained humiliation excites ridicule ; arrogant assumption provokes indignation ; and both are hostile alike to the poet's genuine object.

Little remains to be said of *Cynthia's Revels*. The characters are well drawn, and well supported ; and the influence of the Fountain of Self-love upon their natural vanity is pleasantly described : but they have little bearing upon one another ; while the plot of the drama is so finely

spun that no eye perhaps but Jonson's has ever been able to trace it. The gradual decline of interest from *Every Man in his Humour* to the present play, is as striking as it is mortifying, especially as the author appears to have spared no pains, and even to have exhibited more neatness of style, and perhaps more force of expression. There is still a retrospect to the preceding comedies. Amorphus and Asotus are Bobadill and Master Stephen ; yet without their natural touches : the rest scarcely merit particular attention. Cupid and Mercury, who open the “ Revels ” with such pure and genuine humour, lose all their pleasantry after the first act. As duties they do well, as pages they have “ no more wit than ordinary men, and are scarcely distinguishable from Cos and Prosaites. What amusement the spectators might find in the solemn buffoonery of the contending courtiers I know not ; but the reader, to whom it appears unintelligible, for want of a few marginal notes, which the author would not, and the editor cannot supply, must find it intolerably tedious. The fulsome compliments paid to the “ obdurate virgin ” of threescore and ten, the hoary-headed Cynthia of Whitehall, must have appeared infinitely ridiculous if the frequency of the practice had not utterly taken away the sense of derision. Yet Jonson must not be without his peculiar praise. The language of the time was grossly adulatory ; and from Spenser to the meanest scribbler, our poet was almost the only one who interspersed salutary counsels among his flatteries.



## The Poetaster ; or, his Arraignment.

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THE POETASTER.] This "Comical Satire," as the folio terms it, was produced in 1601, and acted, like *Cynthia's Revels*, by the children of the queen's chapel. It was printed in quarto the following year, with this motto from Martial :

*Et mihi de nullo fama rubore placet,*

and again, in folio, in 1616. The *Poetaster* was frequently performed at the private theatre in Black Friars, where it seems to have been a favourite. The actors were the same that appeared in the preceding drama, with the exception of Wil. Ostler and Tho. Marton. Of the last I can give the reader no information ; but Wil. Ostler, who probably played the part of Julia, rose to considerable eminence in his profession, and was subsequently addressed by Davies as " the Roscius of his times," in a prosing epigram which concludes in this singular manner :—

" But if thou plaist thy dying part as well  
As thy stage part, thou hast no part in hell."

TO THE  
VIRTUOUS, AND MY WORTHY FRIEND,  
MR. RICHARD MARTIN.<sup>1</sup>

“SIR,—A thankful man owes a courtesy ever; the unthankful but when he needs it. To make mine own mark appear, and shew by which of these seals I am known, I send you this piece of what may live of mine; for whose innocence, as for the author’s, you were once a noble and timely undertaker<sup>2</sup> to the greatest justice of this kingdom. Enjoy now the delight of your goodness, which is to see that prosper you preserved, and posterity to owe the reading of that, without offence, to your name, which so much ignorance and malice of the times then conspired to have suppress.

“Your True Lover,                      BEN. JONSON.”<sup>3</sup>

~~~~~  
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Augustus Cæsar.
Mecænas.
Marc. Ovid.
Cor. Gallus.
Sex. Propertius.
Fus. Aristius.
Pub. Ovid.
Virgil.
Horace.
Treatius.

Asinius Lupus.
Pantilius Tuca.
Luscus.
Ruf. Lab. Crispinus.
Hermogenes Tigellhus.
Demetrius Fannius.
Albius.
Minos.
Histrio.

Æsop.
Pyrgi.
Lictors, Equites, &c.
Julia.
Cytheris.
Plautia.
Chloe.
Maids.

SCENE,—Rome.

¹ *To the virtuous, and my worthy friend, Mr. Richard Martin.*] This gentleman, who was bred a lawyer, and who was Recorder of the City of London, was himself a man of parts, an a poet, and much respected by the learned and ingenious of his own age. See a more particular account of him in Wood’s *Athene Oxon.* vol. i. col. 441.—WHAL.

Whalley has not said too much of Richard Martin. He was a man of great eloquence, and possessed of many virtues. He was besides pleasant and facetious in a high degree; and it is, therefore, more to be regretted than wondered at, that these sociable but dangerous qualities should sometimes lead him into excesses. Aubrey says in one of his MS. notes that he finally fell a sacrifice to the glass; in which he indulged with the wits of the age, not improbably with Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and his admired Jonson. He died in 1618, two years after the appearance of this dedication, and was buried in the Temple Church.

² *For whose innocence, as for the author’s, you were once a noble and timely undertaker, &c.*] It appears from the *Apologetical Dialogue* subjoined to this Drama, that Jonson was accused of having reflected in it on the professions of law and arms. By one of these he was probably threatened with a prosecution, either in the Star-chamber or the King’s Bench, from which the friendly offices of Mr. Martin with the Lord Chief Justice seem to have delivered him. So, at least, I understand the passage. There was, indeed, another occasion on which the friendship of this generous man might have stood Jonson in great stead. I speak of his imprisonment, together with Chapman and Marston, for the satire against the Scots in *Eastward Hoe!* but as this was a most serious affair, and really implicated the poet’s safety, he would perhaps have been more explicit had the allusion been to this circumstance.

³ The quarto has no dedication, but merely the following address to the reader:

“*Ludimus innocuis verbis, hoc juro potentis
Per Genium Famæ, Castalidumque gregem;
Perque tuas aures, magni mihi numinis instar,
Lector, inhumana liber ab invidia.*”—Mart.

The Poetaster.

After the second sounding.

Envy arises in the midst of the stage.

Light, I salute thee, but with wounded nerves,
Wishing thy golden splendour pitchy darkness.
What's here? THE ARRAIGNMENT!¹ ay; this, this is it,
That our sunk eyes have waked for all this while:
Here will be subject for my snakes and me.
Cling to my neck and wrists, my loving worms,²
And cast you round in soft and amorous folds,
Till I do bid uncurl; then, break your knots,
Shoot out yourselves at length, as your forced stings
Would hide themselves within his maliced sides,
To whom I shall apply you. Stay! the shine
Of this assembly here offends my sight;
I'll darken that first, and outface their grace.
Wonder not, if I stare: these fifteen weeks,

So long as since the plot was but an embryo,³
Have I, with burning lights mixt vigilant thoughts,
In expectation of this hated play,
To which at last I am arrived as Prologue.
Nor would I you should look for other looks,
Gesture, or compliment from me, than what
The infected bulk of Envy can afford:
For I am rissè here with a covetous hope,
To blast your pleasures and destroy your sports,
With wrestings, comments, applications,
Spy-like suggestions, privy whisperings,
And thousand such promoting sleights as these.
Mark how I will begin: The scene is, ha! Rome? Rome?⁴ and Rome? Crack, eye-strings, and your balls
Drop into earth; let me be ever blind.
I am prevented; all my hopes are crost,
Checked, and abated; fie, a freezing sweat
Flows forth at all my pores, my entrails burn:
What should I do? Rome! Rome! O, my vext soul,
How might I force this to the present state?

¹ *What's here?* THE ARRAIGNMENT!] Envy calls her *Whalley* observes, says this upon discovering, as is already mentioned, was always written in large letters, and fixed in some conspicuous part of the stage. To this practice there are innumerable allusions in our old dramatists.

² *Cling to my neck and wrists, my loving worms,*] *Worms*, the generic English word for snake, is very common in our ancient writers, though now confined to one or two of the species. Cowley seems to have had this description in view in the first book of the *Davidis*. Envy rises from the infernal regions, attired as she is here, and thus addresses her ministers:

“With that she takes
One of her worst, her best *belovèd snakes*,
Softly, *dear worm*, soft and unseen, she said,
Into his bosom steal,” &c.

Cowley is so pleased with the management and address of Envy, that he very characteristically makes her “envy herself!”

³ ———— *These fifteen weeks,*

So long as since the plot was but an embryo,] There is no pleasing Decker; for he twits Jonson with this confession. “What, will he be *fifteen weeks* about this cockatrice’s egg too? has he not cackled yet? has he not layed yet?” Surely our Untrusser must have possessed a very extraordinary facility in writing, if such a period as this appeared too long for the production of the *Poetaster*.

⁴ ———— *The scene is, ha!*

Rome! Rome! &c.] We have here a curious proof of the absolute poverty of the stage. As far as we have hitherto gone in Jonson, not the slightest notice has occurred of a moveable scene: a board, or a slip of paper, tells the audience that *Rome* is before them; and if there is any necessity for changing the place of action, as in *Catiline*, another bit of deal is thrust in to inform them that they now see *Fesulæ*. The rage of Envy is excited because the scene is not laid in London, and among the poet’s contemporaries; a little patience, however, would have rendered her fury unnecessary.

Are there no players here? no poet apes,
That come with basilisk's eyes, whose
forked tongues

Are steeped in venom, as their hearts in
gall?

Either of these would help me; they could
wrest,

Pervert, and poison all they hear, or see,
With senseless glosses, and allusions.

Now, if you be good devils, fly me not.

You know what dear and ample faculties
I have endowed you with: I'll lend you
more.

Here, take my snakes among you, come
and eat,

And while the squeezed juice flows in your
black jaws,

Help me to damn the author. Spit it forth
Upon his lines, and shew your rusty teeth

At every word, or accent: or else choose

Out of my longest vipers, to stick down

In your deep throats; and let the heads
come forth

At your rank mouths; that he may see you
armed

With triple malice, to hiss, sting, and tear
His work and him; to forge, and then
declaim,

Traduce, corrupt, apply, inform, suggest;

O, these are gifts wherein your souls are
blest.

What! do you hide yourselves? will none
appear?

None answer? what, doth this calm troop
affright you?

Nay, then I do despair; down, sink again:
This travail is all lost with my dead hopes.

If in such bosoms spite have left to dwell,

Envy is not on earth, nor scarce in hell.

[*Descends slowly.*]

¹ *An armed Prologue;*] The prologue is spoken by a person in armour, to defend the author against the attacks of his adversaries and detractors. This whimsical circumstance has been imitated in the prologue to *Langartha*, a tragi-comedy by Henry Burnell, which an Amazon delivers with a battle-axe in her hand. And the prologue to *Troilus and Cressida* was so spoken:

“And hither am I come,
A prologue armed—but not in confidence
Of author's pen.”

Not, as the commentators observe, in confidence of the author's abilities, but in a character suited to the subject. *Troilus and Cressida* is supposed to have been written in 1602.—*WHAL.*

O bone, ποιον σε εως φηγεν? But for this inadvertent introduction of the date of *Troilus*

VOL. I.

The third sounding.

*As she disappears, enter Prologue hastily,
in armour.*

Stay, monster, ere thou sink—thus on thy
head

Set we our bolder foot; with which we tread
Thy malice into earth: so Spite should die,

Despised and scorned by noble Industry.

If any muse why I salute the stage,

An armed Prologue;¹ know, 'tis a dan-
gerous age:

Wherein who writes, had need present his
scenes

Forty-fold proof against the conjuring
means

Of base detractors, and illiterate apes,

That fill up rooms in fair and formal shapes.

'Gainst these, have we put on this forced
defence:

Whereof the allegory and hid sense

Is, that a well erected confidence

Can fright their pride, and laugh their folly
hence.

Here now, put case our author should, once
more,

Swear that his play were good;² he doth
implore,

You would not argue him of arrogance:

Howe'er that common spawn of ignorance,

Our fry of writers, may beslime his fame,

And give his action that adulterate name.

Such full-blown vanity he more doth loathe,
Than base dejection: there's a mean 'twixt

both.

Which with a constant firmness he pursues,

As one that knows the strength of his own
Muse.

And this he hopes all free souls will allow:

and *Cressida*, the passage in the text might have passed for a “wanton sneer” at Shakespeare; now, alas! the quotation can only be considered as a “just reflection” upon Jonson; which, as the commentators well know, is a very different thing.

² — *Put case our author should, once more,*

Swear that his play were good;] This alludes to the last line of the epilogue to *Cynthia's Revels*.

It had justly scandalized the audience, and Jonson takes the first occasion to apologize for the language. His apology, however, is but

awkward, and little more at best than an assumption of the very point in dispute. It is indeed true, that “there is a mean betwixt full-

blown vanity and base dejection,” but where is it to be found in the lines before us, or in those already noticed? It is but fair to remark that

Jonson hazarded nothing equally offensive in his subsequent addresses to the theatre.

Others that take it with a rugged brow,
Their modes he rather pities than envies :
His mind it is above their injuries.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Scene draws, and discovers
Ovid in his study.*

Ovid. "Then, when this body falls in
funeral fire,
My name shall live, and my best part aspire."
It shall go so.

Enter Luscus with a gown and cap.

Lus. Young master, Master Ovid, do
you hear? Gods a' me! away with your
songs and sonnets, and on with your gown
and cap quickly: here, here, your father
will be a man of this room presently. Come,
nay, nay, nay, nay, be brief. These verses
too, a poison on 'em! I cannot abide
them, they make me ready to cast, by the
banks of Helicon! Nay, look, what a
rascally untoward thing this poetry is; I
could tear them now.

Ovid. Give me; how near is my father?

Lus. Heart a' man: get a law book in
your hand, I will not answer you else.
[*Ovid puts on his cap and gown.*] Why so!
now there's some formality in you. By
Jove, and three or four of the gods more,
I am right of mine old master's humour
for that; this villainous poetry will undo
you, by the welkin.

Ovid. What, hast thou buskins on,
Luscus, that thou swearest so tragically and
high?

¹ *The mad skeldering captain.*] This word,
which is explained in p 64, is adopted by our
poet's antagonist, and applied to the same
character: "Come—if *skeldering* fall not to
decay, thou shalt flourish."—*Satiromastix*.
And by Marmion:

"Wandering abroad to *skelder* for a shilling,
Amongst your bowling allies."

Fine Companion, act iii. sc. 4.

² *Envy, why twit'st thou me, &c.*] Jonson's
translations, as Whalley somewhere observes,
"are not to be estimated by the smooth and
flowing elegance of modern paraphrasts." Con-
ciseness and a close adherence to the text were
the points at which he aimed; and in these he
rarely fails of his ends. The present version,
which is that of *El. 15, Amor. Lib. i.*, gives us
line for line of the original, without the omission
of a single idea; nor is it altogether devoid of
ease and spirit.

Lusc No, but I have boots on, sir, and
so has your father too by this time; for he
called for them ere I came from the
lodging.

Ovid. Why, was he no readier?

Lus. O no; and there was the mad
skeldering captain,¹ with the velvet arms,
ready to lay hold on him as he comes down:
he that presses every man he meets, with
an oath to lend him money, and cries, *Thou
must do't, old boy, as thou art a man, a
man of worship.*

Ovid. Who, Pantilius Tucca?

Lus. Ay, he; and I met little Master
Lupus, the tribune, going thither too.

Ovid. Nay, an he be under their arrest,
I may with safety enough read over my
elegy before he come.

Lus. Gods a' me! what will you do?
why, young master, you are not Castalian
mad, lunatic, frantic, desperate, ha!

Ovid. What ailest thou, Luscus?

Lus. God be with you, sir; I'll leave you
to your poetical fancies and furies. I'll
not be guilty, I. [*Exit.*]

Ovid. Be not, good ignorance. I'm glad
th' art gone;

For thus alone, our ear shall better judge
The hasty errors of our morning muse.

"Envy, why twit'st thou me,² my time's
spent ill,

And call'st my verse, fruits of an idle quill?
Or that, unlike the line from whence I
sprung,

War's dusty honours I pursue not young?

Or that I study not the tedious laws,
And prostitute my voice in every cause?

Thy scope is mortal; mine, eternal fame,
Which through the world shall ever chaunt
my name.

This little poem does not now appear for the
first time. In 1599 was published a translation
of Ovid's *Elegies* by Christopher Marlow, and
this among them; not, indeed, precisely as it
stands here, but with such variations as may be
supposed to exist in the rough sketch of a finished
original. Marlow was now dead; but it seems
strange that the editor of his poems, who might
be Chapman, should print this under his name,
especially as it is followed by that before us;
which Jonson probably reclaimed when he wrote
the *Poetaster*.

I give this poem to Jonson, because he is well
known to be incapable of taking credit for the
talents of another; and it certainly affords a curi-
ous instance of the laxity of literary morality in
those days, when a scholar could assert his title to
a poem of forty-two lines, of which thirty at least
are literally borrowed, and the remainder only
varied for the worse. [This charge is altogether
groundless, see *Marlowe's Works*, p. 357.—F.C.]

Homer will live whilst Tenedos stands, and
Ide,
Or, to the sea, fleet Simois doth slide:
And so shall Hesiod too, while vines do
bear,
Or crooked sickles crop the ripened ear.
Callimachus, though in invention low,
Shall still be sung, since he in art doth flow.
No loss shall come to Sophocles' proud
vein;
With sun and moon Aratus shall remain.
While slaves be false, fathers hard, and
bawds be whorish,
Whilst harlots flatter, shall Menander
flourish.
Emnius, though rude, and Accius' high-
reared strain,
A fresh applause in every age shall gain.
Of Varro's name, what ear shall not be told,
Of Jason's Argo and the fleece of gold?
Then shall Lucretius' lofty numbers die,
When earth and seas in fire and flame shall
fry.
Tityrus, Tillage, Ænee shall be read,
Whilst Rome of all the conquered world is
head!
Till Cupid's fires be out, and his bow
broken,
Thy verses, neat Tibullus, shall be spoken.
Our Gallus shall be known from east to
west;
So shall Lycoris whom he now loves best.
The suffering plough-share or the flint may
wear;
But heavenly Poesy no death can fear.
Kings shall give place to it, and kingly
shows,
The banks o'er which gold-bearing Tagus
flows.
Kneel hinds to trash: me let bright
Phœbus swell
With cups full flowing from the Muses' well.
Frost-fearing myrtle shall impale my head,
And of sad lovers I be often read.
Envy the living, not the dead, doth bite;
For after death all men receive their right.
Then, when this body falls in funeral fire,
My name shall live, and my best part
aspire."

¹ *A tragedy of yours called Medea.*] Of this tragedy all but one line is lost. It is mentioned by Quintilian and the elder Seneca as a work of considerable merit: indeed, Ovid himself speaks of it with some complacency, and asserts that he was not without talents for compositions of this nature:

"*Sceptra tamen sumpsit; curaque tragœdia
nostra*

*Enter Ovid senior, followed by Luscus,
Tucca, and Lupus.*

Ovid se. Your "name shall live," indeed, sir! you say true: but how infamously, how scorned and contemned in the eyes and ears of the best and gravest Romans, that you think not on; you never so much as dream of that. Are these the fruits of all my travail and expenses? Is this the scope and aim of thy studies? Are these the hopeful courses, wherewith I have so long flattered my expectation from thee? Verses! Poetry! Ovid, whom I thought to see the pleader, become Ovid the play-maker!

Ovid ju. No, sir.

Ovid se. Yes, sir; I hear of a tragedy of yours coming forth for the common players there, called *Medea*.¹ By my household gods, if I come to the acting of it, I'll add one tragic part more than is yet expected to it: believe me, when I promise it. What! shall I have my son a stager now? an engle for players?² a gull, a rook, a shot-clog, to make suppers, and be laughed at? Publius, I will set thee on the funeral pile first.

Ovid ju. Sir, I beseech you to have patience.

Lus. Nay, this 'tis to have your ears dammed up to good counsel. I did augur all this to him beforehand, without poring into an ox's paunch for the matter, and yet he would not be scrupulous.

Tuc. How now, Goodman slave! what, rowly-powly? all rivals, rascal? Why, my master of worship,³ dost hear? are these thy best projects? is this thy designs and thy discipline, to suffer knaves to be competitors with commanders and gentlemen? Are we parallels, rascal, are we parallels?

Ovid se. Sirrah, go get my horses ready. You'll still be prating.

Tuc. Do, you perpetual stinkard, do, go; talk to tapsters and ostlers, you slave; they are in your element, go: here be the emperor's captains, you ragamuffin rascal, and not your comrades. [*Exit Luscus.*]

Crevit, et huic operi quamlibet aptus eram.
Am. lib. 2, el. xviii.

² *An engle for players.*] See p. 222.

³ *Why, my master of worship, &c.*] The quarto reads *my knight*, &c. Ovid was of the equestrian order: there are several variations of a similar nature in the appellations with which this whimsical character so frequently sports; but they are in general too unimportant for particular notice.

Lup. Indeed, Marcus Ovid, these players are an idle generation, and do much harm in a state, corrupt young gentry very much, I know it; I have not been a tribune thus long and observed nothing: besides, they will rob us, us, that are magistrates, of our respect, bring us upon their stages, and make us ridiculous to the plebeians; they will play you or me, the wisest men they can come by still, only to bring us in contempt with the vulgar, and make us cheap.

Tuc. Thou art in the right, my venerable crop-shin, they will indeed; the tongue of the oracle never twanged truer. Your courtier cannot kiss his mistress's slippers in quiet for them; nor your white innocent gallant pawn his revelling suit to make his punk a supper. An honest decayed commander cannot skelder, cheat, nor be seen in a bawdy-house, but he shall be straight in one of their wormwood comedies. They are grown licentious, the rogues; libertines, flat libertines. They forget they are in the statute,¹ the rascals; they are blazoned there; there they are tricked,² they and their pedigrees; they need no other heralds, I wiss.

Ovid se. Methinks, if nothing else, yet this alone, the very reading of the public edicts, should fright thee from commerce with them, and give thee distaste enough of their actions. But this betrays what a student you are, this argues your proficiency in the law!

Ovid ju. They wrong me, sir, and do abuse you more,
That blow your ears with these untrue reports.

I am not known unto the open stage,
Nor do I traffic in their theatres:

Indeed, I do acknowledge, at request

Of some near friends,³ and honourable Romans,

I have begun a poem of that nature.

Ovid se. You have, sir, a poem! and where is it? That's the law you study.

Ovid ju. Cornelius Gallus borrowed it to read.

Ovi! se. Cornelius Gallus! there's another gallant too hath drunk of the same poison, and Tibullus and Propertius. But these are gentlemen of means and revenues now. Thou art a younger brother, and hast nothing but thy bare exhibition;⁴ which I protest shall be bare indeed, if thou forsake not these unprofitable by-courses, and that timely too. Name me a profest poet, that his poetry did ever afford him so much as a competency. Ay, your god of poets there, whom all of you admire and reverence so much, Homer, he whose worm-eaten statue must not be spewed against, but with hallowed lips and groveling adoration, what was he? what was he?

Tuc. Marry, I'll tell thee, old swaggerer; he was a poor blind, rhyming rascal, that lived obscurely up and down in booths and tap-houses, and scarce ever made a good meal in his sleep, the whoreson hungry beggar.

Ovid se. He says well:—nay, I know this nettles you now; but answer me, is it not true? You'll tell me his name shall live; and that now being dead his works have eternized him, and made him divine: but could this divinity feed him while he lived? could his name feast him?

Tuc. Or purchase him a senator's revenue, could it?

Ovid se. Ay, or give him place in the commonwealth? worship, or attendants? make him be carried in his litter?

Tuc. Thou speakest sentences, old Bias.⁵

Lup. All this the law will do, young sir, if you'll follow it.

Ovid se. If he be mine, he shall follow and observe what I will apt him to, or I profess here openly and utterly to disclaim him.

¹ *They forget they are in the statute, &c.]* He alludes to the statute of the thirty-ninth of Elizabeth, by which common players, i.e., persons not authorized to act under the hand and seal of some nobleman, were deemed rogues and vagabonds.

² *They are blazoned there; there they are tricked.]* To blazon, is to set forth a coat of arms in its proper colours; to trick, as has been before observed, is to draw it only with a pen.

³ *Of some near friends,]* Whalley, who took for his text the paltry edition of the booksellers, gave *meer* friends; an expression not bad in itself, but without authority. This very corrup-

tion has been frequently produced by the commentators, as ascertaining the ancient sense of the word *mere*. It is seldom safe to trust a copy of a copy; they should have turned to the quarto and folio editions.

⁴ *Thy bare exhibition;]* i.e., stipend, or annual allowance from his father. This word has been already noticed.

⁵ *Thou speakest sentences, old Bias.]* Bias was one of the seven sages of Greece. Immortality was cheaply purchased in his days, for, to speak tenderly, there is "no great matter" in such of his "sentences" as have come down to us. What follows, as far as "Well, the day grows old," is not in the quarto.

Ovid ju. Sir, let me crave you will forego these moods :

I will be anything, or study anything ;
I'll prove the unfashioned body of the law
Pure elegance, and make her rugged'st
strains

Run smoothly as Propertius' elegies.

Ovid se. Propertius' elegies ? good !

Lup. Nay, you take him too quickly,
Marcus.

Ovid se. Why, he cannot speak, he cannot think out of poetry ; he is bewitched with it.

Lup. Come, do not misprize him.

Ovid se. *Misprize!* ay, marry, I would have him use some such words now ; they have some touch, some taste of the law. He should make himself a style out of these, and let his Propertius' elegies go by.

Lup. Indeed, young Publius, he that will now hit the mark, must shoot through the law ;¹ we have no other planet reigns, and in that sphere you may sit and sing with angels. Why, the law makes a man happy,² without respecting any other merit ; a simple scholar, or none at all, may be a lawyer.

Tuc. He tells thee true, my noble neophyte ; my little grammaticaster, he does : it shall never put thee to thy mathematics, metaphysics, philosophy, and I know not what supposed sufficiencies ; if thou canst but have the patience to plod enough, talk, and make a noise enough, be impudent enough, and 'tis enough.

Lup. Three books will furnish you.

Tuc. And the less art the better : besides, when it shall be in the power of thy chevril conscience,³ to do right or wrong at thy pleasure, my pretty Alcibiades.

Lup. Ay, and to have better men than

himself, by many thousand degrees, to observe him, and stand bare.

Tuc. True, and he to carry himself proud and stately, and have the law on his side for't, old boy.

Ovid se. Well, the day grows old, gentlemen, and I must leave you. Publius, if thou wilt hold my favour, abandon these idle, fruitless studies that so bewitch thee. Send Janus home his backface again, and look only forward to the law : intend that. I will allow thee what shall suit thee in the rank of gentlemen, and maintain thy society with the best ; and under these conditions I leave thee. My blessings light upon thee, if thou respect them ; if not, mine eyes may drop for thee, but thine own heart will ache for itself ; and so farewell ! What, are my horses come ?

Lus. Yes, sir, they are at the gate without.

Ovid se. That's well.—Asinius Lupus, a word. Captain, I shall take my leave of you ?

Tuc. No, my little old boy, dispatch with Cothurnus there : I'll attend thee, I—

Lus. To borrow some ten drachms : I know his project. [Aside.

Ovid se. Sir, you shall make me beholding to you. Now, Captain Tucca, what say you ?

Tuc. Why, what should I say, or what can I say, my flower o' the order ? Should I say thou art rich, or that thou art honourable, or wise, or valiant, or learned, or liberal ? why, thou art all these, and thou knowest it, my noble Lucullus, thou knowest it. Come, be not ashamed of thy virtues, old stump : honour's a good brooch to wear in a man's hat⁴ at all times. Thou art the man of war's Meccenas, old boy.

This is rendered,

" I answered, that the slut, I own,
Might take me for a lucky one," &c.

It should be, for a *wealthy* one.

³ *Thy chevril conscience ;* i. e., stretching : the allusion is to kid's leather, which is yielding and pliable : thus Shakspeare :

" The capacity
Of your soft *chevril* conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it."

Henry VIII., act ii. sc. 3. **WHAL.**

⁴ *Honour's a good brooch to wear in a man's hat*] The fashion of wearing some kind of ornament in the front of the hat is noticed by all our old poets. These *brooches* were sometimes of great value, and formed of jewels set in gold or silver (see Massinger, vol. iv. p. 213), and some-

¹ *He that will now hit the mark, must shoot through the law,* &c.] These and what follow are probably the passages which gave offence to the professors of the law. Jonson's old antagonist thus alludes to them, "Thou hast entered actions of assault and battery against a company of honourable and worshipful fathers of the law, thou wrangling rascal : law is one of the pillars of the land."—*Satiromastix*.

² *Why, the law makes a man happy,* &c.] i. e., rich ; a Latinism ; there is something too pedantical in this ; — it is, however, more excusable than the carelessness of our modern translators, who sometimes anglicise the word (*beatius*) literally, to the utter destruction of the sense. An instance just occurs to me. *Cat. Car.* x.

" *Ego, ut puella
Unum me facerem beatiorum,*" &c.

Why shouldst not thou be graced then by them, as well as he is by his poets?—

Enter Pyrgus and whispers Tucca.

How now, my carrier, what news?

Lus. The boy has stayed within for his cue this half hour. [*Aside.*

Tuc. Come, do not whisper to me, but speak it out: what! it is no treason against the state I hope, is it?

Lus. Yes, against the state of my master's purse. [*Aside, and exit.*

Pyr. [*aloud.*] Sir, Agrippa desires you to forbear him till the next week; his mules are not yet come up.

Tuc. His mules! now the bots, the spavin, and the glanders, and some dozen diseases more, light on him and his mules! What, have they the yellows, his mules, that they come no faster? or are they foundered, ha? his mules have the staggers belike, have they?

Pyr. O no, sir:—then your tongue might be suspected for one of his mules. [*Aside.*

Tuc. He owes me almost a talent, and he thinks to bear it away with his mules, does he? Sirrah, you nut-cracker, go your ways to him again, and tell him I must have money, I: I cannot eat stones and turfs, say. What, will he clem me and my followers? ask him an he will clem me; do, go. He would have me fly my jerkin, would he? Away, setter, away. Yet, stay, my little tumbler,² this old boy shall supply now. I will not trouble him, I cannot be importunate, I; I cannot be impudent.

Pyr. Alas, sir, no; you are the most maidenly blushing creature upon the earth. [*Aside.*

Tuc. Dost thou hear, my little six and fifty, or thereabouts? thou art not to learn the humours and tricks of that old bald cheater, Time; thou hast not this chain for nothing. Men of worth have their

chimeras, as well as other creatures; and they do see monsters sometimes, they do, they do, brave boy.

Pyr. Better cheap than he shall see you,³ I warrant him. [*Aside.*

Tuc. Thou must let me have six—six drachms, I mean, old boy: thou shalt do it; I tell thee, old boy, thou shalt, and in private too, dost thou see?—Go, walk off: [*to the Boy*]—There, there. Six is the sum. Thy son's a gallant spark, and must not be put out of a sudden. Come hither, Callimachus; thy father tells me thou art too poetical, boy: thou must not be so; thou must leave them, young novice, thou must; they are a sort of poor starved rascals, that are ever wrapt up in foul linen; and can boast of nothing but a lean visage, peering out of a seam-rent suit, the very emblems of beggary. No, dost hear, turn lawyer, thou shalt be my solicitor.—'Tis right, old boy, is 't?

Ovid se. You were best tell it, captain.

Tuc. No; fare thou well, mine honest horseman; and thou, old beaver. [*to Lupus*]—Pray thee, Roman, when thou comest to town, see me at my lodging, visit me sometimes; thou shalt be welcome, old boy. Do not balk me, good swaggerer. Jove keep thy chain from pawning; go thy ways, if thou lack money I'll lend thee some: I'll leave thee to thy horse now. Adieu.

Ovid se. Farewell, good captain.

Tuc. Boy, you can have but half a share now, boy. [*Exit, followed by Pyrgus.*

Ovid se. 'Tis a strange boldness that accompanies this fellow.—Come.

Ovid ju. I'll give attendance on you to your horse, sir, please you—

Ovid se. No; keep your chamber, and fall to your studies; do so. The gods of Rome bless thee! [*Exit with Lupus.*

Ovid ju. And give me stomach to digest this law:⁴

times of copper, lead, &c., nay, so universal was the mode, that to accommodate the poor, it was found necessary to form them like the boss of the Romans, of yet ruder materials, pasteboard and leather. The last is mentioned by Decker, "Thou shalt wear her glove in thy worshipful hat, like to a leather brooch."—*Satiromastix.*

¹ *What, will he clem me and my followers?* i.e., starve. It has occurred already, p. 102 b, "Hard is the choice, when the valiant must eat their arms or clem." See also Massinger, vol. ii. p. 362. There is some pleasantry in making Agrippa, the first man in the state, indebted to this beggarly captain.

² *Yet, stay, my little tumbler,*] Not one that

shews postures, but a particular kind of dog, to which our ancestors gave the name of *tumbler*, from his manner of hunting.—*WHAL.*

³ *Better cheap than he shall see you,*] At a less price. *Cheap* is market, and the adjective *good*, with its comparatives, is often joined with it by our old writers; thus we have continually *good cheap, better cheap, &c.* for *cheap, cheaper, and cheapest.*

⁴ *And give me stomach to digest this law: That should have followed, &c.*] So *Gloster*, in the same strain of irony:

"Amen! and make me die a good old man!
That is the butt end of a mother's blessing;
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

Rich. III., act ii. sc. 2. WHAL.

That should have followed sure, had I
been he.

O, sacred Poesy, thou spirit of arts,
The soul of science, and the queen of souls ;
What profane violence, almost sacrilege,
Hath here been offered thy divinities !
That thine own guiltless poverty should
arm

Prodigious ignorance to wound thee thus !
For thence is all their force of argument
Drawn forth against thee ; or from the
abuse

Of thy great powers in adulterate brains :
When, would men learn but to distinguish
spirits,
And set true difference 'twixt those jaded
wits

That run a broken pace for common hire,
And the high raptures of a happy muse,
Born on the wings of her immortal thought,
That kicks at earth with a disdainful heel,
And beats at heaven gates with her bright
hoofs ;

They would not then, with such distorted
faces,
And desperate censures, stab at Poesy.
They would admire bright knowledge, and
their minds

Should ne'er descend on so unworthy
objects
As gold or titles ; they would dread far
more

To be thought ignorant than be known
poor.

The time was once,¹ when wit drowned
wealth ; but now,
Your only barbarism is t' have wit, and
want.

No matter now in virtue who excels,
He that hath coin, hath all perfection else.

Tib. [within.] Ovid !

Ovid. Who's there ? Come in.

Enter Tibullus.

Tib. Good morrow, lawyer.²

Ovid. Good morrow, dear Tibullus ; wel-
come : sit down.

Tib. Not I. What, so hard at it ? Let's
see what's here ?

" Numa in decimo nono !" Nay, I will see
it—

Ovid. Prithee away—

Tib. " If thrice in field a man vanquish
his foe,

'Tis after in his choice to serve or no."

How now, Ovid ! Law cases in verse ?

Ovid. In troth, I know not ; they run
from my pen unwittingly, if they be verse.³
What's the news abroad ?

Tib. Off with this gown ; I come to have
thee walk.

Ovid. No, good Tibullus, I'm not now
in case.

Pray let me alone.

Tib. How ! not in case ?

'Slight, thou'rt in too much case, by all
this law.

Ovid. Troth, if I live, I will new dress
the law

In sprightly Poesy's habiliments.

Tib. The hell thou wilt ! What ! turn
law into verse ?

Thy father has school'd thee, I see. Here,
read that same ;

There's subject for you ; and, if I mistake
not,

A *supersedeas* to your melancholy.

Ovid. How ! subscribed *Julia* ! O my
life, my heaven !

Tib. Is the mood changed ?

Ovid. Music of wit ! note for the har-
monious spheres !

Celestial accents, how you ravish me !

Tib. What is it, Ovid ?

¹ *The time was once, &c.*] This is from
Amor. lib. iii. eleg. 8.

" *Ingenium quondam fuerat pretiosius auro ;
At nunc barbaries grandis, habere nihil.*"

² *Good morrow, lawyer.*] It should be ob-
served, that Ovid is still in the cap and gown
which he had assumed upon the entrance of his
father.

³ *They run from my pen unwittingly, if they
be verse.*]

" *Sponte tamen numeros carmen veniebat ad
aptos,
Et quod conabar scribere, versus erat.*"

The above, however, is but a poor specimen of
it ; though it serves well enough to show that
Lord Hardwicke was not the first who thought
of putting the common law into verse. As

Whalley brought back the date of this law from
the 4to, it is here retained ; though with some
little injustice perhaps to Jonson. He had dis-
covered, I imagine, the impropriety of attrib-
uting regulations of a warlike nature to Numa,
and therefore omitted the title upon a revision of
the play.

We hear no more of Ovid's law ; yet he was
somewhat farther advanced in it than Jonson
seems to admit ; he was apparently a very
respectable advocate. He tells Augustus that
he had pleaded causes in his youth with success
as one of the *Centumviri* ; and that, when he
heard private disputes as a judge, the losing
parties were satisfied with the equity of his
decision :

" *Nec male commissa est nobis fortuna reorum,
Lisque,*" &c.—*Trist.* lib. ii. v. 93.

Ovid. That I must meet my Julia, the
Princess Julia.

Tib. Where?

Ovid. Why, at—

Heart, I've forgot; my passion so transports me.

Tib. I'll save your pains: it is at Albius' house,

The jeweller's, where the fair Lycoris lies.

Ovid. Who? Cytheris, Cornelius Gallus' love?

Tib. Ay, he'll be there too, and my Plautia.

Ovid. And why not your Delia?

Tib. Yes, and your Corinna.

Ovid. True; but, my sweet Tibullus, keep that secret;

I would not, for all Rome, it should be thought

I veil bright Julia underneath that name:

Julia, the gem and jewel of my soul,

That takes her honours from the golden sky,
As beauty doth all lustre from her eye.

The air respires the pure Elysian sweets
In which she breathes, and from her looks descend

The glories of the summer. Heaven she is,
Praised in herself above all praise; and he
Which hears her speak, would swear the
tuneful orbs

Turned in his zenith only.

Tib. Publius, thou'lt lose thyself.

Ovid. O, in no labyrinth can I safelier err,
Than when I lose myself in praising her.

Hence, law, and welcome Muses! though
not rich,

Yet are you pleasing: let's be reconciled,
And new made one. Henceforth, I promise faith,

And all my serious hours to spend with
you;

With you, whose music striketh on my
heart,

And with bewitching tones steals forth my
spirit,

In Julia's name; fair Julia: Julia's love
Shall be a law, and that sweet law I'll
study,

The law and art of sacred Julia's love:

All other objects will but abjects prove.

Tib. Come, we shall have thee as passionate as

Propertius anon.

Ovid. O, how does my Sextus?

Tib. Faith, full of sorrow for his Cynthia's death.

Ovid. What, still?

Tib. Still, and still more, his griefs do
grow upon him

As do his hours. Never did I know
An understanding spirit so take to heart
The common work of Fate.

Ovid. O, my Tibullus,
Let us not blame him; for against such
chances

The heartiest strife of virtue is not proof.
We may read constancy and fortitude
To other souls; but had ourselves been
struck

With the like planet, had our loves, like
his,

Been ravished from us by injurious death,
And in the height and heat of our best
days,

It would have cracked our sinews, shrunk
our veins,

And made our very heart-strings jar, like
his.

Come, let's go take him forth, and prove
if mirth

Or company will but abate his passion.

Tib. Content, and I implore the gods
it may. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in Albius's House.

Enter Albius and Crispinus.

Alb. Master Crispinus, you are welcome: pray use a stool, sir. Your cousin Cytheris will come down presently. We are so busy for the receiving of these courtiers here, that I can scarce be a minute with myself, for thinking of them. Pray you sit, sir; pray you sit, sir.

Crisp. I am very well, sir. Never trust me, but you are most delicately seated here, full of sweet delight and blandishment! an excellent air, an excellent air!

Alb. Ay, sir, 'tis a pretty air. These courtiers run in my mind still; I must look out. For Jupiter's sake, sit, sir; or please you walk into the garden? There's a garden on the back-side.

Crisp. I am most strenuously well, I thank you, sir.

Alb. Much good do you, sir.

Enter Chloe, with two Maids.

Chloe. Come, bring those perfumes forward a little, and strew some roses and violets here. Fie! here be rooms savour the most pitifully rank that ever I felt. I cry the gods mercy, [sees Albius] my husband's in the wind of us!

Alb. Why, this is good, excellent, excellent! well said, my sweet Chloe; trim up your house most obsequiously.

Chloe. For Vulcan's sake, breathe somewhere else: in troth, you overcome our perfumes exceedingly; you are too predominant.

Alb. Hear but my opinion, sweet wife.

Chloe. A pin for your pinion! In sincerity, if you be thus fulsome to me in everything, I'll be divorced. Gods my body! you know what you were before I married you; I was a gentlewoman born, I; I lost all my friends to be a citizen's wife, because I heard, indeed, they kept their wives as fine as ladies; and that we might rule our husbands like ladies, and do what we listed; do you think I would have married you else?

Alb. I acknowledge, sweet wife:—she speaks the best of any woman in Italy, and moves as mightily; which makes me, I had rather she should make bumps on my head, as big as my two fingers, than I would offend her.—But, sweet wife—

Chloe. Yet again! Is it not grace enough for you, that I call you husband, and you call me wife; but you must still be poking me, against my will, to things?

Alb. But you know, wife, here are the greatest ladies, and gallantest gentlemen of Rome, to be entertained in our house now; and I would fain advise thee to entertain them in the best sort, i' faith, wife.

Chloe. In sincerity, did you ever hear a man talk so idly? You would seem to be master! you would have your spoke in my cart! you would advise me to entertain ladies and gentlemen! Because you can marshal your pack-needles, horse-combs, hobby-horses, and wall-candlesticks in your warehouse better than I, therefore you can tell how to entertain ladies and gentlefolks better than I!

Alb. O, my sweet wife, upbraid me not with that; gain savours sweetly from any thing;¹ he that respects to get, must relish all commodities alike, and admit no dif-

ference between oade and frankincense,² or the most precious balsamum and a tar-barrel.

Chloe. Marry, foh! you sell snuffers too,³ if you be remembered; but I pray you let me buy them out of your hand; for, I tell you true, I take it highly in snuff, to learn how to entertain gentlefolks of you, at these years, i' faith. Alas, man, there was not a gentleman came to your house in your t'other wife's time, I hope! nor a lady, nor music, nor masques! Nor you nor your house were so much as spoken of, before I disbased myself, from my hood and my farthingal, to these bum-rows and your whalebone bodice.

Alb. Look here, my sweet wife; I am mum, my dear mummia, my balsamum, my spermaceti, and my very city of—She has the most best, true, feminine wit in Rome!

Cris. I have heard so, sir; and do most vehemently desire to participate the knowledge of her fair features.

Alb. Ah, peace; you shall hear more anon; be not seen yet, I pray you; not yet: observe. [*Exit.*]

Chloe. 'Sbody! give husbands the head a little more, and they'll be nothing but head shortly. What's he there?

1 *Maid.* I know not, forsooth.

2 *Maid.* Who would you speak with, sir?

Cris. I would speak with my cousin Cytheris.

3 *Maid.* He is one, forsooth, would speak with his cousin Cytheris.

Chloe. Is she your cousin, sir?

Cris. [*coming forward.*] Yes, in truth, forsooth, for fault of a better.

Chloe. She is a gentlewoman.

Cris. Or else she should not be my cousin, I assure you.

Chloe. Are you a gentleman born?

Cris. That I am, lady; you shall see mine arms if it please you.

Chloe. No, your legs do sufficiently shew you are a gentleman born, sir; for a man

¹ *Gain savours sweetly from anything;* When Jonson thus gave us the meaning of the Latin saying, *Lucri bonus est odor ex re qualibet*, he forgot that the occasion from which it took its rise was much posterior to the age in which the persons of his drama lived.—*WHAL.*

Whalley alludes to the well-known anecdote of Vespasian; the words of the text, however, are a proverbial sentence as old in the world as the love of gain. The merit of Vespasian's jest consists in the practical application of them.

² *Admit no difference between oade, &c.]*

i.e., "woad, a plant much cultivated in this country for the use of dyers."—*Dict.* The blue tinct with which the ancient Britons stained their bodies, is said to have been obtained from this vegetable.

³ *Marry, foh! you sell snuffers too, &c.]* These, with the articles enumerated above, seem rather awkwardly placed in a jeweller's shop; but trades were fewer, and less accurately defined, in Jonson's days; hence these collections of heterogeneous wares were to be found in every street. Chloe is a confirmed punster.

borne upon little legs, is always a gentleman born.¹

Cris. Yet, I pray you, vouchsafe the sight of my arms, mistress; for I bear them about me to have them seen. My name is *Crispinus*, or *Crispinas* indeed; which is well expressed in my arms;² a face crying *in chief*; and beneath it a bloody toe, between three thorns *pungent*.

Chloe. Then you are welcome, sir; now you are a gentleman born, I can find in my heart to welcome you; for I am a gentlewoman born too, and will bear my head high enough, though 'twere my fortune to marry a tradesman.³

Cris. No doubt of that, sweet feature; your carriage shews it in any man's eye, that is carried upon you with judgment.

Re-enter Alb.

Alb. Dear wife, be not angry.

Chloe. Gods my passion!

Alb. Hear me but one thing; let not your maids set cushions in the parlour windows, nor in the dining-chamber windows; nor upon stools, in either of them, in any case; for 'tis tavern-like: but lay them one upon another, in some out-room or corner of the dining-chamber.

Chloe. Go, go; meddle with your bed-chamber only; or rather with your bed in your chamber only; or rather with your wife in your bed only; or, on my faith, I'll not be pleased with you only.

Alb. Look here, my dear wife, entertain that gentleman kindly, I prithee—mum. *[Exit.]*

¹ *A man borne upon little legs is always a gentleman born.* To this fashionable characteristic of a fine gentleman, there are innumerable allusions in our old writers; thus Browne:

"If small legs wan
Ever the title of a gentleman,
His did acquire it."—*Brit. Past.* lib. 2.

And Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I'll never trust long chins and little legs again;
But know them, sure, for gentlemen hereafter."

And see Massinger, vol. iv. 278. Decker, in his *Gull's Hornbook*, evidently refers to this passage. "Now, sir, if the writer" (of the comedy) "be a fellow that hath either epigrammed you or hath had a flurt at your mistress, or hath brought either your feather or your red beard, or your little legs on the stage, you shall disgrace him worse than by tossing him in a blanket, or giving him the bastinado in a taverne, if, in the middle of his play, you rise," &c. Here Decker retorts on Jonson; the *blanketting* alludes to the punishment inflicted on him in the *Satiromastix*, and

Chloe. Go, I need your instructions indeed! anger me no more, I advise you. Citi-sin, quoth'a!⁴ she's a wise gentlewoman, i' faith, will marry herself to the sin of the city.

Alb. [*re-entering.*] But this time, and no more, by heav'n, wife: hang no pictures in the hall, nor in the dining-chamber, in any case, but in the gallery only: for 'tis not courtly else, o' my word, wife.

Chloe. 'Sprecious, never have done!

Alb. Wife— *[Exit.]*

Chloe. Do I not bear a reasonable corrigible hand over him, Crispinus?

Cris. By this hand, lady, you hold a most sweet hand over him.

Alb. [*re-entering.*] And then, for the great gilt andirons—

Chloe. Again! Would the andirons were in your great guts for me!

Alb. I do vanish, wife. *[Exit.]*

Chloe. How shall I do, Master Crispinus? here will be all the bravest ladies in court presently to see your cousin Cytheris: O the gods! how might I behave myself now, as to entertain them most courtly?

Cris. Marry, lady, if you will entertain them most courtly, you must do thus: as soon as ever your maid or your man brings you word they are come, you must say, *A pox on 'em! what do they here?* And yet, when they come, speak them as fair, and give them the kindest welcome in words that can be.

Chloe. Is that the fashion of courtiers, Crispinus?

the *bastinadoing* to a circumstance of which (whether true or not) several hints are to be found in the same play.

² *My name is Crispinus, or Crispinas indeed; which is well expressed in my arms, &c.* There is probably some personal allusion here, which is now lost. Whatever it was, it seems to have distressed Decker, for he strives to parry the attack by introducing a miserable witticism of his own—"as for Crispinus, that Crispine-ass," &c. These barbarous attempts upon names, under the title of anagrams, were among the amusements of scholars in Jonson's time: he, however, seems to have had a fixed contempt for them.

³ *To marry a tradesman.* The quarto reads—to marry a *flat-cap*, a term of contempt usually applied to a citizen. See p. 17 b.

⁴ *Citi-sin, quoth'a!* &c.] This exquisite pun on citizen serves very well to keep Crispinas [Cry-thorns] in countenance. A little false spelling, I presume, (for I am no great adept in these matters), is allowable where the effect produced by it is so very striking.

Cris. I assure you it is, lady; I have observed it.

Chloe. For your pox, sir, it is easily hit on; but it is not so easy to speak fair after, methinks.

Alb. [*re-entering.*] O, wife, the coaches are come, on my word; a number of coaches and courtiers.

Chloe. *A pox on them! what do they here?*¹

Alb. How now, wife! wouldst thou not have them come?

Chloe. Come! come, you are a fool, you.—He knows not the trick on't. Call Cytheris, I pray you: and, good Master Crispinus, you can observe, you say; let me entreat you for all the ladies' behaviours, jewels, jests, and attires, that you marking, as well as I, we may put both our marks together, when they are gone, and confer of them.

Cris. I warrant you, sweet lady; let me alone to observe till I turn myself to nothing but observation.—

Enter Cytheris.

Good morrow, cousin Cytheris.

Cyth. Welcome, kind cousin, What! are they come?

Alb. Ay, your friend Cornelius Gallus, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, with Julia, the emperor's daughter, and the Lady Plautia, are lighted at the door; and with them Hermogenes Tigellius, the excellent musician.

Cyth. Come, let us go meet them, Chloe.

Chloe. Observe, Crispinus.

Crisp. At a hair's breadth, lady, I warrant you.

As they are going out, enter Cornelius Gallus, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, Hermogenes, Julia, and Plautia.

Gal. Health to the lovely Chloe! you must pardon me, mistress, that I prefer this fair gentlewoman.

Cyth. I pardon, and praise you for it, sir; and I beseech your excellence, receive her beauties into your knowledge and favour.

Ful. Cytheris, she hath favour and behaviour, that commands as much of me; and, sweet Chloe, know I do exceedingly

love you, and that I will approve in any grace my father the emperor may shew you. Is this your husband?

Alb. For fault of a better, if it please your highness.

Chloe. Gods my life, how he shames me!

Cyth. Not a whit, Chloe, they all think you politic and witty; wise women choose not husbands for the eye, merit, or birth, but wealth and sovereignty.

Ovid. Sir, we all come to gratulate, for the good report of you.

Tib. And would be glad to deserve your love, sir.

Alb. My wife will answer you all, gentlemen; I'll come to you again presently.

[*Exit.*]

Plau. You have chosen you a most fair companion here, Cytheris, and a very fair house.

Cyth. To both which, you and all my friends are very welcome, Plautia.

Chloe. With all my heart, I assure your ladyship.

Plau. Thanks, sweet Mistress Chloe.

Ful. You must needs come to court, lady, i' faith, and there be sure your welcome shall be as great to us.

Ovid. She will deserve it, madam; I see, even in her looks, gentry, and general worthiness.

Tib. I have not seen a more certain character of an excellent disposition.

Alb. [*re-entering.*] Wite!

Chloe. O, they do so commend me here, the courtiers! what's the matter now?

Alb. For the banquet, sweet wife.

Chloe. Yes; and I must needs come to court, and be welcome, the princess says.

[*Exit with Albius.*]

Gal. Ovid and Tibullus, you may be bold to welcome your mistress here.

Ovid. We find it so, sir.

Tib. And thank Cornelius Gallus.

Ovid. Nay, my sweet Sextus, in faith thou art not sociable.

Prop. In faith I am not, Publius; nor I cannot.

Sick minds are like sick men that burn with fevers,

Who when they drink, please but a present taste,

And after bear a more impatient fit.

Pray let me leave you; I offend you all, And myself most.

Gal. Stay, sweet Propertius.

Tib. You yield too much unto your griefs, and fate,

¹ *A pox on them! what do they here?* Chloe is an apt scholar:—but who would think the lesson of so old a date! It seems as if it were delivered but yesterday.

Which never hurts, but when we say it hurts us.

Prop. O, peace, Tibullus; your philosophy Lends you too rough a hand to search my wounds.

Speak they of griefs, that know to sigh and grieve;

The free and unconstrained spirit feels No weight of my oppression. [Exit.]

Ovid. Worthy Roman!¹

Methinks I taste his misery, and could Sit down, and chide at his malignant stars.

Jul. Methinks I love him, that he loves so truly.

Cyth. This is the perfectest love, lives after death.

Gal. Such is the constant ground of virtue still.

Plau. It puts on an inseparable face.

Re-enter Chloe.

Chloe. Have you marked everything, Crispinus?

Cris. Everything, I warrant you.

Chloe. What gentlemen are these? do you know them?

Cris. Ay, they are poets, lady.

Chloe. Poets! they did not talk of me since I went, did they?

Cris. O yes, and extolled your perfections to the heavens.

Chloe. Now in sincerity they be the finest kind of men that ever I knew: Poets! Could not one get the emperor to make my husband a poet, think you?

Cris. No, lady, 'tis love and beauty make poets: and since you like poets so well, your love and beauties shall make me a poet.

Chloe. What! shall they? and such a one as these?

Cris. Ay, and a better than these: I would be sorry else.

Chloe. And shall your looks change, and your hair change, and all, like these?

Cris. Why, a man may be a poet, and yet not change his hair, lady.

Chloe. Well, we shall see your cunning: yet, if you can change your hair, I pray do.

Re-enter Albius.

Alb. Ladies, and lordlings, there's a slight banquet stays within for you; please you draw near, and accost it.

Jul. We thank you, good Albius: but when shall we see those excellent jewels you are commended to have?

Alb. At your ladyship's service.—I got that speech by seeing a play last day, and it did me some grace now: I see, 'tis good to collect sometimes; I'll frequent these plays more than I have done, now I come to be familiar with courtiers. [Aside.]

Gal. Why, how now, Hermogenes? what ailest thou, trow?

Her. A little melancholy; let me alone, prithee.

Gal. Melancholy! how so?

Her. With riding: a plague on all coaches for me!

Chloe. Is that hard-favoured gentleman a poet too, Cytheris?

Cyth. No, this is Hermogenes: as humorous as a poet, though: he is a musician.

Chloe. A musician! then he can sing.

Cyth. That he can, excellently: did you never hear him?

Chloe. O no: will he be entreated, think you?

Cyth. I know not.—Friend, Mistress Chloe would fain hear Hermogenes sing: are you interested in him?

Gal. No doubt his own humanity will command him so far, to the satisfaction of so fair a beauty; but rather than fail, we'll all be suitors to him.

Her. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. Prithee, Hermogenes.

Her. 'Cannot sing.

¹ *Worthy Roman, &c.*] Ovid and his friends seem to have taken Propertius at his word, and given him credit for more affliction than he really suffered. Cynthia's own opinion of the matter is not quite so favourable to the feelings of her quondam lover. Her "grimly ghost" comes, like Margaret's, to his bedside, and exhibits a fearful scroll of complaints against him:

"*Denique quis nostro curvum te funere vidit,
Atram quis lachrymis inculuisse togam?
Si piguit portas ultra procedere, at illud,
Fussisses, lectum lentius ire meum!
Cur ventos non ipse rogis, ingrata, petisti?
Cur nardo flammæ non olivere nec?*"—

But this is nothing to what follows. Briefly, if half of what she says be true, her ghost is fully justified in walking.

² *And shall your hair change, like these?*] This is personal. It appears that Rufus Laberius Crispinus had red hair, which was not to Chloe's taste: Decker adverts to the bringing of a red beard on the stage, in the *Gull's Hornbook*. See p. 218 a. *Cunning*, which occurs in Chloe's next speech, means *skill* in poetry; in which sense, and in its kindred one, proficiency in music, it is often found in Jonson and his contemporaries.

Gal. For honour of this gentlewoman, to whose house I know thou mayest be ever welcome.

Chloe. That he shall, in truth, sir, if he can sing.

Ovid. What's that?

Gal. This gentlewoman is wooing Hermogenes for a song.

Ovid. A song! come, he shall not deny her. Hermogenes!

Her. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. No, the ladies must do it; he stays but to have their thanks acknowledged as a debt to his cunning.

Ful. That shall not want; ourself will be the first shall promise to pay him more than thanks, upon a favour so worthily vouchsafed.

Her. Thank you, madam; but 'will not sing.

Tib. Tut, the only way to win him is to abstain from entreating him.

Cris. Do you love singing, lady?

Chloe. O, passingly.

Cris. Entreat the ladies to entreat me to sing then, I beseech you.

Chloe. I beseech your grace, entreat this gentleman to sing.

Ful. That we will, Chloe; can he sing excellently?

Chloe. I think so, madam; for he entreated me to entreat you to entreat him to sing.

Cris. Heaven and earth! would you tell that?

Ful. Good sir, let's entreat you to use your voice.

Cris. Alas, madam, I cannot in truth.

Pla. The gentleman is modest: I warrant you he sings excellently.

Ovid. Hermogenes, clear your throat; I see by him here's a gentleman will worthily challenge you.

Cris. Not I, sir, I'll challenge no man.

Tib. That's your modesty, sir; but we, out of an assurance of your excellency, challenge him in your behalf.

Cris. I thank you, gentlemen, I'll do my best.

Her. Let that best be good, sir, you were best.

¹ *Now will I begin.*] The character of Hermogenes is drawn with great pleasantry by Horace, and Jonson has embodied his description very successfully: his insolence, vanity, affectation, and capriciousness are distinctly placed before the reader. The outlines, and merely the outlines, of the elegant song in the text, Ben found in Martial, as Whalley observes; the filling up is his own.

Gal. O, this contention is excellent! What is't you sing, sir?

Cris. If I freely may discover, sir; I'll sing that.

Ovid. One of your own compositions, Hermogenes. He offers you vantage enough.

Cris. Nay, truly, gentlemen, I'll challenge no man.—I can sing but one staff of the ditty neither.

Gal. The better; Hermogenes himself will be entreated to sing the other.

Crispinus sings.

If I freely may discover
What would please me in my lover,
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court than city;
A little proud, but full of pity:
Light and humourous in her toying,
Of building hopes, and soon destroying,
Long, but sweet in the enjoying;
Neither too easy, nor too hard.
All extremes I would have barred.

Gal. Believe me, sir, you sing most excellently.

Ovid. If there were a praise above excellence, the gentleman highly deserves it.

Her. Sir, all this doth not yet make me envy you; for I know I sing better than you.

Tib. Attend Hermogenes, now.

Hermogenes, accompanied.

She should be allowed her passions,
So they were but used as fashions;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish, and then srowning,
Every fit with change still crowning.
Purely jealous I would have her,
Then only constant when I crave her:
'Tis a virtue should not save her.
Thus, nor her delicates would cloy me,
Neither her peevishness annoy me.

Ful. Nay, Hermogenes, your merit hath long since been both known and admired of us.

Her. You shall hear me sing another. Now will I begin.¹

¹ *Qualem, Flacce, velim quæris, nolimve puelam?*

*Nolo nimis facilem, difficilemve nimis:
Illud quod medium est, atque inter utrumque
probamus,*

*Nec voto quod crucial, nec volo quod
satia!*

L. i. ep. 58.

Gal. We shall do this gentleman's banquet too much wrong, that stays for us, ladies.

Ful. 'Tis true; and well thought on, Cornelius Gallus.

Her. Why, 'tis but a short air, 'twill be done presently, pray stay: strike, music.

Ovid. No, good Hermogenes; we'll end this difference within.

Ful. 'Tis the common disease¹ of all your musicians, that they know no mean, to be entreated either to begin or end.

Alb. Please you lead the way, gentles.

All. Thanks, good Albius.

[*Exeunt all but Albius.*]

Alb. O, what a charm of thanks was here put upon me! O Jove, what a setting forth it is to a man to have many courtiers come to his house! Sweetly was it said of a good old housekeeper, *I had rather want meat, than want guests*; especially if they be courtly guests. For, never trust me, if one of their good legs made in a house be not worth all the good cheer a

man can make them. He that would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife; he that would have a fine wife, let him come to me.

Re-enter Crispinus.

Cris. By your kind leave, Master Albius.

Alb. What, you are not gone, Master Crispinus?

Cris. Yes, faith, I have a design draws me hence: pray, sir, fashion me an excuse to the ladies.

Alb. Will you not stay and see the jewels, sir? I pray you stay.

Cris. Not for a million, sir, now. Let it suffice, I must relinquish; and so, in a word, please you to expiate this compliment.

Alb. Mum.

[*Exit.*]

Cris. I'll presently go and engle some broker for a poet's gown,² and bespeak a garland: and then, jeweller, look to your best jewel, i' faith.

[*Exit.*]

¹ 'Tis the common disease, &c.] With this observation Horace introduces his character of Hermogenes:

"*Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare, rogati, Injussi, nunquam desistant.*"—*Lib. i. sat. iii.*

² I'll presently go and engle some broker for a poet's gown,] This word, the modern *engle*, is used with some latitude by our old poets; in general, however, it means to cheat, to impose upon, to draw in, as here—the substantive is always taken in a bad sense, sometimes for a *bait thrown out*, and sometimes for a *person deceived by it*: simply for a dupe, a gull, a Master Stephen. Hammer derives *engle* from the Fr. *engluer*, and Steevens from *inveigle*: both are mistaken, however: it comes from a Saxon, or, if the reader likes it better, an old English word, signifying to suspend or *hang*, which is but another mode of spelling it.

Now I am advanced thus far, I will just observe that the commentators have made strange work of a passage in Shakspeare, for want of understanding the import of this term:

"O, master, master, I have watched so long,
That I'm dog weary; but at last I spied
An ancient *angel* coming down the hill
Will serve our turn."—*Taming the Shrew.*

Angel can have no sense here, for if a *messenger* be meant by it, as the critics say, this ancient personage could never be mistaken for one, by anybody. Theobald and Warburton read *Engle*, meaning, perhaps, a native of the North of Europe; Steevens writes about it, and about it,

and says nothing, and Malone leaves the passage in obscurity. Hammer, however, reads *enghle*, and this, I have no doubt, was the very word which Shakspeare, amidst all the uncertainty of his orthography, meant to use. What Tranio wanted was a simpleton, a man fit to be imposed upon, by a feigned tale; such a one Biondello, after a tedious search, presumes that he has discovered. But why does he form this conclusion? This is not even guessed at by the critics. It is pretty clearly hinted at, however, in the old comedy of the *Supposes*, from which Shakspeare took this part of his plot. There Erostrato, the Biondello of Shakspeare, looks out for a person to gull by an idle story, judges from *appearances*, that he has found him, and is not deceived: "At the foot of the hill I met a gentleman, and, as methought, by his habits and his looks, he should be none of the wisest." Again: "this gentleman being, as I guessed at first, a man of small sapientia." And Dulippo (the Lucentio of Shakspeare) as soon as he spies him coming, exclaims, "Is this he? go meet him: by my troth, he looks like a good soul, he that fisheth for him might be sure to catch a codshead," act ii. sc. 1. These are the passages which our great poet had in view: and these, I trust, are more than sufficient to explain why Biondello concludes at first sight that this "ancient piece of formality" will serve his turn. From his being constantly termed a *pedant*, it is probable that he was dressed in a long stuff gown, which is the invariable costume of a schoolmaster; the object of incessant ridicule in the old Italian comedy, from whom we borrowed him. "I was often," says Montaigne, "when a boy, wonderfully concerned to see, in the Italian farces, a *pedant* always brought in as the fool of the play."—*Essays*, vol. i. p. 190.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Via Sacra,*¹ (or *Holy Street.*)

Enter Horace, Crispinus following.

Hor. Umph! yes, I will begin an ode so; and it shall be to Mæcænas.

Cris. 'Slid, yonder's Horace! they say he's an excellent poet: Mæcænas loves him. I'll fall into his acquaintance, if I can; I think he be composing as he goes in the street! ha! 'tis a good humour, if he be: I'll compose too.

Hor. "Swell me a bowl with lusty wine,² Till I may see the plump Lyæus swim

Above the brim:

I drink as I would write,
In flowing measure filled with flame and sprite."

Cris. Sweet Horace, Minerva and the Muses stand auspicious to thy designs! How farest thou, sweet man? frolic? rich? gallant? ha!

Hor. Not greatly gallant, sir; like my fortunes, well: I am bold to take my leave, sir; you'll nought else, sir, would you?

Cris. Troth, no, but I could wish thou didst know us, Horace; we are a scholar, I assure thee.

Hor. A scholar, sir! I shall be covetous of your fair knowledge.

Cris. Gramercy, good Horace. Nay, we are new turned poet too, which is more; and a satirist too, which is more than that: I write just in thy vein, I. I am for your odes, or your sermons,³ or anything indeed; we are a gentleman besides; our name is Rufus Labeius Crispinus; we are a pretty Stoic too.

Hor. To the proportion of your beard, I think it, sir.

Cris. By Phœbus, here's a most neat,

fine street, is't not? I protest to thee, I am enamoured of this street now, more than of half the streets of Rome again; 'tis so polite, and terse! there's the front of a building now! I study architecture too: if ever I should build, I'd have a house just of that prospective.

Hor. Doubtless this gallant's tongue has a good turn, when he sleeps. [*Aside.*]

Cris. I do make verses, when I come in such a street as this: O, your city ladies, you shall have them sit in every shop like the Muses—offering you the Castalian dews, and the Thespian liquors, to as many as have but the sweet grace and audacity to—sip of their lips. Did you never hear any of my verses?

Hor. No, sir;—but I am in some fear I must now. [*Aside.*]

Cris. I'll tell thee some, if I can but recover them, I composed even now of a dressing I saw a jeweller's wife wear, who indeed was a jewel herself: I prefer that kind of tire now;⁴ what's thy opinion, Horace?

Hor. With your silver bodkin, it does well, sir.

Cris. I cannot tell;⁵ but it stirs me more than all your court-curles, or your spangles, or your tricks: I affect not these high gable ends, these Tuscan tops, nor your coronets, nor your arches, nor your pyramids; give me a fine, sweet—little delicate dressing with a bodkin, as you say; and a mushroom for all your other ornatures!

Hor. Is it not possible to make an escape from him? [*Aside.*]

Cris. I have remitted my verses all this while; I think I have forgot them.

Hor. Here's he could wish you had else. [*Aside.*]

Cris. Pray Jove I can entreat them of my memory!

Hor. You put your memory to too much trouble, sir.

¹ *The Via Sacra*, &c.] This scene is little more than a translation of *Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. ix.* It is far from ill done; and yet, methinks, Jonson might have found a happier method of introducing himself.

² *Swell me a bowl with lusty wine.*] Decker attempts to ridicule this little ode, but without success. It is easy to parody anything into nonsense; but to make the public believe that it comes from such men as Jonson, when it is done, exceeds the powers of a hundred Deckers. This is some consolation.

³ *I am for your odes or your sermons.*] This is a barbarous version of *sermones*, which Horace modestly applies to his *Satires*, on account of

the approaches which the diction of them makes to familiar discourse.

⁴ *I prefer that kind of tire now;*] i.e., head-dress. Crispinus shows his taste here: the hair neatly twisted and confined at the top by a pearl brooch or a silver bodkin, is certainly a more becoming fashion than any of the fantastic modes which he enumerates. The *jeweller's wife* is Chloe, who had expressed a desire to see Crispinus a poet, p. 220.

⁵ *I cannot tell,*] I know not what to say of it. Another example of that mode of speech which the commentators have so unaccountably overlooked.—See p. 47 a.

Cris. No, sweet Horace, we must not have thee think so.

Hor. I cry you mercy; then they ate my ears

That must be tortured: well, you must have patience, ears.

Cris. Pray thee, Horace, observe.

Hor. Yes, sir; your satin sleeve begins to fret¹ at the rug that is underneath it, I do observe; and your ample velvet bases² are not without evident stains of a hot disposition naturally.

Cris. O—I'll dye them into another colour, at pleasure. How many yards of velvet dost thou think they contain?

Hor. 'Heart! I have put him now in a fresh way

To vex me more:—faith, sir, your mercer's book

Will tell you with more patience than I can:—

For I am crost, and so's not that, I think.³

Cris. 'Slight, these veises have lost me again!

I shall not invite them to mind, now.

Hor. Rack not your thoughts, good sir; rather defer it

To a new time; I'll meet you at your lodging,

Or where you please: till then, Jove keep you, sir!

Cris. Nay, gentle Horace, stay; I have it now.

¹ *Your* satin sleeve begins to fret, &c.] Decker appears to have been extremely mortified at these reflections on his own and his friend's dress, and adverts to them with great bitterness. *Tucca.* "Thou wrongest here a good honest rascal, Crispinus, and a poor varlet Demetrius, brethren in thine own trade of poetry: thou say'st Crispinus' *satin doublet is ravelled out here*; and that this penurious sneaker is out at elbows."—*Satiro.* And again: "They have sewn up that seam-rent lie of thine, that Demetrius is out at elbows and Crispinus is *fallen out with satin here*."—*ib.* The audience before whom these illiberal scenes were played must have had singular notions of delicacy if they found pleasure in them. Decker, however, is far more gross and scurrilous than Jonson: this, indeed, does not justify our author; but it serves to show that the people were not scandalized by such conduct; and consequently, that little or no restraint was laid on the coarsest expressions of vulgar feeling.

² *Your ample velvet bases*] In the quarto it is *velvet hose*; from which it appears that Jonson, as was sometimes the case with the writers of his age, uses the word for breeches. Strictly speaking, however, *bases* were a kind of short petticoat, somewhat like the phillibegs of the Highlanders, and were probably suggested by

Hor. Yes, sir. Apollo, Hermes, Jupiter, Look down upon me!

Cris.

"Rich was thy hap, sweet dainty cap,
There to be placed;

Where thy smooth black, sleek white
may smack,

And both be graced."

White is there usurped for her brow; her forehead? and then sleek, as the parallel to smooth, that went before. A kind of paranomasie, or agnomination: do you conceive, sir?

Hor. Excellent. Troth, sir, I must be abrupt, and leave you.

Cris. Why, what haste hast thou? prithee, stay a little; thou shalt not go yet, by Phœbus.

Hor. I shall not! what remedy? fie, how I sweat with suffering!

Cris. And then—

Hor. Pray, sir, give me leave to wipe my face a little.

Cris. Yes, do, good Horace.

Hor. Thank you, sir.

Death! I must crave his leave to p—anon; Or that I may go hence with half my teeth: I am in some such fear. This tyranny Is strange, to take mine ears up by commission,

(Whether I will or no,) and make them stalls To his lewd solecisms, and worded trash.

Happy thou, bold Bolanus,⁴ now I say;

the military dress of the Romans. Thus, in the *Picture*:

"You, minion,

Had a hand in it, too, as it appears;

Your *petticoat* serves for *bases* to this warrior."

³ *For I am crost, and so's not that, I think.*] A play on the word cross. Decker does not forget this sneer. "Thou art great in somebody's books for thy parchment suit, (the *perpetuana* which Jonson usually wore, p. 166,) thou knowest where: thou wouldst be *out at elbows* and *out at heels*, too, but thou layest about thee with a *bill* for this."—*Satiromastix.*

⁴ *Happy thou, bold Bolanus, &c.*] This is the sense usually given, I believe, to these words:

"O te, Bolane, cerebri

Felicem!"

But no one could shew more fretfulness and impatience than Horace himself does. Surely the *felicity* of Bolanus must have consisted in an impenetrable, rather than a ticklish and tender skull; a comfortable indifference to all attacks; a good humoured stupidity that dozed over all impertinence; this, indeed, was to be envied.

In this speech Horace has taken a line, by anticipation, from Juvenal:

"*Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti.*"

Whose freedom, and impatience of this fellow,

Would, long ere this, have call'd him fool, and fool,

And rank and tedious fool ! and have flung jests

As hard as stones, till thou hadst pelted him

Out of the place ; whilst my tame modesty Suffers my wit be made a solemn ass,

To bear his fopperies—— [*Aside.*

Cris. Horace, thou art miserably affected to be gone, I see. But—prithee let's prove to enjoy thee awhile. Thou hast no business, I assure me. Whither is thy journey directed, ha ?

Hor. Sir, I am going to visit a friend that's sick.

Cris. A friend ! what is he ; do not I know him ?

Hor. No, sir, you do not know him ; and 'tis not the worse for him.

Cris. What's his name ? where is he lodged ?

Hor. Where I shall be fearful to draw you out of your way, sir ; a great way hence ; pray, sir, let's part.

Cris. Nay, but where is't ? I prithee say.

Hor. On the far side of all Tyber yonder, by Cæsar's gardens.¹

Cris. O, that's my course directly ; I am for you. Come, go ; why stand'st thou ?

Hor. Yes, sir ; marry, the plague is in that part of the city ; I had almost forgot to tell you, sir.

Cris. Foh ! it is no matter, I fear no pestilence ; I have not offended Phœbus.²

Hor. I have, it seems, or else this heavy scourge

Could ne'er have lighted on me.

Cris. Come along.

Hor. I am to go down some half mile this way, sir, first, to speak with his physician ; and from thence to his apothecary, where I shall stay the mixing of divers drugs.

Cris. Why, it's all one, I have nothing

to do, and I love not to be idle ; I'll bear thee company. How call'st thou the apothecary ?

Hor. O that I knew a name would fright him now !—

Sir, Rhadamanthus, Rhadamanthus, sir.

There's one so call'd, is a just judge in hell,

And doth inflict strange vengeance on all those

That here on earth torment poor patient spirits.

Cris. He dwells at the Three Furies, by Janus's temple.

Hor. Your pothecary does, sir.

Cris. Heart, I owe him money for sweet-meats, and he has laid to arrest me, I hear : but——

Hor. Sir, I have made a most solemn vow, I will never bail any man.

Cris. Well then, I'll swear, and speak him fair, if the worst come. But his name is Minos, not Rhadamanthus, Horace.

Hor. That may be, sir, I but guessed at his name by his sign. But your Minos is a judge too, sir.

Cris. I protest to thee, Horace (do but taste me once), if I do know myself, and mine own virtues truly, thou wilt not make that esteem of Varius, or Virgil, or Tibullus, or any of 'em indeed, as now in thy ignorance thou dost ; which I am content to forgive. I would fain see which of these could pen more verses in a day, or with more facility, than I ; or that could court his mistress, kiss her hand, make better sport with her fan or her dog——

Hor. I cannot bail you yet, sir.

Cris. Or that could move his body more gracefully, or dance better ; you should see me, were it not in the street——

Hor. Nor yet.

Cris. Why, I have been a reveller, and at my cloth of silver suit, and my long stocking,³ in my time, and will be again——

Hor. If you may be trusted, sir.

Cris. And then, for my singing, Hermo-

¹ On the far side of all Tyber yonder, by Cæsar's gardens. Had Shakspeare forgotten this when, in *Julius Cæsar*, he placed the gardens on this side Tyber ? or did he prefer the authority of North to that of his old acquaintance.

² I fear no pestilence ; I have not offended Phœbus.] Alluding to the plague sent by Apollo among the Grecians, on account of the insult offered to his priest.—Hom. Il. lib. i.

WHAL.

³ My long stocking,] In this age the breeches, VOL. I.

or, more properly, the drawers, with men of fashion, fell short of the knees, and the defect was supplied by long stockings, the tops of which were fastened under the drawers. This may be seen in most of the portraits of the times.

This is Whalley's note : he could scarcely be mistaken in what he represents as so common to be seen ; and yet, before I read it, I always supposed the allusion to be to that kind of stocking which was drawn up very high, and then rolled back over the breeches, till it nearly touched the knee.

genes himself envies me, that is your only master of music you have in Rome.

Hor. Is your mother living, sir?

Cris. Au ! convert thy thoughts to somewhat else, I pray thee.

Hor. You have much of the mother in you, sir. Your father is dead?

Cris. Ay, I thank Jove, and my grandfather too, and all my kinsfolks, and well composed in their urns.

Hor. The more their happiness, that rest in peace,
Free from the abundant torture of thy tongue:

Would I were with them too!

Cris. What's that, Horace?

Hor. I now remember me, sir, of a sad fate

A cunning woman, one Sabella, sung,¹
When in her urn she cast my destiny,
Being but a child.

Cris. What was it, I pray thee?

Hor. She told me I should surely never perish

By famine, poison, or the enemy's sword;
The hectic fever, cough, or pleurisy,²
Should never hurt me, nor the tardy gout:
But in my time I should be once surprised
By a strong tedious talker, that should vex
And almost bring me to consumption:
Therefore, if I were wise, she warned me
shun

All such long-winded monsters as my bane;
For if I could but scape that one discourser,
I might no doubt prove an old aged man.—
By your leave, sir. [*Going.*]

Cris. Tut, tut; abandon this idle humour,
'tis nothing but melancholy. Fore Jove,
now I think on't, I am to appear in court
here, to answer to one that has me in suit:
sweet Horace, go with me, this is my hour;
if I neglect it, the law proceeds against me.
Thou art familiar with these things: prithee,
if thou lov'st me, go.

Hor. Now, let me die, sir, if I know
your laws,

¹ One Sabella, sung, &c.] Jonson has followed Horace in his Epodes, and made a proper name of this adjective:

*"Instat mihi satum triste, Sabella
Quod puero cecinit divina mota anus urna.*

What follows is translated with considerable pleasantry and spirit.

² The hectic fever, cough, or pleurisy.] These were disorders most incident to the climate of Italy: the pleurisy, or *laterum dolor*, we meet with frequently in classic authors; and it is now the most reigning disorder, during the summer months.—*WHAL.*

Or have the power to stand still half so long

In their loud courts, as while a case is argued.

Besides, you know, sir, where I am to go,
And the necessity—

Cris. 'Tis true.

Hor. I hope the hour of my release be come: he will, upon this consideration, discharge me, sure.

Cris. Troth, I am doubtful what I may best do, whether to leave thee or my affairs, Horace.

Hor. O Jupiter! me, sir, me, by any means; I beseech you, me, sir.

Cris. No, faith, I'll venture those now; thou shalt see I love thee: come, Horace.

Hor. Nay, then I am desperate: I follow you, sir. 'Tis hard contending with a man that overcomes thus.

Cris. And how deals Mecænas with thee? liberally, ha? is he open-handed? bountiful?

Hor. He's still himself, sir.

Cris. Troth, Horace, thou art exceeding happy in thy friends and acquaintance; they are all most choice spirits, and of the first rank of Romans: I do not know that poet, I protest, has used his fortune more prosperously than thou hast. If thou wouldst bring me known to Mecænas, I should second thy desert well; thou shouldst find a good sure assistant of me, one that would speak all good of thee in thy absence, and be content with the next place, not envying thy reputation with thy patron. Let me not live, but I think thou and I, in a small time, should lift them all out of favour, both Virgil, Varius, and the best of them, and enjoy him wholly to ourselves.

Hor. Gods, you do know it, I can hold no longer;

This brize has pricked my patience.³ Sir,
your silkness

Clearly mistakes Mecænas and his house,

³ This brize has pricked my patience.] The brize is the gad-fly, the constant persecutor of cattle in the summer. The use of this word is so common, that an example of it seems scarcely necessary; the following, however, from Dryden, is entirely to the purpose:

"This flying plague, to mark its quality,
Oestros, the Grecians call; asylus we:
A fierce loud buzzing breeze;—their stings
draw blood,
And drive the cattle madding through the
wood."—*Georg. iii.*

To think there breathes a spirit beneath
his roof,

Subject unto those poor affections
Of undermining envy and detraction,
Moods only proper to base grovelling
minds.

That place is not in Rome, I dare affirm,
More pure or free from such low common
evils.

There's no man grieved that this is thought
more rich,

Or this more learned; each man hath his
place,

And to his merit his reward of grace,
Which, with a mutual love, they all em-
brace.

Cris. You report a wonder; 'tis scarce
credible, this.

Hor. I am no torturer to enforce you to
believe it; but it is so.

Cris. Why, this inflames me with a more
ardent desire to be his, than before; but I
doubt I shall find the entrance to his
familiarity somewhat more than difficult,
Horace.

Hor. Tut, you'll conquer him, as you
have done me; there's no standing out
against you, sir, I see that: either your
importunity, or the intimation of your good
parts, or—

Cris. Nay, I'll bribe his porter, and the
grooms of his chamber; make his doors
open to me that way first, and then I'll
observe my times. Say he should extrude
me his house to-day, shall I therefore
desist, or let fall my suit to-morrow? No;
I'll attend him, follow him, meet him in
the street, the highways, run by his coach,
never leave him. What! man hath no-
thing given him in this life without much
labour—

Hor. And impudence.

Archer of heaven, Phoebus, take thy bow,
And with a full-drawn shaft nail to the
earth

This Python, that I may yet run hence and
live:

Or, brawny Hercules, do thou come down,
And, tho' thou mak'st it up thy thirteenth
labour,

¹ *By a land remora:*] *Remora* is the Latin
name of a fish that adheres to the sides and
keels of ships, and retards their way. Thus
Mayne:

"No *remora* that stops your fleet,
Like serjeants gallants in the street."

City Match.

Rescue me from this hydra of discourse
here.

Enter Fuscus Aristius.

Ari. Horace, well met.

Hor. O welcome, my reliever;
Aristius, as thou lov'st me, ransom me.

Ari. What ail'st thou, man?

Hor. 'Death, I am seized on here
By a land remora;¹ I cannot stir,
Nor move, but as he pleases.

Cris. Wilt thou go, Horace?

Hor. Heart! he cleaves to me like
Alcides' shirt,
Tearing my flesh and sinews: O, I've been
vexed

And tortured with him beyond forty
fevers.

For Jove's sake, find some means to take
me from him.

Ari. Yes, I will;—but I'll go first and
tell Mæcenas. [*Aside.*]

Cris. Come, shall we go?

Ari. The jest will make his eyes run,
i' faith. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Nay, Aristius!

Ari. Farewell, Horace. [*Going.*]

Hor. 'Death! will he leave me? Fuscus
Aristius! do you hear? Gods of Rome!
You said you had somewhat to say to me
in private.

Ari. Ay, but I see you are now employed
with that gentleman; 'twere offence to
trouble you; I'll take some fitter oppor-
tunity;² farewell. [*Exit.*]

Hor. Mischief and torment! O my soul
and heart,

How are you cramped with anguish!
Death itself

Brings not the like convulsions. O, this
day!

That ever I should view thy tedious
face.—

Cris. Horace, what passion, what hu-
mour is this?

Hor. Away, good prodigy, afflict me
not.—

A friend, and mock me thus! Never was
man

So left under the axe.—

Figuratively it is taken for any impediment or
obstacle whatever.—WHAL.

² *I'll take some fitter opportunity, &c.*] Aris-
tius has not full justice done him. There is nothing
in Horace more amusing than the manner in
which this person, who must have been a very
sprightly, humorous, and agreeable gentleman,
plays on the visible impatience of his friend.
Here he takes his leave very tamely.

Enter Minos, with two Lictors.

How now?

Min. That's he in the embroidered hat there, with the ash-coloured feather;¹ his name is Laberius Crispinus.

Lict. Laberius Crispinus, I arrest you in the Emperor's name.

Cris. Me, sir! do you arrest me?

Lict. Ay, sir, at the suit of Master Minos the apothecary.

Hor. Thanks, great Apollo, I will not slip thy favour offered me in my escape, for my fortunes. *[Exit hostilely.]*

Cris. Master Minos! I know no Master Minos. Where's Horace? Horace! Horace!

Min. Sir, do not you know me?

Cris. O yes, I know you, Master Minos; cry you mercy. But Horace? Gods me, is he gone?

Min. Ay, and so would you too, if you knew how.—Officer, look to him.

Cris. Do you hear, Master Minos? pray let us be used like a man of our own fashion. By Janus and Jupiter, I meant to have paid you next week every drachm. Seek not to eclipse my reputation thus vulgarly.

Min. Sir, your oaths cannot serve you; you know I have forborne you long.

Cris. I am conscious of it, sir. Nay, I beseech you, gentlemen, do not exhale me thus;² remember 'tis but for sweetmeats—

Lict. Sweet meat must have sour sauce, sir. Come along.

Cris. Sweet Master Minos, I am for-

feited to eternal disgrace, if you do not commiserate. Good officer, be not so officious.

Enter Tucca and Pyrgi.³

Tuc. Why, how now, my good brace of bloodhounds, whither do you drag the gentleman? You mungrels, you curs, you ban-dogs! we are Captain Tucca that talk to you, you inhuman pilchers.⁴

Min. Sir, he is their prisoner.

Tuc. Their pesulence! What are you, sir.

Min. A citizen of Rome, sir.

Tuc. Then you are not far distant from a fool, sir.

Min. A pothecary, sir.

Tuc. I knew thou wast not a physician: foh! out of my nostrils, thou stink'st of lotium and the syringe; away, quack-salver!—Follower, my sword.

r Pyr. Here, noble leader; you'll do no harm with it, I'll trust you. *[Aside.]*

Tuc. Do you hear, you, goodman slave? Hook, ram, rogue, catchpole, loose the gentleman, or by my velvet arms—

Lict. What will you do, sir?

[Strikes up his heels, and seizes his sword.]

Tuc. Kiss thy hand, my honourable active varlet, and embrace thee thus.

r Pyr. O patient metamorphosis!

Tuc. My sword, my tall rascal.

Lict. Nay, soft, sir; some wiser than some.

Tuc. What! and a wit too? By Pluto,

¹ That's he, with the ash-coloured feather there,] Which Decker (or whoever is meant by Crispinus) probably wore:—at least he seems to resent the mention of it in his *Gull's Horn book*: "Now, sir, if the writer hath brought your feather on the stage," &c. See p. 25.

² Do not exhale me thus;] i.e., drag me out. This is the language of ancient Pistol, and corroborates the conjecture of Malone on the meaning of the expression in *Henry V.*, act ii. sc. 1. It is strange that Steevens should reject this explanation; and it is still more strange that neither of these distinguished commentators should be aware of the application of the word by Jonson.

³ Enter Tucca and Pyrgi.] It appears that Tucca has now two boys in his train. It would be as well if Jonson had anglicised his dramatic personæ, here and elsewhere. I should give them the common appellations, if the frequent recurrence of their Latin names in the dialogue did not forbid it. The reader will therefore please to recollect that *Histrion* stands for player, and *Pyrgus* for page. I presume that the author gave this ironical appellation (*pyrgus* is

a tower) to the latter on account of their diminutive size.

⁴ You inhuman pilchers.] So he calls the sergeants of the Counter, either from the glossy everlasting, or leather coats, which they usually wore. Pilches or pilchers are skins (from *pellis*), and, in a more general sense, coverings of fur, woollen, &c. Shakspeare uses the word for the sheath of a sword; and his contemporaries, for that "most sweet robe of durance, a buff jerkin." Nash speaks of a carman in a *leather pilche*; and Decker twits Jonson more than once with wearing it: "Thou hast forgot how thou amble'st in a *leather pilche* by a play-waggon, and took'st mad Jeronimo's part to get service amongst the mimicks." "Whence it appears," says Steevens, with unusual glee, "that Ben Jonson acted Hieronimo in the Spanish Tragedy; the speech being addressed to Horace, under which name *old Ben* is ridiculed." At the time alluded to, *old Ben* might probably be about twenty years of age; but Steevens is too ready to trust the calumnies of any of Jonson's enemies. There are reasons for thinking that Ben never played Hieronimo.

thou must be cherished, slave; here's three drachms for thee; hold.

2 Pyr. There's half his lendings gone.

Tuc. Give me.

Lict. No, sir, your first word shall stand; I'll hold all.

Tuc. Nay, but, rogue—

Lict. You would make a rescue of our prisoner, sir, you.

Tuc. I a rescue! Away, inhuman varlet. Come, come, I never relish above one jest at most; do not disgust me, sirrah; do not, rogue! I tell thee, rogue, do not.

Lict. How, sir? rogue?

Tuc. Ay; why, thou art not angry, rascal, art thou?

Lict. I cannot tell, sir; I am little better upon these terms.

Tuc. Ha, gods and fiends! why, dost hear, rogue thou? give me thy hand; I say unto thee, thy hand, rogue. What, dost not thou know me? not me, rogue? not Captain Tucca, rogue?

Min. Come, pray surrender the gentleman his sword, officer; we'll have no fighting here.

Tuc. What's thy name?

Min. Minos, an't please you.

Tuc. Minos! Come hither, Minos; thou art a wise fellow, it seems; let me talk with thee.

Cris. Was ever wretch so wretched as unfortunate I!

Tuc. Thou art one of the centumviri, old boy, art not?¹

Min. No indeed, master captain.

Tuc. Go to, thou shalt be then; I'll have

thee one, Minos. Take my sword from these rascals, dost thou see! go, do it; I cannot attempt with patience. What does this gentleman owe thee, little Minos?

Min. Fourscore sesterties, sir.²

Tuc. What, no more! Come, thou shalt release him, Minos: what, I'll be his bail, thou shalt take my word, old boy, and cashier these furies: thou shalt do't, I say, thou shalt, little Minos, thou shalt.

Cris. Yes; and as I am a gentleman and a reveller, I'll make a piece of poetry, and absolve all, within these five days.

Tuc. Come, Minos is not to learn how to use a gentleman of quality, I know.—My sword. If he pay thee not, I will, and I must, old boy. Thou shalt be my pothecary too. Hast good eringos, Minos?

Min. The best in Rome, sir.

Tuc. Go to, then—Vermin, know the house.

1 Pyr. I warrant you, colonel.

Tuc. For this gentleman, Minos—

Min. I'll take your word, captain.

Tuc. Thou hast it. My sword.

Min. Yes, sir. But you must discharge the arrest, Master Crispinus.

Tuc. How, Minos! Look in the gentleman's face, and but read his silence. Pay, pay; 'tis honour, Minos.

Cris. By Jove, sweet captain, you do most infinitely endear and oblige me to you.

Tuc. Tut, I cannot compliment, by Mars; but, Jupiter love me, as I love good words and good clothes, and there's an end. Thou shalt give my boy that girdle and hangers,³ when thou hast worn them a little more.

¹ *Thou art one of the centumviri, old boy, art not?* The *centumviri* were a body of men, chosen three out of every tribe, for the judgment of such matters as the praetors committed to their decision. This office was one of the first steps to public preferment.—WHAL.

² *Fourscore sesterties, sir.*] A sesterce was worth about two-pence of our money; so that the whole of Crispinus' debt did not much exceed twelve shillings.

³ *Thou shalt give my boy that girdle and hangers.*] Previously to noticing the text, I wish to introduce a few words, which were inadvertently omitted in their proper place, respecting the dress of our ancestors. Over the shirt they wore a tight *vest*, or waistcoat, to the skirts of which were appended a number of tagged strings, or, as they were then called, *points*: these were designed to support the hose or large *slops*, also furnished with points, by which they were tied or *trussed* to the vest. This awkward mode of supplying the place of buttons, rendered assistance at all times desirable, and, in some cases, absolutely necessary. Every man

had a page, whose office it was to *truss his points*; in plain language, to tie up his breeches: Master Stephen (*ante*, p. 8 *a*) entreats Brainworm to "help to *truss* him a little:" and, indeed, it is scarcely possible to mention an old comedy in which some allusion to this practice is not to be found. The vest was fastened by a *girdle*, furnished with a pair of loops, i.e., *hangers*, in which the dagger was constantly worn. This article of finery was adorned with fringes and tassels of needlework; and a lady would sometimes condescend to embroider a girdle and hangers for a favourite lover, or a relation. Joice tells her brother that "since he came to the Inns o' Court, she had wrought him a *faire pair of hangers*."—Green's *Tu Quoque*. They were often very costly. Thus, in that rare old song of *Jockie is grown a gentleman*:

"Thy *belt* was made of a white leather thonge,
Which thou and thy father wore so long,
Is turned to *hangers* of velvet stronge,
With gold and pearle embroydered amonge."

If a hat and feather, a satin cloak, and a pair of

Cris. O Jupiter! captain, he shall have them now, presently:—Please you to be acceptive, young gentleman.

1 Pyr. Yes, sir, fear not; I shall accept; I have a pretty foolish humour of taking, if you knew all. [*Aside.*]

Tuc. Not now, you shall not take, boy.

Cris. By my truth and earnest, but he shall, captain, by your leave.

Tuc. Nay, an he swear by his truth and earnest, take it, boy; do not make a gentleman forsworn.

Lict. Well, sir, there's your sword; but thank Master Minos; you had not carried it as you do else.

Tuc. Minos is just, and you are knaves, and—

Lict. What say you, sir?

Tuc. Pass on, my good scoundrel, pass on, I honour thee: [*Exeunt Lictors.*] But that I hate to have action with such base rogues as these, you should have seen me unrip their noses now, and have sent them to the next barber's to stitching; for do you see—I am a man of humour, and I do love the varlets, the honest varlets, they have wit and valour, and are indeed good profitable, — errant rogues,² as any live in an empire. Dost thou hear, poetaster? [*to Crispinus.*] second me. Stand up, Minos, close, gather, yet, so! Sir, (thou shalt have a quarter share, be resolute) you shall, at my request, take Minos by the hand here, little Minos, I will have it so; all friends, and a health: be not inexo-

boots were added to these, the *costume* was complete, and the gallant was equipped in the most fashionable mode during the early part of the seventeenth century.

¹ *And have sent them to the next barber's to stitching, &c.*] The barbers in Jonson's days practised many inferior parts of surgery.

WHAL.
² *And are, indeed, good, profitable—errant rogues, &c.*] This is the *σχημα παρ' ὑπονοίαν*, in which Jonson and his master, Aristophanes, so much delight:

Ἄλλ' οὐ σε κρυψὼ τῶν ἐμῶν γὰρ οἰκετῶν
Πιστοτατὸν ἤγομαι σε, καί—κλεπτιστατὸν.

Plut. v. 26.

³ *And not strike or vail to a man-of-war?*] i.e., to himself. The allusion is to merchant vessels *vailing*, or lowering their topsails or their colours to a king's ship. To *vail*, as I have already observed, p. 131 a, occurs incessantly in our old dramatists, and always in the same sense, viz. as a mark of inferiority or submission.

⁴ *You two-penny tear-mouth?*] So he calls the players, from the *two-penny* gallery in the theatres of that age.—*WHAL.*

⁵ *You have FORTUNE, &c.*] He alludes to the

rable. And thou shalt impart the wine, old boy, thou shalt do it, little Minos, thou shalt; make us pay it in our phisic. What! we must live, and honour the Gods sometimes; now Bacchus, now Comus, now Priapus; every god a little. [*Histrio passes by.*] What's he that stalks by there, boy, Pyrgus? You were best let him pass, sirrah; do, ferret, let him pass, do—

2 Pyr. 'Tis a player, sir.

Tuc. A player! call him, call the lousy slave hither; what, will he sail by, and not once strike, or vail to a man of war?³ ha!—Do you hear, you player, rogue, stalker, come back here;—

Enter Histrio.

No respect to men of worship, you slave! what, you are proud, you rascal, are you proud, ha? you grow rich, do you, and purchase, you two-penny tear-mouth?⁴ you have FORTUNE,⁵ and the good year on your side, you stinkard, you have, you have!

Hist. Nay, sweet captain, be confined to some reason; I protest I saw you not, sir.

Tuc. You did not! where was your sight, Œdipus? you walk with hare's eyes, do you? I'll have them glazed, rogue; an you say the word, they shall be glazed for you: come, we must have you turn fiddler, again, slave, get a base viol at your back, and march in a tawney coat, with one sleeve, to Goose-fair;⁶ then you'll know us, you'll

Fortune playhouse, one of the earliest theatres in London, and situate somewhere about White-cross-street. [*In Golden-lane, Barbican.—F.C.*]

⁶ *March in a tawney-coat, with one sleeve, to Goose-fair.*] This is the colour still most affected by such as grind music at the vestibule of the palace of King Solomon, or the royal tiger from Bengal, at races and country fairs. "The widow, and two of her gallants, being at the fair, entered a tavern, where they had not sitten long, but in comes a noise (a company) of musicians in tawney coats, who, putting off their capes, asked if they would have any music."—*Hist. of John Newchombe. Goose-fair*, or, as it is usually called, *Green-goose fair*, is mentioned by many of Jonson's contemporaries. Thus Glaphthorne, in that excellent old comedy, *Wit in a Constable*:

"And you,
That are the precious paragons of the city
And scorn our country sports, can have your meetings
At Islington and *Green-goose* fair, and sip
A zealous glass of wine."

It is still held (as in the poet's days) on Whitsunday, at Bow, near Stratford, in Essex; and

see us then, you will, gulch,¹ you will. Then, *Will't please your worship to have any music, captain?*

Hist. Nay, good captain.

Tuc. What, do you laught, Howleglas!² death, you perstemptuous varlet, I am none of your fellows; I have commanded a hundred and fifty such rogues, I.

2 Pyr. Ay, and most of that hundred and fifty have been leaders of a legion.

[*Aside.*

Hist. If I have exhibited wrong, I'll tender satisfaction, captain.

Tuc. Say'st thou so, honest vermin! Give me thy hand; thou shalt make us a supper one of these nights.

Hist. When you please, by Jove, captain, most willingly.

Tuc. Dost thou swear! To-morrow then; say and hold, slave. There are some of you players honest gentlemen-like scoundrels, and suspected to have some wit, as well as your poets, both at drinking and breaking of jests, and are companions for gallants. A man may skelder ye, now and then, of half a dozen shillings, or so. Dost thou not know that Pantalabus there?³

takes its name from young or *green geese*, which form the principal part of the entertainment. In Jonson's time, probably, itinerant companies of players resorted there: but all this seems very strange at Rome!

¹ *You will, gulch,*] Gulch is a stupid, fat-headed fellow. The word occurs in the old comedy of *Lingua*. "You muddy gulch, dare you look me in the face"—See *Old Plays*.

WHAL.

² *What, do you laugh, Howleglas!*] There is an allusion to this person in the Latin poem called *Grobianus*:

*"Fecit idem quondam vir famigeratus ubique,
Nomina cui speculo noctua juncta dedit."*

On which the English translator has the following note! "Here the author alludes to a book written in Dutch, intitled, *The Life of Uylspeegel, or Owl-glass*, an hero of equal rank with Tom Tram in English."—WHAL. See the *Alchemist*.

³ *Dost thou not know that Pantalabus there?*] In the quarto it is, that *Caprichio* there. Perhaps it should be Pantolabus, as in Horace, unless Jonson thought Pantalabus more agreeable to etymology. The real appellation of this person was Mallius: his nickname he acquired from borrowing money of every one he met. It does not appear in what Crispinus resembled Pantalabus; the "skeldering captain" himself was much more like him.—But difficulties increase at every step; Langbaine, who probably spoke the language of his time, roundly asserts that Decker is lashed under the character of Crispinus; and his assertion has been repeated by

Hist. No, I assure you, captain.

Tuc. Go; and be acquainted with him then; he is a gentleman, parcel poet, you slave; his father was a man of worship, I tell thee. Go, he pens high, lofty, in a new stalking strain, bigger than half the rhymers in the town again: he was born to fill thy mouth, Minotaurus, he was, he will teach thee to tear and rand. Rascal, to him, cherish his muse, go; thou hast forty—forty shillings, I mean, stinkard; give him in earnest, do, he shall write for thee, slave!⁴ If he pen for thee once, thou shalt not need to travel with thy pumps full of gravel any more, after a blind jade and a hamper, and stalk upon boards and barrel heads to an old cracked trumpet.

Hist. Troth, I think I have not so much about me, captain.

Tuc. It's no matter; give him what thou hast, stiff-toe, I'll give my word for the rest; though it lack a shilling or two, it skills not; go, thou art an honest shifter; I'll have the statute repealed for thee.⁵—Minos, I must tell thee, Minos, thou hast dejected yon gentleman's spirit exceedingly; dost observe, dost note, little Minos?

every writer on the subject, without a single exception, to the present day. But is this the fact? Nothing of what follows can be applied to Decker; his father was not "a man of worship," nor did he "pen high, lofty, in a new stalking strain." Briefly, "I do now," like Stephano, "let loose my opinion," that the Crispinus of Jonson is Marston, to whom every word of this directly points. This will derange much confident criticism; but I shall be found eventually in the right. Decker I take to be the Demetrius of the present play. He is treated with far more contempt than Crispinus, who, on the other hand, is persecuted with more severity. I know not the origin of our poet's quarrel with either; but he denies, and I believe with truth, that he made the first attack.

⁴ *Give him earnest, do, he shall write for thee, slave!*] This was not an uncommon practice: and time and the diligence of Mr. Malone have brought to light many memorandums of Mr. Henslowe, the proprietor of several of our old theatres, which prove that Jonson himself was often obliged to have recourse to it. Had Ben forgotten this? or were his circumstances so much changed for the better in a few months, that he had no apprehensions of a similar necessity in future?

⁵ *Go, thou art an honest shifter; I'll have the statute repealed for thee.*] Meaning that by which unauthorized players were declared rogues and vagabonds, see p. 212*a*. In the quarto Tuca addresses himself to Minos, "Thou art an honest twenty i' the hundred, I'll have," &c. Here the allusion is to the statute of 13th Eliz. confirming that passed in 3rd Henry V., which reduced all legal interest to *ten per cent.*

Min. Yes, sir.

Tuc. Go to then, raise, recover, do; suffer him not to droop in prospect of a player, a rogue, a stager: put twenty into his hand, twenty sesterces I mean, and let nobody see; go, do it, the work shall commend itself; be Minos,¹ I'll pay.

Min. Yes, forsooth, captain.

2 Pyr. Do not we serve a notable shark?

[*Aside.*

Tuc. And what new matters have you now afoot, sirrah, ha? I would fain come with my cockatrice one day, and see a play, if I knew when there were a good bawdy one; but they say you have nothing but HUMOURS, REVELS, and SATIRES,² that grid and f—t at the time, you slave.

Hist. No, I assure you, captain, not we. They are on the other side of Tyber: we have as much ribaldry in our plays as can be, as you would wish, captain: all the sinners in the suburbs come and applaud our action daily.

Tuc. I hear you'll bring me o' the stage there; you'll play me, they say; I shall be presented by a sort of copper-laced scoundrels of you: life of Pluto! an you stage me, stinkard, your mansions shall sweat for't, your tabernacles, varlets, your Globes, and your Triumphs.³

Hist. Not wé, by Phœbus, captain; do not do us imputation without desert.

Tuc. I will not, my good two-penny rascal; reach me thy neuf.⁴ Dost hear? what wilt thou give me a week for my brace

of beagles here, my little point-trussers? you shall have them act among ye.—Sirrah, you, pronounce.—Thou shalt hear him speak in King Darius' doleful strain.

1 Pyr. "O doleful days!⁵ O direful deadly dump!

O wicked world, and worldly wickedness! How can I hold my fist from crying, thump,

In rue of this right rascal wretchedness?"

Tuc. In an amorous vein now, sirrah: peace!

1 Pyr. "O, she is wilder,⁶ and more hard, withal,

Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall. Yet might she love me, to uprear her state: Ay, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.

Yet might she love me, to content her fire: Ay, but her reason masters her desire.

Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall:

Ay, but I fear she cannot love at all."

Tuc. Now the horrible, fierce soldier, you, sirrah.

2 Pyr. "What! will I brave thee? ay, and beard thee too;

A Roman spirit scorns to bear a brain So full of base pusillanimity."

Hist. Excellent!

Tuc. Nay, thou shalt see that shall ravish thee anon; prick up thine ears, stinkard.—The ghost, boys?

1 Pyr. "Vindicta!"⁷

2 Pyr. "Timoria!"

¹ *Be Minos,*] *Be just,* I suppose; but it is not easy to explain all the extravagances of this whimsical character

² *You have nothing but HUMOURS, REVELS, and SATIRES,*] A compliment paid by the author to his own plays.—*WHAL.*

³ *Your Globes and your Triumphs.*] Alluding to playhouses of those names. By those on the other side of Tyber, mentioned in the preceding speech, are meant the Globe, the Swan, and the Hope playhouses, which were situated on the Bankside in Southwark. Of the Triumph, there is no mention in the list of playhouses which subsisted about this time.—*WHAL.*

⁴ *Reach me thy neuf.*] *Neuf,* or *nief,* is a north-country word for hand or fist. It frequently occurs in Shakspeare.—*WHAL.*

⁵ *O doleful days,* &c.] I suspect that Shakspeare (First Part of *Henry IV.*) confounded *King Cambyzes* with this King Darius. Falstaff's solemn fustian bears not the slightest resemblance, either in metre or in matter, to the *vein of King Cambyzes.* *Kyng Daryus,* whose "doleful strain" is here burlesqued, was a *filthie and pleasant Enterlude,* printed about the middle of the sixteenth century.

⁶ *O she is wilder,* &c.] This is from the poor

persecuted play of old *Jeronimo*: certainly it must have been much in vogue, to make these eternal allusions to it so popular.

⁷ *The ghost, boys.*

1 Pyr. Vindicta!] Here again Jonson is accused of sneering at Shakspeare! Nay, so determined are the commentators to find enemies to this great poet (who probably had none), that they even charge the anonymous author of *A Warning for Fair Women* with a hostile attack upon him, in the following lines:

"A filthie whining ghost,
Lapt in some foule sheet, or a leather pilch,
Comes screaming like a pigge half stickt,
And cries, *Vindicta, revenge, revenge!*"

Though the words are not in *Hamlet*, but, like Jonson's, literally taken from the ghost of Albanactus, in the old tragedy of *Lochrine.*

This absurd piece of fustian seems to have shared with *Jeronimo* (to which it is infinitely inferior) the ridicule of the wits of James's days: allusions to it frequently occur, and particularly to the "whining of this filthie ghost." Thus Fletcher: "In despite of thee, my master, and thy master, the grand devil himself, *Vindicta!*"

1 *Pyr.* "Vindicta!"

2 *Pyr.* "Timoria!"

1 *Pyr.* "Veni!"

2 *Pyr.* "Veni!"

Tuc. Now, thunder, sirrah, you the
rumbling player.

2 *Pyr.* Ay, but somebody must cry
Murder! then, in a small voice.¹

Tuc. Your fellow-sharer there shall do't :
Cry, sirrah, cry.

1 *Pyr.* "Murder, murder!"

2 *Pyr.* "Who calls out murder? lady,
was it you?"

Hist. O, admirable good, I protest.

Tuc. Sirrah boy, brace your drum a
little straiter, and do the t'other fellow
there, he in the—what sha' call him—and
yet stay too.

2 *Pyr.* "Nay, an thou dalliest, then I
am thy foe,

And fear shall force what friendship can-
not win ;

Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals.
Villain! thou diest for more respecting
her——"

1 *Pyr.* "O stay, my lord."

2 *Pyr.* "Than me :

Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon
thee ;

vindicta!"—*Fair Maid of the Inn.* And Cris-
pinus himself :

"*Ant.* Vindicta!

Alb. Mellida!

Ant. Vindicta!

Alb. Antonio!"—*Antonio's Revenge.*

¹ *In a small voice,*] i.e., a feminine voice, like
that of Mrs. Anne Page. The allusion again is
to *Jeronimo*, where Belimperia exclaims, on the
seizure of Horatio :

"*Murder! murder!* help, Hieronimo."

² "*D—ned be thy guts,*" &c.] This absurd
rant, which is ridiculed by so many of our old
dramatists, is parodied from *The Battle of
Alcazar.* In *Eastward Hoe!* written by Jon-
son, Chapman, and Marston in conjunction,
Quicksilver, a profligate apprentice, whose lan-
guage, like Pistol's, is made up of burlesque
scraps from old plays, introduces two or three
words of this parody; upon which Mr. Steevens
observes: "This is a fragment from *Pistol!* I
should not hesitate to pronounce such parts of
this play as are written in ridicule of Shakspeare
to be Jonson's." It requires no common assu-
rance in the authors of such wanton and out-
rageous calumny, to talk of the malignity of Jon-
son. It was surely the prototype of Steevens
who sat for Macilente.

³ *Now you shall see me do the Moor:]* Not
Othello, as it luckily falls out, but Muley, a cha-
racter in the old play mentioned in the preceding
note.

But if thou dally
diest."

Tuc. Enough of this, boy.

2 *Pyr.* "Why then lament therea-
d—ned be thy guts

Unto King Pluto's hell, and princely
Erebus,²

For sparrows must have food——"

Hist. Pray, sweet captain, let one of
them do a little of a lady.

Tuc. O, he will make thee eternally
enamoured of him, there : do, sirrah, do ;
'twill allay your fellow's fury a little.

1 *Pyr.* "Master, mock on; the scorn
thou givest me,

Pray Jove some lady may return on thee."

2 *Pyr.* Now you shall see me do the
Moor :³ master, lend me your scarf a little.

Tuc. Here, 'tis at thy service, boy.

2 *Pyr.* You, Master Minos, hark hither
a little.

[*Exit with Minos, to make himself
ready.*

Tuc. How dost like him? art not rapt,
art not tickled now? dost not applaud,
rascal? dost not applaud?

Hist. Yes: what will you ask for them
a week, captain?

Tuc. No, you mangonizing slave,⁴ I

⁴ *No, you mangonizing slave,*] From *mango*,
Lat. a slave-merchant.—*WHAL.*

It is impossible to say who is meant by *His-
trio*: but it may be conjectured, from this re-
proachful term, that he had been accessory in
seducing some of the "children of the revels"
to join the company at his own theatre. The
remainder of this act is merely personal; indeed
the author makes no scruple of avowing it :

"Now, for the *players*, it is true I taxed them,
And yet but some," &c.

It is to no purpose that he endeavours to save
himself by saying that he "used no names," for
Poluphagus, *Ænocharbus*, *Frisker*, and *father
Æsop*, the *politician*, as the quarto calls him,
are so characteristically described as to make
the discovery of their real names a task of no
great difficulty to their contemporaries. When
a staunch hound opens, it is curious to note with
what eagerness the yelping curs, "*Tray*, *Blanche*,
and *Sweetheart*," rush headlong in and swell the
cry. Messrs. Steevens and Malone content
their spleen, in general, with harping on the
"malignity of Jonson to *Shakspeare*:" their
zany, Mr. Thomas Davies, takes up the idle
calumny, and embellishes it with ingenious addi-
tions of his own. Jonson, it seems, not only
abused and insulted Shakspeare, but all the
actors of his theatre. The "lean *Poluphagus*"
is *Burbage*: this is clear; for *Tucca* says, "he
will eat a leg of mutton while he is in his por-
ridge!" Whether *Burbage* could do this, *Davies*

them; you'll sell them
let's have good cheer to-
at supper, stalker, and then
talk; good capon and plover, do you
near, sirrah? and do not bring your eating
player with you there; I cannot away with
him: he will eat a leg of mutton while I
am in my porridge, the lean Poluphagus,
his belly is like Barathrum; he looks like
a midwife in man's apparel, the slave: nor
the villainous out-of-tune fidler, Æno-
barbus, bring not him. What hast thou
there? six and thirty, ha?

Hist. No, here's all I have, captain,
some five and twenty: pray, sir, will you
present and accommodate it unto the gen-
tleman? for mine own part, I am a mere
stranger to his humour; besides, I have
some business invites me hence, with
Master Asinius Lupus, the tribune.

Tuc. Well, go thy ways, pursue thy
projects, let me alone with this design; my
Poetaster shall make thee a play, and thou
shalt be a man of good parts in it. But
stay, let me see: do not bring your Æsop,
your politician,¹ unless you can ram up his
mouth with cloves; the slave smells ranker
than some sixteen dunghills, and is seven-
teen times more rotten. Marry, you may
bring Frisker, my zany; he's a good skip-
ping swaggerer; and your fat fool there,
my mango, bring him too; but let him
not beg rapiers nor scarfs, in his over-
familiar playing face, nor roar out his
barren bold jests with a tormenting
laughter, between drunk and dry. Do

never thought of inquiring: but thus the first
point is made out. "Frisker" is Kempe, who,
continues our egregious critic, was celebrated for
his ready wit and facetiousness. This also is
clear. The "fat fool, who begged rapiers and
scarfs," is Lowin, the original Falstaff, who
played all parts of humour and pleasantry. Mr.
Davies now grows generous, and forbears to
affirm that the "rotten Æsop" is Shakspeare;
though it is quite as demonstrable as any of his
other conjectures. However, as he triumphantly
adds, "we have leave to guess anybody, since
he spares nobody."—*Dram. Misc.* vol. ii. p. 82.
But enough of such deplorable folly; all the
players here satirized are expressly said to
belong to the Fortune company, with which
none of our great poet's "fellows" had the
slightest concern.

¹ One Demetrius, a dresser of plays about the
town, &c.] Here the allusion is too plain to be
mistaken, except by those who can see nothing
with their own eyes. Demetrius is unquestion-
ably Decker; who seems to have derived no
small part of his sustenance from altering and
amending the old dramas then on the stage.
No one occurs half so frequently in Mr. Hen-

you hear, stiff-toe? give him warning,
admonition, to forsake his saucy glavering
grace, and his goggle eye; it does not
become him, sirrah; tell him so. I have
stood up and defended you, I, to gen-
tlemen when you have been said to prey
upon puisnes, and honest citizens for socks
or buskins; or when they have called you
usurers or brokers, or said you were able
to help to a piece of flesh—I have sworn
I did not think so, nor that you were the
common retreats for punks decayed in
their practice; I cannot believe it of you.

Hist. Thank you, captain. Jupiter and
the rest of the gods confine your modern
delights without disgust!

Tuc. Stay, thou shalt see the Moor ere
thou goest.—

Enter Demetrius at a distance.

What's he with the half arms there, that
salutes us out of his cloak, like a motion,
ha?

Hist. O, sir, his doublet's a little de-
cayed; he is otherwise a very simple honest
fellow, sir, one Demetrius, a dresser of
plays about the town¹ here; we have hired
him to abuse Horace, and bring him in,
in a play, with all his gallants, as Ti-
bullus, Mecænas, Cornelius Gallus, and
the rest.

Tuc. And why so, stinkard?

Hist. O, it will get us a huge deal of
money, captain, and we have need on't;
for this winter has made us all poorer than

slowe's books as a "dresser of plays;" Decker
must therefore be content, however reluctantly,
to resign all claim to the title of Crispinus,
and descend from the "bad eminence" which
he has so long usurped, as the *Poetaster* of
Jonson.

It seems from what follows that our poet's
enemies made no secret of their determination
to *untruss* him; he appears here well informed of
their design, and of the names of the chief agents
who had already volunteered their services
against him. It is certain, therefore, that the
quarrel between him and Decker did not break
out for the first time in the *Poetaster*, as is
generally asserted: and it is no less clear that
Jonson gives his opponents credit for more good
sense than they actually possessed; since, in-
stead of bringing him in with Mecænas, Tibullus,
&c., they introduced him with Wat Terill, Sir
Adam Prickshaft, and Sir Rice ap Vaughan, a
sputtering Welsh knight of the meanest order.
These, with William Rufus, Asinius Bubo,
Demetrius, and Crispinus, form a plot that can
scarcely be equalled in absurdity by the worst
of the plays which Decker was ever employed
to "dress."

so many starved snakes : nobody comes at us, not a gentleman, nor a—

Tuc. But you know nothing by him, do you, to make a play of?

Hist. Faith, not much, captain ; but our author will devise that that shall serve in some sort.

Tuc. Why, my Parnassus here shall help him, if thou wilt. Can thy author do it impudently enough?

Hist. O, I warrant you, captain, and spitefully enough too: he has one of the most overflowing rank wits in Rome ; he will slander any man that breathes, if he disgust him.

Tuc. I'll know the poor, egregious, nitty rascal ; an he have these commendable qualities, I'll cherish him—stay, here comes the Tartar—I'll make a gathering for him, I, a purse, and put the poor slave in fresh rags ; tell him so to comfort him.

[Demetrius comes forward.]

Re-enter Minos, with 2 Pyrgus on his shoulders, and stalks backward and forward, as the boy acts.

Well said, boy.

2 Pyr. "Where art thou, boy?" where is Calipolis?

Fight earthquakes in the entrails of the earth,
And eastern whirlwinds in the hellish shades ;
Some foul contagion of the infected heavens

¹ *Where art thou, boy? &c.*] These lines are taken from the part of the Moor, in the old play of the *Battle of Alcazar*, already mentioned. This second introduction of the Moor offended Decker, who seems to advert to it with some ill humour, but in a way which I do not clearly understand. "As for Crispinus, and Demetrius his *play-dresser*, who, to make the Muses believe that there was a dearth of poesy, *cut an innocent Moor in the middle, to serve him in twice*; and when he had done made *Paul's work of it*:" (Here Decker retorts on Jonson's actors) "as for these twins,

"These *poet-apes*, their mimic tricks shall serve With mirth to feast our Muse, while their own starve."

If Mr. Chalmers, who stoutly maintains that Shakspeare is the *poet-ape* of our author, should ever condescend to open this volume, he will learn from Decker's own confession that Crispinus and Demetrius were the *poet-apes* of Jonson ; and that our great poet was never yet supposed to be characterized under either of these names. The blundering alacrity with which Jonson's supposed hostility to Shakspeare is pointed out is at once mortifying and amusing.

Blast all the trees, and in t.

The dismal night-raven and tragic
Breed and become forerunners of my fall.

Tuc. Well, now fare thee well, my honest penny-biter : commend me to seven shares and a half, and remember to-morrow. If you lack a service, you shall play in my name, rascals ; but you shall buy your own cloth, and I'll have two shares for my countenance.² Let thy author stay with me. [Exit Histrio.]

Dem. Yes, sir.

Tuc. 'Twas well done, little Minos, thou didst stalk well ; forgive me that I said thou stunk'st, Minos ; 'twas the savour of a poet I met sweating in the street, hangs yet in my nostrils.

Cris. Who, Horace?

Tuc. Ay, he ; dost thou know him?

Cris. O, he forsook me most barbarously, I protest.

Tuc. Hang him, fusty satyr, he smells all goat ; he carries a ram under his arm-holes,³ the slave : I am the worse when I see him.—Did not Minos impart?

[Aside to Crispinus.]

Cris. Yes, here are twenty drachms he did convey.

Tuc. Well said, keep them, we'll share anon ; come, little Minos.

Cris. Faith, captain, I'll be bold to shew you a mistress of mine, a jeweller's wife, a gallant, as we go along.

Tuc. There spoke my genius. Minos, some of thy eringos, little Minos ; send.

"In his *Poetaster*," says Oldys (MS. notes to Langbaine), "some play is touched that has a Moor in it, perhaps Titus Andronicus : I should hope that he did not *dare to mean Othello*" Oldys had pored for half a century over our old plays, and was generally reputed an accurate man ; yet with the fatality of those who in our days find a malicious gratification in injuring Jonson, he has selected as the object of his ridicule two dramas, the one not written by Shakspeare at all, the other produced many years after the present piece, and neither of them containing a syllable to which it bears the slightest reference: while the passage to which he alludes must have stared him in the face as a transcript, verbatim et literatim, from the speech of the Moorish prince in the *Battle of Alcazar*: "Fie on't, oh, fie!"

² *I'll have two shares for my countenance.*]

See p. 103 b.

³ *He carries a ram under his arm-holes.*]

The poet is truly classical here ;

"Fertur
Valle sub alarum trux habitare caper."
WHAL.

And truly coarse and disgusting.

...nassus, I must have thee
... my little locust here; 'tis a
... vermin, they say.¹ [Horace and Tre-
batius pass over the stage.] See, here's
Horace and old Trebatius, the great
lawyer, in his company; let's avoid him
now, he is too well seconded. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in Albius's House.

Enter Chloe, Cytheris, and Attendants.

Chloe. But, sweet lady, say; am I well enough attired for the court, in sadness?²

Cyth. Well enough! excellent well, sweet Mistress Chloe; this strait-bodied city attire, I can tell you, will stir a courtier's blood more than the finest loose sacks the ladies use to be put in; and then you are as well jewelled as any of them, your ruff and linen about you is much more pure than theirs; and for your beauty, I can tell you there's many of them would defy the painter, if they could change with you. Marry, the worst is, you must look to be envied, and endure a few court-frumps for it.

Chloe. O Jove, madam, I shall buy them too cheap!—Give me my muff, and my

dog there.—And will the ladies be anything familiar with me, think you?

Cyth. O Juno! why, you shall see them flock about you with their puff-wings,³ and ask you where you bought your lawn, and what you paid for it? who starches you? and entreat you to help 'em to some pure laundresses⁴ out of the city.

Chloe. O Cupid!—Give me my fan, and my mask too. And will the lords, and the poets there, use one well too, lady?

Cyth. Doubt not of that; you shall have kisses from them, go pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat, upon your lips, as thick as stones out of slings at the assault of a city. And then your ears will be so furred with the breath of their compliments, that you cannot catch cold of your head, if you would, in three winters after.

Chloe. Thank you, sweet lady. O heaven! and how must one behave herself amongst 'em? You know all.

Cyth. Faith, impudently enough, Mistress Chloe, and well enough. Carry not too much under thought betwixt yourself and them; nor your city-mannerly word, *forsooth*,⁵ use it not too often in any case; but plain *Ay, madam*, and *no, madam*: nor never say, *your lordship*, nor *your honour*; but *you*, and *you, my lord*, and *my lady*: the other they count too simple and minsitive. And though they desire to

¹ 'Tis a good vermin, they say.] Here the third act ends in the 4to. In the folio, Jonson, as if this play had not a sufficient number of translations in it, had added a literal version of Horace, lib. ii. sat. i; which, as the reader knows, is an exculpatory dialogue between the poet and Trebatius. As it is awkwardly introduced, tends to no particular object, interrupts the progress of the story, and spins out an act already too long, I have ventured to avail myself of the authority of the 4to so far as to remove it to the end of the piece. The reader will not regret the short delay in arriving at it, for it has no very prominent excellencies; being, like most of Jonson's longer translations, merely vigorous and faithful, without pretending to any of the higher graces of poetry.

² In sadness,] i. e., in seriousness or earnest. Sad is used by all our old writers for grave, sober, staid, also for dark-coloured, &c. Thus Stowe says of Fitz-William, the Recorder, "He was a sad man and an honest," p. 817. And Walton of the great and good Bishop Sanderson, "About the time of printing the excellent preface to his Sermons (in Cromwell's usurpation), I met him accidentally in London, in sad-coloured cloaths, and, God knows, far from being costly."

—Walton's Lives.

³ With their puff-wings,] That part of their dress which sprung from the shoulders, and had

the appearance of a wing, inflated or blown up. See p. 101 a.

⁴ And help 'em to some pure laundresses, &c.] This is a hit at the Puritans, many of whom followed the business of tire-women, clear-starchers, feather-makers, &c. It is not a little singular that while they declaimed most vehemently against the idol, Fashion, they should be among the most zealous in administering to its caprice. Jonson notices this with good effect in his *Bartholomew Fair*; and Ranelagh ridicules it no less successfully in the commencement of his *Muses' Looking-Glass*: "Enter Bird and Mrs. Flowerdale, two of the sanctified fraternity, the one having brought feathers to the play-house to sell, the other pins and looking-glasses." The opening of the dialogue is excellent. Fraud and hypocrisy have seldom been more humorously exposed.

⁵ Mrs. Flowerdale. See, brother, how the wicked throng and crowd To works of vanity! Not a nook or corner, In all this house of sin, this cave of filthiness, This den of spiritual thieves, but it is stuffed, Stuffed, and stuffed full, as is a cushion, With the lewd reprobate!"

⁶ Your city-mannerly word, forsooth,] See the *Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althorpe*.

kiss heaven with their titles, yet they will count them fools that give them too humbly.

Chloe. O intolerable, Jupiter! by my troth, lady, I would not for a world but you had lain in my house; and, i' faith, you shall not pay a farthing for your board, nor your chambers.

Cyth. O, sweet Mistress Chloe!

Chloe. I' faith you shall not, lady; nay, good lady, do not offer it.

Enter Gallus and Tibullus.

Gal. Come, where be these ladies? By your leave, bright stars, this gentleman and I are come to man you to court; where your late kind entertainment is now to be requited with a heavenly banquet.

Cyth. A heavenly banquet, Gallus!

Gal. No less, my dear Cytheris.

Tib. That were not strange, lady, if the epithet were only given for the company invited thither; yourself, and this fair gentlewoman.

Chloe. Are we invited to court, sir?

Tib. You are, lady, by the great Princess Julia; who longs to greet you with any favours that may worthily make you an often courtier.

Chloe. In sincerity, I thank her, sir. You have a coach, have you not?

Tib. The princess hath sent her own, lady.

Chloe. O Venus! that's well: I do long to ride in a coach most vehemently.

Cyth. But, sweet Gallus, pray you resolve me why you give that heavenly praise to this earthly banquet?

Gal. Because, Cytheris, it must be celebrated by the heavenly powers; all the gods and goddesses will be there; to two of which you two must be exalted.

Chloe. A pretty fiction, in truth.

Cyth. A fiction indeed, Chloe, and fit for the fit of a poet.

Gal. Why, Cytheris, may not poets (from whose divine spirits all the honours of the gods have been deduced) entreat so much honour of the gods, to have their divine presence at a poetical banquet?

Cyth. Suppose that no fiction; yet, where are your abilities to make us two goddesses at your feast?

Gal. Who knows not, Cytheris, that the sacred breath of a true poet can blow any virtuous humanity up to deity?

Tib. To tell you the female truth, which is the simple truth, ladies; and to shew that poets in spite of the world, are able to deify

themselves; at this banquet, to which you are invited, we intend to assume the figures of the gods; and to give our several loves the forms of goddesses. Ovid will be Jupiter; the Princess Julia, Juno; Gallus here, Apollo; you, Cytheris, Pallas; I will be Bacchus; and my love Plautia, Ceres; and to install you and your husband, fair Chloe, in honours equal with ours, you shall be a goddess, and your husband a god.

Chloe. A god!—O my gods!

Tib. A god, but a lame god, lady; for he shall be Vulcan, and you Venus: and this will make our banquet no less than heavenly.

Chloe. In sincerity, it will be sugared. Good Jove, what a pretty foolish thing it is to be a poet! but hark you, sweet Cytheris, could they not possibly leave out my husband? methinks a body's husband does not so well at court; a body's friend, or so—but, husband! 'tis like your clog to your marmoset, for all the world, and the heavens.

Cyth. Tut, never fear, Chloe; your husband will be left without in the lobby, or the great chamber, when you shall be put in, i' the closet, by this lord, and by that lady.

Chloe. Nay, then I am certified; he shall go.

Enter Horace.

Gal. Horace! welcome.

Hor. Gentlemen, hear you the news?

Tib. What news, my Quintus?

Hor. Our melancholic friend, Propertius, hath closed himself up in his Cynthia's tomb;

And will by no entreaties be drawn thence.

Enter Albius, introducing Crispinus and Demetrius, followed by Tucca.

Alb. Nay, good Master Crispinus, pray you bring near the gentleman.

Hor. Crispinus! Hide me, good Gallus; Tibullus, shelter me. [*Going.*]

Cris. Make your approach, sweet captain.

Tib. What means this, Horace?

Hor. I am surprised again; farewell.

Gal. Stay, Horace.

Hor. What, and be tired on by yond vulture! No:

Phœbus defend me! [*Exit hastily.*]

¹ *What, and be tired on by yond vulture!* Horace alludes to the story of Prometheus, or rather, perhaps, of Tityus:

*"Incontinentis nec Tityi jecur
Relinquit ales."*—

To tire is to peck eagerly, to feed on, as a hawk

Tib. 'Slight, I hold my life
This same is he met him in Holy-street.

Gal. Troth, 'tis like enough.—This act
of Propertius relisheth very strange with
me.

Tuc. By thy leave, my neat scoundrel :
what, is this the mad boy you talked on ?

Cris. Ay, this is Master Albius, cap-
tain.

Tuc. Give me thy hand, Agamemnon ;
we hear abroad thou art the Hector of citi-
zens. What sayest thou ? are we welcome
to thee, noble Neoptolemus ?

Albi. Welcome, captain, by Jove and all
the gods in the Capitol—

Tuc. No more, we conceive thee. Which
of these is thy wedlock,¹ Menelaus ? thy
Helen, thy Lucrece ? that we may do her
honour, mad boy.

Cris. She in the little fine dressing, sir,²
is my mistress.

Alb. For fault of a better, sir.

Tuc. A better ! profane rascal : I cry
thee mercy, my good scroyle,³ was't thou ?

Alb. No harm, captain.

Tuc. She is a Venus, a Vesta, a Melpo-
mene : come hither Penelope ; what's thy
name, Iris ?

Chloe. My name is Chloe, sir ; I am a
gentlewoman.

Tuc. Thou art in merit to be an empress,
Chloe, for an eye and a lip ; thou hast an
emperor's nose : kiss me again ; 'tis a vir-
tuous punk ; so ! Before Jove, the gods
were a sort of goslings, when they suffered
so sweet a breath to perfume the bed of a
stinkard : thou hadst ill fortune, Thisbe ;
the Fates were infatuate, they were, punk,
they were.

Chloe. That's sure, sir ; let me crave
your name, I pray you, sir.

Tuc. I am known by the name of Cap-
tain Tuca, punk ; the noble Roman,

does on the quarry, or game, which is thrown to
her. "Look, my masters, what a bone Sir
Richard Bulkeley hath cast into the court for
you to tire upon."—Pennant's *Tour in Wales*,
vol. ii. p. 467. The word occurs perpetually in
this sense, in all our old writers, who draw most
of their allusions from the amusements of hawk-
ing and hunting.

¹ Which of these is thy wedlock ?] i. e., thy
wife. So Beaumont and Fletcher use it :

"'Tis sacrilege to violate a *wedlock*,
You rob two temples."

Rule a Wife and have a Wife.

And, *matrimony*, in the same sense :

"Restore my *matrimony* undefiled."

Little French Lawyer.

punk ; a gentleman, and a commander,
punk.

Chloe. In good time : a gentleman, and
a commander ! that's as good as a poet,
methinks. [*Walks aside.*]

Cris. A pretty instrument !⁴ It's my
cousin Cytheris' viol this, is it not ?

Cyth. Nay, play, cousin ; it wants but
such a voice and hand to grace it as yours
is.

Cris. Alas, cousin, you are merrily in-
spired.

Cyth. Pray you play, if you love me.

Cris. Yes, cousin ; you know I do not
hate you.

Tib. A most subtle wench ! how she
hath baited him with a viol yonder, for a
song !

Cris. Cousin, pray you call Mistress
Chloe ; she shall hear an essay of my
poetry.

Tuc. I'll call her.—Come hither, cocka-
trice : here's one will set thee up, my sweet
punk, set thee up.

Chloe. Are you a poet so soon, sir ?

Alb. Wife, mum.

Crispinus plays and sings.

Love is blind, and a wanton ;
In the whole world there is scant one

—Such another :

No, not his mother.

He hath plucked her doves and sparrows,
To feather his sharp arrows,

And alone prevaileth,

While sick Venus waileth.

But if Cypris once recover

The wag ; it shall behove her

To look better to him :

Or she will undo him.

Alb. O, most odoriferous music !

Tuc. Aha, stinkard ! Another Orpheus,

So *matrimonium* is used for *uxor* more than
once by Justin : "*Ut severius viri matrimo-
nia sua coercent.*"—Lib. 3, c. iv. *WHAL.*

² *She in the little fine dressing, sir.*] In the
quarto it is, "In the *velvet cap.*" This is judi-
ciously altered, for the velvet cap was the ensign
of a citizen's wife, which Chloe, by the advice
of her hopeful tutor, Cytheris, had now laid
aside.

³ *Scroyle.*] For this contemptuous term, see
P. 4 a.

⁴ *A pretty instrument, &c.*] I have already
observed, p. 109 a, that every fashionable house
in Jonson's time was furnished with a viol de
gambo : whether it stood in the Via Sacra, or
the Strand, made little difference to our old
poets.

you slave, another Orpheus! an Arion riding on the back of a dolphin, rascal!

Gal. Have you a copy of this ditty, sir?

Cris. Master Albius has.

Alb. Ay, but in truth they are my wife's verses, I must not shew them.

Tuc. Shew them, bankrupt, shew them; they have salt in them, and will brook the air, stinkard.

Gal. How! "To his bright mistress Canidia!"

Cris. Ay, sir, that's but a borrowed name; as Ovid's Corinna, or Propertius his Cynthia, or your Nemesis, or Delia, Tibullus.

Gal. It's the name of Horace his witch, as I remember.

Tib. Why, the ditty's all borrowed; 'tis Horace's: hang him, plagiary!

Tuc. How! he borrow of Horace? he shall pawn himself to ten brokers first. Do you hear, Poetasters? I know you to be men of worship—He shall write with Horace, for a talent; and let Mecenas and his whole college of critics take his part: thou shalt do't, young Phœbus; thou shalt, Phæton, thou shalt.

Dem. Alas, sir, Horace! he is a mere sponge; nothing but Humours and observation; he goes up and down sucking from every society, and when he comes home squeezes himself dry again. I know him, I.

Tuc. Thou say'st true, my poor poetical fury, he will pen all he knows. A sharp thorny-toothed satirical rascal, fly him; he carries hay in his horn;¹ he will sooner lose his best friend than his least jest. What he once drops upon paper against a man, lives eternally to upbraid him in the mouth of every slave, tankard-bearer, or waterman; not a bawd, or a boy that comes from the bakehouse, but shall point at him: 'tis all dog and scorpion; he carries poison in his teeth, and a sting in his tail.

¹ *He carries hay in his horn, &c.*] As a mark of a petulant or dangerous person: this is well explained by the old scholiast: *Roma, videmus hodieque fœnum velut ansulam factum, in cornulo bovis, quo signum datur transeuntibus, ut eum vitent.* The whole of what follows is from Horace:

"Fœnum habet in cornu, longe fuge! dummodo risum

*Excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcat amico:
Et quodcumque semel chartis illeverit, omnes
Gestiet a furno redeuntes scire lacuque,
Et pueros et anus."*—Lib. i. sat. iv.

² *For his impudence in commending his own things, and for his translating.*] These were

Fough! body of Jove! I'll have the slave whipt one of these days for his Satires and his Humours, by one cashiered clerk or another.

Cris. We'll undertake him, captain.

Dem. Ay, and tickle him, i' faith, for his arrogance and his impudence, in commending his own things; and for his translating,² I can trace him, i' faith. O, he is the most open fellow living; I had as lieve as a new suit I were at it.

Tuc. Say no more then, but do it; 'tis the only way to get thee a new suit; sting him, my little neufs; I'll give you instructions: I'll be your intelligencer; we'll all join, and hang upon him like so many horse-leeches, the players and all. We shall sup together soon; and then we'll conspire, i' faith.

Gal. O that Horace had stayed still here!

Tib. So would not I; for both these would have turned Pythagoreans then.

Gal. What, mute?

Tib. Ay, as fishes, i' faith; come, ladies, shall we go?

Cyth. We wait you, sir. But Mistress Chloe asks, if you have not a god to spare for this gentleman.

Gal. Who, Captain Tucca?

Cyth. Ay, he.

Gal. Yes, if we can invite him along, he shall be Mars.

Chloe. Has Mars anything to do with Venus?

Tib. O, most of all, lady.

Chloe. Nay, then I pray let him be invited. And what shall Crispinus be?

Tib. Mercury, Mistress Chloe.

Chloe. Mercury! that's a poet, is it?

Gal. No, lady, but somewhat inclining that way, he is a herald at arms.

Chloe. A herald at arms! good; and Mercury! pretty: he has to do with Venus too?

the objections commonly urged against Jonson: and to these he replies in several places, particularly in the last scene of the present play: how satisfactorily, must be left to the reader's judgment. He seems to justify his boldness of self-commendation, by an appeal to his talents, which he well knew to appreciate; and to the practice of his beloved ancients, in whom he never saw anything absurd or indelicate. As for his translations—he was perfectly incorrigible there; for he maintained to the last that they were the best part of his works: in which heresy he was countenanced not only by many of his friends, but also of his enemies! The conclusion of this speech is a sneer at the ignorance and vanity of Decker: it is full of bitterness.

Tib. A little with her face,¹ lady, or so.

Chloe. 'Tis very well; pray let us go, I long to be at it.

Cyth. Gentlemen, shall we pray your companies along?

Cris. You shall not only pray, but prevail, lady.—Come, sweet captain.

Tuc. Yes, I follow: but thou must not talk of this now, my little bankrupt.

Alb. Captain, look here, mum.²

Dem. I'll go write, sir.

Tuc. Do, do; stay, there's a drachm to purchase gingerbread for thy muse.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Lupus's House.*

Enter Lupus, Histrio, and Lictors.

Lup. Come, let us talk here; here we may be private; shut the door, lictor. You are a player, you say.

Hist. Ay, an't please your worship.

Lup. Good; and how are you able to give this intelligence?

Hist. Marry, sir, they directed a letter to me and my fellow-sharers.

Lup. Speak lower, you are not now in your theatre, stager:—my sword, knave. They directed a letter to you, and your fellow-sharers: forward.

Hist. Yes, sir, to hire some of our properties; as a sceptre and crown for Jove; and a caduceus for Mercury; and a petasus—

Lup. Caduceus and petasus! let me see your letter. This is a conjuration; a conspiracy, this. Quickly, on with my buskins: I'll act a tragedy, i' faith. Will nothing but our gods serve these poets to profane? dispatch! Player, I thank thee. The emperor shall take knowledge of thy good service. [*A knocking within.*] Who's there now? Look, knave. [*Exit Lictor.*] *A crown and a sceptre!* this is good rebellion now.

Re-enter Lictor.

Lic. 'Tis your pothecary, sir, Master Minos.

Lup. What tell'st thou me of pothecaries, knave! Tell him I have affairs of

state in hand; I can talk to no pothecaries now. Heart of me! Stay the pothecary there. [*Walks in a musing posture.*] You shall see, I have fished out a cunning piece of plot now: they have had some intelligence that their project is discovered, and now have they dealt with my pothecary to poison me; tis so; knowing that I meant to take physic to-day: as sure as death, 'tis there. Jupiter, I thank thee, that thou hast yet made me so much of a politician.

Enter Minos.

You are welcome, sir; take the potion from him there; I have an antidote more than you wot of sir; throw it on the ground there: so! Now fetch in the dog; and yet we cannot tarry to try experiments now: arrest him; you shall go with me, sir; I'll tickle you, pothecary; I'll give you a glister, i' faith. Have I the letter? ay, 'tis here.—Come, your fasces, lictors: the half pikes and the halberds, take them down from the Lares there.³ Player, assist me.

As they are going out, enter Mæcenas and Horace.

Mec. Whither now, Asinius Lupus, with this armory?

Lup. I cannot talk now; I charge you assist me: treason! treason!

Hor. How! treason?

Lup. Ay: if you love the emperor, and the state, follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Ovid, Julia, Gallus, Cytheris, Tibullus, Plautia, Albius, Chloe, Tuca, Crispinus, Hermogenes, Pyrgus, characteristically habited, as gods and goddesses.

Ovid. Gods and goddesses, take your several seats. Now, Mercury, move your caduceus, and, in Jupiter's name, command silence.

Cris. In the name of Jupiter, silence!

Her. The crier of the court hath too clarified a voice.

¹ *A little with her face,* Alluding, I believe, to the deleterious washes then in use.

² *Captain, look here, mum.* While he speaks this, he must be supposed to lay his finger on his lip, as a sign of secrecy.

³ *Take them down from the Lares there.* The Lares were the domestic tutelary deities of the Romans: their images seem to have been placed

near the hearth of the grand entrance room, or hall, where a fire was constantly kept up by the *servus atriensis*, or janitor. This room was adorned with the statues of the possessor's ancestors; and here, too, either for ornament or preservation, were suspended, along the sides of the wall, the bucklers, swords, and javelins of the family.

Gal. Peace, Momus.

Ovid. Oh, he is the god of reprehension; let him alone: 'tis his office. Mercury, go forward, and proclaim, after Phœbus, our high pleasure, to all the deities that shall partake this high banquet.

Cris. Yes, sir.

Gal. "The great god, Jupiter,"—[Here, and at every break in the line, Crispinus repeats aloud the words of Gallus.]—"Of his licentious goodness,—Willing to make this feast no fast—From any manner of pleasure;—Nor to bind any god or goddess—To be anything the more god or goddess, for their names:—He gives them all free licence—To speak no wiser than persons of baser titles;—And to be nothing better than common men, or women—And therefore no god—Shall need to keep himself more strictly to his goddess—Than any man does to his wife:—Nor any goddess—Shall need to keep herself more strictly to her god—Than any woman does to her husband.—But, since it is no part of wisdom,—In these days, to come into bonds;—It shall be lawful for every lover—To break loving oaths,—To change their lovers, and make love to others,—As the heat of every one's blood,—And the spirit of our nectar, shall inspire.—And Jupiter save Jupiter!"

Tib. So: now we may play the fools by authority.

Her. To play the fool by authority is wisdom.

Jul. Away with your mattery sentences, Momus; they are too grave and wise for this meeting.

Ovid. Mercury, give our jester a stool, let him sit by; and reach him one of our cates.

Tuc. Dost hear, mad Jupiter? we'll have it enacted, he that speaks the first wise word, shall be made cuckold. What say'st thou? Is it not a good motion?

Ovid. Deities, are you all agreed?

All. Agreed, great Jupiter.

Alb. I have read in a book, that to play the fool wisely, is high wisdom.

Gal. How now, Vulcan! will you be the first wizard?

Ovid. Take his wife, Mars, and make him cuckold quickly.

Tuc. Come, cockatrice.

Chloe. No, let me alone with him, Jupiter: I'll make you take heed, sir, while you live again, if there be twelve in a company, that you be not the wisest of 'em.

VOL. I.

Alb. No more; I will not indeed, wife, hereafter; I'll be here: mum.

Ovid. Fill us a bowl of nectar, Gany-mede: we will drink to our daughter Venus.

Gal. Look to your wife, Vulcan: Jupiter begins to court her.

Tib. Nay, let Mars look to it: Vulcan must do as Venus does, bear.

Tuc. Sirrah, boy; catamite. Look you play Gany-mede well now, you slave. Do not spill your nectar; carry your cup even: so! You should have rubbed your face with whites of eggs, you rascal, till your brows had shone like our sooty brother's here, as sleek as a horn-book: or have steeped your lips in wine till you made them so plump that Juno might have been jealous of them. Punk, kiss me, punk.

Ovid. Here, daughter Venus, I drink to thee.

Chloe. Thank you, good father Jupiter.

Tuc. Why, mother Juno! gods and fiends! what, wilt thou suffer this ocular temptation?

Tib. Mars is enraged, he looks big, and begins to stut¹ for anger,

Her. Well played, Captain Mars.

Tuc. Well said, minstrel Momus: I must put you in, must I? when will you be in good fooling of yourself, fiddler, never?

Her. O, 'tis our fashion to be silent when there is a better fool in place ever.

Tuc. Thank you, rascal.

Ovid. Fill to our daughter Venus, Gany-mede, who fills her father with affection.

Jul. Wilt thou be ranging, Jupiter, before my face?

Ovid. Why not, Juno? why should Jupiter stand in awe of thy face, Juno?

Jul. Because it is thy wife's face, Jupiter.

Ovid. What, shall a husband be afraid of his wife's face? will she paint it so horribly? we are a king, cotquean; and we will reign in our pleasures; and we will cudgel thee to death if thou find fault with us.

Jul. I will find fault with thee, king cuckold-maker. What, shall the king of gods turn the king of good-fellows, and have no fellow in wickedness? This makes our poets, that know our profaneness, live as profane as we. By my godhead, Jupiter,

¹ To stut] i. e., to stutter; the word is used by Marston:

"He hath Albano's imperfection too,
And stuts when he is vehemently moved."
What you Will.

I will join with all the other gods here, bind thee hand and foot, throw thee down into the earth, and make a poor poet of thee, if thou abuse me thus.

Gal. A good smart-tongued goddess, a fight Juno!

Ovid. Juno, we will cudgel thee, Juno; we told thee so yesterday, when thou wert jealous of us for Thetis.

Pyr. Nay, to-day she had me in inquisition too.

Tuc. Well said, my fine Phrygian fry; inform, inform. Give me some wine, king of heralds, I may drink to my cockatrice.

Ovid. No more, Ganymede; we will cudgel thee, Juno; by Styx, we will.

Jul. Ay, 'tis well; gods may grow impudent in iniquity, and they must not be told of it—

Ovid. Yea, we will knock our chin against our breast, and shake thee out of Olympus into an oyster-boat for thy scolding.

Jul. Your nose is not long enough to do it, Jupiter, if all thy strumpets thou hast among the stars took thy part. And there is never a star in thy forehead but shall be a horn, if thou persist to abuse me.

Cris. A good jest, i' faith.

Ovid. We tell thee thou angerest us, cotquean;¹ and we will thunder thee in pieces for thy cotqueanery.

Cris. Another good jest.

Alb. O, my hammers and my Cyclops! This boy fills not wine enough to make us kind enough to one another.

Tuc. Nor thou hast not collied thy face enough, stinkard.

Alb. I'll ply the table with nectar, and make them friends.

Her. Heaven is like to have but a lame skinker, then.

Alb. Wine and good livers make true

lovers: I'll sentence them together. Here, father, here, mother, for shame, drink yourselves drunk,² and forget this dissension; you two should cling together before our faces, and give us example of unity.

Gal. O, excellently spoken, Vulcan, on the sudden!

Tib. Jupiter may do well to prefer his tongue to some office for his eloquence.

Tuc. His tongue shall be gentleman-usher to his wit, and still go before it.

Alb. An excellent fit office!

Cris. Ay, and an excellent good jest besides.

Her. What, have you hired Mercury to cry your jests you make?

Ovid. Momus, you are envious.

Tuc. Why, ay, you whoreson blockhead, 'tis your only block of wit in fashion now-a-days, to applaud other folks' jests.

Her. True; with those that are not artificers themselves. Vulcan, you nod, and the mirth of the jest droops.

Pyr. He has filled nectar so long, till his brain swims in it.

Gal. What, do we nod, fellow-gods! Sound music, and let us startle our spirits with a song.

Tuc. Do, Apollo, thou art a good musician.

Gal. What says Jupiter?

Ovid. Ha! ha!

Gal. A song.

Ovid. Why, do, do, sing.

Pla. Bacchus, what say you?

Tib. Ceres?

Pla. But, to this song?

Tib. Sing, for my part.

Jul. Your belly weighs down your head, Bacchus; here's a song toward.

Tib. Begin, Vulcan.

Alb. What else, what else?

¹ *Thou angerest us, cotquean.*] This word is strangely explained in Johnson's *Dictionary*. *Cotquean*, a corruption of *cuekquean*, is a woman whose husband is unfaithful to her bed, which Juno's manifestly was. The word is used by Warner, and applied as here:

"Queen Juno, not a little wroth, against her husband's crime,

By whom she was a *cuckqueane* made," &c.

Albion's Eng. c. iv.

This speech is lengthened in the quarto with some strange unintelligible stuff: the author did well to throw it out. *Collied*, which occurs just below, means blackened, begrimed with soot, &c.

² *Here, father, here, mother, for shame, drink yourselves drunk, &c.*] *Albius*, who re-

presents Vulcan, does not act out of character: the poet had Homer in his eye, who reconciles the quarrelsome deities by the buffoonery and archness of Vulcan, who takes on himself the office of skinker to the celestial assembly.

WHAL.

That Vulcan "does not act out of character" may be granted. After all, the poet acquits himself but poorly. When the brightest wits of the court of Augustus took on themselves the characters of deities, we may be pretty confident that it was not to doze and get drunk, nor to bandy round vulgar ribaldry, and such miserable abortions of wit as would scarcely do honour to the "Vapourers" of *Bartholomew Fair*. It is indeed very possible that Jonson might mean to ridicule the gods: even in that case, he has only disgraced the men.

Tuc. Say, Jupiter——

Ovid. Mercury——

Cris. Ay, say, say.

[*Music.*

Alb.

“Wake! our mirth begins to die;
Quicken it with tunes and wine.
Raise your notes; you're out: fie, fie!
This drowsiness is an ill sign.
We banish him the quire of gods,
That droops agen;
Then all are men,
For here's not one but nods.”

Ovid. I like not this sudden and general heaviness amongst our godheads; 'tis somewhat ominous. Apollo, command us louder music, and let Mercury and Momus contend to please and revive our senses.

[*Music.*

Herm.

“Then, in a free and lofty strain,
Our broken tunes we thus repair;

Cris.

And we answer them again,
Running division on the panting
air;

Ambo.

To celebrate this feast of sense,
As free from scandal as offence.

Herm.

Here is beauty for the eye;

Cris.

For the ear sweet melody.

Herm.

Ambrosiac odours for the smell;

Cris.

Delicious nectar for the taste;

Ambo.

For the touch, a lady's waist;
Which doth all the rest excel.”

Ovid. Ay, this has waked us. Mercury our herald; go from ourself, the great god Jupiter, to the great Emperor Augustus Cæsar, and command him, from us, of whose bounty he hath received the surname of Augustus, that, for a thank-offering to our beneficence, he presently sacrifice, as a dish to this banquet, his beautiful and wanton daughter Julia: she's a curst quean, tell him, and plays the scold behind his back; therefore let her be sacrificed. Command him this, Mercury, in our high name of Jupiter Altitonans.

Jul. Stay, feather-footed Mercury, and tell Augustus, from us, the great Juno Saturnia; if he think it hard to do as Jupiter hath commanded him, and sacrifice his daughter, that he had better do so ten times than suffer her to love the well-nosed poet, Ovid; whom he shall do well to whip, or cause to be whipped, about the capitol, for soothing her in her follies.

Enter Augustus Cæsar, Mæcenas, Horace, Lupus, Histrio, Minos, and Lictors.

Cæs. What sight is this? Mæcenas! Horace! say?

Have we our senses? do we hear and see?¹

¹ *What sight is this? &c.]* The friends of Ovid may have much to object to the justice of Jonson, in his design of the preceding scene. Ovid had faults enough to answer for without being charged with others of mere invention. It is generally supposed that he was banished by Augustus for an amour with his daughter Julia: and this circumstance our poet mentions with propriety: and he fancied, I presume, that an entertainment of the kind represented was not inconsistent with the luxuriance of Ovid's imagination. But the truth is, that Jonson is partial; and Ovid does not appear to have had any share in the contrivance. Let us transfer then the infamy of this feast to its real author, who is no other than the emperor himself. The account is preserved in Suetonius, who tells us, that on this occasion Augustus assumed the dress and character of Apollo: “*Cæna quoque ejus secretior in fabulis fuit, quæ vulgo Δωδεκαθεος vocabatur: in quâ deorum dearumque habitu discubuisse convivas, et ipsum pro Apolline ornatum, non Antonii modo epistolæ singulorum nomina amarissime enumerantis exhibent, sed et sine auctore notissimi versus:*

Cum primum istorum conduxit mensa Chorum,

*Sexque deos vidit Mallia, sexque deas;
Impia dum Phœbi Cæsar mendacia ludit,
Dum nova divorum carnat adulteria;
Omnia se à terris tunc numina declinârunt,
Fugit et auratos Jupiter ipse thronos.*

*Auxit cæna rumorem summa tunc in civitate
penuria ac famæ: acclamatumque est post-
ridie, frumentum omne deos comedisse, et
Cæsarem plane esse Apollinem, sed tortorem:
quo cognomine is deus quadam in parte urbis
colebatur.—Sueton. August. c. lxx. WHAL.*

Whalley is perfectly right in transferring the odium of this feast to the emperor: but he mistakes Jonson, and confounds events very distant in time. Our author was too well acquainted with the history of Ovid not to know that his amour with Corinna (whoever she was) took place in his youth:

“*Carmina cum primum populo juvenilia legi,
Barba resecta mihi bisve semelve fuit:
Moverat ingenium, totam cantata per urbem
Nomine non vero dicta Corinna mihi.*”

Trist. l. 4, el. x.

Whereas, he was not banished till he was upwards of fifty. Jonson, however, speaks not of his banishment, but simply of his exile from

Or are these but imaginary objects
Drawn by our fantasy ! Why speak you not ?
Let us do sacrifice. Are they the gods ?

[*Ovid and the rest kneel.*

Reverence, amaze, and fury fight in me.
What, do they kneel ! Nay, then I see 'tis
true

I thought impossible : O, impious sight !
Let me divert mine eyes ; the very thought
Everts my soul with passion. Look not,
man,

There is a panther, whose unnatural eyes
Will strike thee dead : turn, then, and die
on her

With her own death.

[*Offers to kill his daughter.*

Mec. Hor. What means imperial Cæsar ?

Cæs. What ! would you have me let the
strumpet live,

That, for this pageant, earns so many deaths ?

Tuc. Boy, slink, boy.

Pyr. Pray Jupiter we be not followed by
the scent, master.

[*Exeunt Tucca and Pyrgus.*

Cæs. Say, sir, what are you ?

Alb. I play Vulcan, sir.

Cæs. But what are you, sir ?

Alb. Your citizen and jeweller, sir.

Cæs. And what are you, dame ?

Chloe. I play Venus, forsooth.

Cæs. I ask not what you play, but what
you are.

Chloe. Your citizen and jeweller's wife,
sir.

Cæs. And you, good sir ?

Cris. Your gentleman parcel-poet, sir.

[*Exit.*

Cæs. O, that profaned name ?--

And are these seemly company for thee,

[*To Julia.*

Degenerate monster ? All the rest I know,
And hate all knowledge for their hateful
sakes.

Are you, that first the deities inspired

With skill of their high natures and their
powers,

The first abusers of their useful light ;
Profaning thus their dignities in their forms,
And making them, like you, but counter-
feits ?

O, who shall follow Virtue and embrace
her,

When her false bosom is found nought but
air ?

And yet of those embraces centaurs spring,¹
That war with human peace, and poison
men.—

Who shall, with greater comforts compre-
hend

Her unseen being and her excellence ;
When you, that teach, and should eternize
her,

Live as she were no law unto your lives,
Nor lived herself but with your idle breaths ?

If you think gods but feigned, and virtue
painted,

Know we sustain an actual residence,

And with the title of an emperor,

Retain his spirit and imperial power ;

By which, in imposition too remiss,

Licentious Naso, for thy violent wrong,

In soothing thee declined affections

Of our base daughter, we exile thy feet

From all approach to our imperial court,

On pain of death ; and thy misgotten love

Commit to patronage of iron doors,

Since her soft-hearted sire cannot contain
her.

Mec. O, good my lord, forgive ! be like
the gods.

Hor. Let royal bounty, Cæsar, mediate.

Cæs. There is no bounty to be shewed to
such

As have no real goodness : bounty is

A spice of virtue ; and what virtuous act

Can take effect on them, that have no power

Of equal habitude to apprehend it,

But live in worship of that idol, vice,

court, as Whalley might have seen in the next page. The Julia here mentioned (the daughter of Augustus) was banished for her licentiousness thirteen years before this event took place. There is indeed another Julia, cousin to the former (Augustus's niece), who was banished at the same time with Ovid ; but Augustus was at that period somewhat too old for love, being turned of seventy. Besides, if Ovid had debauched the emperor's daughter, he would scarcely have recurred to the subject so frequently. He was evidently conscious of some impurities in the imperial family. He pretends, indeed, that what he saw was not meant to be seen by him ; but as he was not over nice in his morality, he might have furthered the niece's

amours, and been more officious than he is willing to allow. After all, he attributes his banishment in a great degree to his indecent verses ; and perhaps justly. He seems to think thus hard upon him. Other poets, it is true, had written grosser lines with impunity ; but the express purpose of Ovid, whether avowed or not, was to reduce licentiousness to an art, and facilitate the corruption of innocence : he was, therefore, infinitely more dangerous than the coarse and disgusting writers who preceded him.

¹ *And yet of those embraces centaurs spring,* Alluding to the fable of Ixion's embracing Juno in the shape of a cloud ; from which conjunction arose the centaurs.—*WHAL.*

As if there were no virtue, but in shade
Of strong imagination, merely enforced?
This shews their knowledge is mere ignorance,
Their far-fetched dignity of soul a fancy,
And all their square pretext of gravity
A mere vain-glory: hence, away with them!
I will prefer for knowledge, none but such
As rule their lives by it, and can becalm
All sea of Humour with the marble trident
Of their strong spirits: others fight below
With gnats and shadows; others nothing
know. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*A Street before the Palace.*

Enter Tucca, Crispinus, and Pyrgus.

Tuc. What's become of my little punk,
Venus, and the poult-foot stinkard,¹ her
husband, ha?

Cris. O, they are rid home in the coach,
as fast as the wheels can run.

Tuc. God Jupiter is banished, I hear,
and his cockatrice Juno locked up. 'Heart,
an all the poetry in Parnassus get me to
be a player again, I'll sell 'em my share for
a sesterce. But this is Humours, Horace,
that goat-footed envious slave; he's turned
faun now;² an informer, the rogue! 'tis he
has betrayed us all. Did you not see him
with the emperor crouching?

Cris. Yes.

Tuc. Well, follow me. Thou shalt
libel, and I'll cudgel the rascal. Boy,
provide me a truncheon. Revenge shall
gratulate him, *tam Marti, quam Mercurio.*

Pyrg. Ay, but, master, take heed how

¹ *The poult-foot stinkard,*] i.e., lame, or club-foot. See *Mercury vindicated from the Alchemists.*

² *He's turned faun now;*] The writers of Jonson's days seem to have connected, I know not why, the idea of a spy, or splotenic observer, with that of a *faun*. Marston calls one of his plays *The Faune*, in allusion to a character in disguise, who watches and exposes all the persons of the drama in succession.

³ *In troth, they say he's valiant.*] It would seem from this as if Jonson did not join in the general outcry against the cowardice of Horace. I confess myself to be of his opinion. If Horace fled at the battle of Philippi, it was not till courage was become unavailable, and the best and bravest troops of the army had fallen on the spot. How beautifully does he paint all this!

"*Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
Sensi, relicta non bene parmula;
Cum fracta virtus, et minaces,
Turpe l' solum tetigere mento.*"

you give this out; Horace is a man of the sword.

Cris. 'Tis true, in troth; they say he's valiant.³

Tuc. Valiant? so is mine a—. Gods and fiends! I'll blow him into air when I meet him next; he dares not fight with a puck-fist.

[Horace passes over the stage.]

Pyrg. Master, he comes!

Tuc. Where? Jupiter save thee, my good poet, my noble prophet, my little fat Horace.—I scorn to beat the rogue in the court; and I saluted him thus fair, because he should suspect nothing, the rascal. Come, we'll go see how far forward our journeyman is toward the untrussing of him.⁴

Cris. Do your hear, captain? I'll write nothing in it but innocence, because I may swear I am innocent. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Enter Horace, Mecænas, Lupus, Histro, and Lictors.

Hor. Nay, why pursue you not the emperor

For your reward now, Lupus?

Mec. Stay, Asinius;

You and your stager, and your band of lictors:

I hope your service merits more respect,
Than thus, without a thanks, to be sent hence.

His. Well, well, jest on, jest on.

Hor. Thou base, unworthy groom!

Lup. Ay, ay, 'tis good.

Was Pompeius Varus a coward? yet he too fled. Surely the *non bene*, the *fracta virtus*, and the *turpe*, all bear the same meaning, and allude to the decisive defeat, not to the ill-conduct of the patriotic army. It argues as little good sense as liberality, to take advantage of a poetical expression, and, without considering the circumstances under which it was used, to stigmatize the writer to all ages.

As for Ben, the Horace of the *Poetaster*, he was undoubtedly *valiant*. He had given fatal proofs of courage in a duel, in which he killed his antagonist; and he had acquitted himself with honour in his Flemish campaigns.

⁴ *Come, we'll go see how far forward our journeyman is toward the untrussing of him.*] More proof that Demetrius is Decker; for Crispinus is now on the stage!—A man "with the spleen of a wren," might be gratified at seeing how the critics, like Ding-dong's sheep, blindly leap after one another.

Hor. Was this the treason, this the dangerous plot,
Thy clamorous tongue so bellowed through the court?
Hadst thou no other project to encrease
Thy grace with Cæsar but this wolfish train,
To prey upon the life of innocent mirth
And harmless pleasures, bred of noble wit?
Away! I loathe thy presence; such as thou,
They are the moths and scarabs of a state,¹
The bane of empires, and the dregs of courts;
Who, to endear themselves to an employment,
Care not whose fame they blast, whose life they endanger;
And, under a disguised and cobweb mask
Of love unto their sovereign, vomit forth
Their own prodigious malice; and pretending
To be the props and columns of their safety,
The guards unto his person and his peace,
Disturb it most, with their false, lapwing-cries.²
Lup. Good! Cæsar shall know of this, believe it.
Mec. Cæsar doth know it, wolf, and to his knowledge,
He will, I hope, reward your base endeavours.
Princes that will but hear, or give access
To such officious spies, can ne'er be safe:
They take in poison with an open ear,
And, free from danger, become slaves to fear. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*An open Space before the Palace.*

Enter Ovid.

Banished the court! Let me be banished life,
Since the chief end of life is there concluded:³
Within the court is all the kingdom bounded,
And as her sacred sphere doth comprehend
Ten thousand times so much, as so much place
In any part of all the empire else;

¹ *They are the moths and scarabs of a state.* [*Moths* are small winged insects that eat clothes." *Scarabs* are beetles. I mention this because I am told that the information may be useful to some readers. [*E. Rev. of Massinger.*]

So every body, moving in her sphere,
Contains ten thousand times as much in him,
As any other her choice orb excludes.
As in a circle, a magician then
Is safe against the spirit he excites;
But, out of it, is subject to his rage,
And loseth all the virtue of his art:
So I, exiled the circle of the court,
Lose all the good gifts that in it I joyed.
No virtue current is, but with her stamp,
And no vice vicious, blanch'd with her white hand.
The court's the abstract of all Rome's desert,
And my dear Julia the abstract of the court.
Methinks, now I come near her, I respire
Some air of that late comfort I received;
And while the evening, with her modest veil,
Gives leave to such poor shadows as myself
To steal abroad, I, like a heartless ghost,
Without the living body of my love,
Will here walk and attend her: for I know
Not far from hence she is imprisoned,
And hopes of her strict guardian, to bribe
So much admittance, as to speak to me,
And cheer my fainting spirits with her breath.

Julia. [*appears above at her chamber window.*]

Ovid? my love?

Ovid. Here, heavenly Julia.

Ful. Here! and not here! O, how that word doth play
With both our fortunes, differing, like ourselves,
Both one; and yet divided, as opposed!
I high, thou low: O, this our plight of place
Doubly presents the two lets of our love,
Local and ceremonial height, and lowness:
Both ways, I am too high, and thou too low.
Our minds are even yet; O, why should our bodies,
That are their slaves, be so without their rule?
I'll cast myself down to thee; if I die,
I'll ever live with thee: no height of birth,
Of place, of duty, or of cruel power,
Shall keep me from thee; should my father lock

² *With their false, lapwing cries.* See *Sejanus*, p. 325 a.

³ *Is there concluded:* i.e., included or confined: there is a terrible number of Latinisms in this play.

This body up within a tomb of brass,
Yet I'll be with thee. If the forms I hold
Now in my soul, be made one substance
with it ;

That soul immortal, and the same 'tis now ;
Death cannot raze the affects she now re-
taineth :

And then, may she be anywhere she will.
The souls of parents rule not children's
souls,

When death sets both in their dissolved
estates ;

Then is no child nor father ; then eternity
Frees all from any temporal respect.

I come, my Ovid, take me in thine arms,
And let me breathe my soul into thy breast.

Ovid. O stay, my love ; the hopes thou
dost conceive

Of thy quick death, and of thy future life,
Art not authentical. Thou chooseth death,
So thou might'st 'joy thy love in the other
life :

But know, my princely love, when thou
art dead,

Thou only must survive in perfect soul ;
And in the soul are no affections.

We pour out our affections with our blood,
And, with our blood's affections, fade our
loves.

No life hath love in such sweet state as
this ;

No essence is so dear to moody sense
As flesh and blood, whose quintessence is
sense.

Beauty, composed of blood and flesh,
moves more,

And is more plausible to blood and flesh,
Than spiritual beauty can be to the spirit.

Such apprehension as we have in dreams,
When, sleep, the bond of senses, locks
them up,

Such shall we have, when death destroys
them quite.

If love be then thy object, change not life ;
Live high and happy still : I still below,
Close with my fortunes, in thy height shall
joy.

Jul. Ah me, that virtue, whose brave
eagle's wings

With every stroke blow stars in burning
heaven,

Should, like a swallow, preying towards
storms,

Fly close to earth, and with an eager
plume,

Pursue those objects which none else can
see,

But seem to all the world the empty air !
Thus thou, poor Ovid, and all virtuous men,

Must prey, like swallows, on invisible food,
Pursuing flies, or nothing : and thus love,
And every worldly fancy, is transposed
By worldly tyranny to what plight it list.

O father, since thou gav'st me not my
mind,

Strive not to rule it ; take but what thou
gav'st

To thy disposure : thy affections

Rule not in me ; I must bear all my griefs,
Let me use all my pleasures ; virtuous love

Was never scandal to a goddess' state.—

But he's inflexible ! and, my dear love,
Thy life may chance be shortened by the
length

Of my unwilling speeches to depart.

Farewell, sweet life ; though thou be yet
exiled

The officious court, enjoy me amply still :
My soul, in this my breath, enters thine
ears,

And on this turret's floor will I lie dead,
Till we may meet again. In this proud
height,

I kneel beneath thee in my prostrate love,
And kiss the happy sands that kiss thy
feet.

Great Jove submits a sceptre to a cell,
And lovers, ere they part, will meet in hell.

Ovid. Farewell all company, and, if I
could,

All light with thee ! hell's shade should
hide my brows,

Till thy dear beauty's beams redeemed my
vows. [*Going.*

Jul. Ovid, my love ; alas ! may we not
stay

A little longer, think'st thou, undiscerned ?

Ovid. For thine own good, fair goddess,
do not stay.

Who would engage a firmament of fires
Shining in thee, for me, a falling star ?

Begone, sweet life-blood ; if I should
discern

Thyself but touched for my sake, I should
die.

Jul. I will begone, then ; and not
heaven itself

Shall draw me back. [*Going.*

Ovid. Yet, Julia, if thou wilt,

A little longer stay.

Jul. I am content.

Ovid. O, mighty Ovid ! what the sway
of heaven

Could not retire, my breath hath turned
back.

Jul. Who shall go first, my love ? my
passionate eyes

Will not endure to see thee turn from me.

Ovid. If thou go first, my soul will follow thee.

Jul. Then we must stay.

Ovid. Ah me, there is no stay

In amorous pleasures ; if both stay, both die.

I hear thy father ; hence, my deity.

[*Julia retires from the window.*]

Fear forgeth sounds in my deluded ears ; I did not hear him : I am mad with love.

There is no spirit under heaven, that works

With such illusion ; yet such witchcraft kill me,

Ere a sound mind, without it, save my life !

Here, on my knees, I worship the blest place

That held my goddess ; and the loving air, That closed her body in his silken arms.

Vain *Ovid* ! kneel not to the place, nor air ; She's in thy heart ; rise then, and worship there.

The truest wisdom silly men can have,

Is dotage on the follies of their flesh.¹

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Cæsar, Mæcenas, Gallus, Tibullus, Horace, and Equites Romani.

Cæs. We, that have conquered still, to save the conquered,
And loved to make inflictions feared, not felt ;

Grieved to reprove, and joyful to reward ;
More proud of reconciliation than revenge ;
Resume into the late state of our love,
Worthy *Cornelius Gallus*, and *Tibullus* ;
You both are gentlemen : and you, *Cornelius*,

A soldier of renown, and the first provost
That ever let our Roman eagles fly
On swarthy *Ægypt*, quarried with her spoils.

Yet (not to bear cold forms, nor men's out-terms,²

Without the inward fires, and lives of men)

You both have virtues, shining through your shapes ;

To shew your titles are not writ on posts,
Or hollow statues which the best men are,
Without *Promethean* stuffs reached from heaven !

Sweet poesy's sacred garlands crown your gentry :

Which is, of all the faculties on earth,
The most abstract and perfect ; if she be
True-born, and nursed with all the sciences,

She can so mould *Rome*, and her monuments,

Within the liquid marble of her lines,
That they shall stand fresh and miraculous,
Even when they mix with innovating dust ;

In her sweet streams shall our brave *Roman* spirits

Chase, and swim after death, with their choice deeds

Shining on their white shoulders ; and therein

Shall *Tyber*, and our famous rivers fall
With such attraction, that the ambitious line

Of the round world shall to her center shrink,

To hear their music : and, for these high parts,

Cæsar shall reverence the *Pierian* arts.

Mec. Your majesty's high grace to poesy,
Shall stand 'gainst all the dull detractions
Of leaden souls ; who, for the vain assum-ings

Of some, quite worthless of her sovereign wreaths,

Contain her worthiest prophets in contempt.

Gal. Happy is *Rome* of all earth's other states,

To have so true and great a president,

For her inferior spirits to imitate,
As *Cæsar* is ; who addeth to the sun
Influence and lustre ; in increasing thus
His inspirations, kindling fire in us.

Hor. *Phœbus* himself shall kneel at *Cæsar's* shrine,

And deck it with bay garlands dewed with wine,

To quit the worship *Cæsar* does to him :

¹ I am afraid that this ridiculous love scene will not strike the reader as much in the manner of *Ovid* : there is neither pathos nor passion, nor interest in it, but a kind of metaphysical hurly-burly, of which it is not easy to discover the purport or end.

² Yet not to bear cold forms, nor men's out-terms,] Merely the figures and outlines of men. A metaphor from painting.—*WHAL.*

Is it not rather from sculpture ? *Jonson* has adhered closely to history in the character which he gives of these eminent writers.

Where other princes, hoisted to their
thrones
By Fortune's passionate and disordered
power,
Sit in their height, like clouds before the
sun,
Hindering his comforts; and, by their
excess
Of cold in virtue, and cross heat in vice,
Thunder and tempest on those learned
heads,¹

Whom Cæsar with such honour doth ad-
vance.

Tib. All human business fortune doth
command

Without all order; and with her blind hand,
She, blind, bestows blind gifts, that still
have nurst,

They see not who, nor how, but still, the
worst.

Cæs. Cæsar, for his rule, and for so
much stuff

As Fortune puts in his hand, shall dispose
it,

As if his hand had eyes and soul in it,
With worth and judgment. Hands, that
part with gifts,

Or will restrain their use, without desert,
Or with a misery numbed to virtue's right,
Work, as they had no soul to govern them,
And quite reject her; severing their estates
From human order. Whosoever can,
And will not cherish virtue, is no man.

Enter some of the Equestrian order.

Eques. Virgil is now at hand, imperial
Cæsar.

Cæs. Rome's honour is at hand then.
Fetch a chair,

And set it on our right hand, where 'tis fit
Rome's honour and our own should ever sit.
Now he is come out of Campania,
I doubt not he hath finished all his Æneids,
Which, like another soul, I long to enjoy.
What think you three of Virgil, gentlemen,
That are of his profession, though ranked
higher;

¹ *Thunder and tempest on those learned heads,*] This expression is adopted by Milton:

“Part, huge of bulk,
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempests the ocean.”

And one of his commentators compliments him
on the service rendered to the English language
by the introduction of such a verb from the
Italian. With submission to so much erudition,

Or, Horace, what say'st thou, that art the
poorest,

And likeliest to envy, or to detract?

Hor. Cæsar speaks after common men
in this,

To make a difference of me for my poorness;
As if the filth of poverty sunk as deep
Into a knowing spirit, as the bane
Of riches doth into an ignorant soul.

No, Cæsar, they be pathless, moorish
minds,

That being once made rotten with the dung
Of damned riches, ever after sink
Beneath the steps of any villainy.

But knowledge is the nectar that keeps
sweet

A perfect soul, even in this grave of sin;

And for my soul, it is as free as Cæsar's,

For what I know is due I'll give to all.

He that detracts or envies virtuous merit,

Is still the covetous and the ignorant spirit.

Cæs. Thanks, Horace, for thy free and
wholesome sharpness,

Which pleaseth Cæsar more than servile
fawns.

A flattered prince soon turns the prince of
fools.

And for thy sake, we'll put no difference
more

Between the great and good, for being poor.

Say then, loved Horace, thy true thought
of Virgil.

Hor. I judge him of a rectified spirit,
By many revolutions of discourse,
(In his bright reason's influence,) refined
From all the tartarous moods of common
men;

Bearing the nature and similitude

Of a right heavenly body; most severe

In fashion and collection of himself;

And, then, as clear and confident as Jove.

Gal. And yet so chaste and tender is his
ear,

In suffering any syllable to pass,

That he thinks may become the honoured
name

Of issue to his so examined self,

That all the lasting fruits of his full merit,

the word was introduced into our language long
before Milton was born: though Jonson, to
whom none of the critics refer, was the first, I
believe, who used it in poetry:—and, now I am
on the subject, I will just hint to those who may
undertake hereafter the unprofitable drudgery of
tracing out the property of every word and
phrase and idea in Milton, that, next to the
translators of the *Bible*, Jonson will be found
more to their purpose than all the writers of the
age put together.

In his own poems, he doth still distaste ;
As if his mind's piece, which he strove to
paint.

Could not with fleshly pencils have her
right.

Tib. But to approve his works of sove-
reign worth,¹

This observation, methinks, more than
serves,

And is not vulgar. That which he hath
writ

Is with such judgment laboured, and dis-
tilled

Through all the needful uses of our lives,
That could a man remember but his lines,
He should not touch at any serious point,
But he might breathe his spirit out of him.

Cæs. You mean, he might repeat part of
his works,

As fit for any conference he can use ?

Tib. True, royal Cæsar.

Cæs. Worthily observed ;

And a most worthy virtue in his works.

What thinks material Horace of his learn-
ing ?²

Hor. His learning savours not the school-
like gloss,

That most consists in echoing words and
terms,

And soonest wins a man an empty name ;
Nor any long or far-fetched circumstance
Wrapped in the curious generalities of arts ;
But a direct and analytic sum
Of all the worth and first effects of arts.

And for his poesy, 'tis so rammed with life,
That it shall gather strength of life with
being,

And live hereafter more admired than now.

Cæs. This one consent in all your dooms
of him,

And mutual loves of all your several merits,
Argues a truth of merit in you all.

¹ *But to approve his works of sovereign worth, &c.*] The great and glorious character of Virgil, given in the two preceding speeches, is at once discriminative and just. What follows, however, is of a different description, and can by no means be applied to him. It is evident that throughout the whole of this drama Jonson maintains a constant allusion to himself and his contemporaries ; and were it not that it is fully settled by the critics, from Theobald to Chalmers, that the whole purport of his writings was to "malign" Shakspeare, I should incline to believe that this speech, and that of Horace, which immediately follows, were both intended for him. Jonson could not think that Virgil was the poet of common life, as Tibullus affirms ; or, as Horace, that he was unostentatious of literature, and averse from *echoing* the terms of others :

Enter Virgil.

See, here comes Virgil ; we will rise and
greet him.

Welcome to Cæsar, Virgil ! Cæsar and
Virgil

Shall differ but in sound ; to Cæsar, Virgil,
Of his expressed greatness, shall be made
A second surname, and to Virgil, Cæsar.
Where are thy famous Æneids ? do us grace
To let us see, and surfeit on their sight.

Virg. Worthless they are of Cæsar's
gracious eyes,

If they were perfect ; much more with their
wants,

Which are yet more than my time could
supply.

And, could great Cæsar's expectation
Be satisfied with any other service,
I would not shew them.

Cæs. Virgil is too modest ;

Or seeks, in vain, to make our longings
more :

Shew them, sweet Virgil.

Virg. Then, in such due fear

As fits presenters of great works to Cæsar,
I humbly shew them.

Cæs. Let us now behold

A human soul made visible in life ;
And more refulgent in a senseless paper
Than in the sensual complement of kings.
Read, read thyself, dear Virgil ; let not me
Profane one accent with an untuned
tongue :

Best matter, badly shewn, shews worse
than bad.

See then this chair, of purpose set for thee
To read thy poem in ; refuse it not.

Virtue, without presumption, place may
take

Above best kings, whom only she should
make.

whereas all this is as undoubtedly true of Shakspeare, as if it were pointedly written to describe him. Indeed, the speech of Tibullus is so characteristic of our great poet, that I am persuaded nothing but the ignorance of his numerous editors of the existence of such a passage has prevented its being taken for the motto to his works.

² *What thinks material Horace of his learning ?*] *Material*, i.e., full of solid sense and observation. "I love," says the Duke, speaking of Jaques,

"I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of *matter*."

And Jaques himself calls Touchstone "a *material* fool ;" i.e., as Jonson explains it, a fool stocked with notions.

Virg. It will be thought a thing ridiculous
To present eyes, and to all future times
A gross untruth, that any poet, void
Of birth, or wealth, or temporal dignity,
Should, with decorum, transcend Cæsar's
chair.

Poor virtue raised, high birth and wealth
set under,
Crosseth heaven's courses, and makes
worldlings wonder.

Cæs. The course of heaven, and fate
itself, in this,
Will Cæsar cross; much more all worldly
custom.

Hor. Custom, in course of honour, ever
errs;
And they are best whom fortune least pre-
fers.

Cæs. Horace hath but more strictly
spoke our thoughts.
The vast rude swing of general confluence
Is, in particular ends, exempt from sense:
And therefore reason (which in right should
be

The special rector of all harmony)
Shall shew we are a man distinct by it,
From those, whom custom rapteth in her
press.

Ascend then, Virgil; and where first by
chance

We here have turned thy book, do thou
first read.

Virg. Great Cæsar hath his will; I will
ascend.

'Twere simple injury to his free hand,
That sweeps the cobwebs from unused
virtue,
And makes her shine proportioned to her
worth,

To be more nice to entertain his grace,
Than he is choice, and liberal to afford it.¹

Cæs. Gentlemen of our chamber, guard
the doors,

And let none enter; [*Exeunt Equites.*]
peace. Begin, good Virgil.

Virg. "Meanwhile the skies 'gan thun-
der, and in tail
Of that, fell pouring storms of sleet and
hail:

The Tyrian lords and Trojan youth, each
where

With Venus' Dardane nephew, now, in fear,
Seek out for several shelter² through the
plain,

Whilst floods come rolling from the hills
amain.

Dido a cave, the Trojan prince the same
Lighted upon. There earth and heaven's
great dame,

That bath the charge of marriage, first gave
sign

Unto his contract; fire and air did shine,
As guilty of the match; and from the hill
The nymphs with shriekings do the region
fill.

Here first began their bane; this day was
ground

Of all their ills; for now, nor rumour's
sound,

Nor nice respect of state, moves Dido
ought;

Her love no longer now by stealth is sought:
She calls this wedlock, and with that fair
name

Covers her fault. Forthwith the bruit and
fame,

Through all the greatest Libyan towns is
gone;

Fame, a fleet evil, than which is swifter
none,

That moving grows, and flying gathers
strength;

Little at first, and fearful; but at length
She dares attempt the skies, and stalking
proud

With feet on ground, her head doth pierce
a cloud!

This child, our parent earth, stirred up
with spite

Of all the gods, brought forth; and, as
some write,

She was last sister of that giant race,
That thought to scale Jove's court; right
swift of pace,

And swifter far of wing; a monster vast,
And dreadful. Look, how many plumes
are placed

On her huge corps, so many waking eyes

¹ This is expressed with great beauty and propriety, and shows Virgil to be a man of perfect good breeding.

² *Seek out for several shelter, &c.*] i.e., for separate places of shelter. I have little to observe on this version: it probably cost Jonson some trouble; and, according to the ancient notion of what translation should be, must be allowed some merit. It was not a general view of an author's sense which contented the writers

of those times: they aspired to give his precise words, without addition or diminution; and unfortunately attempted to do it within the compass of the original. It is to Jonson's praise perhaps that he moves in his awkward trammels with more facility than his rivals; still, however, there is little grace in his steps, and he more frequently excites wonder than communicates pleasure. The text is from the *Æneid*, lib. iv.

Stick underneath ; and, which may stranger
rise

In the report, as many tongues she bears,
As many mouths, as many listening ears.
Nightly in midst of all the heaven, she flies,
And through the earth's dark shadow
shrieking cries ;

Nor do her eyes once bend to taste sweet
sleep ;

By day on tops of houses she doth keep,
Or on high towers ; and doth thence
affright

Cities and towns of most conspicuous site :
As covetous she is of tales and lies,
As prodigal of truth : this monster——”

Lup. [*within.*] Come, follow me, assist
me, second me ! Where's the emperor ?

1 *Eques.* [*within.*] Sir, you must pardon
us.

2 *Eques.* [*within.*] Cæsar is private now ;
you may not enter.

Tuc. [*within.*] Not enter ! Charge them
upon their allegiance, cropshin.

1 *Eques.* [*within.*] We have a charge to
the contrary, sir.

Lup. [*within.*] I pronounce you all
traitors, horrible traitors. What, do you
know my affairs ? I have matter of danger
and state to impart to Cæsar.

Cæs. What noise is there ? who's that
names Cæsar ?

Lup. [*within.*] A friend to Cæsar.
One that, for Cæsar's good, would speak
with Cæsar.

Cæs. Who is it ? look, Cornelius.

1 *Eques.* [*within.*] Asinius Lupus.

Cæs. O, bid the turbulent informer
hence ;

We have no vacant ear now, to receive
The unseasoned fruits of his officious tongue.

Mec. You must avoid him there.

Lup. [*within.*] I conjure thee, as thou
art Cæsar, or respectest thine own safety,
or the safety of the state, Cæsar, hear me,
speak with me, Cæsar ; 'tis no common
business I come about, but such, as being
neglected, may concern the life of Cæsar.

Cæs. The life of Cæsar ! Let him enter.
Virgil, keep thy seat.

Equites. [*within.*] Bear back, there :
whither will you ? keep back !

Enter Lupus, Tucça, and Lictors.

Tuc. By thy leave, goodman usher :
mend thy peruke ; so.

Lup. Lay hold on Horace there ; and on
Mecænas, lictors. Romans, offer no
rescue, upon your allegiance : read, royal
Cæsar. [*Gives a paper.*] I'll tickle you,
Satyr.

Tuc. He will, Humours, he will ; he will
squeeze you, poet puck-fist.¹

Lup. I'll lop you off for an unprofitable
branch, you satirical varlet.

Tuc. Ay, and Epainondas your patron
here, with his flagon chain ; come, resign :
[*takes off Mecænas' chain*] though 'twere
your great-grandfather's, the law has made
it mine now, sir. Look to him, my party-
coloured rascals ; look to him.

Cæs. What is this, Asinius Lupus ? I
understand it not.

Lup. Not understand it ! A libel, Cæsar ;
a dangerous, seditious libel ; a libel in pic-
ture.

Cæs. A libel !

Lup. Ay ; I found it in this Horace his
study, in Mecænas his house, here ; I
challenge the penalty of the laws against
them.

Tuc. Ay, and remember to beg their
land betimes ;² before some of these hungry
court hounds scent it out.

Cæs. Shew it to Horace : ask him if he
know it.

Lup. Know it ! his hand is at it, Cæsar.

Cæs. Then 'tis no libel.

Hor. It is the imperfect body of an em-
blem, Cæsar, I began for Mecænas.

Lup. An emblem ! right : that's Greek
for a libel. Do but mark how confident
he is.

Hor. A just man cannot fear, thou foolish
tribune ;

Not though the malice of traducing
tongues,

The open vastness of a tyrant's ear,³

The senseless rigour of the wrested laws,

that I might beg him." Some remarkable in-
stances are mentioned in history. This practice
was not worn out in Elizabeth's days, particu-
larly with respect to what were called *concealed*
lands. See p. 40 a.

³ *The open vastness of a tyrant's ear.* I
know not where Jonson got this idea ; perhaps
he has some allusion to the auriform cavity of
the Syracusian dungeon : the expression, how-
ever, is very noble.

¹ *He will squeeze you, poet puck-fist.* See
p. 75 b.

² *Remember to beg their land betimes, &c.*]
It was the practice of the greedy courtiers at
the Reformation to scent out such lands as
became forfeited to the crown, and beg the
grant of them. Thus, in *Jack Drum's Enter-
tainment* : "I have followed ordinaries this
twelvemonth, onely to find a foole that had
landes, or a fellow that woulde talke treason,

Or the red eyes of strained authority,
Should, in a point, meet all to take his life:
His innocence is armour 'gainst all these.

Lup. Innocence! O impudence! let me see, let me see. Is not here an eagle! and is not that eagle meant by Cæsar, ha?¹ Does not Cæsar give the eagle? answer me; what sayest thou?

Tuc. Hast thou any evasion, stinkard?

Lup. Now he's turned dumb. I'll tickle you, Satyr.

Hor. Pish: ha, ha!

Lup. Dost thou pish me? Give me my long sword.

Hor. With reverence to great Cæsar, worthy Romans,
Observe but this ridiculous commenter;
The soul to my device was in this distich:
"Thus oft, the base and ravenous multitude
Survive, to share the spoils of fortitude."

Which in this body I have figured here,
A vulture—

Lup. A vulture! Ay, now, 'tis a vulture. O abominable! monstrous! monstrous! Has not your vulture a beak? has it not legs, and talons, and wings, and feathers?

Tuc. Touch him, old buskins.

Hor. And therefore must it be an eagle?

Mec. Respect him not, good Horace: say your device.

Hor. A vulture and a wolf—

Lup. A wolf! good: that's I; I am the wolf: my name's Iupus; I am meant by the wolf. On, on; a vulture and a wolf.

Hor. Preying upon the carcass of an ass—

¹ *And is not that eagle meant by Cæsar?*] i.e., of Cæsar. See p. 52 a.

"Stewart tharwith all bolnyt in to baill,
Wallace, he sed, *be* the I tell a taill;
Say furth, quoth he, &c.—
That taill ful meit thou has tald *be* thi sell."

Wallace, lib. x. 130, 149.

The excellent compiler of the Scottish Dict. says that *be* (by) is used here rather in an uncommon sense. It is used simply for *of*; a sense perfectly familiar to the old writers of both countries. *Give* is a term in heraldry; in common language it means, to take or assume, as a particular bearing, in the escutcheon.

² *I am the ass, &c.*] Here and above the honest tribune alludes to his name, Asinius Lupus.

³ *Ay, an honest sycophant-like slave, and a politician besides.*] This is beyond question an allusion to a piece of private history. Perhaps Æsop, the politician here meant, and who is charged with the discovery of this notable piece

Lup. An ass! good still: that's I too; I am the ass.² You mean me by the ass.

Mec. Prithee leave braying then.

Hor. If you will needs take it, I cannot with modesty give it from you.

Mec. But, by that beast, the old Egyptians

Were wont to figure, in their hieroglyphics,
Patience, frugality, and fortitude;
For none of which we can suspect you,
tribune.

Cæs. Who was it, Lupus, that informed you first,

This should be meant by us? Or was't your comment?

Lup. No, Cæsar; a player gave me the first light of it indeed.

Tuc. Ay, an honest sycophant-like slave, and a politician besides.³

Cæs. Where is that player?

Tuc. He is without here.

Cæs. Call him in.

Tuc. Call in the player there, Master Æsop; call him.

Equites. [*within.*] Player! where is the player? bear back: none but the player enter.

Enter Æsop, followed by Crispinus and Demetrius.

Tuc. Yes, this gentleman and his Achates must.

Cris. Pray you, master usher:—we'll stand close here.

Tuc. 'Tis a gentleman of quality, this;⁴ though he be somewhat out of clothes, I tell ye.—Come, Æsop, hast a bay-leaf in thy mouth?⁵ Well said; be not out, stin-

of treason, had actually framed some plot or laid some information against Jonson. He was an actor at the Fortune play-house, which is all that I can say of him. Our author treats him with marked dislike: he merely allows him to make his appearance, and then hurries him off the stage to undergo a servile punishment.

⁴ *'Tis a gentleman of quality, this;*] This is Marston (Crispinus), who was born and educated a gentleman. Jonson carefully distinguishes him from Decker (Demetrius) throughout the whole of this drama.

⁵ *Come, Æsop, hast a bay-leaf in thy mouth?*] The bay was sacred to Apollo; hence perhaps the notion of the ancients, that a bay-leaf placed under the tongue was conducive to eloquence. But, indeed, the *bay-leaf* in all ages has been subservient to a number of petty superstitions. Absolon, in the *Miller's Tale*, among other amatory artifices to captivate the affections of the carpenter's wife,

"Under his tonge a *trewe love bere*,
For therby wend he to ben gracious."

kard. Thou shalt have a monopoly of playing confirmed to thee and thy covey,¹ under the emperor's broad seal, for this service.

Cæs. Is this he?

Lup. Ay, Cæsar, this is he.

Cæs. Let him be whipped. Lictors, go take him hence.

And, Lupus, for your fierce credulity,² One fit him with a pair of larger ears : 'Tis Cæsar's doom, and must not be revoked.

We hate to have our court and peace disturbed

With these quotidian clamours. See it done.

Lup. Cæsar!

[*Exeunt some of the Lictors, with Lupus and Æsop.*]

Cæs. Gag him, [that] we may have his silence.

Virg. Cæsar hath done like Cæsar. Fair and just

Is his award against these brainless creatures.

'Tis not the wholesome sharp morality, Or modest anger of a satiric spirit, That hurts or wounds the body of the state; But the sinister application

Of the malicious, ignorant, and base Interpreter ; who will distort, and strain The general scope and purpose of an author To his particular and private spleen.

Cæs. We know it, our dear Virgil, and esteem it

A most dishonest practice in that man, Will seem too witty in another's work.

What would Cornelius Gallus, and Tibullus?

[*They whisper Cæsar.*]

Tuc. [to Mecænas.] Nay, but as thou art a man, dost hear? a man of worship and honourable: hold, here, take thy chain again. Resume, mad Mecænas. What! dost thou think I meant to have kept it, old boy? no : I did it but to fright thee, I,

Of this passage Tyrwhitt says that he can make nothing. I have little doubt but that it was a *bay leaf* which Absolon *bere* in his mouth, of which the imaginary virtue was to render his language at once bold and persuasive. Cartwright, a close follower of Jonson, alludes to this circumstance in his *Lady-Errant*, where Philænis describes the mode in which she proposes to humanize the pigmies :

“ Teach them good language by cleft sticks and *bay-leaves*,
And civilize them finally by puppet-plays.”

I do not suppose that Voltaire ever looked into Cartwright : but this is nearly the way in which

to try how thou wouldst take it. What! will I turn shark upon my friends, or my friends' friends? I scorn it with my three souls.³ Come, I love bully Horace as well as thou dost, I : 'tis an honest hieroglyphic. Give me thy wrist, Helicon. Dost thou think I'll second e'er a rhinoceros of them all against thee, ha? or thy noble Hippocrene, here? I'll turn stager first, and be whipt too : dost thou see, bully?

Cæs. You have your will of Cæsar : use it, Romans.

Virgil shall be your prætor ; and ourself Will here sit by, spectator of your sports ; And think it no impeachment of royalty.

Our ear is now too much profaned, grave Maro,

With these distastes, to take thy sacred lines :

Put up thy book, till both the time and we Be fitted with more hallowed circumstance For the receiving so divine a work. Proceed with your design.

Mec. Gal. Tib. Thanks to great Cæsar.

Gal. Tibullus, draw you the indictment then, whilst Horace arrests them on the statute of Calumny. Mecænas and I will take our places here. Lictors, assist him.

Hor. I am the worst accuser under heaven.

Gal. Tut, you must do it ; 'twill be noble mirth.

Hor. I take no knowledge that they do malign me.

Tib. Ay, but the world takes knowledge.

Hor. Would the world knew, How heartily I wish a fool should hate me!

Tuc. Body of Jupiter! what! will they arraign my brisk Poetaster and his poor journeyman, ha? Would I were abroad skeldering for a drachm, so I were out of this labyrinth again! I do feel myself turn

he recommended us to treat the revolted Caraihs. “ There is nothing new under the sun.”

¹ *Thou shalt have a monopoly of playing confirmed to thee and thy covey,*] Here is a slight gird at the practice of *monopolies*, now growing into fashion.—WHAL.

Growing! It had attained a pretty considerable bulk long before this was written.

² *And, Lupus, for your fierce credulity.*] Fierce is rash, inconsiderate, and violent : the word occurs again in *Sejanus*.—WHAL.

³ *Will I turn shark upon my friends, or my friends' friends? I scorn it with my three souls.*] The Peripatetic philosophy gave every man three souls ; a plastic, an animal, and a rational soul.—WHAL.

stinkard already: but I must set the best face I have upon't now. [*Aside.*] Well said, my divine, deft Horace, bring the whoreson detracting slaves to the bar, do; make them hold up their spread golls:¹ I'll give in evidence for thee, if thou wilt. Take courage, Crispinus; would thy man had a clean band!

Cris. What must we do, captain?

Tuc. Thou shalt see anon: do not make division with thy legs so.

Cæs. What's he, Horace?

Hor. I only know him for a motion, Cæsar.

Tuc. I am one of thy commanders, Cæsar; a man of service and action: my name is Pantilius Tucca; I have served in thy wars against Mark Antony, I.

Cæs. Do you know him, Cornelius?

Gal. He's one that hath had the mustering, or convoy of a company now and then: I never noted him by any other employment.

Cæs. We will observe him better.

Tib. Lictor, proclaim silence in the court.

Lict. In the name of Cæsar, silence!

Tib. Let the parties, the accuser and the accused, present themselves.

Lict. The accuser and the accused, present yourselves in court.

Cris. Dem. Here.

Virg. Read the indictment.

Tib. "Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius Fannius, hold up your hands. You are, before this time, jointly and severally indicted, and here presently to be arraigned upon the statute of calumny, or *Lex Remmia*,² the one by the name of Rufus Laberius Crispinus, alias Crispinus, poetaster and plagiarist; the other by the name of Demetrius Fannius, play-dresser and plagiarist. That you (not having the fear of Phœbus, or his shafts, before your eyes) contrary to the peace of our liege lord, Augustus Cæsar, his crown and dignity, and against the form of a statute, in that case made and provided, have most ignorantly, foolishly, and, more like yourselves, maliciously, gone about to deprave and calumniate the person and writings of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, here present, poet, and priest to the Muses; and to that end have mutually conspired and plotted,

at sundry times, as by several means, and in sundry places, for the better accomplishing your base and envious purpose; taxing him falsely, of self-love, arrogancy, impudence, railing, filching by translation, &c. Of all which calumnies, and every of them, in manner and form aforesaid; what answer you? Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

Tuc. Not guilty, say.

Cris. Dem. Not guilty.

Tib. How will you be tried?

Tuc. By the Roman gods, and the noblest Romans. [*Aside to Cris.*

Cris. Dem. By the Roman gods, and the noblest Romans.

Virg. Here sits Mæcenas, and Cornelius Gallus,

Are you contented to be tried by these?

Tuc. Ay, so the noble captain may be joined with them in commission, say.

[*Aside.*

Cris. Dem. Ay, so the noble captain may be joined with them in commission.

Virg. What says the plaintiff?

Hor. I am content.

Virg. Captain, then take your place.

Tuc. Alas, my worshipful prætor! 'tis more of thy gentleness than of my deserving, I wusse. But since it hath pleased the court to make choice of my wisdom and gravity, come, my calumnious varlets; let's hear you talk for yourselves, now, an hour or two. What can you say? Make a noise. Act, act!

Vir. Stay, turn, and take an oath first.

"You shall swear,

By thunder-darting Jove, the king of gods,
And by the genius of Augustus Cæsar;
By your own white and uncorrupted souls,
And the deep reverence of our Roman justice;

To judge this case with truth and equity:
As bound, by your religion, and your laws."

Now read the evidence: but first demand
Of either prisoner, if that writ be theirs.

[*Gives him two papers.*

Tib. Shew this unto Crispinus. Is it yours?

Tuc. Say ay: [*Aside.*] What! dost thou stand upon it, pimp? Do not deny thine own Minerva, thy Pallas, the issue of thy brain.

¹ *Make them hold up their spread golls:* Their hands. Thus Decker: "Hold up thy hands: I have seen the time thou didst not scorn to hold up thy golls."—*Satirum.* *Deft,* which occurs just before, is adroit, clever, handy.

² *On the statute of calumny, or Lex Remmia.* By this Law persons convicted of calumny were to be branded on the forehead with the letter C.

Cris. Yes, it is mine.

Tib. Shew that unto Demetrius. Is it yours?

Dem. It is.

Tuc. There's a father will not deny his own bastard now, I warrant thee.

Virg. Read them aloud.¹

Tib. "Ramp up my genius,² be not retrograde;

But boldly nominate a spade a spade.

What, shall thy lubrical and glibbery muse³

¹ *Read them aloud, &c.*] I have already observed, in opposition to the whole string of commentators, that Crispinus is Marston: if any doubts of it should remain after what has been advanced, the lines which follow will be more than sufficient to remove them. In these, Jonson has accumulated many of the uncouth and barbarous terms which characterize Marston's poetry. Such of them as I could readily call to mind, are here thrown together: an attentive perusal of his works might probably furnish others; but the labour would be neither pleasant nor profitable. As Holofernes justly observes, *satis quod sufficit*.

The works which our author had chiefly in view, were the *Scourge of Villainie*, and the two parts of *Antonio and Mellida*. In the former of these Jonson is ridiculed under the name of Torquatius, for his affected use of "new-minted words, such as *real, intrinsicate, and delphicke*," which are all found in his earliest comedies: so that we have here, in fact, little more than "the retort courteous."

"*Cadimus, inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis.*"

But, indeed, Marston deserved some reprehension. He boasts, and his boasts have been repeated by the commentators who generally take all upon trust, that he is "free from licentiousness of language." The fact is not so; he is extremely gross and impure. This is what Jonson means, when he makes him "boldly nominate a spade a spade:" and this too is the just object of the attack upon him, in the old play of the *Return from Parnassus*:

"Tut! what cares he for modest, close-couched terms,

Cleanly to gird our looser libertines?

Give him plain naked words, stripped of their shirts,

That might beseem plain-dealing Aretine."

I will not affirm that Marston's manner is very correctly imitated in this collection of his words and phrases; yet those who read his *Satires* cannot fail to be struck with the arrogance, pedantry, and harshness (qualities here attempted to be caricatured) which pervade every part of them: while his dramatic works, more particularly those noticed by Jonson, are distinguished by nothing so much as a perpetual bluster, an overstrained reaching after sublimity of expression, which ends in abrupt and unintelligible starts, and bombast anomalies of language. It

Live, as she were defunct, like punk in stews!"

Tuc. Excellent!

"Alas! that were no modern consequence, To have cothurnal buskins⁴ frightened hence. No, teach thy Incubus to poetize;⁵ And throw abroad thy spurious snotteries,⁶ Upon that puft-up lump of balmy froth,"

Tuc. Ah, ha!

"Or clumsy chilblained judgment;⁷ that with oath

is but fair to add, that whatever Marston might think of the present castigation, he had the good sense to profit by it, since his latter works exhibit but few of the terms here ridiculed.

² *Ramp up my genius, &c.*]

"The rawish danke of clumzie winter rampes
The fluent summer's vein," &c.

This is taken from the Prologue to the Second Part of *Antonio*, which is very much in the style of this burlesque.

³ *What, shall thy lubrical and glibbery muse*] There is no word of which Marston seems more fond than of this; he introduces it on all occasions:

"His love is glibbery, there's no hold on't,
wench."—*Antonio and Mellida*.

Again: "Milke, milke, you glibbery urchin,
Is food for infants."—*Id.*

⁴ *Alas! that were no modern consequence, To have cothurnal buskins, &c.*] *Modern* is slight, trivial: this word, though much affected by Marston, is not peculiar to him. *Cothurnal buskins* is parodied from an absurd expression in *Antonio and Mellida*, part 2, act ii. sc. 5.

"O now *tragedia cothurnata* mounts!"

⁵ *No, teach thy incubus to poetize.*]

"I would have told you of the *incubus*
That rides your bosom."

Antonio and Mellida, 2nd part.:

"Then death, like to a stifling *incubus*,
Lie on my bosom."—*Id.*

⁶ *And throw abroad thy spurious snotteries,*]
"To purge the *snotterie* of our slime time."

Scourge of Villainie.

⁷ *Upon that puft-up lump of barmy froth, Or clunzie chilblained judgment.*]

"Shall each odde puisne of the Lawyers Inne,
Each *barmy froth*, that last day did beginne
To read his *nera a whit*," &c.

Scourge of Villainie.

Again: "That, like some rotten stick in troubled water, hath gott a great deal of *barmie froth* to stick to his sides."—*Preface to Satires.*

The rawish danke of *clumzie* winter, &c. This absurd fustian has been already quoted: from the forced application of this epithet, well might Jonson observe (as he does below) "that *clumzie* stuck terribly."

Magnificates his merit;¹ and bespawls
The conscious time with humourous foam
and brawls,

As if his organons of sense would crack
The sinews of my patience. Break his
back,

O poets all and some ! for now we list
Of strenuous vengeance to clutch the fist.²

CRISPINUS."

Tuc. Ay, marry, this was written like a
Hercules in poetry, now.

Cæs. Excellently well threatened !

Virg. And as strangely worded, Cæsar.

Cæs. We observe it.

Virg. The other now.³

Tuc. This is a fellow of a good prodigal
tongue too; this will do well.

¹ Magnificates *his merit* ;] This, like *barmie froth*, is a favourite expression with Marston :

"I cannot with swoln lines *magnificate*
Mine owne poor worth."—*Sat.*

Again :

"Shall a trencher slave extenuate
Some Lucrece rape, and straight *magnificate*
Lewd Jovian lust," &c.—*Id.*

²

For now we list

Of strenuous vengeance to clutch the fist]
Steevens, with his customary disregard of truth
in everything which relates to our author, de-
clares, in his final remarks on *Hamlet*, that
Jonson has more than once, in the *Poetaster*,
pointed his ridicule at some of Shakspeare's de-
scriptions and characters, and frequently sneered
at his choice of words, of which he instances
clutch. I will take upon me to affirm that the
play does not contain a single allusion to any
character that Shakspeare ever drew, nor an ex-
pression that can, by any ingenuity, however
malicious, be tortured into a sneer at his lan-
guage. *Clutch*, indeed, is used by him (as well
as others), and with strict propriety ; which can
scarcely be said of it, as employed by Marston :
let the reader judge :

"'Tis yet dead night, yet all the earth is *clutched*
In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleepe."

Antonio's Revenge, act i. sc. 1.

"Seize on revenge, *graspe* the sterne-bended
front

Of frowning *vengeance* with unpaized *clutch*."
Id. act iii. sc. 1.

Is it yet clear? To come to the point, however,
at once,—not only this word, but the whole line,
is taken literatim from a bombastic speech in
Antonio's Revenge, act v. sc. 1 :

"The fist of *strenuous vengeance* is *clutcht*."

³ *The other now*.] The lines which follow,
and which are signed Demetrius, are most
assuredly meant to ridicule the loose and desul-
tory style of Decker ; though here too some-
thing of Marston is suffered to appear. Indeed
it is more than probable that other poets besides

VOL. I.

Tib. "Our Muse is in mind for th' un-
trussing a poet ;

I slip by his name, for most men do know it:

A critic that all the world bescumbers⁴

With satirical humours and lyrical numbers:

Tuc. Art thou there, boy?

"And for the most part, himself doth ad-
vance

With much self-love, and more arrogance."

Tuc. Good again !

"And, but that I would not be thought a
prater,

I could tell you he were a translator.

I know the authors from whence he has
stole,

And could trace him too, but that I under-
stand them not full and whole."⁵

"Crispinus and his Achates" are included in the
ARRAIGNMENT.

⁴ *A critic that all the world bescumbers*.] This word is also in Marston's *Satires*, and is deservedly stigmatized. Yet I should not have noticed it but for the opportunity which it gives me of setting right the learned and ingenious author of that stupendous monument of successful industry, the *Etymological Dictionary* of the Scottish Language :

"Better thou gains to leid a dog to *skomer*
Pynd pyck-purse pelour, than wi' thy master
pingle."

This seems to mean "to cater for thee," or to
"smell where there is provision" *Voce Skomer*.
Very different is the sense :—but a passage from
Massinger will explain it sufficiently :

"*Hil* How do you like
Your airing? Is it not a favour?

Ric. Yes ;

Just such a one as you use to a brace of grey-
hounds,

When they are led out of their kennels to
scumber,

But our case is ten times harder, we have
nothing

In our bellies to be vented."

The Picture, act v. sc. 1.

If Dr. Jamieson will turn to his witty country-
man's translation of Rabelais, he will find more
than one instance of the use of this word in its
proper sense. *To leid a dog to skomer*, implies
to submit to the lowest and most degrading
offices.

⁵ *But that I understand them not full and whole*.] This could in no sense be said of Mar-
ston, who had received an University education,
and was, indeed, a very considerable scholar ;
but was probably true of Decker, who seems to
have no great stock of literature, and whose
history, as far at least as it is known, is little
more than a hopeless struggle with poverty.
Much of his life was spent in confinement for
debt, though he had talents sufficient, in ordi-
nary times, to have secured not only freedom,
but independence.

Tuc. That line is broke loose from all his fellows: chain him up shorter, do.

"The best note I can give you to know him by,
Is, that he keeps gallants' company;
Whom I could wish, in time should him fear,
Best after they buy repentance too dear.

DEME. FANNIUS."

Tuc. Well said! this carries palm with it.¹

Hor. And why, thou motley gull, why should they fear?

When hast thou known us wrong or tax a friend?

I dare thy malice to betray it. Speak.

Now thou curl'st up, thou poor and nasty snake,

And shrink'st thy poisonous head into thy bosom:

Out, viper! thou that eat'st thy parents, hence!

Rather such speckled creatures as thyself, Should be eschewed,² and shunned: such as will bite

And gnaw their absent friends, not cure their fame;

Catch at the loosest laughs, and affect To be thought jesters; such as can devise Things never seen, or heard, t' impair men's names,

And gratify their credulous adversaries; Will carry tales, do basest offices, Cherish divided fires, and still encrease New flames out of old embers; will reveal Each secret that's committed to their trust: These be black slaves; Romans, take heed of these.

Tuc. Thou twang'st right, little Horace: they be indeed a couple of chap-fallen curs. Come, we of the bench,³ let's rise to the urn, and condemn them quickly.

Virg. Before you go together, worthy Romans,

We are to tender our opinion; And give you those instructions that may add

Unto your even judgment in the cause: Which thus we do commence. First, you must know,

That where there is a true and perfect merit,

There can be no dejection; and the scorn Of humble baseness, oftentimes so works

In a high soul, upon the grosser spirit, That to his bleared and offended sense,

There seems a hideous fault blazed in the object;

When only the disease is in his eyes.

Here-hence it comes our Horace now stands taxed

Of impudence, self-love, and arrogance, By those who share no merit in themselves,

And therefore think his portion is as small. For they, from their own guilt, assure their souls,

If they should confidently praise their works, In them it would appear inflation:

Which, in a full and well digested man, Cannot receive that foul abusive name,

But the fair title of erection. And, for his true use of translating men,

It still hath been a work of as much palm, In clearest judgments, as to invent or make.

His sharpness,—that is most excusable; As being forced out of a suffering virtue,

Opressed with the licence of the time: And howsoever fools or jerking pedants,

Players, or such like buffoon barking wits,⁴ May with their beggarly and barren trash,

Tickle base vulgar ears, in their despite; This, like Jove's thunder, shall their pride control,

"The honest satire hath the happiest soul." Now, Romans, you have heard our thoughts; withdraw when you please.

Tid. Remove the accused from the bar.

Tuc. Who holds the urn to us, ha?

¹ This carries palm with it.] A Latin form of speaking, equivalent to our English phrase, "This bears the bell."—WHAL.

It is so, though the one expression be as mean as the other is elegant and noble; both, however, mean *victory*. The word is used with great beauty in *Julius Caesar*:

"In the most high and *palm* state of Rome."

And again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"No; this thrice worthy and right valiant lord Must not so stale his *palm*, nobly acquired."

² Rather such speckled creatures as thyself Should be eschewed, &c.]

"*Absentem qui rodit amicum, Qui non defendit, alio culpante, solutos Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis, Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere Qui nequit, hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.*"—Lib. i. Sat. 4.

³ Come, we of the bench, let's rise to the urn, &c.] See my translation of Juvenal, Sat. xiv. v. 6.

⁴ Players, or such like buffoon barking wits.] This is from the folio, the quarto reads *buffoonary* wits, which is just as good.

Fear nothing, I'll quit you, mine honest pitiful stinkards; I'll do't.

Cris. Captain, you shall eternally girt me to you, as I am generous.

Tuc. Go to.

Cæs. Tibullus, let there be a case of vizards privately provided;¹ we have found a subject to bestow them on.

Tib. It shall be done, Cæsar.

Cæs. Here be words, Horace, able to bastinado a man's ears.

Hor. Ay.

Please it great Cæsar, I have pills about me, Mixt with the whitest kind of hellebore, Would give him a light vomit—that should purge

His brain and stomach of those tumorous heats:

Might I have leave to minister unto him.

Cæs. O, be his Æsculapius, gentle Horace!

You shall have leave, and he shall be your patient.

Virgil,

Use your authority, command him forth.

Virg. Cæsar is careful of your health, Crispinus;

And hath himself chose a physician

To minister unto you: take his pills.

Hor. They are somewhat bitter, sir, but very wholesome.

Take yet another; so; stand by, they'll work anon.

Tib. Romans, return to your several seats: lictors, bring forward the urn; and set the accused to the bar.

Tuc. Quickly, you whoreson egregious varlets; come forward. What! shall we sit all day upon you? You make no more haste now than a beggar upon pattens; or a physician to a patient that has no money, you pilchers.

Tib. "Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius Fannius, hold up your hands. You have, according to the Roman custom,

put yourselves upon trial to the urn, for divers and sundry calumnies, whereof you have, before this time, been indicted, and are now presently arraigned: prepare yourselves to hearken to the verdict of your tryers. Caius Cilnius Mecænas pronounceth you, by this hand-writing, guilty. Cornelius Gallus, guilty. Pantilius Tuca——"

Tuc. Parcel-guilty, I.³

Dem. He means himself; for it was he indeed

Suborned us to the calumny.

Tuc. I, you whoreson cantharides I was it I?

Dem. I appeal to your conscience, captain.

Tib. Then you confess it now?

Dem. I do, and crave the mercy of the court.

Tib. What saith Crispinus?

Cris. O, the captain, the captain——

Hor. My physic begins to work with my patient, I see.

Virg. Captain, stand forth and answer.

Tuc. Hold thy peace, poet prætor: I appeal from thee to Cæsar, I. Do me right, royal Cæsar.

Cæs. Marry, and I will, sir.—Lictors, gag him; do.

And put a case of vizards o'er his head, That he may look bifronted, as he speaks.

Tuc. Gods and fiends! Cæsar! thou wilt not, Cæsar, wilt thou? Away, you whoreson vultures; away. You think I am a dead corps now, because Cæsar is disposed to jest with a man of mark, or so. Hold your hooked talons out of my flesh, you inhuman harpies. Go to, do't. What! will the royal Augustus cast away a gentleman of worship, a captain and a commander, for a couple of condemned caitiff calumnious cargos?⁴

Cæs. Dispatch, lictors.

Tuc. Cæsar!

[*The vizards are put upon him.*]

¹ Let there be a case of vizards privately provided;] A case is a pair: so in *Ram Alley*:

"What, my case of justices!

What, are you eavesdropping?"—*WHAL.*

² *Hor.* Please it, great Cæsar, I have pills about me,

Would give him a light vomit, &c.] What follows is an imitation of the *Lexiphanes* of Lucian, as Whalley has observed. It might have been omitted without much injury to the plot, as most of the words about to be noticed have already been stigmatized; and the poetasters tried and condemned on a separate indictment. The management of the patient,

however, is ingenious; and certainly well calculated to provoke mirth among a people not over-delicate in their notions of humour.

³ Parcel-guilty, I.] i.e., partly guilty: *non liquet.*

⁴ A couple of calumnious cargos?] i.e., bullies, bravoës, or whatever the reader pleases, of a kindred import. It is useless to attempt to assign a precise meaning to such cant vulgarisms. *Cargo* is used by our old poets as an interjection. Reed pronounces it to be a corruption of *coragio*. His word will not go far in Italian; but it may be as he says. What is more certain, is that it was a military term, and signified *charge*!

Cæs. Forward, Tibullus.

Virg. Demand what cause they had to malign Horace.

Dem. In troth, no great cause, not I, I must confess; but that he kept better company, for the most part, than I; and that better men loved him than loved me; and that his writings thrived better than mine, and were better liked and graced: nothing else.

Virg. Thus envious souls repine at others' good.

Hor. If this be all,¹ faith, I forgive thee freely.

Envy me still, so long as Virgil loves me, Gallus, Tibullus, and the best-best Cæsar, My dear Mæcenas; while these, with many more,

Whose names I wisely slip, shall think me worthy

Their honoured and adored society, And read and love, prove and applaud my poems;

I would not wish but such as you should spite them.

Cris. O——!

Tib. How now, Crispinus?

Cris. O, I am sick——!

Hor. A bason, a bason, quickly; our physic works. Faint not, man.

Cris. O——retrograde——reciprocal——in-cubus.

Cæs. What's that, Horace?

Hor. Retrograde, reciprocal, and incubus, are come up.

Gal. Thanks be to Jupiter!

Cris. O——glibbery——lubrical——defunct——O——!

Hor. Well said; here's some store.

Virg. What are they?

Hor. Glibbery, lubrical, and defunct.

Gal. O, they came up easy.

Cris. O——O——!

Tib. What's that?

Hor. Nothing yet.

Cris. Magnificate——

Mec. Magnificate! That came up somewhat hard.

Hor. Ay. What cheer, Crispinus?

¹ If this be all, &c.] Immediately from Horace:

"Fannius Hermoginis lædat convivia Tigelli? Plotius et Varius, Mæcenas, Virgiliusque Valgius, et probet hæc Octavius optimus—Complures alios, doctos ego quos et amicos Prudens prætereo," &c.—Lib. i. Sat. x.

² What a tumult he had in his belly.] Φεν, τὸ τουτο; πολὺς βορβορυγμος.—Lex.

³ Force yourself a little with your finger.]

Cris. O! I shall cast up my—spurious—snotteries——

Hor. Good. Again.

Cris. Chilblained—O—O—clumsie——

Hor. That clumsie stuck terribly.

Mec. What's all that, Horace?

Hor. Spurious, snotteries, chilblained, clumsie.

Tib. O Jupiter!

Gal. Who would have thought there should have been such a deal of filth in a poet?

Cris. O——barmy froth——

Cæs. What's that?

Cris. Puffie——inflate——turgidous——ventosity.

Hor. Barmy froth, puffie, inflate, turgidous, and ventosity are come up.

Tib. O terrible windy words.

Gal. A sign of a windy brain.

Cris. O——oblurant——furibund——fatuate——strenuous.

Hor. Here's a deal: oblurant, furibund, fatuate, strenuous.

Cæs. Now all's come up, I trow. What a tumult he had in his belly?²

Hor. No, there's the often conscious damp behind still.

Cris. O——conscious——damp.

Hor. It is come up, thanks to Apollo and Esculapius: yet there's another; you were best take a pill more.

Cris. O, no; O——O——O——O——!

Hor. Force yourself then a little with your finger.³

Cris. O——O——prorumped.

Tib. Prorumped! What a noise it made! as if his spirit would have prorumped with it.⁴

Cris. O——O——O——!

Virg. Help him, it sticks strangely, whatever it is.

Cris. O——clutch.

Hor. Now it is come; clutcht.

Cæs. Clutcht! it is well that's come up; it had but a narrow passage.

Cris. O——!

Virg. Again! hold him, hold his head there.

Cris. Snarling gusts——quaking custard.⁵

βιασαι δ' ὁμως, και καθες εις την φαρυγγα τους δακτυλους.—Lex.

⁴ Prorumped! What a noise it made! as if his spirit would have prorumped with it.] Η γουν σιληπορδια, μεγαν τον ψοφον εργασεται συνεκπεσουσα μετα του πνευματος.—Lex.

⁵ Cris. —— quaking custard.] A ridicule of this line in Marston:

"Let custards quake, my rage must freely runne."—Lib. i. Sat. 2.

Hor. How now, Crispinus?

Cris. O—*obstupefact.*

Tib. Nay, that are all we, I assure you.

Hor. How do you feel yourself?

Cris. Pretty and well, I thank you.

Virg. These pills¹ can but restore him for a time,

Not cure him quite of such a malady,
Caught by so many surfeits, which have filled

His blood and brain thus full of crudities :
'Tis necessary therefore he observe
A strict and wholesome diet. Look you take
Each morning of old Cato's principles
A good draught next your heart; that walk upon,

Till it be well digested : then come home,
And taste a piece of Terence, suck his phrase

Instead of liquorice ; and, at any hand,
Shun Plautus and old Ennius ; they are meats

Too harsh for a weak stomach. Use to read

(But not without a tutor) the best Greeks,
As Orpheus, Musæus, Pindarus,
Hesiod, Callimachus, and Theocrite,
High Homer ; but beware of Lycophron,
He is too dark and dangerous a dish.

You must not hunt for wild outlandish terms,

To stuff out a peculiar dialect ;
But let your matter run before your words.
And if at any time you chance to meet
Some Gallo-Belgic phrase,² you shall not straight

Rack your poor verse to give it entertainment,

But let it pass ; and do not think yourself
Much damnified, if you do leave it out,
When nor your understanding, nor the sense

Could well receive it. This fair abstinence,
In time, will render you more sound and clear :

And this have I prescribed to you, in place
Of a strict sentence ; which till he perform,
Attire him in that robe. And henceforth learn

To bear yourself more humbly ; not to swell,
Or breathe your insolent and idle spite
On him whose laughter can your worst affright.

Tib. Take him away.

Cris. Jupiter guard Cæsar !

Virg. And for a week or two see him locked up

In some dark place, removed from company ;

He will talk idly else after his physis.
Now to you, sir. [*To Demetrius.*] The extremity of law

Awards you to be branded in the front,
For this your calumny : but since it pleaseth
Horace, the party wronged, t' intreat of Cæsar

A mitigation of that juster doom,
With Cæsar's tongue thus we pronounce your sentence.

Demetrius Fannius, thou shalt here put on
That coat and cap, and henceforth think thyself

No other than they make thee ; vow to wear them

In every fair and generous assembly,
Till the best sort of minds shall take to knowledge

As well thy satisfaction, as thy wrongs.

Hor. Only, grave prætor, here, in open court,

I crave the oath for good behaviour
May be administered unto them both.

Virg. Horace, it shall : Tibullus, give it them.

Tib. "Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius Fannius, lay your hands on your hearts. You shall here solemnly attest and swear, that never, after this instant, either at booksellers' stalls, in taverns, two-penny rooms,³ tiring-houses, noblemen's but-

¹ *Virg. These pills, &c.*] The whole of this speech, *mutatis mutandis*, is taken from the very excellent advice which Lycimus gives to Lexiphanes. It will not be an unprofitable amusement to the learned reader to follow our author through this part of Lucian, and observe with what happy dexterity he has contrived to avail himself of his sentiments and exemplify his precepts.

² *Some Gallo-Belgic phrase.*] This alludes to the Latinity of this celebrated political "Register," as Mr. Chalmers aptly terms it, which was now much read. Mention of it is made by almost all the writers of Jonson's age. As it

treated of contemporary events, treaties, sieges, &c. in a dead language, it was necessarily driven to the use of awkward and unwarranted terms, which Crispinus is here judiciously advised to "let pass." This is all levelled at Marston, who has too many of these *Gallo-Belgic phrases* in his Plays and Satires. Affectation of wild outlandish terms cannot be charged on Decker, whose crying sins are roughness and vulgarity.

³ *Two-penny rooms, tiring-houses, noblemen's butteries, puisné's chambers, the best and farthest places where you are admitted to come.*] Mr. Malone thinks the observation of Pope, namely, that "players in Shakspeare's time were led

teries, puisnés chambers (the best and farthest places where you are admitted to come), you shall once offer or dare (thereby to endear yourself the more to any player, enghle, or guilty gull in your company) to malign, traduce, or detract the person or writings of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, or any other eminent man, transcending you in merit, whom your envy shall find cause to work upon, either for that, or for keeping himself in better acquaintance, or enjoying better friends; or if, transported by any sudden and desperate resolution, you do, that then you shall not under the baton, or in the next presence, being an honourable assembly of his favourers, be brought as voluntary gentlemen to undertake the forswearing of it. Neither shall you, at any time, ambitiously affecting the title of the Untrussers or Whippers of the age, suffer the itch of writing to over-run your performance in libel, upon pain of being taken up for lepers in wit, and, losing both your time and your papers, be irrecoverably forfeited to the hospital of fools. So help you our Roman gods, and the Genius of great Cæsar!

Virg. So! now dissolve the court.

Hor. Tib. Gal. Mec. And thanks to Cæsar,

That thus hath exercised his patience.

Cæs. We have, indeed, you worthiest friends of Cæsar.

It is the bane and torment of our ears,
To hear the discords of those jangling rhymers,

That with their bad and scandalous practices

into the *buttery* by the steward, not placed at the lord's table," originated from an expression in the *Taming of the Shrew*:

"Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery," &c.

But there can, I think, be little doubt that Pope had this very passage of Jonson, which has so strangely escaped the commentators, in his thoughts; at any rate, it is fully sufficient to justify the assertion. With great deference to Mr. Malone, I conceive that even the respectable names which he mentions, Heminge, Burbage, and Lowin, were seldom to be found at "my lord's table or my ladie's toilette." Shakespeare and, above all, Jonson were, it is to be presumed, free of both; not, however, as players, but as distinguished writers: indeed Jonson's familiar friends are well known to have been among the first for rank and talents in the state. This is overlooked or forgotten by the calumniators of the present day, who enjoy a malignant pleasure in talking of this great poet, as if, like Master Stephen, he had "kept company

Bring all true arts and learning in contempt.
But let not your high thoughts descend so low

As these despised objects; let them fall.
With their flat grovelling souls: be you yourselves;

And as with our best favours you stand crowned,

So let your mutual loves be still renowned.
Envy will dwell where there is want of merit,
Though the deserving man should crack his spirit.

"Blush, folly, blush: here's none that fears
The wagging of an ass's ears,
Although a wolfish case he wears.
Detraction is but baseness' varlet;
And apes are apes, though clothed in scarlet."
[*Exeunt.*]

Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur invidia.

"Here, reader, in place of the epilogue, was meant to thee an apology from the author, with his reasons for the publishing of this book: but, since he is no less restrained, than thou decried of it by authority, he prays thee to think charitably of what thou hast read, till thou mayest hear him speak what he hath written."¹

HORACE and TREBATIUS.

A Dialogue.²

Sat. I. Lib. 2.

Hor. There are to whom I seem excessive sour,
And past a satire's law t' extend my power:

with none but the archers of Finsbury." His contemporaries, however, were well acquainted with the fact; to which they have many envious allusions. It is for this reason that Crispinus is made to say (p. 226 b): "Troth, Horace, thou art exceeding happy in thy friends, they are all most choice spirits, and of the first rank of Romans;" and that he and Demetrius are in the "oath" below compelled to abjure "maligning him for keeping better acquaintance than themselves." Decker, however, often returned to the charge in the *Satiromastix*; which, as Jonson had anticipated it in the present piece, argues no great felicity of invention.

¹ This was subjoined to the first edition of the *Poetaster*. It does not appear why the restraint of which Jonson complains was imposed; but such was then the servile and dependent state of the stage, that the actors were at the mercy of any man of fashion who thought it worth his while to complain of them.

² This Dialogue, which is not in the quarto

Others, that think whatever I have writ
Wants pith and matter to eternize it ;
And that they could, in one day's light,
disclose

A thousand verses, such as I compose.

What shall I do, Trebatius ? say.

Treb. Surcease.

Hor. And shall my muse admit no more
increase ?

Treb. So I advise.

Hor. An ill death let me die,

If 'twere not best ; but sleep avoids mine
eye,

And I use these, lest nights should tedious
seem.

Treb. Rather, contend to sleep, and live
like them,

That, holding golden sleep in special price,
Rubbed with sweet oils, swim silver Tyber
thrice,

And every even with neat wine steeped be :
Or, if such love of writing ravish thee,
Then dare to sing unconquered Cæsar's
deeds ;

Who cheers such actions with abundant
meeds.

Hor. That, father, I desire ; but, when
I try,

I feel defects in every faculty :

Nor is't a labour fit for every pen,

To paint the horrid troops of armed men,
The lances burst, in Gallia's slaughtered
forces ;

Or wounded Parthians, tumbled from their
horses :

Great Cæsar's wars cannot be fought with
words.

Treb. Yet, what his virtue in his peace
affords,

His fortitude and justice thou canst show,
As wise Lucilius honoured Scipio.

Hor. Of that, my powers shall suffer no
neglect,

When such slight labours may aspire re-
spect :

But, if I watch not a most chosen time,
The humble words of Flaccus cannot climb

Th' attentive ear of Cæsar ; nor must I

With less observance shun gross flattery :

For he, reposed safe in his own merit,

Spurns back the gloses of a fawning spirit.

Treb. But how much better would such
accents sound

Than with a sad and serious verse to wound
Pantolabus, railing in his saucy jests,
Or Nomentanus spent in riotous feasts ?
In satires, each man, though untouched,
complains

As he were hurt ; and hates such biting
strains.

Hor. What shall I do ? Milonius shakes
his heels

In ceaseless dances, when his brain once
feels

The stirring fervour of the wine ascend ;

And that his eyes false numbers apprehend.

Castor his horse, Pollux loves handy-fights :
A thousand heads, a thousand choice de-
lights.

My pleasure is in feet my words to close,

As, both our better, old Lucilius does :

He, as his trusty friends, his books did trust

With all his secrets ; nor, in things unjust,
Or actions lawful, ran to other men :

So that the old man's life described, was
seen

As in a votive table in his lines :

And to his steps my genius inclines ;

Lucanian, or Apulian, I know not whether,

For the Venusian colony ploughs either ;

Sent thither, when the Sabines were forced
thence,

As old Fame sings, to give the place de-
fence

'Gainst such as, seeing it empty, might
make road

Upon the empire ; or there fix abode :

Whether the Apulian borderer it were,

Or the Lucanian violence they fear.—

But this my style no living man shall touch,

If first I be not forced by base reproach ;

But like a sheathed sword it shall defend

My innocent life ; for why should I con-
tend

To draw it out, when no malicious thief

Robs my good name, the treasure of my
life ?

O Jupiter, let it with rust be eaten,

Before it touch, or insolently threaten

The life of any with the least disease ;

So much I love, and woo a general peace.

But, he that wrongs me, better, I proclaim,

He never had assayed to touch my fame.

For he shall weep, and walk with every
tongue

Throughout the city, infamously sung.

Servius the prætor threatens the laws, and
urn,

If any at his deeds repine or spurn ;

The witch Canidia, that Albutius got,

Denounceth witchcraft, where she loveth
not :

(see p. 236 a.) bears no appearance of having been spoken on the stage ; though it stands in the folio as the concluding scene of the third act. I have nothing to add on its merits ; nor does it seem to call for any particular notice.

Thurius, the judge, doth thunder worlds of ill,

To such as strive with his judicial will.
All men affright their foes in what they may,

Nature commands it, and men must obey.

Observe with me: The wolf his tooth doth use,

The bull his horn; and who doth this infuse,

But nature? There's luxurious Scæva; trust

His long-lived mother with him; his so just

And scrupulous right-hand no mischief will;
No more than with his heel a wolf will kill,
Or ox with jaw: marry, let him alone

With tempered poison to remove the croan.
But briefly, if to age I destined be,

Or that quick death's black wings environ me;

If rich, or poor; at Rome; or fate command

I shall be banished to some other land;
What hue soever my whole state shall bear,
I will write satires still, in spite of fear.

Treb. Horace, I fear thou draw'st no lasting breath;

And that some great man's friend will be thy death.

Hor. What! when the man that first did satirize

Durst pull the skin over the ears of vice,
And make, who stood in outward fashion clear,

Give place, as foul within; shall I forbear?
Did Lælius, or the man so great with fame,
That from sacked Carthage fetched his worthy name,

Storm that Lucilius did Metellus pierce,
Or bury Lupus quick in famous verse?

Rulers and subjects, by whole tribes he checkt,

But virtue and her friends did still protect:
And when from sight, or from the judgment seat,

The virtuous Scipio and wise Lælius met,
Unbraced, with him in all light sports they shared,

Till their most frugal suppers were prepared.

Whate'er I am, though both for wealth and wit

Beneath Lucilius I am pleased to sit;
Yet Envy, spite of her empoisoned breast,
Shall say, I lived in grace here with the best;

And seeking in weak trash to make her wound,

Shall find me solid, and her teeth unsound:
'Less learned Trebatius' censure disagree.

Treb. No, Horace, I of force must yield to thee;

Only take heed, as being advised by me,
Lest thou incur some danger: better pause,
Than rue thy ignorance of the sacred laws;
There's justice, and great action may be sued

'Gainst such as wrong men's fames with verses lewd.

Hor. Ay, with lewd verses, such as libels be,

And aimed at persons of good quality:
I reverence and adore that just decree.

But if they shall be sharp, yet modest rhimes,

Thatspare men's persons, and but tax their crimes,

Such shall in open court find current pass,
Were Cæsar judge, and with the maker's grace.

Treb. Nay, I'll add more; if thou thyself, being clear,

Shall tax in person a man fit to bear
Shame and reproach, his suit shall quickly be

Dissolved in laughter, and thou thence set free.

TO THE READER.

IF, by looking on what is past, thou hast deserved that name, I am willing thou shouldst yet know more, by that which follows, an APOLOGETICAL DIALOGUE; which was only once spoken upon the stage,¹ and all the answer I ever gave to sundry impotent libels then cast out (and some yet remaining) against me, and this play. Wherein I take no pleasure to revive the times; but that posterity may make a

¹ Only once spoken upon the stage.] This Apology was first printed in 1616; so that we have no means of ascertaining how long the injunction mentioned above continued in force; it could not, however, be many weeks. It appears that Jonson himself took the part of "the Author;" and no one could do it more justice, for he was a most excellent declaimer.

But how little did he know of himself! He talks of neglecting his enemies at the very moment that he is pouring out his utmost indignation upon them. There is, however, much merit in this little piece. What credit was given to the author's declarations, I know not; but if he expected to silence his detractors by them, he was evidently disappointed.

difference between their manners that provoked me then, and mine that neglected them ever. For, in these strifes, and on such persons, were as wretched to affect a victory, as it is unhappy to be committed with them. *Non annorum canities est laudanda, sed morum.*

SCENE, *The Author's Lodgings.*

Enter Nasutus and Polyposus.

Nas. I pray you, let's go see him, how he looks

After these libels.

Pol. O, vexed, vexed, I warrant you.

Nas. Do you think so? I should be sorry for him,

If I found that.

Pol. O, they are such bitter things, He cannot choose.

Nas. But is he guilty of them?

Pol. Fuh! that's no matter.

Nas. No!

Pol. No. Here's his lodging.

We'll steal upon him: or, let's listen; stay. He has a humour oft to talk t' himself.

Nas. They are your manners lead me, not mine own.

[*They come forward: the scene opens, and discovers the Author in his study.*]

Aut. The fates have not spun him the coarsest thread,

That (free from knots of perturbation) Doth yet so live, although but to himself, As he can safely scorn the tongues of slaves, And neglect fortune, more than she can him.

It is the happiest thing this, not to be Within the reach of malice; it provides A man so well, to laugh off injuries; And never sends him father for his vengeance,

Than the vexed bosom of his enemy. I, now, but think how poor their spite sets off,

Who, after all their waste of sulphurous terms,

And burst-out thunder of their charged mouths,

Have nothing left but the unsavoury smoke Of their black vomit, to upbraid themselves:

Whilst I, at whom they shot, sit here shot-free,

And as unhurt of envy, as unhit.

[*Pol. and Nas. discover themselves.*]

Pol. Ay, but the multitude they think not so, sir;

They think you hit, and hurt: and dare give out,

Your silence argues it, in not rejoicing To this or that late libel.

Aut. 'Las, good rout!

I can afford them leave to err so still;

And, like the barking students of Bears-college,¹

To swallow up the garbage of the time

With greedy gullets, whilst myself sit by,

Pleased, and yet tortured, with their beastly feeding.

'Tis a sweet madness runs along with them, To think, all that are aimed at still are struck;

Then, where the shaft still lights, make that the mark:

And so, each fear or fever-shaken fool

May challenge Teucer's hand in archery.

Good troth, if I knew any man so vile,

To act the crimes these Whippers reprehend,

Or what their servile apes gesticulate,

I should not then much muse their shreds were liked,

Since ill men have a lust t' hear others' sins, And good men have a zeal to hear sin shamed.

But when it is all excitement they vent,

Base filth and offal; or thefts, notable

As ocean piracies, or highway-stands;

And not a crime there taxed but is their own,

Or what their own foul thoughts suggested to them;

And that, in all their heat of taxing others.

Not one of them but lives himself, if known, *Improbior satiram scribente canedo,*²

What should I say more, than turn stone with wonder!

Nas. I never saw this play bred all this tumult:

What was there in it could so deeply offend, And stir so many hornets?

Aut. Shall I tell you?

Nas. Yes, and ingenuously.

Aut. Then, by the hope

Which I prefer unto all other objects,

¹ *Students of Bears-college.*] The dogs at the bear-garden.—*WHAL.*

² This is from Juvenal, as are several other passages in this bitter satire, which need not be

pointed out: the names of the speakers have a reference to a line in Martial. A more contemptuous one than Polyposus he could not easily have found.

I can profess, I never writ that piece
More innocent or empty of offence.
Some salt it had, but neither tooth nor
gall,
Nor was there in it any circumstance
Which, in the setting down, I could sus-
pect
Might be perverted by an enemy's tongue ;
Only it had the fault to be called mine ;
That was the crime.

Pol. No ! why, they say you taxed
The law and lawyers, captains and the
players,
By their particular names.

Aut. It is not so.
I used no name. My books have still been
taught
To spare the persons and to speak the
vices.¹

These are mere slanders, and enforced by
such

As have no safer ways to men's disgraces,
But their own lies and loss of honesty :
Fellows of practised and most laxative
tongues,

Whose empty and eager bellies, in the
year,
Compel their brains to many desperate
shifts,

(I spare to name them, for their wretched-
ness

Fury itself would pardon.) These, or such,
Whether of malice, or of ignorance,
Or itch t' have me their adversary, I know
not,

Or all these mixt ; but sure I am, three
years

They did provoke me with their petulant
styles

On every stage : and I at last, unwilling,
But weary, I confess, of so much trouble,
Thought I would try if shame could win
upon 'em ;

And therefore chose Augustus Cæsar's
times,

When wit and arts were at their height in
Rome,

To shew that Virgil, Horace, and the rest
Of those great master-spirits, did not want
Detractors then, or practicers against them :

¹ *Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis.*—Mart.
WHAL.

² *And like so many screaming grasshoppers,*
&c.] See the *Fox*, p. 365 a.

³ Renounce this thriftless trade, my father
cried :
Mæonides himself—a beggar died.
Trist. lib. iv. eleg. 10.

And by this line, although no parallel,
I hoped at last they would sit down and
blush ;

But nothing I could find more contrary.
And though the impudence of flies be
great,

Yet this hath so provoked the angry wasps,
Or, as you said, of the next nest, the
hornets,

That they fly buzzing, mad, about my
nostrils,

And, like so many screaming grasshoppers²
Held by the wings, fill every ear with
noise.

And what? those former calumnies you
mentioned.

First, of the law : indeed I brought in
Ovid

Chid by his angry father for neglecting
The study of their laws for poetry :

And I am warranted by his own words :

*Sæpe pater dixit, studium quid inutile
tentas ?*

*Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes.*³

And in far harsher terms elsewhere, as
these :

*Non me verbosas leges ediscere, non me
Ingrato voces prostituisse foro.*⁴

But how this should relate unto our laws,
Or the just ministers, with least abuse,
I reverence both too much to understand !

Then, for the captain, I will only speak
An epigram I here have made : it is

UNTO TRUE SOLDIERS. That's the
lemma:⁵ mark it.

“Strength of my country, whilst I bring to
view

Such as are mis-called captains, and wrong
you,

And your high names ; I do desire, that
thence,

Be nor put on you, nor you take, offence :
I swear by your true friend, my muse, I
love

Your great profession which I once did
prove ;⁶

And did not shame it with my actions then,

⁴ To learn the wrangling law was ne'er my choice,
Nor, at the hateful bar, to sell my voice.

Amor. lib. i. eleg. 15.

⁵ *That's the lemma.*] The subject proposed,
or title of the epigram.—WHAL.

⁶ *I love*

*Your great profession ; which I once did
prove ;]* Jonson bore arms in Flanders, where
he acquitted himself with reputation.—WHAL.

No more than I dare now do with my pen.
He that not trusts me, having vowed thus
much,

But's angry for the captain, still : is such."¹
Now for the players, it is true, I taxed
them,

And yet but some ; and those so sparingly,
As all the rest might have sat still un-
questioned,

Had they but had the wit or conscience
To think well of themselves. But, im-
potent, they

Thought each man's vice belonged to their
whole tribe ;²

And much good do't them ! What they
have done 'gainst me,

I am not moved with : if it gave them meat,
Or got them clothes, 'tis well ; that was
their end.

Only amongst them, I am sorry for
Some better natures, by the rest so drawn,
To run in that vile line.³

Pol. And is this all !

Will you not answer then the libels ?

Aul. No.

Pol. Nor the Untrussers ?

¹ [*Is such.*] i.e., such as are miscalled captains.
—WHAL.

This little piece Jonson afterwards reprinted
among his Epigrams. [No. CVIII.]

² [*But impotent they, &c.*] One might almost
suspect that Gay had this passage in his thoughts
when he wrote the *Beggar's Opera* :

"If you mention gift or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
Each cries—that was levelled at me !"

³ *I am sorry for
Some better natures, by the rest so drawn
To run in that vile line,* It has been thought

that Shakspeare was here alluded to, under the
expression of *better natures*. But I see no
reason to confine the phrase to so particular a
restriction. It makes good sense to take it in
the most obvious meaning ; nor does it appear
there was any difference now subsisting between
Shakspeare and our author.—WHAL.

Thus far Whalley is right. He might have
added, to the confusion of the *thinkers*, that if
their ingenious supposition were true, it would
go near to prove—not that Jonson was hostile to
Shakspeare, but that Shakspeare was captiously
disinclined to Jonson. But, in fact, there is no
allusion whatever to Shakspeare, or to the com-
pany with which he was connected. The com-
mentators are absolutely mad : they will allow
Jonson neither to compliment nor criticize any
one but our great poet ; and this merely for the
pleasure of taxing him with hypocrisy in the one
case and envy in the other. I have already
observed that the actors ridiculed belonged to
the Fortune playhouse ; and the critics must
have discovered, if their judgment had been

Aul. Neither.

Pol. Y'are undone then.

Aul. With whom ?

Pol. The world.

Aul. The bawd !

Pol. It will be taken

To be stupidity or tameness in you.

Aul. But they that have incensed me,
can in soul

Acquit me of that guilt. They know I
dare

To spurn or baffle them, or squirt their
eyes

With ink or urine ; or I could do worse,
Armed with Archilochus' fury, write lam-
bics,

Should make the desperate lashers hang
themselves,

Rhime them to death, as they do Irish rats⁴
In drumming tunes. Or, living, I could
stamp

Their foreheads with those deep and public
brands,

That the whole company of barber-surgeons
Should not take off,⁵ with all their art and
plasters.

half as active as their enmity, a very frequent
recurrence throughout the *Poetaster*, and the
Apology, to the poverty and low estimation of
this unfortunate company.

"If it gave them meat,
Or got them clothes, 'tis well ; that was their
end."

Could this be said of Allen and Shakspeare, of
Burbage, Lowin, and Taylor? Without ques-
tion the Fortune possessed more actors than the
"lean Polubagius" and the "poitic Æsop,"
and to some of those the poet might allude :
"the better natures" were not confined, I trust,
in Jonson's days any more than in our own, to a
single person, or even a single theatre.

⁴ [*Rhime them to death, as they do Irish rats,
&c.*] The fatal effects of poetry on these
Opici, these Hibernian vermin, are noticed by
many of our old dramatists. Thus Shakspeare :
"I was never so *be-rhimed* since Pythagoras'
time, that I was an *Irish rat*."—*As You Like
It*. And Randolph :

"My poets
Shall with a satire, steeped in vinegar,
Rhime them to death, as they do *rats in
Ireland*."

⁵ [*That the whole company of barber surgeons
Should not take off, &c.*] This sentiment,
which Jonson repeats in his dedication of the
Fox, is from Martial :

"*At si quid nostræ tibi bilis inusserit ardor,
Vivet, et hærebit, totoque legetur in urbe ;
Stigmata nec vafra delebit Cinnamus arte.*"
Lib. vi. 6.

And these my prints should last, still to be read
 In their pale fronts; when, what they write
 'gainst me
 Shall, like a figure drawn in water, fleet,
 And the poor wretched papers be employed
 To clothe tobacco, or some cheaper drug:
 This I could do, and make them infamous.
 But, to what end? when their own deeds
 have marked 'em;
 And that I know, within his guilty breast
 Each slanderer bears a whip that shall torment him
 Worse than a million of these temporal plagues:
 Which to pursue, were but a feminine humour,
 And far beneath the dignity of man.
Nas. 'Tis true; for to revenge their injuries,
 Were to confess you felt them. Let them go,
 And use the treasure of the fool, their tongues,
 Who makes his gain by speaking worst of best.
Pol. O, but they lay particular imputations—
Aut. As what?
Pol. That all your writing is mere railing.
Aut. Ha?
 If all the salt in the old comedy
 Should be so censured, or the sharper wit
 Of the bold satire termed scolding rage,
 What age could then compare with those
 for buffoons?
 What should be said of Aristophanes,
 Persius, or Juvenal, whose names we now
 So glorify in schools, at least pretend it?—
 Have they no other?
Pol. Yes; they say you are slow,
 And scarce bring forth a play a year.
Aut. 'Tis true.
 I would they could not say that I did that!

What follows is from Juvenal:

*"Diri conscia facti
 Mens habet attonitos, et surdo verberè cædit,
 Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum."*
 Sat. xiv.

Again:

*"Continuò sic collige, quod vindicta
 Nemo magis gaudet quam fœmina."*—*Ibid.*

There's all the joy that I take in their trade,
 Unless such scribes as these might be proscribed
 Th' abused theatres. They would think it strange, now,
 A man should take but colts-foot for one day,
 And, between whiles, spit out a better poem
 Than e'er the master of art,¹ or giver of wit,
 Their belly, made. Yet, this is possible,
 If a free mind had but the patience,
 To think so much together, and so vile.
 But that these base and beggarly conceits
 Should carry it, by the multitude of voices,
 Against the most abstracted work, opposed
 To the stuffed nostrils of the drunken rout!
 O, this would make a learned and liberal soul
 To rive his stained quill up to the back,
 And damn his long-watched labours to the fire;
 Things that were born when none but the still night
 And his dumb candle, saw his pinching throes;
 Were not his own free merit a more crown
 Unto his travails than their reeling claps.
 This 'tis that strikes me silent, seals my lips,
 And apt's me rather to sleep out my time,
 Than I would waste it in contemned stufes
 With these vile Ibides, these unclean birds,
 That make their mouths their clysters, and still purge
 From their hot entrails. But I leave the monsters
 To their own fate. And, since the Comic Muse
 Hath proved so ominous to me, I will try
 If TRAGEDY have a more kind aspect;
 Her favours in my next I will pursue,
 Where, if I prove the pleasure but of one,
 So he judicious be, he shall be alone

¹ *Than e'er the master of art, &c.*] Our industrious bee is ever on the search after stores: just above he lighted on Horace; here he visits Persius:

*"Magister artis, ingentique largitor
 Venter."*—Prol. v. 10.

And finally he settles on Juvenal. See his seventh *Satire*.

A theatre unto me.¹ Once I'll say²
 To strike the ear of time in those fresh
 strains,
 As shall, beside the cunning of their
 ground,
 Give cause to some of wonder, some de-
 spite,
 And more despair, to imitate their sound.
 I, that spend³ half my nights, and all my
 days,
 Here in a cell, to get a dark pale face,

To come forth worth the ivy or the bays,
 And in this age can hope no other
 grace—
 Leave me! There's something come into
 my thought,
 That must and shall be sung high and
 aloof,
 Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull
 ass's hoof.
Nis. I reverence these raptures, and
 obey them. [The scene closes.⁴

¹ Where, if I prove the pleasure but of one,
 So he judicious be, he shall be alone

[A theatre unto me;] This passage, says Mr. Malone, Jonson imitated from Shakspeare,—the censure of “which one (judicious) must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others” — *Hamlet*. The thought is not so deep but that it might have occurred to less inventive faculties than either of those great poets possessed. If, however, one of them must borrow from the other, I should incline to set down Shakspeare as the obliged person; for though we do not know the exact date of the Apologetical Dialogue, yet we are sure that it cannot be later than 1602, since it alludes to the design of composing a tragedy on the fall of *Sejanus*, which was effected in that year, or in the beginning of the next. After all, Jonson's words are little more than a translation from Cicero, to whom he was much more likely to be indebted than to any contemporary whatever: “*Hæc ego non multis, sed tibi satis magnum alteri theatrum sumus.*” Cicero himself alludes to a story told of Plato.

² Once I'll say [i.e., try. Once is used here in a sense in which it frequently occurs with our old writers—that is, emphatically, *Once for all*.

³ I, that spend, &c.] These are truly noble lines; and cannot be read without exciting feelings of respect and tenderness for the author. Let it never be forgotten that in every condition of life, in poverty and neglect, in competence and ease, in sickness and in sorrow, in youth and in age, Jonson steadily maintained the high character of the poet. If he failed to exemplify it in himself, it must be attributed to natural deficiencies; for he was fully sensible of what was required, and declined no toil which promised to facilitate its attainment. There is a lofty moral tone which constantly accompanies all his definitions and descriptions of true poetry, and which may be sought in vain in any other writer in the English language, except perhaps Milton, who sanctified what he borrowed from Jonson, by inspiration from a source not to be named here without irreverence.

⁴ Nothing can so strikingly manifest the vast superiority of Jonson, as a comparison of this lively and interesting comedy with that of Decker, which was meant to rival and eclipse it. The plot is well arranged, and the *dramatis personæ* admirably supported. Augustus and the eminent men of his court maintain, on all serious occasions, a dignity of thought and expression highly decorous, and in strict consonance with

their established characters. Amidst all the encomiums bestowed on the poets, his friends, a perceptible advantage is adroitly given to Horace, which is farther heightened by the absurd malice of his persecutors. The comic part of the play is pleasantly conducted, and the conspirators happily set off the defects of one another. Mr. Davies, with whose perspicacity the reader is already acquainted, is pleased to affirm that the *Poetaster* is one of the lowest productions, and that *Tucca* is a wretched copy of Falstaff. This stuff would not be worth repeating, if the grovelling malice of the poet's enemies had not led them to stoop to it. We have seen that the author has interwoven an ingenious satire of Lucian in his scenes; but the chief object of his imitation was the *Frogs* of Aristophanes. That ancient comedy was the *Rehearsal* of Athens, as this undoubtedly was of the age of Jonson, and though much of the praise to which, perhaps, it is entitled, is lost from our imperfect knowledge of the precise objects of ridicule, we can still discover that its satire was at once ingenious and powerful, and its justice sufficiently obvious to some of those for whom it was meant. That *Tucca* is a wretched copy, or indeed any copy at all of Falstaff, could be maintained by none but Davies, or those who affirmed (as he tells us) “*Si Epicure Mammon also to be a copy of Falstaff,*” and who, perhaps, were equally prepared to swear that *Captain Otter* was stolen from the same inimitable personage. That this extraordinary character, this compound of impudence and artifice, of meanness and arrogance, this importunate beggar, who insults the charity which feeds him, and whose quaint versatility of style and manner is at once so repulsive and so amusing, is not original must be granted; and Decker (though Davies was ignorant of it) has pointed out the archetype; “*I wonder,*” says he, “*what language Tucca would have spoken, if honest Captain Hannam had been born without a tongue.*” Decker, however, confesses that *Tucca* was received with decided approbation; and he expresses great anxiety to ensure to himself some portion of the popular favour. “*It cannot be much improper,*” he adds, “*to set the same dog upon Horace whom Horace had set to worry others;*” and the unfortunate captain, in consequence of this happy thought, is again brought forward. But Decker had overrated his own powers. *Tucca*, in his hands, becomes absolutely disgusting; his impudent familiarity degenerates into low scurrility, and he is thrown

into situations, which, from his utter unfitness for them, alternately subject him to displeasure and contempt. Nor is this the only instance of Decker's want of judgment in borrowing his characters from the *Poetaster*. He ought to have considered that the demerits of Crispinus and Demetrius have been so universally acknowledged, and so strongly fixed in the mind of every reader, since Horace first recorded them, that no efforts can raise their names to respectability, or redeem their poetry from the ridicule under which it has so long suffered. But, indeed, the whole plot of the *Satiricist* is absurd.

This, as Jonson says, was the only answer which he gave to his libellers. He was hourly growing in reputation with the wise and good; and in his three succeeding comedies soared to a height which his persecutors never reached, and where he consequently suffered but little molestation from their hostility. We hear no more of Decker; Marston probably acknowledged the justice of the poet's recrimination, for he joined in the applause of his next piece: and the "soldiers, lawyers, and players," who at first took umbrage, seem to have discovered that their resentment was unjustifiable, and to have been cordially reconciled.



Sejanus, his Fall.

SEJANUS.] This "Tragedy" was first acted in 1603, by the company at the Globe ; and Shakspeare, Burbage, Lowin, Hemings, Condel, Philips, Cooke, and Sly, had parts in it. Though much applauded by the fashionable part of the audience, it proved "caviare to the general," and experienced considerable opposition. *Sejanus* was not published till 1605 ; when it appeared in quarto, without a dedication, but accompanied by several copies of commendatory verses. Subsequently it seems to have acquired some degree of popularity. Jonson says that it had outlived the malice of its enemies, when he republished it in folio, in 1616 ; and it was one of the first plays revived after the Restoration. *Sejanus* is not divided into scenes in any of the editions ; it has neither exits or entrances ; and is, upon the whole, the most involved and puzzling drama, in its internal arrangement, that was ever produced. The motto both to the quarto and folio is the same :—

*Non hic centauros, non gorgonas, harpyiasque
Invenies : hominem pagina nostra sapit.*

It is taken from Martial, and had already furnished the groundwork for the admirable prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*.

TO THE NO LESS NOBLE BY VIRTUE THAN BLOOD, ESME, LORD AUBIGNE.¹

"MY LORD,—If ever any ruin were so great as to survive, I think this be one I send you, The Fall of Sejanus. It is a poem, that, if I well remember, in your lordship's sight, suffered no less violence from our people here,² than the subject of it did from the rage of the people of Rome ; but with a different fate, as, I hope, merit ; for this hath outlived their malice, and begot itself a greater favour than he lost, the love of good men. Amongst whom, if I make your lordship the first it thanks, it is not without a just confession of the bond your benefits have, and ever shall hold upon me,

"Your Lordship's most faithful honourer, BEN. JONSON."

¹ See Epig. 127. [He was afterwards Duke of Lenox.]

² *Suffered no less violence from our people, &c.*] The opposition made to *Sejanus* (of which Jonson here puts his patron in mind) is noticed in a poem by Fennor, which appeared about the time of this Dedication, 1616.

"Sweet poesie
Is oft convict, condemned, and judged to die
Without just triall by a *multitude*,
Whose judgments are illiterate and rude.
Witnessse *Sejanus*, whose *approved* worth
Sounds from the calme South to the freezing North.
With more than human art it was bedewd,
Yet to the *multitude* it nothing shewd.
They screwed their scurvy jawes, and lookt awry,
Like hissing snakes adjudging it to die ;
When wits of *gentry* did *applaud*," &c.

TO THE
READERS.

THE following and voluntary labours¹ of my friends, prefixed to my book, have relieved me in much whereat, without them, I should necessarily have touched. Now I will only use three or four short and needful notes, and so rest.

First, if it be objected, that what I publish is no true poem, in the strict laws of time, I confess it: as also in the want of a proper chorus; whose habit and moods are such and so difficult, as not any, whom I have seen, since the ancients, no, not they who have most presently affected laws, have yet come in the way of. Nor is it needful, or almost possible in these our times, and to such auditors as commonly things are presented, to observe the old state and splendor of dramatic poems, with preservation of any popular delight. But of this I shall take more seasonable cause to speak, in my observations upon Horace his Art of Poetry, which, with the text translated, I intend shortly to publish.² In the meantime, if in truth of argument, dignity of persons, gravity and height of elocution, fullness and frequency of sentence, I have discharged the other offices of a tragic writer, let not the absence of these forms be imputed to me, wherein I shall give you occasion hereafter, and without my boast, to think I could better prescribe, than omit the due use for want of a convenient knowledge.

The next is, lest in some nice nostril the quotations might savour affected, I do let you know, that I abhor nothing more; and I have only done it to shew my integrity in the story, and save myself in those common torturers that bring all wit to the rack; whose noses are ever like swine spoiling and rooting up the Muses' gardens; and their whole bodies like moles, as blindly working under earth, to cast any, the least, hills upon virtue.

Whereas they are in Latin, and the work in English, it was presupposed none but the learned would take the pains to confer them; the authors themselves being all in the learned tongues, save one, with whose English side I have had little to do. To which it may be required, since I have quoted the page, to name what editions I followed: *Tacit. Lips. in quarto, Antwerp. edit. 1600 Dio. Jolio, Hen. Steph. 1592.* For the rest, as *Sueton. Seneca, &c.*, the chapter doth sufficiently direct, or the edition is not varied.

Lastly, I would inform you, that this book, in all numbers, is not the same with that which was acted on the public stage; wherein a second pen had good share: in place of which, I have rather chosen to put weaker, and, no doubt, less pleasing, of mine own, than to defraud so happy a genius of his right by my loathed usurpation.³

¹ *The following and voluntary labours of my friends.*] Commendatory copies of verses, which the reader will find in the beginning of this volume: they amount to eight, of which Whalley reprinted but two. This address is only in the quarto, 1605.

² The learned world has reason to regret the loss of those *observations* to which Jonson frequently alludes. They were burnt in the fire which consumed his study, as appears from the *Execration upon Vulcan*:

"All the old Venusine in poetry
And lighted by the Stagyrite, could spy,
Was there made English," &c.

³ *Defraud so happy a genius of his right by my loathed usurpation.*] The genius here alluded to undoubtedly was Shakspeare, who was also a performer in the play: but, I believe, posterity wishes that Jonson had rather have let them stand with some note of distinction than have substituted his own in their room, from a false point of modesty, or to render the whole more uniform and of a piece.—WHAL.

In evil hour did Jonson write the manly passage to which Whalley's note refers. It has drawn upon him a world of obloquy from the commentators of Shakspeare, couched in language which the vocabulary of Billingsgate must have been narrowly ransacked to supply. "Mean," "haughty," "malignant," "envious," "ungrateful," "treacherous," &c. &c. are among the gentlest epithets which the righteous indignation of these gentlemen can afford. "He affirms, *with a sneer*," (says

Fare you well, and if you read farther of me, and like, I shall not be afraid of it, though you praise me out.

*Neque enim mihi cornea fibra est.*¹

But that I should plant my felicity in your general saying, *good*, or *well*, &c., were a weakness which the better sort of you might worthily contemn, if not absolutely hate me for.

BEN. JONSON ;

and no such,

Quem

Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

one of them), "that he would not join his inferior matter to that of the great poet ; but wrote over again those *scenes* which had been wrought into the piece by his pen. Who does not wish that Shakspeare had put as high a value upon his true brilliants as Ben upon his jewels of paste, and preserved the rejected scenes? I have had some little suspicion that Shakspeare's part might possibly be that alone which *escaped* public censure ; as the play was *universally* exploded." And thus Shakspeare is honoured !

Whalley wishes that Jonson had marked the lines furnished by Shakspeare : but this, besides being a most invidious mode of distinction, was directly contrary to the established practice of the times. But why must the poet's assistant be Shakspeare? I know that all the critics are positive on the subject : but of this I make no great account ; having had frequent opportunities of observing that where Jonson is to be condemned, it is not thought at all necessary to establish the validity of whatever tends to criminate him.

Why might not Chapman or Middleton be intended here? they, like Shakspeare, were living in habits of kindness with the poet : they wrote in conjunction with him ; they were both men of learning ; and no great violation seems offered to language (at least no greater than courtesy would excuse) in terming them *happy geniuses*. Beaumont was perhaps too young ; but Fletcher, who loved Jonson, and was greatly beloved in his turn, was extremely well qualified to assist him ; and, not to keep the reader in suspense, was in my opinion the person actually meant.—Shakspeare seems to be almost the last eminent writer to whom our author would look for assistance on the present occasion. *Sejanus* is entirely founded on the Greek and Latin historians, who are carefully quoted in the margin of the first copy : and the author values himself on the closeness with which he has followed his originals. Shakspeare, as Jonson well knew, derived all his knowledge of Roman story from translations, and this was scarcely sufficiently accurate or extensive to induce our author to solicit his aid in the production of his meditated Tragedy, which he certainly intended to be "a palmarian work," as to its fidelity. The author to whom Jonson alludes as being "in English," is Tacitus, whose Annals (the only work from which an unlearned reader could derive any knowledge of the subject of this tragedy) were translated by one Grenaway a few years before.

Enough perhaps on the subject—yet I am still inclined to ask, What is Jonson's offence? and (even supposing, for the sake of argument, that Shakspeare was really the person meant) why has he been visited with such severity? He speaks of his coadjutor with respect, and of himself with modesty ; he addresses those who were well acquainted with the play as it was acted, and who, if the cause of poetry had sustained any very serious loss by his alterations, were not unlikely to have reproached him with it. That he should be anxious to render a drama which seemed condemned by its want of popularity to the closet of the learned, uniform and of a piece, is by no means singular ; and it may be fairly questioned, whether it was not altogether as honourable in the author to take on himself the demerits of the whole, thus made his own, as to purloin a portion of fame from the secret appropriation of what the critics are now pleased to assure us was the only valuable part of the piece.

As Jonson is very profuse in his explanatory references, I have contented myself with bringing them back (for Whalley omitted them altogether), and again left the play, as the author left it, to the "judgment of the learned." I can much easier excuse Whalley for suppressing Jonson's notes and taking the merit of his quotations, than for introducing the names of Simpson, Seward, and Grey, the opprobrium of criticism, with fulsome compliments to their ingenuity, for discovering allusions which Jonson himself had pointed out more than a century before. The whole of this officious impertinence is now removed.

¹ This is from Persius, as are the allusions in the following line : the conclusion is from Horace.

THE ARGUMENT.

ÆLIUS SEJANUS, son to Seius Strabo, a gentleman of Rome, and born at Vulsinium; after his long service in court, first under Augustus; afterward, Tiberius; grew into that favour with the latter, and won him by those arts, as there wanted nothing but the name to make him a co-partner of the empire. Which greatness of his, Drusus, the Emperor's son, not brooking; after many smothered dislikes, it one day breaking out, the prince struck him publicly on the face. To revenge which disgrace, Livia, the wife of Drusus (being before corrupted by him to her dishonour, and the discovery of her husband's counsels) Sejanus practiseth with, together with her physician, called Eudemus, and one Lygdus, an eunuch, to poison Drusus. This their inhuman act having successful and unsuspected passage, it emboldeneth Sejanus to further and more insolent projects, even the ambition of the empire; where finding the lets he must encounter to be many and hard, in respect of the issue of Germanicus, who were next in hope for the succession,¹ he deviseth to make Tiberius' self his means, and instils into his ears many doubts and suspicions, both against the princes, and their mother Agrippina; which Cæsar jealously hearkening to, as covetously consenteth to their ruin, and their friends. In this time, the better to mature and strengthen his design, Sejanus labours to marry Livia, and worketh with all his ingine, to remove Tiberius from the knowledge of public business, with allurements of a quiet and retired life; the latter of which, Tiberius, out of a proneness to lust, and a desire to hide those unnatural pleasures which he could not so publicly practise, embraceth: the former enkindleth his fears, and there gives him first cause of doubt or suspect towards Sejanus; against whom he raiseth in private a new instrument, one Sertorius Macro, and by him underworketh, discovers the other's counsels, his means, his ends, sounds the affections of the senators, divides, distracts them: at last, when Sejanus least looketh, and is most secure; with pretext of doing him an unwonted honour in the senate, he trains him from his guards, and with a long doubtful letter, in one day hath him suspected, accused, condemned, and torn in pieces by the rage of the people.²

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Tiberius.	Terentius.	Sanquinius.	Flamen.
Drusus senior.	Gracinus Laco.	Pomponius.	Tubicines.
Nero.	Eudemus.	Julius Posthumus.	Nuntius.
Drusus junior.	Rutus.	Fulcinus Trio.	Lictores.
Caligula.	Sejanus.	Minutius.	Ministri.
Lucius Arruntius. ³	Latiaris.	Satrius Secundus.	Tibicines.
Caius Silius.	Varro.	Pinnarius Natta.	Servi, &c.
Titius Sabinus.	Sertorius Macro.	Opsius.	
Marcus Lepidus.	Cotta.		Agrippina.
Cremutius Cordus.	Domitius Afer.	Tribuni.	Livia.
Asinius Gallus.	Haterius.	Præcones.	Sosia.
Regulus.			

The SCENE,—Rome.

¹ *For the succession.*] These words, wanting in the quarto of 1605, were added in the folio, 1616, to complete the sense.—WHAL.

² *By the rage of the people.*] After this the quarto has the following: "This do we advance, as a mark of terror to all traitors, and treasons; to shew how just the heavens are, in pouring and thundering down a weighty vengeance on their unnatural intents, even to the worst princes; much more to those, for guard of whose piety and virtue the angels are in continual watch, and God himself miraculously working."

This seems to have been added, in compliment to K. James, on the discovery of the *powder-plot*.—WHAL.

³ *Lucius Arruntius, &c.*] I have added the cognomen or pronomen to many of the characters as a necessary help for the English reader, since Jonson, without noticing the circumstance, sometimes uses the one and sometimes the other, as suits the convenience of his verse.

Sejanus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A State Room in the Palace.*

Enter Sabinus and Silius, followed by Latiaris.

Sab. Hail, Caius Silius !*

Sil. Titius Sabinus, † hail !

You're rarely met in court.

Sab. Therefore, well met.

Sil. 'Tis true: indeed, this place is not our sphere.

Sab. No, Silius, we are no good inginers.

We want their fine arts, and their thriving use

Should make us graced, or favoured of the times :

We have no shift of faces, no cleft tongues,
No soft and glutinous bodies, that can stick,

Like snails on painted walls; or, on our breasts,

Creep up, to fall from that proud height,
to which

We did by slavery, ‡ not by service climb.

We are no guilty men, and then no great;

We have no place in court, office in state,
That we can say, § we owe unto our crimes :

We burn with no black secrets, ¶ which can make

Us dear to the pale authors; or live feared
Of their still waking jealousies, to raise
Ourselves a fortune, by subverting theirs.
We stand not in the lines, that do advance
To that so courted point.

Enter Satrius and Natta at a distance.

Sil. But yonder lean

A pair that do.

Sab. [*salutes* Latiaris.] Good cousin
Latiaris. ¶

Sil. Satrius Secundus,** and Pinnarius
Natta, ††

The great Sejanus' clients: there be two,
Know more than honest counsels; whose
close breasts,

Were they ripped up to light, it would be
found

A poor and idle sin,¹ to which their
trunks

Had not been made fit organs. These can
lie,

Flatter, and swear, forswear, deprave, †† in-
form,

Smile, and betray; make guilty men; then
beg

The forfeit lives, to get their livings; cut
Men's throats with whisperings; sell to
gaping suitors

¹ *A poor and idle sin,*] That is, barren, unprofitable. The word is so used by Shakspeare:

"Of antres vast, and deserts idle."—*Othello*.

So, in the first chapter of *Genesis*: "The earth was without form, and void," is rendered in the Saxon, "The earth was ydæl."—*WHAL*.

Mr. Pope changed *idle* for *wild*, at which Dr. Johnson expresses his surprise. Mr. Malone taxes the editor of the second folio (where Pope found the word) with ignorance of Shakspeare's meaning; and *idle* is triumphantly reinstated in the text. It does not seem to have occurred to the commentators that *wild* might add a feature of some import, event to a desert; whereas *sterile* leaves it just as it found it, and is (without a pun) the *idlest* epithet which could be applied. Mr. Pope too had an ear for rhythm; and as his reading has some touch of Shakspeare, which the other has not, and is besides better poetry, I should hope that it will one day resume its proper place in the text. *Idle* in the

line above quoted signifies, not "barren, unprofitable," but trifling, insignificant. It would be a sin of a very paltry nature indeed, which had not engaged their attention, and been deemed worthy of their practice. In other words, no vice has escaped them.

* *De Caio Silio, vid. Tacit. Lips. edit. quarto. Ann. Lib. i. pag. 11, Lib. ii. p. 28 et 33.* This, together with every succeeding note not distinguished by a numeral, is from the pen of Jonson.

† *De Titio Sabino, vid. Tacit. Lib. iv. p. 79.*

‡ *Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 2.*

§ *Juv. Sat. i. v. 75.*

¶ *Juv. Sat. iii. v. 49, &c.*

¶ *De Latiari, cons. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 94, et Dion. Step. edit. fol. Lib. lviii. p. 711.*

** *De Satrio Secundo, et (††) Pinnario Natta, leg. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 83. Et de Satrio cons. Senec. Consol. ad Marciam.*

†† *Vid. Sen. de Benef. Lib. iii. cap. 26.*

The empty smoke, that flies about the palace;
 Laugh when their patron laughs; sweat when he sweats;
 Be hot and cold with him; change every mood,
 Habit, and garb, as often as he varies;
 Observe him, as his watch observes his clock;¹
 And, true as turquoise in the dear lord's ring,²
 Look well or ill with him: * ready to praise
 His lordship, if he spit, or but p—fair,
 Have an indifferent stool, or break wind well;
 Nothing can scape their catch.
Sab. Alas! these things
 Deserve no note, conferred with other vile
 And filthier flatteries, † that corrupt the times;
 When, not alone our gentrics chief are fain
 To make their safety from such sordid acts;
 But all our consuls, ‡ and no little part
 Of such as have been prætors, yea, the most
 Of senators, § that else not use their voices,³
 Start up in public senate, and there strive
 Who shall propound most abject things,
 and base.
 So much, as oft Tiberius hath been heard,
 Leaving the court, to cry, || O race of men,

¹ *Observe him as his watch observes his clock.* Steevens, who is supported by Whalley, maintains that this line refers to the figure of a watchman, which was placed on the dial-plate of our ancient clocks, with a lantern and pole to point out the hour. I have many doubts whether such a personage was ever so employed; but none as to the fallacy of the explanation. The speaker alludes to the pocket-watch, which in Jonson's days was not so independent of correction as at present, but was constantly regulated by the motion of the clock, at that time the more accurate machine of the two.

² *And true, as turquoise in the dear lord's ring,*

Look well or ill with him: Alluding to the fable of the turquoise, which is said to change its colour as the wearer is in good or bad health. To this supposed quality of the stone, our old writers have innumerable allusions: "Turquois is a compassionate stone—if the wearer of it be not well it changeth colour and looketh pale and dim; but increaseth to his perfectness as the wearer recovereth to his health."—Swan's *Speculum mundi*.

Again:

"Or faithful turquoises, which heaven sent
 For a discovery not a punishment;

Prepared for servitude!—which shewed that he,

Who least the public liberty could like,
 As lothly brooked their flat servility.

Sil. Well, all is worthy of us, were it more,
 Who with our riots, pride, and civil hate,
 Have so provoked the justice of the gods:
 We, that, within these fourscore years, were
 born

Free, equal lords of the triumphed world,⁴
 And knew no masters but affections;
 To which betraying first our liberties,
 We since became the slaves to one man's
 lusts;

And now to many: ¶ every minist'ring spy
 That will accuse and swear, is lord of you,
 Of me, of all our fortunes and our lives.
 Our looks are called to question, ** and our
 words,

How innocent soever, are made crimes;
 We shall not shortly dare to tell our
 dreams,
 Or think, but 'twill be treason.

Sab. Tyrants' arts
 Are to give flatterers grace; accusers, power;
 That those may seem to kill whom they
 devour.

Enter Cordus and Aruntius.

Now, good Cremutius Cordus, ††

Cor. [*salutes* Sabmus.] Hail to your
 lordship!

To show the ill, not make it, and to tell,
 By their pale looks, *the bearer was not well.*"
Cartwright.

³ *Senators, that else not use their voices.* The poet has here added the word *Pedarii*. It is the classical expression for those who never spoke in the senate, but only went over to the side for which they voted: hence they were said *pedibus ire in sententiam*.—WHAL.

⁴ *Equal lords of the triumphed world,* i. e., the Roman empire. The expression is fine, and gives us an admirable idea of what every private citizen of Rome esteemed himself in the times of the republic.—WHAL.

* *Juv. Sat.* iii. ver. 105, &c.

† *Vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib.* i. p. 3.

‡ *Tacit. Ann. Lib.* iii. p. 69.

|| *Tacit. Ann. Lib.* iii. p. 69.

¶ *Leges Tacit. Ann. Lib.* i. p. 24. *de Romano, Hispano, et cæteris, ibid. et Lib. iii. Ann. p. 61 et 62. Juv. Sat. x. v. 87. Suet. Tib. cap. 61.*

** *Vid. Tacit. Ann. i. p. 4, et Lib. iii. p. 62. Suet. Tib. cap. 61. Senec. de Benef. Lib. iii. cap. 26.*

†† *De Crem. Cordo, vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 83, 84. Senec. Cons. ad Marciam. Dio. Lib. lviii. p. 710. Suet. Aug. c. 35. Tib. c. 62. Cal. c. 16.*

Nat. [*whispers* Latiaris.] Who's that salutes your cousin?

Lat. 'Tis one Cordus,

A gentleman of Rome: one that has writ Annals of late, they say, and very well.

Nat. Annals! of what times?

Lat. I think of Pompey's,*

And Caius Cæsar's; and so down to these.

Nat. How stands he affected to the present state?

Is he or Drusian, † or Germanican, Or ours, or neutral?

Lat. I know him not so far.

Nat. Those times are somewhat queasy to be touched.¹

Have you or seen, or heard part of his work?

Lat. Not I; he means they shall be public shortly.

Nat. O, Cordus do you call him?

Lat. Ay. [*Exeunt* Natta and Satrius.

Sub. But these our times

Are not the same, Arruntius, ‡

Arr. Times! the men,

The men are not the same! 'tis we are base,

Poor, and degenerate from the exalted strain

Of our great fathers. Where is now the soul

Of god-like Cato? he, that durst be good, When Cæsar durst be evil; and had power,

As not to live his slave, to die his master? Or where's the constant Brutus, that being proof

Against all charm of benefits, did strike So brave a blow into the monster's heart

That sought unkindly² to captive his country?

O, they are fled the light! Those mighty spirits

Lie raked up with their ashes in their urns,

¹ Queasy to be touched.] Nice, tender, delicate. Thus Shakspeare:

"And I have one thing of a queasy question."
King Lear, act ii. sc. 1.

² Unkindly to captive his country? i.e., un-naturally; for the word *kind* signifying nature, with its compounds and derivatives, was thus used by the writers of that age.—WHAL.

"Let any candid judge," says one of the commentators, "compare *Sejanus* with the third-rate tragedies of Shakspeare, and he will find it far inferior to the worst of them." The critic had probably just got up from this speech of Arruntius, when he exhibited so notable a specimen of his own candour and judgment.

³ He was a man, &c.] Jonson has borrowed the noble character which Paterculus hath given Cato, and applies it with great propriety to Ger-

And not a spark of their eternal fire Glows in a present bosom. All's but blaze, Flashes and smoke, wherewith we labour so, There's nothing Roman in us; nothing good,

Gallant, or great: 'tis true that Cordus says, "Brave Cassius was the last of all that race."

[*Drusus passes over the stage, attended by Haterius, &c.*

Sub. Stand by! Lord Drusus. §

Hat. The emperor's son! give place.

Sil. I like the prince well.

Arr. A riotous youth; || There's little hope of him.

Sub. That fault his age Will, as it grows, correct. Methinks he bears

Himself each day more nobly than other; And wins no less on men's affections, Than doth his father lose. Believe me, I love him;

And chiefly for opposing to Sejanus. ¶

Sil. And I, for gracing his young kinsmen so. **

The son †† of prince Germanicus: †† it shews A gallant clearness in him, a straight mind, That envies not, in them, their father's name.

Arr. His name was, while he lived, above all envy;

And, being dead, without it. O, that man! If there were seeds of the old virtue left, They lived in him.

Sil. He had the fruits, Arruntius, More than the seeds: §§ Sabinus, and myself Had means to know him within; and can report him.

We were his followers, he would call us friends;

He was a man³ most like to virtue; in all,

manicus. *Homo virtuti simillimus, et per omnia ingenio diis quam hominibus propior,*

* *Suet. Aug. cap. 35.*

† *Vid. de faction. Tacit. Ann. Lib. ii. p. 39 et Lib. iv. p. 79.*

‡ *De Lu. Arrun. isto vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 6, et Lib. iii. p. 60, et Dion. Rom. Hist. Lib. 58.*

§ *Lege de Druso Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 9. Suet. Tib. c. 52. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lvii. p. 699.*

|| *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iii. p. 62.*

¶ *Vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 74.*

** *Ann. Lib. iv. p. 75, 76.*

†† *Nero, Drusus, Caius, qui in castris genitus, et Caligula nominatus. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i.*

‡‡ *De Germanico cons. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 14, et Dion. Rom. Hist. Lib. lvii. p. 694.*

§§ *Vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 79.*

And every action, nearer to the gods,
Than men, in nature; of a body as fair
As was his mind; and no less reverend
in face than fame:* he could so use his
state,

Tempering his greatness with his gravity,
As it avoided all self-love in him,
And spite in others. What his funerals
lacked

In images and pomp, they had supplied
With honourable sorrow, soldiers' sadness,
A kind of silent mourning, such as men,
Who know no tears but from their cap-
tives, use

To shew in so great losses.

Cor. I thought once,
Considering their forms, age, manner of
deaths,

The nearness of the places where they fell,
To have paralleled him with great
Alexander:¹

For both were of best feature, of high race,
Yeared but to thirty, and, in foreign
lands,

By their own people alike made away.

Sab. I know not, for his death, how you
might wrest it:

But, for his life, it did as much disdain
Comparison with that voluptuous, rash,
Giddy, and drunken Macedon's, as mine
Doth with my bondman's. All the good
in him,

His valour, and his fortune, he made his;
But he had other touches of late Romans,
That more did speak him: † Pompey's
dignity,

The innocence of Cato, Cæsar's spirit,
Wise Brutus' temperance: and every
virtue,

Which, parted unto others, gave them
name,

Flowed mixed in him. He was the soul
of goodness;

And all our praises of him are like streams
Drawn from a spring, that still rise full,
and leave

The part remaining greatest.

Arr. I am sure

He was too great for us, ‡ and that they
knew

Who did remove him hence.

Sab. When men grow fast
Honoured and loved, there is a trick in
state,

Which jealous princes never fail to use,
How to decline that growth, with fair
pretext,

And honourable colours of employment,
Either by embassy, the war, or such,

To shift them forth into another air,
Where they may purge, and lessen; so was
he: §

And had his seconds there, sent by Ti-
berius,

And his more subtle dam, to discontent
him;

To breed and cherish mutinies; detract
His greatest actions; give audacious check
To his commands; and work to put him
out

In open act of treason. All which snares
When his wise cares prevented, || a fine
poison

Was thought on, to mature their practices.

*Enter Sejanus, talking to Terentius;
followed by Satrius, Natta, &c.*

Cor. Here comes Sejanus. ¶

Sil. Now observe the stoops,
The bendings, and the falls.

Arr. Most creeping base!

l. ii. c. 35. His references to the Roman historians are chiefly brought as vouchers for the facts alluded to, or the descriptions which he gives of the persons concerned. When he borrows the sentiment or thought, he is frequently silent; and particularly, he takes no notice of being here indebted to Paternus.—
WHAL.

Whalley should have read a few lines farther. Jonson refers expressly to the passage.

¹ I thought once—

To have paralleled him with great Alexander: This observation comes with great decorum of character from the mouth of Cordus: but Tacitus, from whom it is taken, assigns no particular person as the author of the parallel: *Erant qui formam, et aetatem, genus mortis, ob pro-pinquitatem etiam locorum in quibus interiiit,*

magni Alexandri fatis aequarent, Annal. l. ii. c. 73.—WHAL.

* *Tacit. Ann. Lib. ii. p. 47, et Dion. Rom. Hist. Lib. lvii. p. 705.*

† *Vid. apud Vell. Paterc. Lips. 4to. p. 35—47, istorum hominum characteres.*

‡ *Vid. Tacit. Lib. ii. Ann. p. 28 et p. 34. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lvii. p. 705.*

§ *Con. Tacit. Ann. Lib. ii. p. 39, de occultis mandatis Pisoni, et postea, p. 42, 43, 48. Orat. D. Celeris. Est Tibi Augustæ conscientia, est Cæsar's favor, sed in occulto, &c. Leg. Suet. Tib. c. 52. Dio. p. 706.*

|| *Vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. ii. p. 46, 47, Lib. iii. p. 54, et Suet. Cal. c. 1 et 2.*

¶ *De Sejano vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 9. Lib. iv. princip. et per tot. Suet. Tib. Dio. Lib. lvii. lviii. et Plin. et Senec.*

Sej. [to Natta.] I note them well : no more.

Say you?

Sat. My lord,

There is a gentleman of Rome would buy—

Sej. How call you him you talked with?

Sat. Please your lordship, It is Eudemus,* the physician To Livia, Drusus' wife.

Sej. On with your suit. Would buy, you said—

Sat. A tribune's place, my lord.

Sej. What will he give?

Sat. Fifty sestertia.†

Sej. Livia's physician, say you, is that fellow?

Sat. It is, my lord. Your lordship's answer.

Sej. To what?

Sat. The place, my lord. 'Tis for a gentleman Your lordship will well like of, when you see him ;

And one that you may make yours, by the grant.

Sej. Well, let him bring his money, and his name.

Sat. 'Thank your lordship. He shall, my lord.

Sej. Come hither.

Know you this same Eudemus? is he learned?

Sat. Reputed so, my lord, and of deep practice.

Sej. Bring him in to me, in the gallery ; And take you cause to leave us there together :

I would confer with him, about a grief—
On.

[*Exeunt* Sejanus, Satrius, Terentius, &c.

Arr. So ! yet another ? yet ? O desperate state

Of grovelling honour ! seest thou this, O sun,

And do we see thee after ? Methinks, day Should lose his light, when men do lose their shames,

And for the empty circumstance of life,¹ Betray their cause of living.

Sil. Nothing so.‡

Sejanus can repair, if Jove should ruin.

He is now the court god ; and well applied With sacrifice of knees, of crooks, and cringes ;

He will do more than all the house of heaven

Can for a thousand hecatombs. 'Tis he

Makes us our day, or night ; hell and elysium

Are in his look : we talk of Rhadamanth, Furies, and firebrands ; but it is his frown That is all these ; where, on the adverse part,

His smile is more than e'er yet poets feigned

Of bliss, and shades, nectar—

Arr. A serving boy !

I knew him, at Caius' trencher,§ when for hire

He prostituted his abused body

To that great gormond, fat Apicius :

And was the noted pathic of the time.

Sab. And, now,|| the second face of the whole world !

The partner of the empire, hath his image Reared equal with Tiberius, born in ensigns ;

Commands, disposes every dignity, Centurions, tribunes, heads of provinces, Prætors, and consuls ; all that heretofore Rome's general suffrage gave, is now his sale.

The gain, or rather spoil of all the earth, One, and his house, receives.

Sil. He hath of late

Made him a strength too, strangely, by reducing

All the prætorian bands into one camp, Which he commands : pretending that the soldiers,

By living loose and scattered, fell to riot ;

And that if any sudden enterprise

Should be attempted, their united strength Would be far more than severed ; and their life

More strict, if from the city more removed.*

Sab. Where now he builds what kind of forts he please,

Is heard to court the soldier by his name, Woos, feasts the chiefest men of action,

¹ And for the empty circumstance of life, Betray their cause of living.]

"Et propter vitam, vivendi perdere causam." Juv. Sat. viii. v. 84.

* De Eudemo isto vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 74.

† Moneta nostra 375 lib. vid. Budaum de asse, Lib. ii. p. 64.

‡ De ingenio, moribus, et potentia Sejani. leg. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 74. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lvii. p. 708.

§ Caius divi Augusti nepos. Cons. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 74, et Dio. Lib. lvii. p. 706.

|| Juv. Sat. x. v. 63, &c. Tacit. ibid. Dion. ibid. et sic passim.

Whose wants, not loves, compel them to be his.

And though he ne'er were liberal by kind,¹ Yet to his own dark ends, he's most profuse,

Lavish, and letting fly, he cares not what To his ambition.

Arr. Yet, hath he ambition?

Is there that step in state can make him higher,

Or more, or anything he is, but less?

Sil. Nothing but emperor.

Arr. The name Tiberius,

I hope, will keep, howe'er he hath fore gone

The dignity and power.

Sil. Sure, while he lives.

Arr. And dead, it comes to Drusus. Should he fail,

To the brave issue of Germanicus;

And they are three:* too many—ha? for him

To have a plot upon?

Sab. I do not know

The heart of his designs; but sure their face

Looks farther than the present.

Arr. By the gods,

If I could guess he had but such a thought, My sword should cleave him down from head to heart,

But I would find it out: and with my hand

I'd hurl his panting brain about the air

In mites as small as atoms, to undo

The knotted bed—

Sab. You are observed, Arruntius.

Arr. [Turns to Natta, Terentius, &c.]

Death! I dare tell him so; and all his spies:

You, sir, I would, do you look? and you.

Sab. Forbear.

SCENE II.—(The former Scene continued.)

A Gallery discovered opening into the State Room.

Enter Satrius with Eudemus.

Sat. Here he will instant be; let's walk a turn;

You're in a muse, Eudemus?

Eud. Not I, sir.

I wonder he should mark me out so! well, Jove and Apollo form it for the best.

[Aside.

Sat. Your† fortune's made unto you now, Eudemus,

If you can but lay hold upon the means; Do but observe his humour, and—believe it—

He is the noblest Roman, where he takes—

Enter Sejanus.

Here comes his lordship.

Sej. Now, good Satrius.

Sat. This is the gentleman, my lord.

Sej. Is this?

Give me your hand, we must be more acquainted.

Report, sir, hath spoke out your art and learning:

And I am glad I have so needful cause,

However in itself painful and hard,

To make me known to so great virtue.— Look,

Who is that, Satrius? [Exit Sat.] I have a grief, sir,

That will desire your help. Your name's Eudemus?

Eud. Yes.

Sej. Sir?

Eud. It is, my lord.

Sej. I hear you are

Physician to Livia,‡ the princess.

Eud. I minister unto her, my good lord.

Sej. You minister to a royal lady, then.

Eud. She is, my lord, and fair.

Sej. That's understood

Of all their sex, who are or would be so;

And those that would be, physic soon can make them:

For those that are, their beauties fear no colours.

Eud. Your lordship is conceited.²

Sej. Sir, you know it,

And can, if need be, read a learned lecture

On this, and other secrets. 'Pray you, tell me,

What more of ladies, besides Livia,

Have you your patients?

Eud. Many, my good lord.

¹ He ne'er were liberal by kind.] By nature. See p. 277 a.—WHAL.

² Your lordship is conceited.] Merry, disposed to joke. So in *Every Man in his Humour*, "You are conceited, sir."—WHAL.

* Nero, Drusus, et Caligula.—Tacit. *ibid.*

† *Lege Terentii defensionem.* Tacit. *Ann.* Lib. vi. p. 102.

‡ *Germanici soror, uxor Drusi.* Vid. Tacit. *Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 74.

The great Augusta, † Urgulania, †
Mutilia Prisca, ‡ and Plancina § divers—

Sej. And, all these tell you the particulars

Of every several grief? how first it grew,
And then increased; what action caused
that;

What passion that; and answer to each
point

That you will put them?

Eud. Else, my lord, we know not
How to prescribe the remedies.

Sej. Go to,

You are a subtle nation, you physicians!
And grown the only cabinets in court, ||
To ladies' privacies. Faith, which of these
Is the most pleasant lady in her physic?
Come, you are modest now.

Eud. 'Tis fit, my lord.

Sej. Why, sir, I do not ask you of their
urines,
Whose smell's most violet, or whose siege is
best, ¹

Or who makes hardest faces on her stool?
Which lady sleeps with her own face a
nights?

Which puts her teeth off, with her clothes,
in court?

Or, which her hair, which her complexion,
And, in which box she puts it? These
were questions,

That might, perhaps, have put your gravity
To some defence of blush. But, I en-
quired,

Which was the wittiest, merriest, wanton-
est?

Harmless interrogatories, but conceits.—
Methinks Augusta should be most per-
verse,

And froward in her fit.

Eud. She's so, my lord.

Sej. I knew it: and Mutilia the most
jocund.

Eud. 'Tis very true, my lord.

Sej. And why would you
Conceal this from me, now? Come, what
is Livia?

I know she's quick and quaintly spirited,

And will have strange thoughts, when she
is at leisure:

She tells them all to you.

Eud. My noblest lord,

He breathes not in the empire, or on earth,
Whom I would be ambitious to serve
In any act, that may preserve mine honour,
Before your lordship.

Sej. Sir, you can lose no honour,
By trusting aught to me. The coarsest act
Done to my service, I can so requite,
As all the world shall style it honourable:
Your idle, virtuous definitions,
Keep honour poor, and are as scorned as
vain:

Those deeds breathe honour that do suck
in gain.

Eud. But, good my lord, if I should
thus betray

The counsels of my patient, and a lady's
Of her high place and worth; what might
your lordship,

Who presently are to trust me with your
own,

Judge of my faith?

Sej. Only the best, I swear.

Say now that I should utter you my grief,
And with it the true cause; that it were
love,

And love to Livia; † you should tell her
this:

Should she suspect your faith? I would
you could

Tell me as much from her; see if my brain
Could be turned jealous.

Eud. Happily, my lord,
I could in time tell you as much and more;
So I might safely promise but the first
To her from you.

Sej. As safely, my Eudemus,
I now dare call thee so, as I have put
The secret into thee.

Eud. My lord—

Sej. Protest not,

Thy looks are vows to me; use only speed,
And but affect her with Sejanus' love,**

Thou art a man, made to make consuls.
Go.

¹ *Whose siege is best,*] This word, which was growing out of use in Jonson's time, is found in Barclay's *Eclogues*:

"For sure the lord's *siege* and the rural man's
Is of like savour."

It is also used by Shakspeare, *Tempest*, act ii. sc. 2, where it is well explained by Steevens.

* *Mater Tiberii. vid. Tacit. Ann. 1, 2, 3, 4,*

moritur 5. *Suet. Tib. Dio. Rom. Hist.* 57, 58.

† *Delicium Augustæ. Tacit. Ann. Lib. ii. et iv.*

‡ *Adultera Julii Posthumi. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 77.*

§ *Pisonis uxor Tacit. Ann. Lib. ii. iii. iv.*

|| *Vna. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 74, et Plin. Nat. Hist. Lib. xxix. c. 1.*

¶ *Cons. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 74.*

** *Tacit. ibid.*

Eud. My lord, I'll promise you a private meeting
This day together.

Sej. Canst thou?

Eud. Yes.

Sej. The place?

Eud. My gardens, whither I shall fetch
your lordship.

Sej. Let me adore my Æsculapius.

Why, this indeed is physic! and outspeaks
The knowledge of cheap drugs, or any use
Can be made out of it! more comforting
Than all your opiates, juleps, apozems,
Magistral syrups, or——Begone, my friend,
Not barely styled, but created so;
Expect things greater than thy largest hopes,
To overtake thee: Fortune shall be taught
To know how ill she hath deserved thus
long,

To come behind thy wishes. Go, and
speed. [*Exit Eudemus.*]

Ambition makes more trusty slaves than
need.

These fellows,* by the favour of their art,
Have still the means to tempt; oft-times
the power.

If Livia will be now corrupted, then
Thou hast the way, Sejanus, to work out
His secrets, who, thou know'st, endures
thee not,

Her husband, Drusus: and to work against
them.

Prosper it, Pallas, thou that betterest wit;
For Venus hath the smallest share in it.

Enter Tiberius and Drusus, attended.

Tib. [*to Haterius, who kneels to him.*]
We not† endure these flatteries; let
him stand;

Our empire, ensigns, axes, rods, and state
Take not away our human nature from us:
Look up on us, and fall before the gods.

Sej. How like a god speaks Cæsar!

Arr. There, observe!

He can endure that second, that's no
flattery.

O, what is it, proud slime‡ will not believe
Of his own worth, to hear it equal praised
Thus with the gods!

Cor. He did not hear it, sir.

Arr. He did not! Tut, he must not,
we think meanly.

'Tis your most courtly known confederacy,
To have your private parasite redeem
What he, in public, subtilely will lose,
To making him a name.

Hat. Right mighty lord——

[*Gives him letters.*]

Tib. We must make up our ears 'gainst
these assaults

Of charming tongues;‡ we pray you use no
more

These contumelies to us; style not us
Or lord, or mighty, who profess ourself
The servant of the senate, and are proud
T' enjoy them our good, just, and favouring
lords.

Cor. Rarely§ dissembled!

Arr. Prince-like to the life.

Sab. When power that may command,
so much descends,

Their bondage, whom it stoops to, it in-
tends.

Tib. Whence are these letters?

Hat. From the senate.

Tib. So. [*Lat. gives him letters.*]

Whence these?

Lat. From thence too.

Tib. Are they sitting now?

Lat. They stay thy answer, Cæsar.

Sil. If this man

Had but a mind allied unto his words,
How blest a fate were it to us, and Rome!
We could not think that state for which to
change,

Although the aim were our old liberty:
The ghosts|| of those that fell for that,
would grieve

Their bodies lived not, now, again to serve.
Men are deceived, who think there can be
thrall

Beneath a virtuous prince. Wished liberty‡

¹ *Exit Eudemus.*] Sejanus plays on the
vanity of this man with singular cunning and
dexterity.

² O, what is it, proud slime, &c.]

"Nihil est quod credere de se
Non possit, cum laudatur Diis æqua potestas?"
Juv. Sat. iv.

³ Wished liberty, &c.]

"Nunquam libertas gratior exstat,
Quam sub rege pio."

Claud de laud. Stil. Lib. iiii.

* *Eud. specie artis frequens secretis. Tacit. ibid. Vid. Plin. Nat. Hist. Lib. xxix. c. 1. in criminat. medicorum.*

† *De initio Tiberii principatus vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 23, Lib. iv. p. 75, et Suet. Tib. c. 27. De Haterio vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 6.*

‡ *Cons. Tacit. Ann. Lib. ii. p. 50, et Suet. Tib. c. 27 et 29.*

§ *Nunquam æque Tiberius ex virtutibus suis quam dissimulationem diligebat. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 95.*

|| *Brutti, Cassii, Catonis, &c.*

Ne'er lovelier looks, than under such a crown.

But, when his grace* is merely but lip-good, And that, no longer than he airs himself Abroad in public, there, to seem to shun The strokes and stripes of flatterers, which within

Are lechery unto him, and so feed His brutish sense with their afflicting sound, As, dead to virtue, he permits himself Be carried like a pitcher by the ears, To every act of vice: this is a case Deserves our fear, and doth presage the nigh

And close approach of blood and tyranny. Flattery is midwife† unto prince's rage: And nothing sooner doth help forth a tyrant,

Than that and whisperers' grace, who have the time,

The place, the power, to make all men offenders.

Arr. He should be told this; and be bid dissemble

With fools and blind men: we that know the evil,

Should hunt the palace-rats,‡ or give them bane;

Fright hence these worse than ravens, that devour

The quick, where they but prey upon the dead:

He shall be told it.

Sab. Stay, Arruntius,

We must abide our opportunity; And practise what is fit, as what is needful. It is not safe t' enforce a sovereign's ear: Princes hear well, if they at all will hear.

Arr. Ha, say you so? well! In the mean time, Jove,

{Say not but I do call upon thee now,} Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant;

And of all tame, a flatterer.

Sil. 'Tis well prayed.

Tib. [having read the letters.] Return the lords this voice, We are their creature,

And it is fit a good and honest prince, Whom they, out of their bounty, have instructed§

With so dilate and absolute a power, Should owe the office of it to their service, And good of all and every citizen.

Nor shall it e'er repent us to have wished The senate just, and favouring lords unto us,

Since their free loves do yield no less defence

To a prince's state, than his own innocence. Say then, there can be nothing in their thought

Shall want to please us, that hath pleased them;

Our suffrage rather shall prevent, than stay Behind their wills: 'tis empire to obey, Where such, so great, so grave, so good determine.

Yet, for the suit of Spain,|| to erect a temple In honour of our mother and our self, We must, with pardon of the senate, not Assent thereto. Their lordships may object Our not denying the same late request

Unto the Asian cities: we desire That our defence for suffering that be known

In these brief reasons, with our after purpose.

Since deified Augustus hindered not A temple to be built at Pergamum, In honour of himself and sacred Rome; We, that have all his deeds¶ and words observed

Ever, in place of laws, the rather followed That pleasing precedent, because with ours, The senate's reverence, also, there was joined.

But as, t' have once received it, may deserve

The gain of pardon; so, to be adored With the continued style, and note of gods, Through all the provinces, were wild ambition,

And no less pride: yea, even Augustus' name

Would early vanish, should it be profaned With such promiscuous flatteries. For our part,

We here protest it, and are covetous Posterity should know it, we are mortal; And can but deeds of men: 'twere glory enough,

* *Vid. Dio. Hist. Lib. lvii. de moribus Tiberii.*

† *Tyrannis fere oritur ex nimia procerum adulatione in principem. Arist. Pol. Lib. v. c. 10, 11, et delatorum auctoritate. Leg. Tacit. Dio. Suet. Tib. per totum. Sub quo decreta accusatoribus præcipua præmia. Vid. Suet. Tib. c. 61, et Sen. Benef. Lib. iii. c. 6.*

‡ *Tineas soricesque Palatii vocat istos Sex. Aurel. Vict. et Tacit. Hist. Lib. i. p. 233, qui secretis criminat. infamant ignarum, et quo incautior deciperetur, palam laudatum, &c.*

§ *Vid. Suet. Tib. c. 20, et Dio. Hist. Lib. lvii. p. 696.*

|| *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 84 et 85.*

¶ *Cons. Strab. Lib. vi. de Tib.*

Could we be truly a prince. And, they shall add
Abounding grace unto our memory,
That shall report us worthy our forefathers,
Careful of your affairs, constant in dangers,
And not afraid of any private frown
For public good. These things shall be to us
Temples and statues, reared in your minds,
The fairest, and most during imagery:
For those of stone or brass, if they become
Odious in judgment of posterity,
Are more condemned as dying sepulchres,
Than ta'en for living monuments. We then
Make here our suit, alike to gods and men;
The one, until the period of our race,
To inspire us with a free and quiet mind,
Discerning both divine and human laws;
The other, to vouchsafe us after death,
An honourable mention, and fair praise,
To accompany our actions and our name:
The rest of greatness princes may command,
And, therefore, may neglect; only, a long,
A lasting, high, and happy memory
They should, without being satisfied,
pursue:
Contempt of fame begets contempt of virtue.
Nat. Rare!
Sat. Most divine!
Sej. The oracles are ceased,
That only Cæsar, with their tongue, might speak.
Arr. Let me be gone: most felt and open this!
Cor. Stay.
Arr. What! to hear more cunning and fine words,
With their sound flattered ere their sense be meant?
Tib. Their choice of Antium,* there to place the gift
Vowed to the goddess† for our mother's health,
We will the senate know, we fairly like;
As also of their grant‡ to Lepidus,
For his repairing the Æmilian place,
And restoration of those monuments:
Their grace§ too in confining of Silanus
To the other isle Cithera, at the suit

* *Tacit. Lib. iii. p. 71.*

† *Fortuna equestris, ibid.*

‡ *Tacit. ibid.*

§ *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iii. p. 170.*

|| *Torquata virgo vestalis, cujus memoriam*

Of his religious|| sister, much commends
Their policy, so tempered with their mercy.
But for the honours which they have decreed
To our Sejanus, ¶ to advance his statue
In Pompey's theatre, (whose ruining fire
His vigilance and labour kept restrained
In that one loss,) they have therein out-gone
Their own great wisdoms, by their skilful choice,
And placing of their bounties on a man,
Whose merit more adorns the dignity,
Than that can him; and gives a benefit,
In taking, greater than it can receive.
Blush not, Sejanus,** thou great aid of Rome,
Associate of our labours, our chief helper;
Let us not force thy simple modesty
With offering at thy praise, for more we cannot,
Since there's no voice can take it. No man here
Receive our speeches as hyperboles:
For we are far from flattering our friend,
Let envy know, as from the need to flatter.
Nor let them ask the causes of our praise:
Princes have still their grounds reared with themselves,
Above the poor low flats of common men;
And who will search the reasons of their acts,
Must stand on equal bases. Lead, away:
Our loves unto the senate.
[*Exeunt Tib. Sejan. Natta, Hat. Lat. Officers, &c.*
Arr. Cæsar!
Sab. Peace.
Cor. Great Pompey's theatret† was never ruined
Till now, that proud Sejanus hath a statue
Reared on his ashes.
Arr. Place the shame of soldiers
Above the best of generals? crack the world,
And bruise the name of Romans into dust,
Ere we behold it!
Sil. Check your passion;
Lord Drusus tarries.
Drus. Is my father mad, ††
Weary of life, and rule, lords? thus to heave

servat marmor Romæ, vid. Lips. comment. in Tacit.

¶ *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iii. p. 71.*

** *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 74-76.*

†† *Vid. Sen. Cons. ad. Marc. c. 22.*

‡‡ *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 76.*

An idol up with praise! make him his mate,
His rival in the empire!

Arr. O, good prince.

Dru. Allow him statues, * titles, honours,
such

As he himself refuseth!

Arr. Brave, brave Drusus!

Dru. The first ascents to sovereignty are
hard;

But, entered once, there never wants or
means,

Or ministers, to help the aspirer on.

Arr. True, gallant Drusus.

Dru. We must shortly pray

To Modesty, that he will rest contented—

Arr. Ay, where he is, and not write
emperor.

Re-enter Sejanus, Satrius, Latiaris,
Clentis, &c.

Sej. There is your bill, and yours; bring
you your man. [*To Satrius.*]

I have moved for you, too, Latiaris.

Dru. What!

Is your vast greatness grown so blindly bold,
That you will over us?

Sej. Why then give way.

Dru. Give way, Colossus! do you lift?
advance you?

Take that! † [*Strikes him.*]

Arr. Good! brave! excellent, brave
prince!

Dru. Nay, come, approach. [*Draws his
sword.*] What, stand you off? at gaze?

It looks too full of death for thy cold spirits.
Avoid mine eye, dull camel, or my sword

Shall make thy bravery fitter for a grave,
Than for a triumph. I'll advance a statue

O' your own bulk; but 't shall be on the
cross; ‡

Where I will nail your pride at breadth
and length,

And crack those sinews, which are yet but
stretched

With your swoln fortune's rage.

Arr. A noble prince!

All. A Castor, § a Castor, a Castor, a
Castor. [*Exeunt all but Sejanus.*]

* There is something very striking in the
silence of Sejanus. After this speech the
quarto has, *Mu. Chorus*, which is repeated at
the end of every succeeding act. As it seems to
mean, in plain English, merely the music be-
tween the acts, I have not thought it worth
preserving.

* *Tacit. ibid.*

† *Tacit. sequimur Ann. Lib. iv. p. 74, quan-
quam apud Dionem et Zonaram aliter legitur.*

Sej. He that, with such wrong moved,
can bear it through

With patience, and an even mind, knows
how

To turn it back. Wrath covered carries
fate:

Revenge is lost, if I profess my hate.

What was my practice late, I'll now pursue,
As my fell justice: this hath styled it new.¹

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Garden of Eudemus.*

Enter Sejanus, Livia, and Eudemus.

Sej. Physician, thou art worthy of a pro-
vince,

For the great favours done unto our loves;
And, but that greatest Livia bears a part
In the requital of thy services,
I should alone despair of aught, like means,
To give them worthy satisfaction.

Liv. Eudemus, I will see it, shall receive
A fit and full reward for his large merit.—
But for this potion|| we intend to Drusus,
No more our husband now, whom shall we
choose

As the most apt and abled instrument,
To minister it to him?

Eud. I say, Lygdus. ¶

Sej. Lygdus? what's he?

Liv. An eunuch Drusus loves.

Eud. Ay, and his cup-bearer.

Sej. Name not a second.

If Drusus love him, and he have that place,
We cannot think a fitter.

Eud. True, my lord.

For free access and trust are two main aids.

Sej. Skilful physician!

Liv. But he must be wrought

To the undertaking, with some laboured
art.

Sej. Is he ambitious?

Liv. No.

Sej. Or covetous?

Liv. Neither.

† *Servile, apud Romanos, et ignominiosissi-
mum mortis genus erat supplicium crucis, ut ex
Liv. ipso. Tacit. Dio. et omnibus fere antiquis,
praesertim historicis constat. vid. Plaut. in Mil.
Amph. Aulii. Hor. Lib. i. Ser. 3, et Juv.
Sat. vi. Pone crucem servo, &c.*

§ *Sic Drusus ob violentiam cognominatus,
vid. Dion. Rom. Hist. Lib. lvii. p. 701.*

|| *Vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 74-76.*

¶ *Tacit. ibidem.*

Eud. Yet, gold is a good general charm.
Sej. What is he, then?
Liv. Faith, only wanton, light.
Sej. How! is he young and fair?
Eud. A delicate youth.
Sej. Send him to me,* I'll work him.—
 Royal lady,
 Though I have loved you long, and with
 that height
 Of zeal and duty, like the fire, which more
 It mounts it trembles, thinking nought
 could add
 Unto the fervour which your eye had
 kindled;
 Yet, now I see your wisdom, judgment,
 strength,
 Quickness, and will, to apprehend the
 means
 To your own good and greatness, I protest
 Myself through rarified, and turned all
 flame
 In your affection: such a spirit as yours,
 Was not created for the idle second
 To a poor flash, as Drusus; but to shine
 Bright as the moon among the lesser lights,
 And share the sov'reignty of all the world.
 Then Livia triumphs in her proper sphere,
 When she and her Sejanus shall divide
 The name of Cæsar, and Augusta's star
 Be dimmed with glory of a brighter beam:
 When Agrippina's† fires are quite extinct,
 And the scarce-seen Tiberius borrows all
 His little light from us, whose folded arms
 Shall make one perfect orb. [*Knocking*
within.] Who's that? Eudemus,
 Look. [*Exit* Eudemus.] 'Tis not Drusus,
 lady, do not fear.
Liv. Not I, my lord: my fear and love
 of him
 Left me at once.
Sej. Illustrious lady, stay—
Eud. [*within.*] I'll tell his lordship.

Re-enter Eudemus.

Sej. Who is it, Eudemus?
Eud. One of your lordship's servants
 brings you word
 The emperor hath sent for you.
Sej. O! where is he?
 With your fair leave, dear princess, I'll but
 ask
 A question, and return. [*Exit.*

* *Spadonis animum stupro devinxit. Tacit. ibid.*

† *Germanici vidua.*

‡ *Cerussa (apud Romanos) inter fictitios colores erat et quæ solem ob calorem timebat. vid. Mart. Lib. ii. Epig. 41:*

Eud. Fortunate princess!
 How are you blest in the fruition
 Of this unequalled man, the soul of Rome,
 The empire's life, and voice of Cæsar's
 world!
Liv. So blessed, my Eudemus, as to
 know
 The bliss I have, with what I ought to owe
 The means that wrought it. How do I
 look to-day?
Eud. Excellent clear, believe it. This
 same fucus
 Was well laid on.
Liv. Methinks 'tis here not white.
Eud. Lend me your scarlet, lady. 'Tis
 the sun,
 Hath giv'n some little taint unto the
 ceruse;‡
 You should have used of the white oil I
 gave you.
 Sejanus, for your love! his very name
 Commandeth above Cupid or his shafts—
 [*Paints her cheeks.*
Liv. Nay, now you've made it worse.
Eud. I'll help it straight—
 And but pronounced, is a sufficient charm
 Against all rumour; and of absolute power
 To satisfy for any lady's honour.
Liv. What do you now, Eudemus?
Eud. Make a light fucus,
 To touch you o'er withal. Honoured
 Sejanus!
 What act, though ne'er so strange and in-
 solent,
 But that addition will at least bear out,
 If 't do not expiate?
Liv. Here, good physician.
Eud. I like this study to preserve the love
 Of such a man, that comes not every hour
 To greet the world.—'Tis now well, lady,
 you should
 Use of the dentrifice I prescribed you too,
 To clear your teeth, and the prepared
 pomatum,
 To smooth the skin:—A lady cannot be
 Too curious of her form, that still would
 hold
 The heart of such a person, made her
 captive,
 As you have his: who, to endear him more
 In your clear eye, hath put away his wife,§
 The trouble of his bed, and your delights,

*Quæ cretata timet Fabulla nimbum,
 Cerussata timet Sabellâ solem.*

§ *Ex qua tres liberos genuerat, ne pœlici suspectaretur. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 76.*

Fair Apicata, and made spacious room
To your new pleasures.

Liv. Have not we returned
That with our hate to Drusus, and dis-
covery*
Of all his counsels ?

Eud. Yes, and wisely, lady.
The ages that succeed, and stand far off
To gaze at your high prudence, shall ad-
mire,

And reckon it an act without your sex :¹
It hath that rare appearance. Some will
think

Your fortune could not yield a deeper sound,
Than mixed with Drusus ; but, when they
shall hear

That, and the thunder of Sejanus meet,
Sejanus, whose high name doth strike the
stars,

And rings about the concave ; great Sejanus,
Whose glories, style, and titles are himself,
The often iterating of Sejanus :

They then will lose their thoughts, and be
ashamed

To take acquaintance of them.

Re-enter Sejanus.

Sej. I must make
A rude departure, lady ; Cæsar sends
With all his haste both of command and
prayer.

Be resolute in our plot ; you have my soul,
As certain yours as it is my body's.

And, wise physician, † so prepare the poison,
As you may lay the subtle operation
Upon some natural disease of his :

Your eunuch send to me. I kiss your hands,
Glory of ladies, and commend my love
To your best faith and memory.

Liv. My lord,
I shall but change your words. Farewell.
Yet, this

Remember for your heed, he loves you not ;
You know what I have told you ; his designs
Are full of grudge and danger ; we must use
More than a common speed.

Sej. Excellent lady,
How you do fire my blood !

Liv. Well, you must go ?
The thoughts be best, are least set forth to
show. [*Exit Sejanus.*]

Eud. When will you take some physic,
lady ?

An act without your sex : i.e., an act be-
yond the weakness or fears of your sex.

* *Were Lygdus made, &c.* i.e., prepared for
the business. See p. 54 a.

Liv. When

I shall, Eudemus : but let Drusus' drug
Be first prepared.

Eud. Were Lygdus made,² that's done ;
I have it ready. And to-morrow morning
I'll send you a perfume, first to resolve
And procure sweat, and then prepare a
bath

To cleanse and clear the cutis ; against
when

I'll have an excellent new fucus made,
Resistive 'gainst the sun, the rain, or wind,
Which you shall lay on with a breath, or
oil,

As you best like, and last some fourteen
hours.

This change came timely, lady, for your
health,

And the restoring your complexion,
Which Drusus' choler had almost burnt up ;
Wherein your fortune hath prescribed you
better

Than art could do.

Liv. Thanks, good physician,
I'll use my fortune, you shall see, with re-
verence.

Is my coach ready ?

Eud. It attends your highness. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the
Palace.*

Enter Sejanus.

If this be not revenge, when I have done
And made it perfect, let Egyptian slaves, †
Parthians, and barefoot Hebrews brand my
face,

And print my body full of injuries.
Thou lost thyself, child Drusus, when thou
thoughtst

Thou couldst outskip my vengeance, or
outstand

The power I had to crush thee into air.
Thy follies now shall taste what kind of
man

They have provoked, and this thy father's
house

Crack in the flame of my incensed rage,
Whose fury shall admit no shame or
mean.—

Adultery ! it is the lightest ill
I will commit. A race of wicked acts

* *Leg. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 76.*

† *Tacit. ibid. et Dion. Rom. Hist. Lib. lvii. p. 709.*

‡ *Hæ apud Romanos barbari et vilissimi æsti-
mab. Juv. Mart. &c.*

Shall flow out of my anger, and o'erspread
The world's wide face, which no posterity¹
Shall e'er approve, nor yet keep silent :
things
That for their cunning, close, and cruel
mark,
Thy father would wish his, and shall, per-
haps,
Carry the empty name, but we the prize.
On, then, my soul, and start not in thy
course ;
Though heaven drop sulphur, and hell
belch out fire,
Laugh at the idle terrors : tell proud Jove,
Between his power and thine there is no
odds :
'Twas only fear first in the world made
gods.*

Enter Tiberius attended.

Tib. Is yet Sejanus come?
Sej. He's here, dread Cæsar.
Tib. Let all depart that chamber, and
the next. [*Exeunt Attendants.*
Sit down, my comfort.† When the master
prince
Of all the world, Sejanus, saith he fears,
Is it not fatal?
Sej. Yes, to those are feared.
Tib. And not to him?
Sej. Not if he wisely turn
That part of fate he holdeth, first on them.
Tib. That nature, blood, and laws of
kind forbid.
Sej. Do policy and state forbid it?
Tib. No.
Sej. The rest of poor respects, then let
go by ;
State is enough to make the act just, them
guilty.
Tib. Long hate pursues such acts.
Sej. Whom hatred frights,
Let him not dream of sovereignty.

¹ *Which no posterity
Shall e'er approve, nor yet keep silent :]*
This sentiment, with what precedes and follows
it, is from the *Thyestes* of Seneca :

"*Age, anime, fac quod nulla posteritas probet,
Sed nulla liceat: aliquod audendum est
nefas
Atrox, cruentum; tale quod frater meus
Suum esse malit,*" act ii. v. 192.—WHAL.

* *Who, than to fail, would their own thought
believe.]* i.e., who, rather than fail of proof,
would believe the mere evidence of their own
thoughts. Jonson affects great brevity in his

Tib. Are rites
Of faith, love, piety, to be trod down
Forgotten, and made vain?
Sej. All for a crown.
The prince who shames a tyrant's name to
bear,
Shall never dare do anything but fear ;
All the command of sceptres quite doth
perish,
If it begin religious thoughts to cherish :
Whole empires fall, swayed by those nice
respects ;
It is the licence of dark deeds protects
Even states most hated, when no laws
resist
The sword, but that it acteth what it list.
Tib. Yet so, we may do all things cruelly,
Not safely.
Sej. Yes, and do them thoroughly.
Tib. Knows yet Sejanus whom we point
at?
Sej. Ay,
Or else my thought, my sense, or both do
err :
'Tis Agrippina.‡
Tib. She, and her proud race.
Sej. Proud ! dangerous,§ Cæsar : for in
them apace
The father's spirit shoots up. Germanicus||
Lives in their looks, their gait, their form,
t' upbraud us
With his close death, if not revenge the
same.
Tib. The act's not known.
Sej. Not proved ; but whispering Fame
Knowledge and proof doth to the jealous
give,
Who, than to fail, would their own thought
believe.¶
It is not safe, the children draw long breath,
That are provoked by a parent's death.
Tib. It is as dangerous to make them
hence,
If nothing but their birth be their offence.

expression, and, in consequence of that, is not
always so clear as he might be.—WHAL.

* *Idem, et Petro. Arbiter, Sat. et Statius,*
Lib. iii.

† *De hac consultatione, vid. Suet. Tib. c. 55.*

‡ *De Agrip. vid. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lvii. p. 69.*

§ *De Sejani consil. in Agrip. leg. Tacit.*

Ann. Lib. i. p. 23, et Lib. iv. p. 77-79, de

Tib. susp. Lib. iii. p. 52.

|| *Gnaris omnibus latam Tiberio Germanici*

mortem male dissimulari. Tacit. Lib. iii. ibid.

Huc confer Tacit. narrat. de morte Pisonis,

p. 55, et Lib. iv. p. 74. Germanici mortem inter

prospera ducebat.

Sej. Stay, till they strike at Cæsar ; then
their crime
Will be enough ; but late and out of time
For him to punish.

Tib. Do they purpose it ?

Sej. You know, sir, thunder speaks not
till it hit.

Be not secure ; none swiftlier are opprest,
Than they whom confidence betrays to
rest.

Let not your daring make your danger
such :

All power is to be feared, where 'tis too
much.

The youths are of themselves hot, violent,
Full of great thought ; and that male-
spirited dame,*

Their mother, slacks no means to put them
on,

By large allowance, popular presentings,
Increase of train and state, suing for titles ;
Hath them commended with like prayers, †
like vows,

To the same gods, with Cæsar : days and
nights

She spends in banquets and ambitious
feasts

For the nobility ; where Caius Silius,
Titius Sabinus, old Arruntius,
Asinius Gallus, Furnius, Regulus,
And others of that discontented list,
Are the prime guests. There, and to these,
she tells

Whose niece she was, ‡ whose daughter,
and whose wife.

And then must they compare her with
Augusta,

Ay, and prefer her too ; commend her form,
Extol her § fruitfulness, at which a shower
Falls for the memory of Germanicus.

Which they blow over straight with windy
praise

And puffing hopes of her aspiring sons ;
Who, with these hourly ticklings, grow so
pleased,

And wantonly conceited of themselves,
As now they stick not to believe they're
such

As these do give them out ; and would be
thought

More than competitors, immediate heirs.
Whilst to their thirst of rule, they win the
rout

(That's still the friend of novelty), || with
hope

Of future freedom, which on every change
That greedily, though emptily expects.

Cæsar, 'tis age in all things breeds neglects,
And princes that will keep old dignity

Must not admit too youthful heirs stand
by ;

Not their own issue ; but so darkly set
As shadows are in picture, to give height
And lustre to themselves.

Tib. We will command ¶

Their rank thoughts down, and with a
stricter hand

Than we have yet put forth ; their trains
must bate,

Their titles, feasts, and factions.

Sej. Or your state.

But how, sir, will you work ?

Tib. Confine them.

Sej. No.

They are too great, and that too faint a
blow

To give them now ; it would have served
at first,

When with the weakest touch their knot
had burst.

But now, your care must be, not to detect
The smallest cord, or line of your suspect ;
For such, who know the weight of princes'
fear,

Will, when they find themselves discovered,
rear

Their forces, like seen snakes, that else
would lie

Rolled in their circles, close : nought is
more high,

Daring, or desperate, than offenders
found ;

Where guilt is, ¹rage and courage both
abound.

The course must be, to let them still swell
up,

Riot, and surfeit on blind fortune's cup ;
Give them more place, more dignities,

more style,

Call them to court, to senate ; in the while,

¹ Where guilt is, &c.]

"Nihil est audacius illis

Deprensus : iram et animos a crimine sumunt."
Juv. Sat. vi.

* *De anim. virili Agrip. cons. Tacit. Ann.*
Lib. i. p. 12 et 22. Lib. ii. p. 47.

† *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 79.*

‡ *Erat enim neptis Augusti, Agrippa et*
VOL. I.

Julia filia, Germanici uxor. Suet. Aug.
c. 64.

§ *De secund. ejus. vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. ii.*
p. 39, et Lib. iv. p. 77.

|| *Displicere regnantibus civilia filiorum*
ingenia : neque ob aliud interceptos quam quia
Pop. Rom. aequo jure complecti, reddita liber-
tate, agitaverint. Nat. Tacit. Lib. ii. Ann. p. 49

¶ *Vid. Suet. Tib. c. 54.*

Take from their strength some one or twain or more,

Of the main fautors, (it will fright the store,) And, by some by-occasion. Thus, with slight

You shall disarm them first; and they, in night

Of their ambition, not perceive the train, Till in the engine they are caught and slain.

Tib. We would not kill, if we knew how to save;

Yet, than a throne, 'tis cheaper give a grave. Is there no way to bind them by deserts?

Sej. Sir, wolves do change their hair, but not their hearts.

While thus your thought unto a mean is tied,

You neither dare enough, nor do provide. All modesty is fond, and chiefly where

The subject is no less compelled to bear, Than praise his sovereign's acts.

Tib. We can no longer*

Keep on our mask to thee, our dear Sejanus;

Thy thoughts are ours, in all, and we but proved

Their voice, in our designs, which by assenting

Hath more confirmed us, than if heartening Jove

Had, from his hundred statues, bid us strike,

And at the stroke clicked all his marble thumbs.†

But who shall first be struck?

Sej. First, Caius Silius;

He is the most of mark, and most of danger:

In power and reputation equal strong, Having commanded‡ an imperial army

Seven years together, vanquished Sacrovir In Germany, and thence obtained to wear

The ornaments triumphal. His steep fall, By how much it doth give the weightier

crack,

Will send more wounding terror to the rest, Command them stand aloof, and give more

way
To our surprising of the principal.

* *Tiberium variis artibus devinxit adeo Sejanus, ut obscurum adversum alios, sibi uni incautum, intectumque efficeret.* Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 74. Vid. Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lvii. p. 707.

† *Premere pollicem, apud Romanos, maximi favoris erat signum.* Horat. Epist. ad Lollium. *Fautor utroque horum laudabit pollice ludum.* Et Plin. Nat. Hist. Lib. xxviii. cap. 2. *Pollicem, cum saveamus, premere etiam proverbio*

Tib. But what, § Sabinus?

Sej. Let him grow awhile,

His fate is not yet ripe: we must not pluck At all together, lest we catch ourselves.

And there's Arruntius too, he only talks. But Sosia, ¶ Silius' wife, would be wound in

Now, for she hath a fury in her breast, More than hell ever knew; and would be

sent
Thither in time. Then is there one Crematius ¶

Cordus, a writing fellow, they have got To gather notes of the precedent times,

And make them into Annals; a most tart And bitter spirit, I hear: who, under colour

Of praising those, doth tax the present state,

Censures the men, the actions, leaves no trick,

No practice unexamined, parallels The times, the governments; a profest

champion
For the old liberty—

Tib. A perishing wretch!

As if there were that chaos bred in things, That laws and liberty would not rather

choose
To be quite broken, and ta'en hence by us,

Than have the stain to be preserved by such.

Have we the means to make these guilty first?

Sej. Trust that to me: let Cæsar, by his power,

But cause a formal meeting of the senate, I will have matter and accusers ready.

Tib. But how? let us consult.

Sej. We shall misspend
The time of action. Counsels are unfit

In business, where all rest is more pernicious

Than rashness can be. Acts of this close kind

Thrive more by execution than advice. There is no lingering in that work begun,

Which cannot praised be, until through done.

Tib. Our edict shall forthwith command a court.**

jubemur. De interp. loci, vid. Ang. Pol. Miscell. cap. xliii. et Turn. Adver. Lib. xi. cap. 6.

‡ Tacit. Lib. Ann. iii. p. 63, et Lib. iv. p. 79.

§ Tacit. *ibid.* ¶ Tacit. *ibid.* ¶ Vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 83. Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lvii. p. 710, et Sen. Cons. ad Marc. cap. 1, et Fusius, cap. 22.

** *Edicto ut plurimum Senatores in curiam vocatos constat.* Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 3.

While I can live, I will prevent earth's fury:
'Εμοῦ θανάτῳ γαῖα μὴ θήτω πυρ.* [Exit.

Enter Julius Posthumus.

Pos. My lord Sejanus—

Sej. Juliuſt Posthumus!

Come with my wish! What news from Agrippina's?

Pos. Faith, none. They all lock up themselves a' late,

Or talk in character; I have not seen A company so changed. Except they had Intelligence by augury of our practice.

Sej. When were you there?

Pos. Last night.

Sej. And what guests found you?

Pos. Sabinus, Silius, the old list, Ar-
runtius,
Furnius, and Gallus.

Sej. Would not these talk?

Pos. Little.

And yet we offered choice of argument.
Satrius was with me.

Sej. Well: 'tis guilt enough

Their often meeting. You forgot to extol
The hospitable lady?

Pos. No; that trick

Was well put home, and had succeeded
too,

But that Sabinus coughed a caution out;
For she began to swell.

Sej. And may she burst!

Julius, I would have you go instantly
Unto the palace of the great Augusta,
And, by yourſt kindest friend, get swift
access;

Acquaint her with these meetings: tell the
words;

You brought me the other day, of Silius,
Add somewhat to them. Make her under-
stand

The danger of Sabinus, and the times,
Out of his closeness. Give Arruntius' words
Of malice against Cæsar; or, to Gallus:

But, above all, to Agrippina. Say,
As you may truly, that her infinite pride, †
Propt with the hopes of her too fruitful
womb,

With popular studies gapes for sovereignty,

* *Vulgaris quidam versus, quem sæpe Tiber. recitasse memoratur. Dion. Hist. Rom. Lib. lvi. p. 79.*—[Equivalent to *Après moi le déluge.*—F. C.]

† *De Julio Posthumo, vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 77.*

‡ *Proximi Agripp. inciebantur pravis sermonibus tumidos spiritus perstimulare. Tacit. ibid.*

And threatens Cæsar. Pray Augusta then,
That for her own, great Cæsar's, and the
pub-
Lic safety, she be pleased to urge these
dangers.

Cæsar is too secure, he must be told,
And best he'll take it from a mother's
tongue.

Alas! what is't for us to sound, to explore,
To watch, oppose, plot, practise, or pre-
vent,

If he, for whom it is so strongly laboured,
Shall, out of greatness and free spirit, be
Supinely negligent? our city's now**

Divided as in time o' the civil war,
And men forbear not to declare them-
selves

Of Agrippina's party. Every day
The faction multiplies; and will do more,
If not resisted: you can best enlarge it,
As you find audience. Noble Posthumus,
Commend me to your Prisca: and pray
her,

She will solicit this great business,
To earnest and most present execution,
With all her utmost credit with Augusta.

Pos. I shall not fail in my instructions.

[Exit.

Sej. This second, from his mother, will
well urge

Our late design, and spur on Cæsar's rage;
Which else might grow remiss. The way
to put

A prince in blood, is to present the shapes
Of dangers greater than they are, like late
Or early shadows; and, sometimes, to
feign

Where there are none, only to make him
fear;

His fear will make him cruel: and once
entered,

He doth not easily learn to stop, or spare
Where he may doubt. This have I made
my rule,

To thrust Tiberius into tyranny,
And make him toil, to turn aside those
blocks,

Which I alone could not remove with
safety.

Drusus once gone, Germanicus' three sonst†

§ *Mutilia Prisca, quæ in animum Augusta valida. Tacit. ibid.*

|| *Verba Sili inmodice factata, vid. apud Tac. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 79.*

¶ *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 77.*

** *Hæc apud Tacit. leg. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 79.*

†† *Quorum non dubia successio, neque spargi venenum in tres poterat, &c. vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 77.*

Would clog my way ; whose guards have too much faith

To be corrupted : and their mother known Of too too unreprieved a chastity,

To be attempted, as light Livia was.

Work then, my art, on Cæsar's fears, as they

On those they fear, till all my lets be cleared,

And he in ruins of his house, and hate

Of all his subjects, bury his own state ;

When with my peace, and safety, I will rise,

By making him the public sacrifice.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—*A Room in Agrippina's House.*

Enter Satrius and Natta.

Sat. They're grown exceeding circumspect, and wary.

Nat. They have us in the wind : and yet Arruntius

Cannot contain himself.

Sat. Tut, he's not yet

Looked after ; there are others more desired,*

That are more silent.

Nat. Here he comes. Away.

[Exeunt.

Enter Sabinus, Arruntius, and Cordus.

Sab. How is it, that these beagles haunt the house

Of Agrippina ?

Arr. O, they hunt, † they hunt !

There is some game here lodged, which they must rouse,

To make the great ones sport.

Cor. Did you observe

How they inveighed 'gainst Cæsar ?

Arr. Ay, baits, baits,

For us to bite at : would I have my flesh

Torn by the public hook, these qualified hangmen

Should be my company.

Cor. Here comes another.

[Dom. Afer passes over the stage.

Arr. Ay, there's a man, ‡ Afer the orator !

One that hath phrases, figures, and fine flowers,

* *Silius, Sabinus, de quibus supra.*

† *Tib. tempor. delatores genus hominum publico exitio repertum, et pœnis quidem nunquam satis coercitum, per præmia eliciebantur. Tac. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 82.*

‡ *De Domit. Af. vid. Tac. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 89-93.*

To strew his rhetoric with, § and doth make haste,

To get him note, or name by any offer

Where blood or gain be objects ; steeps his words,

When he would kill, in artificial tears :

The crocodile of Tyber ! him I love,

That man is mine ; he hath my heart and voice

When I would curse ! he, he.

Sab. Contemn the slaves,

Their present lives will be their future graves.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter Silius, Agrippina, Nero, and Sosia.

Sil. May't please your highness not forget yourself ;

I dare not, with my manners, to attempt Your trouble farther.

Agr. Farewell, noble Silius !

Sil. Most loyal princess.

Agr. Sosia stays with us ?

Sil. She is your servant, and doth owe your grace

An honest, but unprofitable love.

Agr. How can that be, when there's no gain but virtue's ?

Sil. You take the moral, not the politic sense.

I meant, as she is bold, and free of speech, Earnest || to utter what her zealous thought

Travails withal, in honour of your house ;

Which act, as it is simply born in her,

Partakes of love and honesty ; but may,

By the over-often, and unseasoned use,

Turn to your loss and danger ¶ for your state

Is waited on by envies, as by eyes ;

And every second guest your tables take

Is a fee'd spy, to observe who goes, who comes ;

What conference you have, with whom, where, when,

What the discourse is, what the looks, the thoughts

Of every person there, they do extract,

And make into a substance.

Agr. Hear me, Silius.

§ *Quoquo facinore properius clarescere. Tacit. ibid. Et infra. prosperiore eloquentia quam morum fama fuit. Et p. 93. diu egens, et parvo nuper premio male usus, plura ad flagitia accingeretur.*

|| *Vid. Tac. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 79.*

¶ *Ibid. p. 77.*

Were all Tiberius' body stuck with eyes,
And every wall and hanging in my house
Transparent, as this lawn I wear, or air;
Yea, had Sejanus both his ears as long
As to my inmost closet, I would hate
To whisper any thought, or change an
act,

To be made Juno's rival. Virtue's forces
Shew ever noblest in conspicuous courses.

Sil. 'Tis great, and bravely spoken, like
the spirit

Of Agrippina: yet, your highness knows,
There is nor loss nor shame in providence;

Few can, what all should do, beware
enough.

You may perceive* with what officious
face,

Satrius, and Natta, Afer, and the rest
Visit your house, of late, to enquire the
secrets;

And with what bold and privileged art,
they rail

Against Augusta, yea, and at Tiberius;
Tell tricks of Livia, and Sejanus; all

To excite, and call your indignation on,
That they might hear it at more liberty.

Agr. You're too suspicious, Silius.

Sil. Pray the gods,

I be so, Agrippina; but I fear
Some subtle practice.† They that durst
to strike

At so exampleless, and unblamed a life,¹
As that of the renowned Germanicus,
Will not sit down with that exploit alone:
He threatens many that hath injured
one.²

Nero. 'Twere best rip forth their tongues,
sear out their eyes,

When next they come.

Sos. A fit reward for spies.

Enter Drusus jun.

Dru. jun. Hear you the rumour?

Agr. What?

Dru. jun. Drusus is dying.‡

Agr. Dying!

Nero. That's strange!

Agr. You were with him yesternight.

Dru. jun. One met Eudemus the physician,

Sent for, but now; who thinks he cannot
live.

Sil. Thinks! if it be arrived at that, he
knows,

Or none.

Agr. 'Tis quick! what should be his
disease?

Sil. Poison, poison—

Agr. How, Silius!

Nero. What's that?

Sil. Nay, nothing. There was late a
certain blow

Given o' the face,

Nero. Ay, to Sejanus.

Sil. True.

Dru. jun. And what of that?

Sil. I'm glad I gave it not.

Nero. But there is somewhat else?

Sil. Yes, private meetings,

With a great lady—at a physician's,
And a wife turned away.

Nero. Ha!

Sil. Toys, mere toys:

What wisdom's now in th' streets, in the
common mouth?

Dru. jun. Fears, whisperings, tumults,
noise, I know not what:

They say the Senate sit §

Sil. I'll thither straight;

And see what's in the forge.

Agr. Good Silius, do;

Sosia and I will in.

Sil. Haste you, my lords,

To visit the sick prince; tender your
loves,

And sorrows to the people. This Se-
janus,

Trust my divining soul, hath plots on all:

No tree, that stops his prospect, but must
fall. [Exeunt.

¹ At so exampleless, and unblamed a life] At a life that had no parallel; was beyond all example, or imitation. *Exampleless* is a term of the author's coining: and by the same poetical prerogative, Chapman, in his verses on this tragedy, uses the word *exampling*.

"Our Phœbus may with his exampling beams."
WHAL.

* He threatens many that hath injured one.]

"Multis minatur, qui uni facit injuriam."

PUB. SYRUS.

In this fulness and frequency of sentence, as he calls it in his preface, Jonson placeth one part of the office of a tragic poet: and the learned reader will perceive, from the brevity and number of these maxims, that instead of copying after the models of ancient Greece, he hath conformed to the practice of Seneca the tragedian.—WHAL.

* Tacit. *ibid.* et pp. 90 et 92.

† Suet. *Tib. c. 2, Dion. Rom. Hist. Lib. lvii*

p. 705.

‡ Tac. *Ann. Lib. iv. pp. 74, 75, 76, 77.*

§ Vid. Tac. *Ann. Lib. iv. p. 76.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Senate House.*

Enter Præcones, Lictores, Sejanus, Varro, Latiaris, Cotta, and Afer.

Sej. 'Tis only* you must urge against him, Varro ;
Nor I, nor Cæsar may appear therein,
Except in your defence, who are the consul;
And, under colour of late enmity
Between your father and his, may better do it,
As free from all suspicion of a practice.

Here be your notes, what points to touch at ; read:

Be cunning in them. Afer has them too.

Var. But is he summoned?

Sej. No. It was debated
By Cæsar, and concluded as most fit
To take him unprepared.

Afer. And prosecute
All under name of treason.†

Var. I conceive.

Enter Sabinus, Gallus, Lepidus, and Arruntius.

Sab. Drusus being dead, Cæsar will not be here.

Gal. What should the business of this senate be?

Arr. That can my subtle whisperers tell you: we

That are the good-dull-noble lookers on,
Are only called to keep the marble warm.
What should we do with those deep mysteries,

Proper to these fine heads? let them alone.
Our ignorance may, perchance, help us be saved

From whips and furies.

Gal. See, see, see their action!

Arr. Ay, now their heads do travail,
now they work;
Their faces run like shittles; they are weaving

Some curious cobweb to catch flies.

Sab. Observe,
They take their places.

¹ *That communicate our loss.*] Share in our loss, a Latinism.—WHAL.

* *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 79.*

† *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 70. Sed cuncta questione majestatis exercita.*

‡ *Tacit. eod. Lib. iv. p. 76. Consulesque sede vulgari per speciem mastitia sedentes.*

Arr. What, † so low!

Gal. O yes,

They must be seen to flatter Cæsar's grief,
Though but in sitting.

Var. Bid us silence.

Præ. Silence!

Var. "Fathers conscript, § may this our present meeting
Turn fair, and fortunate to the commonwealth!"

Enter Silius, and other Senators.

Sej. See, Silius enters.

Sil. Hail, grave fathers!

Lic. Stand.

Silius, forbear thy place.

Sen. How!

Præ. Silius, stand forth,
The consul hath to charge thee.

Lic. Room for Cæsar.

Arr. Is he come too! nay then expect a trick.

Sab. Silius accused! sure he will answer nobly.

Enter Tiberius attended.

Tib. We stand amazed, fathers, to behold

This general dejection. Wherefore sit Rome's consuls thus dissolved, || as they had lost

All the remembrance both of style and place?

It not becomes. No woes are of fit weight,
To make the honour of the empire stoop:
Though I, in my peculiar self may meet
Just reprehension, that so suddenly,
And, in so fresh a grief, would greet the senate,

When private tongues, of kinsmen and allies,

Inspired with comforts, lothly are endured,
The face of men not seen, and scarce the day,

To thousands that communicate our loss.¹
Nor can I argue these of weakness; since
They take but natural ways; yet I must seek

§ *Præfatio solennis Consulium Rom. vid Bar. Briss. de for. Lib. ii.*

|| *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 76.—JONS.*

[Gallus had just before taken notice of the consuls descending from their proper places to an inferior seat, in complaisance to Cæsar's grief for the death of Drusus. Tiberius, on his entrance, reproves them for this dispiritedness.]

WHAL.]

For stronger aids, and those fair helps draw
out

From warm embraces of the common-
wealth.

Our mother, great Augusta, 's struck with
time,

Our self imprest with aged characters,
Drusus is gone, his children young and
babes;

Our aims must now reflect on those that
may

Give timely succour to these present ills,
And are our only glad-surviving hopes,
The noble issue of Germanicus,

Nero and Drusus: might it please the
consul

Honour them in, they both attend without.
I would present them to the senate's care,

And raise those suns of joy that should
drink up¹

These floods of sorrow in your drowned
eyes.

Arr. By Jove, I am not Œdipus enough
To understand this Sphinx.

Sab. The princes come.

Enter Nero and Drusus junior.

Tib. Approach you, noble Nero, noble
Drusus.

These princes, fathers, when their parent
died,

I gave unto their uncle, with this prayer,
That though he had proper issue of his
own,

He would no less bring up, and foster
these,

Than that self-blood; and by that act con-
firm

Their worths to him, and to posterity.

Drusus ta'en hence, I turn my prayers to
you,

And 'fore our country and our gods, be-
seech

You take, and rule Augustus' nephew's
sons,

Sprung of the noblest ancestors; and so
Accomplish both my duty, and your own.

Nero, and Drusus, these shall be to you

In place of parents, these your fathers,
these;

And not unfitly: for you are so born,
As all your good, or ill's the common-
wealth's.

Receive them, you strong guardians; and
blest gods,

Make all their actions answer to their
bloods:

Let their great titles find increase by them,
Not they by titles. Set them, as in place,

So in example, above all the Romans:
And may they know no rivals but them-
selves.²

Let Fortune give them nothing; but attend
Upon their virtue: and that still come forth

Greater than hope, and better than their
fame.

Relieve me, fathers, with your general
voice.

Senators. "May all the gods consent to
Cæsar's wish,

And add to any honours that may crown
The hopeful issue of Germanicus!"

Tib. We thank you, reverend fathers, in
their right.

Arr. If this were true now! but the space,
the space

Between the breast and lips — Tiberius'
heart

Lies a thought farther than another man's.
[*Aside.*

Tib. My comforts are so flowing in my
joys,

As, in them, all my streams of grief are lost,
No less than are land waters in the sea,

Or showers in rivers; though their cause
was such,

As might have sprinkled ev'n the gods with
tears:

Yet, since the greater doth embrace the
less,

We covetously obey.

Arr. Well acted, Cæsar. [*Aside.*

Tib. And now I am the happy witness
made

Of your so much desired affections

To this great issue, I could wish, the Fates
Would here set peaceful period to my days;

¹ And raise those suns of joy that should
drink up, &c.] The quarto reads:

"And raise those springs of joy that should ex-
haust," &c.

² And may they know no rivals but them-
selves.] In the *Double Falsehood*, brought out
by Mr. Theobald as written by Shakspeare, is
this line:—

"None but himself can be his parallel,"

a mode of expression which drew on him the
ridicule of wits and critics. In vindication of
himself he produced many similar passages from
the classics, &c., and against this verse of Jonson,
in the margin of his copy, he hath written *parallel*,
as an instance of the like kind. I will add
another from the *Dumb Knight*, 1608, act i. sc. 1:

"She is herself, compared with herself,
For but herself she hath no companion."

WHAL.

However to my labours, I entreat,
And beg it of this senate, some fit ease.

Arr. Laugh, fathers, laugh;* have you
no spleens about you? [*Aside.*

Tib. The burden is too heavy I sustain
On my unwilling shoulders; and I pray
It may be taken off, and reconferred
Upon the consuls, or some other Roman,
More able, and more worthy.

Arr. Laugh on still [*Aside.*

Sab. Why, this doth render all the rest
suspected!

Gal. It poisons all.

Arr. O, do you taste it then?

Sab. It takes away my faith to anything
He shall hereafter speak.

Arr. Ay, to pray that,
Which would be to his head as hot as
thunder,

'Gainst which he wears that charm, † should
but the court

Receive him at his word.

Gal. Hear!

Tib. For myself

I know my weakness, and so little covet,
Like some gone past, the weight that will
oppress me,

As my ambition is the counter-point.

Arr. Finely maintained; good still!

Sej. But Rome, whose blood,
Whose nerves, whose life, whose very frame
relies

On Cæsar's strength, no less than heaven
on Atlas,

Cannot admit it but with general ruin.

Arr. Ah! are you there to bring him off?
[*Aside.*

Sej. Let Cæsar

No more then urge a point so contrary
To Cæsar's greatness, the grieved senate's
vows,

Or Rome's necessity.

Gal. He comes about——

Arr. More nimbly than Vertumnus.

Tib. For the public,

I may be drawn to shew I can neglect

All private aims, though I affect my rest;
But if the senate still command me serve,
I must be glad to practise my obedience. †

Arr. You must and will, sir. We do
know it. [*Aside.*

Senators. "Cæsar,
Live long and happy, great and royal
Cæsar;

The gods preserve thee and thy modesty,
Thy wisdom and thy innocence!"

Arr. Where is't?

The prayer is made before the subject.

[*Aside.*

Senators. "Guard
His meekness, Jove, his piety, his care,
His bounty——"

Arr. And his subtilty, I'll put in:
Yet he'll keep that himself, without the gods.
All prayers are vain for him. [*Aside.*

Tib. We will not hold
Your patience, fathers, with long answer;
but

Shall still contend to be what you desire,
And work to satisfy so great a hope.

Proceed to your affairs.

Arr. Now, Silius, guard thee;
The curtain's drawing. Afer advanceth.

[*Aside.*

Præ. Silence!

Afer. Cite§ Caius Silius.

Præ. Caius Silius!

Sil. Here.

Afer. The triumph that thou hadst in
Germany

For thy late victory on Sacrovir,
Thou hast enjoyed so freely, Caius Silius,
As no man it envied thee; nor would
Cæsar,

Or Rome admit, that thou wert then
defrauded

Of any honours thy deserts could claim
In the fair service of the common-wealth;
But now, if after all their loves and graces,
(Thy actions, and their courses being
discovered)

It shall appear to Cæsar and this senate,

* *Tac. Lib. iv. p. 76. Ad vana et toties
inrisa revolutus de reddenda Rep. utque con-
sules, seu quis alius regimen susciperent.*

[It may be added that Jonson is perfectly
justified in putting this language into the mouth
of Arruntius; as both he and his friend Asinius
Gallus, were well known to be hostile to the new
order of things, and indeed had been pointed out
as determined republicans by Augustus, in one of
his last conversations with Tiberius. They had
also detected the hypocrisy of the latter, when,
on another occasion, he had expressed a wish, as
here, to share the burden of the empire with the
senate; and bluntly demanded what part he

would choose to take on himself: a question
which completely silenced Tiberius, and which,
though he openly expressed no displeasure at it,
he neither forgot nor forgave.—GIFFORD.]

† *'Gainst which he wears that charm.] Toni-
trua præter modum expavescebat; et turbatiore
cælo nunquam non coronam lauream capite
gestavit, quod fulmine afflari negetur id genus
frondis. Suet. Tib. c. 69. Plin. Nat. Hist. Lib.
xv. c. 20.*

‡ *Semper perplexa et obscura orat. Tib. vid.
Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 5.*

§ *Citabatur reus è tribunali voce præconis.
vid. Barr. Brisson. Lib. 5, de form.*

Thou hast defiled those glories with thy crimes—

Sil. Crimes!

Afer. Patience, Silius.

Sil. Tell thy mule of patience;

I am a Roman. What are my crimes? proclaim them.

Am I too rich, too honest for the times?

Have I or treasure, jewels, land, or houses That some informer gapes for? is my strength

Too much to be admitted, or my knowledge?

These now are crimes.*

Afer. Nay, Silius, if the name Of crimes touch thee, with what impotence Wilt thou endure the matter to be searched?

Sil. I tell thee, *Afer*, with more scorn than fear:

Employ your mercenary tongue and art. Where's my accuser?

Var. Here.

Arr. Varro, the consul!

Is he thrust in? [*Aside.*

Var. 'Tis I accuse thee, Silius.

Against the majesty of Rome, and Cæsar, I do pronounce thee here a guilty cause, First of beginning† and occasioning, Next, drawing out the war in‡ Galba, For which thou late triumph'st; dissembling long

That *Sacrovir* to be an enemy, Only to make thy entertainment more. Whilst thou, and thy wife *Sosia*, polled the province:

Wherein, with sordid, base desire of gain, Thou hast discredited thy actions' worth, And been a traitor to the state.

Sil. Thou liest.

Arr. I thank thee, Silius, speak so still and often.

Var. If I not prove it, Cæsar,§ but unjustly

Have called him into trial; here I bind Myself to suffer, what I claim against him; And yield to have what I have spoke, confirmed

By judgment of the court, and all good men.

Sil. Cæsar, I crave to have my cause deferred,

Till this man's consulship be out.

¹ *Are interested therein,*] i.e., deeply implicated. See Massinger, vol. i. p. 239.

* *Vid. Suet. Tib. Tacit. Dio. Senec.*

† *Tacit. Lib. iv. p. 79. Conscientiâ belli, Sacrovir diu dissimulatus, victoria per avaritiam fœdata, et uxor Sosia arguebantur.*

‡ *Bellum Sacrovirianum in Gall. erat.*

Tib. We cannot, Nor may we grant it.

Sil. Why? shall he design My day of trial? Is he my accuser, And must he be my judge?

Tib. It hath been usual, And is a right that custom hath allowed The magistrate,|| to call forth private men; And to appoint their day: which privilege We may not in the consul see infringed, By whose deep watches, and industrious care

It is so laboured, as the common-wealth Receive no loss, by any oblique course.

Sil. Cæsar, thy fraud is worse than violence.

Tib. Silius, mistake us not, we dare not use

The credit of the consul to thy wrong; But only do preserve his place and power, So far as it concerns the dignity And honour of the state.

Arr. Believe him, Silius.

Cot. Why, so he may, Arruntius.

Arr. I say so.

And he may choose too.

Tib. By the Capitol, And all our gods, but that the dear re-public,

Our sacred laws, and just authority Are interested therein,¹ I should be silent.

Afer. 'Please Cæsar to give way unto his trial,

He shall have justice.

Sil. Nay, I shall have law;

Shall I not, *Afer*? speak.

Afer. Would you have more?

Sil. No, my well-spoken man, I would no more;

Nor less might I enjoy it natural, Not taught to speak unto your present ends,

Free from thine, his, and all your unkind handling,

Furious enforcing, most unjust presuming, Malicious, and manifold applying, Foul wresting, and impossible construction.

Afer. He raves, he raves.

Sil. Thou durst not tell me so, Hadst thou not Cæsar's warrant. I can see Whose power condemns me.

Triumph. in Germ. vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iii. p. 63.

§ *Vid. accusandi formulam apud Brisson. Lib. v. de form.*

|| *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 79. Adversatus est Cæsar, solitum quippe magistratibus diem privatis dicere, nec infringendum Consulibus jus, cujus vigiliis, &c.*

Var. This betrays his spirit :
This doth enough declare him what he is.

Sil. What am I ? speak.

Var. An enemy to the state.

Sil. Because I am an enemy to thee,
And such corrupted ministers o' the state,
That here art made a present instrument
To* gratify it with thine own disgrace.

Sej. This, to the consul, is most insolent,
And impious !

Sil. Ay, take part. Reveal yourselves,
Alas ! I scent not your confederacies,
Your plots, and combinations ! I not know
Minion Sejanus hates me ; and that all
This boast of law, and law, is but a form,
A net of Vulcan's filing, a mere ingine,
To take that life by a pretext of justice,
Which you pursue in malice ! I want brain,
Or nostril to persuade me, that your ends
And purposes are made to what they are,
Before my answer ! O, you equal gods,
Whose justice not a world of wolf-turned
men

Shall make me to accuse, howe'er pro-
voked ;

Have I for this so oft engaged myself ?
Stood in the heat and fervour of a fight,
When Phœbus sooner hath forsook the day
Than I the field, against the blue-eyed
Gauls,

And crisped Germans ? when our Roman
eagles

Have fanned the fire with their labouring
wings,

And no blow dealt, that left not death be-
hind it ?

When I have charged, alone, into the troops
Of curled Sicambrians,† routed them, and
came

Not off with backward ensigns of a slave ;
But forward marks, wounds on my breast
and face,

Were meant to thee, O Cæsar, and thy
Rome ?

And have I this return ! did I, for this,
Perform so noble, and so brave defeat,
On Sacrovir ! O Jove, let it become me
To boast my deeds, when he, whom they
concern,

Shall thus forget them.

* *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 79. Immissusque Varro consul qui paternas inimicitias obtinens, odiis Sejani per dedecus suum gratificabatur.*

† *Populi Germ. hodie Geldri in Belgica sunt inter Mosam et Rhenum, quos celebrat Mart. Spect. 3 :*

"*Crinibus in nodum tortis venere Sicambri.*"

Afer. Silius, Silius,

These are the common customs of thy
blood,

When it is high with wine, as now with
rage :

This well agrees with that intemperate
vaunt,

Thou lately mad'st† at Agrippina's table,
That, when all other of the troops were
prone

To fall into rebellion, only thine
Remained in their obedience. Thou wert he
That saved the empire, which had then
been lost

Had but thy legions there rebelled, or
mutined ;

Thy virtue met, and fronted every peril.
Thou gav'st to Cæsar, and to Rome their
surety ;

Their name, their strength, their spirit, and
their state,

Their being was a donative from thee.

Arr. Well worded, and most like an
orator.

Tib. Is this true, Silius ?

Sil. Save thy question, Cæsar,
Thy spy of famous credit hath affirmed it.

Arr. Excellent Roman !

Sab. He doth answer stoutly.

Sej. If this be so, there needs no farther
cause

Of crime against him.

Var. What can more impeach
The royal dignity and state of Cæsar,

Than to be urged with a benefit

He cannot pay.

Cot. In this, all Cæsar's fortune
Is made unequal to the courtesy.

Lat. His means are clean destroyed that
should requite.

Gal. Nothing is great enough for Silius'
merit.

Arr. Gallus on that side too ! [*Aside.*

Sil. Come, do not hunt,

And labour so about for circumstance,
To make him guilty, whom you have fore-
doomed :

Take shorter ways, I'll meet your purposes.
The words were mine, and more I now will
say :

[The blue eyes and crisped locks of the Germans, mentioned above, are from Juvenal :

"*Cærulea quis stupuit Germani lumina, flavam Cæsariem, et madido torquentem cornua cirro.*"—*Sat. 13, 164.*—*GIFFORD.*]

† *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 79.*

Since I have done thee that great service,
Cæsar,
Thou still hast feared me; and, in place of
grace,

Returned me hatred: so soon all best turns,
With doubtful princes, turn deep injuries
In estimation, when they greater rise
Than can be answered. Benefits, with you,
Are of no longer pleasure, than you can
With ease restore them; that transcended
once,

Your studies are not how to thank, but kill.
It is your nature, to have all men slaves
To you, but you acknowledging to none.
The means that make your greatness, must
not come

In mention of it; if it do, it takes
So much away, you think: and that which
helped,

Shall soonest perish, if it stand in eye,
Where it may front, or but upbraid the
high.

Cot. Suffer him speak no more.

Var. Note but his spirit.

Afer. This shews him in the rest.

Lat. Let him be censured.

Sej. He hath spoke enough to prove him
Cæsar's foe.

Cot. His thoughts look through his words.

Sej. A censure.

Sil. Stay,

Stay, most officious senate, I shall straight
Delude thy fury. Silius hath placed
His guards within him, against fortune's
spite,

So weakly but he can escape your gripe
That are but hands of fortune: she herself,
When virtue doth oppose, must lose her
threats.

All that can happen in humanity,
The frown of Cæsar, proud Sejanus'
hatred,

Base Varro's spleen, and Afer's bloodying
tongue,

The senate's servile flattery, and these
Mustered to kill, I'm fortified against;
And can look down upon: they are beneath
me.

It is not life whereof I stand enamoured
Nor shall my end make me accuse my
fate.

The coward and the valiant man must fall,
Only the cause, and manner how, discerns
them:

Which then are gladdest, when they cost
us dearest.

Romans, if any here be in this senate,
Would know to mock Tiberius' tyranny,
Look upon Silius, and so learn to die.¹

[*Stabs himself.*]

Var. O desperate act!

Arr. An honourable hand!

Tib. Look, is he dead?

Sab. 'Twas nobly struck, and home.

Arr. My thought did prompt him to it.

Farewell, Silius.

Be famous ever for thy great example.

Tib. We are not pleased in this sad
accident,

That thus hath stalled, and abused our
mercy,

Intended to preserve thee, noble Roman,
And to prevent thy hopes.

Arr. Excellent wof!

Now he is full he howls. [*Aside.*]

Sej. Cæsar doth wrong

His dignity and safety thus to mourn
The deserved end of so profest a traitor
And doth, by this his lenity, instruct
Others as factious to the like offence.

Tib. The confiscation merely of his state
Had been enough.

Arr. O, that was gaped for then? [*Aside.*]

Var. Remove the body.

Sej. Let citation

Go out for Sosia.

Gal. Let her be proscribed:

And for the goods, I think it fit that half
Go to the treasure, half unto the children.

Lep. With leave of Cæsar, I would think
that fourth,

The which the law doth cast on the in-
formers,

Should be enough; the rest go to the chil-
dren.

Wherein the prince shall shew humanity,

¹ *Look upon Silius, and so learn to die.*] *Silius* (says the historian) *imminentem damnationem voluntario fine prævertit.* Ann. l. iv. c. 19. It doth not appear, however, that this happened in the senate-house, or at the immediate time of his accusation: yet the liberty which the poet hath taken is easily allowable. Afer has a part in this transaction not assigned him by Tacitus: but it is given him with the utmost probability, and with the exactest preservation of character. For we may remark, to the honour of Jonson's

judgment, that whenever he departs from the thread of the narration, it is always with an improvement of the subject, and upon the strongest grounds of presumption. Thus, by introducing Afer as a manager of the impeachment against Silius, he hath a proper opportunity of displaying the mercenary oratory and art of the informers, prevalent in the reign of Tiberius, which are finely contrasted by the truly honest and spirited replies of Silius.—*WHAL.*

And bounty; not to force them by their want,
Which in their parent's trespass they deserved,

To take ill courses.

Tib. It shall please us.

Arr. Ay,

Out of necessity. This Lepidus*

Is grave and honest, and I have observed
A moderation still in all his censures.

Sab. And bending to the better—Stay,
who's this?

*Enter Satrius and Natta, with Cremutius
Cordus, guarded.*

Cremutius Cordus! What! is he brought
in?

Arr. More blood into the banquet!
Noble Cordus,†

I wish thee good: be as thy writings, free
And honest.

Tib. What is he?

Sej. For the Annals, Cæsar.

Præ. Cremutius Cordus!

Cor. Here.

Præ. Satrius Secundus,

Pinnarius Natta, you are his accusers.

Arr. Two of Sejanus' blood-hounds,
whom he breeds

With human flesh, to bay at citizens.

Afer. Stand forth before the Senate, and
confront him.

Sat. I do accuse thee here, Cremutius
Cordus,

To be a man factious and dangerous.

A sower of sedition in the state,

A turbulent and discontented spirit,

Which I will prove from thine own writings,
here,

The Annals thou hast published; where
thou bit'st

The present age, and with a viper's tooth,

Being a member of it, dar'st that ill

Which never yet degenerated bastard did

Upon his parent.

Nat. To this I subscribe;

And, forth a world of more particulars,

Instance in only one: comparing men,

And times, thou praisest Brutus, and af-
firm'st

That Cassius was the last of all the
Romans.¹

¹ *Thou praisest Brutus, and affirm'st
That Cassius was the last of all the
Romans.] Objectum est historico (Cremutius
Cordo. Tacit. Ann. l. iv. c. 34) quod Brutum
Cassiumque ultimos Romanorum dixisset.
Suet. Tiber. c. 61.*

Cot. How! what are we then?

Var. What is Cæsar? nothing?

Afer. My lords, this strikes at every
Roman's private,

In whom reigns gentry, and estate of spirit,
To have a Brutus brought in parallel,
A parricide, an enemy of his country,
Ranked, and preferred to any real worth
That Rome now holds. This is most
strangely invective,

Most full of spite, and insolent upbraiding.
Nor is 't the time alone is here disprised,
But the whole man of time, yea, Cæsar's
self

Brought in disvalue; and he aimed at most,
By oblique glance of his licentious pen.
Cæsar, if Cassius were the last of Romans,
Thou hast no name.

Tib. Let's hear him answer. Silence!

Cor. So innocent I am of fact, my lords,
As but my words are argued: yet those
words

Not reaching either prince or prince's
parent;

The which your law of treason compre-
hends.

Brutus and Cassius I am charged to have
praised;

Whose deeds, when many more, besides
myself,

Have wit, not one hath mentioned without
honour.

Great Titus Livius, great for eloquence,
And faith amongst us, in his History,

With so great praises Pompey did extol,

As oft Augustus called him a Pompeian:

Yet this not hurt their friendship. In his
book

He often names Scipio, Afranius,

Yea, the same Cassius, and this Brutus too,
As worthiest men; not thieves and par-
ricides,

Which notes upon their fames are now
imposed.

Asinius Pollio's writings quite throughout
Give them a noble memory; so† Messala

Renowned his general Cassius: yet both
these

Lived with Augustus, full of wealth and
honours.

To Cicero's book, where Cato was heaved
up

* *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 80.*

† *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 83, 84. Dio. Hist.
Rom. Lib. lvii. p. 710.*

‡ *Septem dec. lib. Hist. scripsit. vid. Suid.
Suet.*

Equal with heaven, what else did Cæsar answer,¹

Being then dictator, but with a penned oration,

As if before the judges? Do but see Antonius' letters; read but Brutus' pleadings:

What vile reproach they hold against Augustus,

False, I confess, but with much bitterness. The epigrams of Bibaculus and Catullus Are read, full stuf with spite of both the Cæsars;

Yet deified Julius, and no less Augustus, Both bore them, and contemned them: I not know,

Promptly to speak it, whether done with more

Temper, or wisdom; for such obloquies If they despised be, they die suppress; But if with rage acknowledged, they are confest.

The Greeks I slip, whose licence not alone, But also lust did scape unpunished: Or where some one, by chance, exception took,

He words with words revenged. But, in my work,

What could be aimed more free, or farther off

From the time's scandal, than to write of those,

Whom death from grace or hatred had exempted?

Did I, with Brutus and with Cassius, Armed, and possessed of the Philippi fields, Incense the people in the civil cause, With dangerous speeches? Or do they, being slain

Seventy years since, as by their images, Which not the conqueror hath defaced, appears,

Retain that guilty memory with writers? Posterity pays every man his honour: Nor shall there want, though I condemned am,

That will not only Cassius well approve, And of great Brutus' honour mindful be, But that will also mention make of me.

Arr. Freely and nobly spoken!

Sab. With good temper;

¹ To Cicero's book, where Cato was heaved up Equal with heaven, what else did Cæsar answer, &c.] Cicero published an essay upon the character of Cato; and Cæsar, who perhaps might be reflected upon in it, wrote an answer, which he called *Anti-Cato*: both these pieces are lost.—WHAL.

I like him, that he is not moved with passion.

Arr. He puts them to their whisper.

Tib. Take him hence;*

We shall determine of him at next sitting.

[*Exeunt Officers with Cordus.*

Cot. Mean time, give order, that his books be burnt,

To the ædiles.

Sej. You have well advised.

Afer. It fits not such licentious things should live

T' upbraid the age.

Arr. If the age were good, they might.

Lat. Let them be burnt.

Gal. All sought, and burnt to-day.

Præ. The court is up; lictors, resume the fasces.

[*Exeunt all but Arruntius, Sabinus, and Lepidus.*

Arr. Let them be burnt! O, how ridiculous

Appears the senate's brainless diligence, Who think they can, with present power, extinguish

The memory of all succeeding times!

Sab. 'Tis true; when, contrary, the punishment

Of wit, doth make the authority increase.

Nor do they aught, that use this cruelty Of interdiction, and this rage of burning, But purchase to themselves rebuke and shame,

And to the writers† an eternal name.

Lep. It is an argument the times are sore, When virtue cannot safely be advanced; Nor vice reprov'd.

Arr. Ay, noble Lepidus;

Augustus well foresaw what we should suffer Under Tiberius, when he did pronounce The Roman race most wretched,‡ that should live

Between so slow jaws, and so long a bruising. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Tiberius and Sejanus.

Tib. This business hath succeeded well, Sejanus; And quite removed all jealousy of practice

* *Egressus dein senatu vitam abstinentiâ finivit. Tacit. ibid. Generosam ejus mortem vid. apud Sen. Cons. ad Marc. cap. 22.*

† *Manserunt ejus libri occultati et editi. Tacit. ibid. Scripserat his Crenut. bella civilia, et res Aug. extantque fragmenta in Suasoriâ sextâ Senec.*

‡ *Vid. Suet. Tib. c. 21.*

'Gainst Agrippina, and our nephews.

Now,

We must bethink us how to plant our
ingines

For th' other pair, Sabinus and Arruntius,
And Gallus* too; howe'er he flatter us,
His heart we know.

Sej. Give it some respite, Cæsar.

Time shall mature, and bring to perfect
crown,

What we, with so good vultures have
begun :¹

Sabinus shall be next.

Tib. Rather Arruntius.

Sej. By any means, preserve him. His
frank tongue

Being lent the reins, would take away all
thought

Of malice, in your course against the rest :
We must keep him to stalk with.²

Tib. Dearest head,

To thy most fortunate design I yield it.

Sej. Sir, † I have been so long trained up
in grace,

First with your father, great Augustus ;
since,

With your most happy bounties so fa-
miliar ;³

As I not sooner would commit my hopes
Or wishes to the Gods, than to your ears.

Nor have I ever yet been covetous
Of over-bright and dazzling honours ;
rather

To watch and travail in great Cæsar's
safety,

With the most common soldier.

Tib. 'Tis confest.

Sej. The only gain, and which I count
most fair

Of all my fortunes, is, that mighty Cæsar
Has thought me worthy his alliance. ‡
Hence

Begin my hopes.

Tib. Umph !

Sej. I have heard, Augustus,

In the bestowing of his daughter, thought
But even of gentlemen of Rome : if so,—

I know not how to hope so great a favour—
But if a husband should be sought for
Livia,

And I be had in mind, as Cæsar's friend,
I would but use the glory of the kindred :
It should not make me slothful, or less
caring

For Cæsar's state ; it were enough to me
It did confirm, and strengthen my weak
house,

Against the now unequal opposition
Of Agrippina ; and for dear regard
Unto my children, this I wish : myself
Have no ambition farther than to end
My days in service of so dear a master.

Tib. We cannot but commend thy piety ;
Most loved Sejanus, in acknowledging
Those bounties ; which we, faintly, such
remember—

But to thy suit. The rest of mortal men,
In all their drifts and counsels, pursue
profit ;

Princes alone are of a different sort,
Directing their main actions still to fame :
We therefore will take time to think and
answer.

For Livia she can best, herself, resolve
If she will marry, after Drusus, or
Continue in the family ; besides,
She hath a mother, and a grandam yet,
Whose nearer counsels she may guide
her by :

But I will simply deal. That enmity
'Thou fear'st in Agrippina, would burn
more,

If Livia's marriage should, as 'twere in
parts,

Divide the imperial house ; an emulation
Between the women might break forth ;
and discord

Ruin the sons and nephews on both hands.
What if it cause some present difference ?

Thou art not safe, Sejanus, if thou prove it.
Canst thou believe, that Livia, first the
wife

To Caius Cæsar, § then my Drusus, now
Will be contented to grow old with thee,

¹ *What we with so good vultures have begun :*] The expression is ambiguous and satirical. The Roman phrase, *bonis avibus*, signified prosperously, or with a good omen : he uses the word *vultures* in reference to the bloodthirsty nature of the informers, whom he represents as so many birds of prey.—*WHAL.*

Whalley is, I believe, mistaken ; the expression seems rather pedantic than satirical. However, I have retained his note.

² *We must keep him to stalk with.*] i.e., as a stalking horse, under cover of which we may securely aim at our game.

³ *With your most happy bounties, &c.*] the quarto reads :

“ To your most happy bounties so *inured.* ”

The skill and judgment displayed in this scene, where two mighty artificers of fraud seek to circumvent each other, are above all praise.

* *Vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 6, Lib. ii. p. 85.*

† *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 85.*

‡ *Filia ejus Claudii filio desponsa.*

§ *August. nepoti et M. Vopsciani Agrippæ filio ex Julia.*

Born but a private gentleman of Rome,
And raise thee with her loss, if not her
shame?

Or say that I should wish it, canst thou
think

The senate, or the people (who have seen
Her brother, father, and our ancestors,
In highest place of empire) will endure it?
The state thou hold'st already, is in talk;
Men murmur at thy greatness; and the
nobles

Stick not, in public, to upbraid thy climbing
Above our father's favours, or thy scale:
And dare accuse me, from their hate to
thee.

Be wise, dear friend. We would not hide
these things,

For friendship's dear respect: nor will we
stand

Adverse to thine, or Livia's designments.

What we have purposed to thee, in our
thought,

And with what near degrees of love to
bind thee,

And make thee equal to us; for the
present,

We will forbear to speak. Only, thus
much

Believe, our loved Sejanus, we not know
That height in blood or honour, which thy
virtue

And mind to us, may not aspire with
merit.

And this we'll publish, on all watched
occasion

The senate or the people shall present.

Sej. I am restored, and to my sense
again,

Which I had lost in this so blinding suit.

Cæsar hath taught me better to refuse,
Than I knew how to ask. How pleaseth*

Cæsar
T' embrace my late advice for leaving
Rome?

Tib. We are resolved.

Sej. Here are some motives more,
[*Gives him a paper.*]

Which I have thought on since, may more
confirm.

Tib. Careful Sejanus! we will straight
peruse them:

Go forward in our main design, and
prosper. [*Exit.*]

Sej. If those but take, I shall. Dull,
heavy Cæsar!

Wouldst thou tell me, thy favours were
made crimes,

And that my fortunes were esteemed thy
faults,

That thou for me wert hated, and not
think

I would with winged haste prevent that
change,

When thou might'st win all to thyself
again,

By forfeiture of me? Did those fond
words

Fly swifter from thy lips, than this my
brain,

This sparkling forge, created me an ar-
mour

T' encounter chance and thee? Well, read
my charms,

And may they lay that hold upon thy
senses,

As thou hadst snuft up hemlock, or ta'en
down

The juice of poppy and of mandrakes.
Sleep,

Voluptuous Cæsar, and security

Seize on thy stupid powers, and leave them
dead

To public cares; awake but to thy lusts,
The strength of which makes thy libidinous
soul

Itch to leave Rome! and I have thrust
it on;

With blaming of the city business,
The multitude of suits, the confluence

Of suitors: then their importunacies,
The manifold distractions he must suffer,

Besides ill-rumours, envies, and reproaches,
All which a quiet and retired life,

Larded with ease and pleasure,† did
avoid:

And yet for any weighty and great affair,
The fittest place to give the soundest

counsels.

By this I shall remove him both from
thought

And knowledge of his own most dear
affairs;

Draw all dispatches through my private
hands;

Know his designments, and pursue mine
own;

Make mine own strengths by giving suits
and places,

Conferring dignities and offices;
And these that hate me now, wanting

access
To him, will make their envy none, or less:

For when they see me arbiter of all,
They must observe; or else with Cæsar

fall. [*Exit.*]

* *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 85, Dio. Lib. lviij.*

† *Tacit. ibid.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.**Enter Tiberius.*

Tib. To marry Livia! will no less, Sejanus,
Content thy aims? no lower object? well!
Thou know'st how thou art wrought into
our trust;
Woven in our design; and think'st we
must
Now use thee, whatsoe'er thy projects are:
'Tis true. But yet with caution and fit care.
And, now we better think—who's there
within?

*Enter an Officer.**Off.* Cæsar!

Tib. To leave our journey off, were sin
'Gainst our decreed delights; and would
appear
Doubt; or, what less becomes a prince,
low fear.
Yet doubt hath law, and fears have their
excuse,
Where princes' states plead necessary use;
As ours doth now: more in Sejanus' pride,
Than all fell Agrippina's hates beside.
Those are the dreadful enemies, we raise
With favours, and make dangerous with
praise;
The injured by us may have will alike,
But 'tis the favourite hath the power to
strike;
And fury ever boils more high and strong,
Heat with ambition, than revenge of wrong.
'Tis then a part of supreme skill, to grace
No man too much; but hold a certain
space
Between the ascender's rise and thine own
flat,
Lest, when all rounds be reached, his aim
be that.
'Tis thought [*Aside*]. Is Macro* in the
palace? see:
If not, go seek him, to come to us. [*Exit*
Officer.] He
Must be the organ we must work by now;
Though none less apt for trust: need doth
allow
What choice would not. I have heard that
aconite,

¹ *I have heard that aconite, Being timely taken, hath a healing might Against the scorpion's stroke;] Hoc quoque tanien in usus humana salutis vertere; scorpionum ictibus adversari experiendo, datum in vino calido. Plin. Nat. Hist. l. xxvii. c. 2.—*
WHAL.

Being timely taken, hath a healing might¹
Against the scorpion's stroke; the proof
we'll give:

That, while two poisons wrestle, we may
live.

He hath a spirit too working to be used
But to the encounter of his like; excused
Are wiser sov'reigns then, that raise one ill
Against another, and both safely kill:
The prince that feeds great natures, they
will sway him;
Who nourisheth a lion, must obey him.—

Re-enter Officer with Macro.

Macro, we sent for you.

Mac. I heard so, Cæsar.*Tib.* Leave us a while. [*Exit Officer.*]

When you shall know, good Macro,
The causes of our sending, and the ends,
You will then hearken nearer; and be
pleased
You stand so high both in our choice and
trust.

Mac. The humblest place in Cæsar's
choice or trust,
May make glad Macro proud; without
ambition,
Save to do Cæsar service.

Tib. Leave your courtings.

We are in purpose, Macro,† to depart
The city for a time, and see Campania;
Not for our pleasures, but to dedicate
A pair of temples, one to Jupiter
At Capua; th' other at Nola,‡ to Augustus:

In which great work, perhaps our stay will
be
Beyond our will produced. Now, since we
are

Not ignorant what danger may be born
Out of our shortest absence in a state
So subject unto envy, and embroiled
With hate and faction; we have thought on
thee,

Amongst a field of Romans, worthiest
Macro,

To be our eye and ear: to keep strict
watch

On Agrippina, Nero, Drusus; ay,
And on Sejanus: not that we distrust
His loyalty, or do repent one grace,

* *De Macrone isto, vid. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lii. p. 718, et Tacit. Ann. Lib. vi. p. 109, &c.*

† *Suet. Tib. c. 4. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 711.*

‡ *Suet. Tib. c. 43. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 91.*

Of all that heap we have conferred on him ;
 For that were to disparage our election,
 And call that judgment now in doubt, which then
 Seemed as unquestioned as an oracle—
 But greatness hath his cankers. Worms
 and moths
 Breed out of too much humour,¹ in the
 things
 Which after they consume, transferring
 quite
 The substance of their makers into them-
 selves.
 Macro is sharp, and apprehends: besides,
 I know him subtle, close, wise, and well
 read
 In man, and his large nature; he hath
 studied
 Affections, passions, knows their springs,
 their ends,
 Which way, and whether they will work:
 'tis proof
 Enough of his great merit that we trust him.
 Then to a point, because our conference
 Cannot be long without suspicion—
 Here, Macro, we assign thee both to spy,
 Inform, and chastise; think, and use thy
 means,
 Thy ministers, what, where, on whom thou
 wilt;
 Explore, plot, practise: all thou dost in this
 Shall be, as if the senate or the laws
 Had given it privilege, and thou thence
 styled
 The saviour both of Cæsar and of Rome.
 We will not take thy answer but in act:
 Where to, as thou proceed'st, we hope to
 hear
 By trusted messengers. If 't be enquired
 Wherefore we called you, say you have in
 charge
 To see our chariots ready, and our horse.
 Be still our loved and, shortly, honoured
 Macro. [Exit.
Mac. I will not ask why Cæsar bids do
 this;
 But joy, that he bids me.* It is the bliss
 Of courts to be employed, no matter how;

¹ *Breed out of too much humour, &c.*] This is agreeable to the notion of equivocal generation received in that age.—WHAL.

² *It is no uncouth thing, &c.*] i.e., strange, unknown, unproved. Thus Spenser, *F. Q.*, B. 1, c. ii. 20:

“The percing steele there wrought a wound
 full wyde,
 That with the *uncouth* smart the monster
 loudly cryde.”

A prince's power makes all his actions
 virtue.
 We, whom he works by, are dumb instru-
 ments,
 To do, but not enquire: his great intents
 Are to be served, not searched. Yet, as
 that bow
 Is most in hand whose owner best doth
 know
 To affect his aims; so let that statesman hope
 Most use, most price, can hit his prince's
 scope.
 Nor must he look at what or whom to
 strike,
 But loose at all; each mark must be alike.
 Were it to plot against the fame, the life
 Of one with whom I twinned; remove a
 wife
 From my warm side, as loved as is the air;
 Practise away each parent; draw mine heir
 In compass, though but one; work all my
 kin
 To swift perdition; leave no untrained
 engin,
 For friendship, or for innocence; nay, make
 The gods all guilty; I would undertake
 This, being imposed me, both with gain
 and ease:
 The way to rise is to obey and please.
 He that will thrive in state, he must neglect
 The trodden paths that truth and right re-
 spect;
 And prove new, wilder ways: for virtue there
 Is not that narrow thing, she is elsewhere;
 Men's fortune there is virtue; reason their
 will;
 Their licence, law; and their observance,
 skill.
 Occasion is their foil; conscience, their
 stain;
 Profit their lustre; and what else is, vain.
 If then it be the lust of Cæsar's power,†
 To have raised Sejanus up, and in an hour
 O'erturn him, tumbling down, from height
 of all;
 We are his ready engine: and his fall
 May be our rise. It is no uncouth thing²
 To see fresh buildings from old ruins spring.
 [Exit.

And Milton, the constant follower of our poet:

“And through the palpable obscure find out
 His *uncouth* way.”—*Par. Lost*, B. 2, 404.

* *De Macrone et ingenio ejus, cons. Tacit. Ann. Lib. vi. pp. 114, 115.*

† *Vide Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 718, &c.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Agrippina's House.**Enter Gallus and Agrippina.**Gal.* You must have patience,* royal Agrippina.*Agr.* I must have vengeance first; and that were nectar

Unto my famished spirits. O, my fortune, Let it be sudden thou prepar'st against me; Strike all my powers of understanding blind,

And ignorant of destiny to come! Let me not fear, that cannot hope.

Gal. Dear princess, These tyrannies on yourself are worse than Cæsar's.*Agr.* Is this the happiness of being born great?

Still to be aimed at? still to be suspected? To live the subject of all jealousies? At least the colour made, if not the ground To every painted danger? who would not Choose once to fall, than thus to hang for ever?

Gal. You might be safe if you would——*Agr.* What, my Gallus!

Be lewd Sejanus' strumpet, or the bawd To Cæsar's lusts, he now is gone to practise?

Not these are safe, where nothing is. Yourself,

While thus you stand but by me, are not safe.

Was Silius safe? or the good Sosia safe? Or was my niece, dear Claudia Pulchra,† safe,

Or innocent Furnius? they that latest have (By being made guilty) added reputation‡ To Afer's eloquence? O, foolish friends, Could not so fresh example warn your loves,

But you must buy my favours with that loss

Unto yourselves; and when you might perceive

That Cæsar's cause of raging must forsake him,

Before his will! Away, good Gallus, leave me.

* *Agrippina semper atrox, tum et periculo propinqua accensa. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 89.*† *Pulchra et Furnius damnat. Tacit. Ann. ibid.*‡ *Afer primoribus oratorum additus, divulgato ingenio, &c. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 89.*

Here to be seen, is danger; to speak, treason:

To do me least observance, is called faction.

You are unhappy in me, and I in all. Where are my sons Nero and Drusus? We Are they be shot at; let us fall apart; Not in our ruins, sepulchre our friends. Or shall we do some action like offence, To mock their studies that would make us faulty,

And frustrate practice by preventing it? The danger's like: for what they can contrive,

They will make good. No innocence is safe,

When power contests: nor can they trespass more,

Whose only being was all crime before.

*Enter Nero, Drusus, and Caligula.**Ner.* You hear Sejanus is come back from Cæsar?*Gal.* No. How? disgraced?*Dru.* More graced now than ever.*Gal.* By what mischance?*Cal.* A fortune like enough

Once to be bad.

Dru. But turned too good to both.*Gal.* What was't?*Ner.* Tiberius§ sitting at his meat, In a farm-house they call Spelunca,|| sited By the sea-side, among the Fundane hills, Within a natural cave; part of the grot, About the entry, fell, and overwhelmed Some of the waiters; others ran away: Only Sejanus with his knees, hands, face, O'erhanging Cæsar, did oppose himself To the remaining ruins, and was found In that so labouring posture by the soldiers That came to succour him. With which adventure,

He hath¶ so fixed himself in Cæsar's trust, As thunder cannot move him, and is come With all the height of Cæsar's praise to Rome.

Agr. And power to turn those ruins all on us;

And bury whole posterities beneath them.

Nero, and Drusus, and Caligula,

Your places are the next, and therefore most

§ *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 91.*|| *Prætorium Suet. appellat. Tib. c. 39.*¶ *Præbuitque ipsi materiem cur amicitia constantique Sejani magis fideret. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 91.*

In their offence. Think on your birth and blood,
 Awake your spirits, meet their violence;
 'Tis princely when a tyrant doth oppose,
 And is a fortune sent to exercise
 Your virtue, as the wind doth try strong
 trees,
 Who by vexation grow more sound and
 firm.
 After your father's fall, and uncle's fate,
 What can you hope, but all the change of
 stroke
 That force or sleight can give? then stand
 upright;
 And though you do not act, yet suffer
 nobly:
 Be worthy of my womb, and take strong
 cheer;
 What we do know will come, we should
 not fear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Street.**Enter Macro.*

Mac. Returned so soon! renewed in
 trust and grace!
 Is Cæsar then so weak, or hath the place
 But wrought this alteration with the air;
 And he, on next remove, will all repair?
 Macro, thou art engaged: and what before
 Was public; now, must be thy private,
 more.
 The weal of Cæsar, fitness did imply;
 But thine own fate confers necessity
 On thy employment; and the thoughts born
 nearest
 Unto ourselves, move swiftest still, and
 dearest.
 If he recover, thou art lost; yea, all
 The weight of preparation to his fall
 Will turn on thee, and crush thee: there-
 fore strike
 Before he settle, to prevent the like
 Upon thyself. He doth his vantage know,
 That makes it home, and gives the fore-
 most blow. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*An Upper Room of
 Agrippina's House.**Enter Latiaris, Rufus, and Opsius.*

Lat. It is a service Lord Sejanus* will
 See well requited, and accept of nobly.

* *Sabinum aggrediuntur cupidine consula-
 tus, ad quem non nisi per Sejanum aditus,
 neque Sejani voluntas nisi scelere quærebatur.*
Tacit. Lib. iv. p. 94. *Dio. Hist. Rom.* Lib.
 lviii. p. 711.

Here place yourselves between the roof and
 ceiling;
 And when I bring him to his words of
 danger,

Reveal yourselves, and take him.

Ruf. Is he come?

Lat. I'll now go fetch him. [*Exit.*

Ops. With good speed.—I long

To merit from the state in such an action.

Ruf. I hope it will obtain the consulship
 For one of us.

Ops. We cannot think of less,

To bring in one so dangerous as Sabinus.

Ruf. He was a follower of Germanicus,
 And still is an observer of his wife
 And children,† though they be declined in
 grace;

A daily visitant, keeps them company

In private and in public, and is noted

To be the only client of the house:

Pray Jove, he will be free to Latiaris.

Ops. He's allied to him, and doth trust
 him well.

Ruf. And he'll requite his trust!

Ops. To do an office

So grateful to the state, I know no man

But would strain nearer bands than kin-
 dred—

Ruf. List!

I hear them come.

Ops. Shift to our holes‡ with silence.

[*They retire.*

Re-enter Latiaris with Sabinus.

Lat. It is a noble constancy you shew
 To this afflicted house; that not like others,
 The friends of season, you do follow for-
 tune,

And, in the winter of their fate, forsake
 The place whose glories warmed you. You
 are just,

And worthy such a princely patron's love,
 As was the world's renowned Germanicus,
 Whose ample merit when I call to thought,
 And see his wife and issue, objects made
 To so much envy, jealousy, and hate;
 It makes me ready to accuse the gods
 Of negligence, as men of tyranny.

Sab. They must be patient, so must we.

Lat. O Jove,

What will become of us or of the times,

When, to be high or noble, are made
 crimes,

† *Eoque apud bonos laudatus, et gravis
 iniquis.* *Tacit.* Lib. iv. p. 94.

‡ *Haud minus turpi latebrâ quam detestandâ
 fraude, sese abstrudunt; foraminibus et rimis
 aures amoveant.* *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. c. 69.

When land and treasure are most dangerous faults ?

Sab. Nay, when our table, yea our bed,* assaults

Our peace and safety ? when our writings are,

By any envious instruments, that dare Apply them to the guilty, made to speak What they will have to fit their tyrannous wreak ?

When ignorance is scarcely innocence ; And knowledge made a capital offence ? When not so much, but the bare empty shade Of liberty is reft us ; and we made The prey to greedy vultures and vile spies, That first transfix us with their murdering eyes ?

Lat. Methinks the genius of the Roman race

Should not be so extinct, but that bright flame

Of liberty might be revived again, (Which no good man but with his life should lose)

And we not sit like spent and patient fools, Still puffing in the dark at one poor coal, Held on by hope till the last spark is out.

The cause is public, and the honour, name, The immortality of every soul, That is not bastard or a slave in Rome, Therein concerned : whereto, if men would change

The wearied arm, and for the weighty shield So long sustained, employ the facile sword, We might have soon assurance of our vows. This ass's fortitude doth tire us all :

It must be active valour must redeem Our loss, or none. The rock and our hard steel

Should meet to enforce those glorious fires again,

Whose splendour cheered the world, and heat gave life,

No less than doth the sun's.

* *Ne vox quidem securo, cum uxor (Neronis) vigilias, somnos, suspiria matri Livie, atque illa Sejano patefaceret. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 92.*

† *Facies ulcerosa ac plerumque medicaminibus interstincta. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 91.*

‡ *Tacit. ibid. Et Rhodi secreto, vitare cætus, recondere voluptates insuerat.*

[Whalley observes that Jonson has confounded two events very distinct in time. The residence of Tiberius at Rhodes took place during the life of Augustus, and he was now at Capua, as the author well knew, and indeed expressly mentions just below. Either this is one of the inadvertencies to which the correctest minds are occasionally subject ; or, as I rather think, a line has

Sab. 'Twere better stay

In lasting darkness, and despair of day. No ill should force the subject undertake

Against the sovereign, more than hell should make

The gods do wrong. A good man should and must

Sit rather down with loss than rise unjust. Though, when the Romans first did yield themselves

To one man's power, they did not mean their lives,

Their fortunes and their liberties should be His absolute spoil, as purchased by the sword.

Lat. Why, we are worse, if to be slaves, and bond

To Cæsar's slave, be such, the proud Sejanus !

He that is all, does all, gives Cæsar leave To hide his ulcerous and anointed face, With his bald crown at Rhodes, † while he here stalks

Upon the heads of Romans, and their princes,

Familiarly to empire.

Sab. Now you touch

A point indeed, wherein he shews his art, As well as power.

Lat. And villainy in both.

Do you observe where Livia lodges ? how Drusus came dead ? what men have been cut off ?

Sab. Yes, those are things removed. I nearer looked

Into his later practice, where he stands Declared a master in his mystery.

First, ere Tiberius went, he wrought his fear

To think that Agrippina sought his death. Then put those doubts in her ; sent her oft word,

Under the show of friendship, to beware

dropped out, and been subsequently overlooked. Perhaps the passage might originally have stood somewhat in this way :

" Gives Cæsar leave To hide his ulcerous and anointed face, With his bald crown, and ply his secret lusts, As once he did, at Rhodes," &c.

Whalley adds that Tacitus, from whom Jonson derived most of his facts, is prejudiced against Tiberius. It cannot be denied ; but, after full allowance is made for this, more than enough will remain to prove that at this period of his life he was one of the most detestable and dangerous characters with which the old world was acquainted.—GIFFORD.]

Of Cæsar, for he laid to poison* her :
 Drave them to frowns, to mutual jealousies,
 Which, now, in visible hatred are burst
 out.

Since, he hath had his hired instruments
 To work† on Nero, and to heave him up ;
 To tell him Cæsar's old, that all the
 people,

Yea, all the army have their eyes on him ;
 That both do long to have him undertake
 Something of worth, to give the world a
 hope ;

Bids him to court their grace: the easy
 youth

Perhaps gives ear, which straight he writes
 to Cæsar ;

And with this comment: "See yon dan-
 gerous boy ;

Note but the practice of the mother, there ;
 She's tying him for purposes at hand,
 With men of sword." Here's Cæsar put in
 fright

'Gainst son and mother. Yet he leaves
 not thus.

The second brother, Drusus, a fierce
 nature,

And fitter for his snares, because ambi-
 tious

And full of envy, him‡ he clasps and
 hugs,

Poisons with praise, tells him what hearts
 he wears,

How bright he stands in popular expec-
 tance ;

That Rome doth suffer with him in the
 wrong

His mother does him, by preferring Nero :
 Thus sets he them asunder, each 'gainst
 other,

Projects the course that serves him to con-
 demn,

Keeps in opinion of a friend to all,
 And all drives on to ruin.

Lat. Cæsar sleeps,

And nods at this.

Sab. Would he might ever sleep,
 Boggled in his filthy lusts !

[*Opsius and Rufus rush in.*]

Ops. Treason to Cæsar !

Ruf. Lay hands upon the traitor,
 Latiaris,

Or take the name thyself.

Lat. I am for Cæsar.

Sab. Am I then caught ?

Ruf. How think you, sir? you are.

Sab. Spies of this head, so white, so full
 of years !

Well, my most reverend monsters, you may
 live

To see yourselves thus snared.

Ops. Away with him !

Lat. Hale him away.

Ruf. To be a spy for traitors,
 Is honourable vigilance.

Sab. You do well,§

My most officious instruments of state ;
 Men of all uses: drag me hence, away.

The year is well begun, and I fall fit

To be an offering to Sejanus. Go !

Ops. Cover him with his garments, hide
 his face.¶

Sab. It shall not need. Forbear your
 rude assault.

The fault's not shameful, villainy makes a
 fault. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*The Street before
 Agrippina's House.*

Enter Macro and Caligula.

Mac. Sir, but observe how thick your
 dangers meet

In his clear diifts ! your mother|| and your
 brothers,

Now cited to the senate; their friend Gal-
 lus,¶

Feasted to-day by Cæsar, since com-
 mitted !

Sabinus here we meet, hurried to fetters:

The senators all strook with fear and
 silence,

Save those whose hopes depend not on
 good means,

But force their private prey from public
 spoil.

And you must know, if here you stay, your
 state

Is sure to be the subject of his hate,

As now the object.

Cal. What would you advise me?

Mac. To go for Capreæ presently; and
 there

Give up yourself entirely to your uncle.

* *Cover him with his garments, &c.*] Alluding to the form by which a criminal was condemned to death: "*I, lictor, colliga manus, caput obnubito,*" &c.

* *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 90.*

† *Tacit. Lib. eod. pp. 91, 92.*

‡ *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. pp. 91, 92.*

§ *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. pp. 94, 95.*

¶ *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 98.*

¶ *Asinium Gal. eodem die et convivam Tiberii fuisse et eo subornante damnatum narrat Dio. Lib. lviii. p. 713.*

Tell Cæsar (since your mother* is accused
To fly for succours to Augustus' statue,
And to the army, with your brethren) you
Have rather chose to place your aids in
him,

Than live suspected; or in hourly fear
To be thrust out, by bold Sejanus' plots:
Which you shall confidently urge to be
Most full of peril to the state, and Cæsar,
As being laid to his peculiar ends,
And not to be let run with common safety.
All which, upon the second, I'll make plain,
So both shall love and trust with Cæsar
gain.

Cal. Away then, let's prepare us for our
journey. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Street.*

Enter Arruntius.

Arr. Still dost thou suffer, heaven! will
no flame,
No heat of sin, make thy just wrath to
boil
In thy distempered bosom, and o'erflow
The pitchy blazes of impiety,
Kindled beneath thy throne! Still canst
thou sleep,
Patient, while vice doth make an antick
face
At thy dread power, and blow dust and
smoke
Into thy nostrils! Jove, will nothing wake
thee?
Must vile Sejanus pull thee by the beard,¹
Ere thou wilt open thy black-lidded eye,
And look him dead? Well! snore on,
dreaming gods;
And let this last of that proud giant-race
Heave mountain upon mountain 'gainst
your state—
Be good unto me, Fortune and you powers,
Whom I, expostulating, have profaned;
I see, what's equal with a prodigy,
A great, a noble Roman, and an honest,
Live an old man!—

¹ *Must vile Sejanus pull thee by the beard?*
Idcirco stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam
Jupiter!—*Pers. Sat. ii. v. 28.* *WHAL.*

² *Never stretch*
These arms against the torrent, &c. This
is from Juvenal, as are many other short pas-
sages in this scene; to which Persius also con-
tributes. Jonson seems almost afraid to trust
himself out of the classics.

* *Vid. Tacit. Lib. v. p. 94. Suet. Tib. c. 53.*

Enter Lepidus.

O Marcus Lepidus,†

When is our turn to bleed? Thyself and I,
Without our boast, are almost all the few
Left to be honest in these impious times.

Lep. What we are left to be, we will be,
Lucius;

Though tyranny did stare as wide as death,
To fright us from it.

Arr. 'T hath so on Sabinus.

Lep. I saw him now drawn from the
Gemonies,‡

And what increased the direness of the
fact,

His faithful dog,§ upbraiding all us Ro-
mans,

Never forsook the corps, but, seeing it
thrown

Into the stream, leaped in, and drowned
with it.

Arr. O act, to be envied him of us men!
We are the next the hook lays hold on,
Marcus:

What are thy arts, good patriot, teach
them me,

That have preserved thy hair to this white
dye,

And kept so reverend and so dear a head
Safe on his comely shoulders?

Lep. Arts, Arruntius!

None,|| but the plain and passive fortitude,
To suffer and be silent; never stretch

These arms against the torrent;² live at
home,

With my own thoughts and innocence
about me,

Not tempting the wolves' jaws: these are my
arts.

Arr. I would begin to study 'em, if I
thought

They would secure me. May I pray to
Jove

In secret and be safe? ay, or aloud,
With open wishes, so I do not mention
Tiberius or Sejanus? yes I must,

† *De Lepido isto vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i.*
p. 6, Lib. iii. pp. 60, 65, et Lib. iv. p. 81.

‡ *Scala Gemonie fuerunt in Aventino. prope*
templum Junonis reginæ a Camillo captis Veiiis
dicatum: a planctu et gemitu dictas vult
Rhodig. In quas contumeliæ causâ cadavera
projecta; aliquando a carnifice unco traher-
bantur. Vid. Tac. Suet. Dio. Senec. Juvenal.

§ *Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 712. Et*
Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 94.

|| *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 80.*

If I speak out. 'Tis hard that. May I think,
And not be racked? What danger is't to dream,
Talk in one's sleep, or cough? Who knows the law?
May I shake my head without a comment? say
It rains, or it holds up, and not be thrown
Upon the Gemonies? These now are things,
Whereon men's fortune, yea, their fate depends.
Nothing bath privilege 'gainst the violent ear.
No place, no day, no hour, we see, is free,
Not our religious and most sacred times,¹
From some one kind of cruelty: all matter,
Nay, all occasion pleaseth. Madmen's rage,
The idleness of drunkards, women's nothing,
Jester's simplicity, all, all is good
That can be catcht at. Nor is now the event
Of any person, or for any crime,
To be expected; for 'tis always one:
Death, with some little difference of place,
Or time—What's this? Prince Nero,
guarded!

Enter Laco and Nero, with Guards.*

Lac. On, lictors, keep your way. My lords, forbear.
On pain of Cæsar's wrath, no man attempt
Speech with the prisoner.
Ner. Noble friends, be safe;
To lose yourselves for words, were as vain hazard,
As unto me small comfort: fare you well.
Would all Rome's sufferings in my fate did dwell!
Lac. Lictors, away.
Lep. Where goes he, Laco?
Lac. Sir,
He's banished into Pontiat by the senate.
Arr. Do I see, hear, and feel? May I trust sense,
Or doth my phant'sie form it?
Lep. Where's his brother?

¹ *Not our religious and most sacred times,* Alluding to the fate of Sabinus, who was accused upon the calends of January, and suffered death soon after.—WHAL.

* *Le, Laco. vid. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviil. p. 718.*

Lac. Drusust is prisoner in the palace.
Arr. Ha!
I smell it now: 'tis rank. Where's Agrippina?
Lac. The princess is confined to Pandataria.§
Arr. Bolts, Vulcan; bolts for Jove! Phœbus, thy bow;
Stern Mars, thy sword; and, blue-eyed maid, thy spear;
Thy club, Alcides: all the armoury
Of heaven is too little!—Ha! to guard
The gods, I meant. Fine, rare dispatch! this same
Was swiftly born! Confined, imprisoned, banished?
Most tripartite! the cause, sir?
Lac. Treason.
Arr. O!
The complement of all accusings! that
Will hit, when all else fails.
Lep. This turn is strange!
But yesterday the people would not hear,
Far less objected, but cried¶ Cæsar's letters
Were false and forged; that all these plots
were malice;
And that the ruin of the prince's house
Was practised 'gainst his knowledge.
Where are now
Their voices, now that they behold his heirs
Locked up, disgraced, led into exile?
Arr. Hushed,
Drown'd in their bellies. Wild Sejanus' breath
Hath, like a whirlwind, scattered that poor dust,
With this rude blast.—We'll talk no treason, sir, [*Turns to Laco and the rest.*
If that be it you stand for. Fare you well.
We have no need of horse-leeches. Good spy,
Now you are spied, be gone.
[*Exeunt Laco, Nero, and Guards.*
Lep. I fear you wrong him:
He has the voice to be an honest Roman.
Arr. And trusted to this office! Lepidus,
I'd sooner trust Greek Sinon than a man
Our state employs. He's gone: and being gone,
I dare tell you, whom I dare better trust,
That our night-eyed** Tiberius doth not see

† *Suet. Tib. c. 54.*

‡ *Suet. ibid.*

§ *Suet. ibid.*

¶ *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iii. p. 62.*

¶ *Tacit. Lib. v. p. 98.*

** *Tiberius in tenebris videret: testibus Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lvii. p. 691. Et Plin. Nat. Hist. Lib. li. c. 37.*

His minion's drifts; or, if he do, he's not
So arrant subtle, as we fools do take him;
To breed a mongrel up, in his own house,
With his own blood, and, if the good gods
please,

At his own throat flesh him to take a leap.
I do not beg it, heaven; but if the fates
Grant it these eyes, they must not wink.

Lep. They must

Not see it, Lucius.

Arr. Who should let them?

Lep. Zeal,

And duty; with the thought he is our
prince.

Arr. He is our monster: forfeited to vice
So far, as no racked virtue can redeem
him.

His loathed person* fouler than all crimes:
An emperor only in his lusts. Retired,
From all regard of his own fame, or Rome's,
Into an obscure island,† where he lives
Acting his tragedies with a comic face,
Amidst his rout of Chaldees;‡ spending
hours,

Days, weeks, and months, in the unkind
abuse

Of grave astrology, to the bane of men,
Casting the scope of men's nativities,
And having found aught worthy in their
fortune,

Kill, or precipitate them in the sea,
And boast he can mock fate. Nay, muse
not: these

Are far from ends of evil, scarce degrees.
He hath his slaughter-house at Capreae;
Where he doth study murder as an art;
And they are dearest in his grace, that can
Devise the deepest tortures. Thither, too,
He hath his boys, and beauteous girls
ta'en up

Out of our noblest houses, the best formed,
Best nurtured, and most modest; what's
their good,

Serves to provoke his bad. Some are§
allured,

Some threatened; others, by their friends
detained,

Are ravished hence, like captives, and, in
sight

Of their most grieved parents, dealt away
Unto his spintries, sellaries, and slaves,

Masters of strange and new commented
lusts,

For which wise nature hath not left a name.
To this (what most strikes us, and bleeding
Rome)

He is, with all his craft, become|| the ward
To his own vassal, a stale catamite:

Whom he, upon our low and suffering
necks,

Hath raised from excrement to side the
gods,

And have his proper sacrifice in Rome:

Which Jove beholds, and yet will sooner
rive

A senseless oak with thunder than his
trunk!

Re-enter Laco, ¶ *with* Pomponius and
Minutius.

Lac. These** letters make men doubtful
what t' expect,

Whether his coming, or his death.

Pom. Troth, both:

And which comes soonest, thank the gods
for.

Arr. List!

Their talk is Cæsar; I would hear all voices.

[*Arrunt. and Lepidus stand aside.*]

Min. One day, †† he's well; and will re-
turn to Rome;

The next day, sick; and knows not when
to hope it.

Lac. True; and to-day, one of Sejanus'
friends

Honoured by special writ; and on the
morrow

Another punished——

Pom. By more special writ.

Min. This man †† receives his praises of
Sejanus,

A second but slight mention, a third none,
A fourth rebukes: and thus he leaves the
senate

Divided and suspended, all uncertain.

Lac. These forked tricks, I understand
them not:

Would he would tell us whom he loves or
hates,

That we might follow, without fear or
doubt.

* *Cons. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 91. (Juv. Sat. 4.)*

† *Vid. Suet. Tib. de recessu Caprensi, c. 43. Dio. p. 715. Juv. Sat. 10.*

‡ *Tacit. Ann. Lib. vi. p. 106. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 706. Suet. Tib. c. 62, &c. 44.*

§ *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 100. Suet. Tib. c. 43.*

|| *Leg. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 714.*

¶ *De Pomponio et Minutio vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. vi.*

** *Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 716.*

†† *Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 716.*

‡‡ *Dio. ibid.*

Arr. Good Heliotrope! Is this your honest man?

Let him be yours so still; he is my knave.

Pom. I cannot tell,¹ Sejanus still goes on, And mounts, we see,* new statues are advanced,

Fresh leaves of titles, large inscriptions read,

His fortune sworn by,† himself new gone out

Cæsar's‡ colleague in the fifth consulship; More altars smoke to him than all the gods: What would we more?

Arr. That the dear smoke would choke him,

That would I more.

Lep. Peace, good Arruntius.

Lat. But there are§ letters come, they say, ev'n now,

Which do forbid that last.

Min. Do you hear so?

Lac. Yes.

Pom. By Castor that's the worst.

Arr. By Pollux, best.

Min. I did not like the sign, when|| Regulus,

Whom all we know no friend unto Sejanus, Did, by Tiberius' so precise command, Succeed a fellow in the consulship: It boded somewhat.

Pom. Not a mote. His¶ partner, Fulcinius Trio, is his own, and sure.— Here comes Terentius.

Enter Terentius.

He can give us more.

[*They whisper with Terentius.*

Lep. I'll ne'er believe but Cæsar hath some scent

Of bold Sejanus' footing.** These cross points

Of varying letters, and opposing consuls, Mingling his honours and his punishments, Feigning now ill, now well,†† raising Sejanus,

And then depressing him, as now of late In all reports we have it, cannot be Empty of practise: 'tis Tiberius' art. For having found his favourite grown too great,

And with his greatness‡‡ strong; that all the soldiers

Are, with their leaders, made at his devotion;

That almost all the senate are his creatures, Or hold on him their main dependencies, Either for benefit, or hope, or fear;

And that himself hath lost much of his own, By parting unto him; and, by th' increase Of his rank lusts and rages, quite disarmed Himself of love, or other public means, To dare an open contestation;

His subtilty hath chose this doubling line, To hold him even in: not so to fear him, As wholly put him out, and yet give check Unto his farther boldness. In mean time, By his employments, makes him odious Unto the staggering rout, whose aid in fine He hopes to use, as sure, who, when they sway,

Bear down, o'erturn all objects in their way.

Arr. You may be a Lynceus, Lepidus: yet I

See no such cause, but that a politic tyrant, Who can so well disguise it, should have ta'en

A nearer way: feigned honest, and come home

To cut his throat, by law.

Lep. Ay, but his fear

Would ne'er be masked, all be his vices were.

Pom. His lordship then is still in grace?

Ter. Assure you,

Never in more, either of grace or power.

Pom. The gods are wise and just.

Arr. The fiends they are,

To suffer thee belie 'em.

Ter. I have here

His last and present letters, where he writes him,

"The partner of his cares," and "his Sejanus."—

Lac. But is that true,§§ it is prohibited To sacrifice unto him?

Ter. Some such thing

Cæsar makes scruple of, but forbids it not; No more than to himself: says he could wish

It were forborn to all.

¹ *I cannot tell,*] i.e., I know not what to think of it. See p. 47 a. This phrase, of which the sense is now, I presume, sufficiently established, is here noticed for the last time.

* *Leg. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 96.*

† *Adulationis pleni omnes ejus Fortunam jurabant. Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lviii. p. 714.*

‡ *Dio. p. 714. Suet. Tib. c. 65.*

§ *Dio. Lib. lviii. p. 718.*

|| *De Regulo cons. Dio. ibid.*

¶ *Dio. ibid.*

** *Suet. Tib. c. 65.*

†† *Dio. p. 726.*

‡‡ *Dio. p. 714.*

§§ *Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lviii. p. 718.*

Lac. Is it no other?

Ter. No other, on my trust. For your more surety,
Here is that letter too.

Arr. How easily

Do wretched men believe what they would have!

Looks this like plot?

Lep. Noble Arruntius, stay.

Lac. He names him here* without his titles.

Lep. Note!

Arr. Yes, and come off your notable fool. I will.

Lac. No other than Sejanus.

Pom. That's but haste

In him that writes: here he gives large amends.

Mar. And with his own hand written?

Pom. Yes.

Lac. Indeed?

Ter. Believe it, gentlemen, Sejanus' breast

Never received more full contentments in, Than at this present.

Pom. Takes he well† the escape

Of young Caligula, with Macro?

Ter. Faith,

At the first air it somewhat troubled him.

Lep. Observe you?

Arr. Nothing; riddles. Till I see

Sejanus struck, no sound thereof strikes me.

[*Exeunt Arrun. and Lepidus.*]

Pom. I like it not. I muse he would not attempt

Somewhat against him in the consulship,‡ Seeing the people 'gin to favour him.

Ter. He doth repent it now; but he has employed

Pagonianus after him:§ and he holds

That correspondence there, with all that are

Near about Cæsar, as no thought can pass

Without his knowledge, thence in act to front him.

Pom. I gratulate the news.

Lac. But how comes Macro

So in trust and favour with Caligula?

Pom. O, sir, he has a wife;|| and the young prince

An appetite: he can look up and spy

Flies in the roof, when there are fleas i' the bed;

And hath a learned nose to assure his sleeps.

Who to be favoured of the rising sun, Would not lend little of his waning moon? It is the saf'st ambition. Noble Terentius!

Ter. The night grows fast upon us. At your service. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Sejanus's House.*

Enter Sejanus.

Sej. Swell, swell, my joys; and faint not to declare

Yourself as ample as your causes are.

I did not live till now: this my first hour;

Wherein I see my thoughts reached by my power.

But this, and gripe my wishes.¶ Great and high,

The world knows only two, that's Rome and I.

My roof receives me not; 'tis air I tread;

And, at each step, I feel my advanced head Knock out a star in heaven! reared to this height,

All my desires seem modest, poor, and slight,

That did before sound impudent: 'tis place, Not blood, discerns the noble and the base.

Is there not something more than to be Cæsar?

Must we rest there? it irks t' have come so far,

To be so near a stay. Caligula,

Would thou stood'st stiff, and many in our way!

Winds lose their strength, when they do empty fly,

Unmet of woods or buildings; great fires die,

That want their matter to withstand them: so,

It is our grief, and will be our loss, to know

Our power shall want opposites; unless

The gods, by mixing in the cause, would bless

Our fortune with their conquest. That were worth

* *Dio. ibid.*

† *Dio. p. 717.*

‡ *Dio. p. 717.*

§ *De Pagoniano, vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. vi. p. 101, alibi Pacontano.*

¶ *Tacit. cons. Ann. Lib. vi. p. 114.*

¶ *De fastu Sejani leg. Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lviii. p. 715, et Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 96.*

Sejanus' strife; durst fates but bring it forth.

Enter Terentius.

Ter. Safety to great Sejanus!

Sej. Now, Terentius?

Ter. Hears not my lord the wonder?

Sej. Speak it; no.

Ter. I meet it violent in the people's mouths,

Who run in routs to Pompey's theatre,
To view your statue,* which, they say,
sends forth

A smoke, as from a furnace, black and dreadful.

Sej. Some traitor hath put fire in: you,
go see,

And let the head be taken off, to look
What 'tis. [*Exit Terentius.*] Some slave
hath practised an imposture

To stir the people.—How now! why return you?

*Re-enter Terentius, with Satrius
and Natta.*

Sat. The head,† my lord, already is
ta'en off,

I saw it; and, at opening, there leapt out
A great and monstrous serpent.

Sej. Monstrous! why?

Had it a beard, and horns? no heart? a
tongue

Forked as flattery? looked it of the hue,
To such as live in great men's bosoms?
was

The spirit of it Macro's?

Nat. May it please

The most divine Sejanus, in my days,
(And by his sacred fortune, I affirm it,)
I have not seen a more extended, grown,
Foul, spotted, venomous, ugly—

Sej. O, the fates!

What a wild muster's here of attributes,
T' express a worm, a snake!

Ter. But how that should

Come there, my lord!

Sej. What, and you too, Terentius!

I think you mean to make 't a prodigy
In your reporting.

Ter. Can the wise Sejanus

Think heaven hath meant it less?

Sej. O, superstition!

Why, then the falling‡ of our bed, that
brake

This morning, burdened with the populous
weight

Of our expecting clients, to salute us;
Or running of the cat§ betwixt our legs,

As we set forth unto the Capitol,

Were prodigies.

Ter. I think them ominous:

And would they had not happened! As, to-
day,

The fate of some your servants:¶ who
declining

Their way,¹ not able, for the throng, to
follow,

Slipt down the Gemonies, and brake their
necks!

Besides, in taking your last augury,¶
No prosperous bird appeared; but croak-
ing ravens

Flagged up and down, and from the
sacrifice

Flew to the prison, where they sat all
night,

Beating the air with their obstreperous
beaks!

I dare not counsel, but I could entreat,
That great Sejanus would attempt the gods
Once more with sacrifice.

Sej. What excellent fools

Religion makes of men! Believes Teren-
tius,

If these were dangers, as I shame to think
them,

The gods could change the certain course
of fate?

Or, if they could they would, now in a
moment,

For a beeve's fat, or less, be bribed to
invert

Those long decrees? Then think the gods,
like flies,

Are to be taken with the steam of flesh,
Or blood, diffused about their altars:

think

Their power as cheap as I esteem it
small.

Of all the throng that fill th' Olympian
hall,

And, without pity, lade poor Atlas' back,
I know not that one deity, but Fortune,

¹ *Who, declining their way,*] Turning out of the way. This is from the folio, 1616: the quarto reads *diverting*; but as *declining* seems to have been the poet's own choice, and the language of that age, I have given it the preference. So the author of *Aulicus Coquinaria*, speaking of Sir Walter Raleigh, when out of place, says that, "when it fell out to be so, he

would wisely decline himself out of the court-road."—WHAL.

* *Dio. Hist. Rom.* Lib. lviii. p. 717.

† *Dio. ibid.*

‡ *Dio. ibid.* p. 715.

§ *Dio. ibid.* p. 716.

¶ *Dio. ibid.*

¶ *Dio. ibid.*

To whom I would throw up, in begging
 smoke,
 One grain of incense ;* or whose ear I'd buy
 With thus much oil. Her I indeed adore ;
 And keep her grateful image† in my house,
 Sometime belonging to a Roman king,
 But now called mine, as by the better style :
 To her I care not, if, for satisfying
 Your scrupulous phant'sies, I go offer. Bid
 Our priest prepare us honey,‡ milk, and
 poppy,
 His masculine odours, and night-vest-
 ments : say
 Our rites are instant ; which performed,
 you'll see
 How vain, and worthy laughter, your fears
 be. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Cotta and Pomponius.

Cot. Pomponius, whither in such speed ?
Pom. I go
 To give my lord Sejanus notice——
Cot. What ?
Pom. Of Macro.
Cot. Is he come ?
Pom. Entered but now
 The house of Regulus.§
Cot. The opposite consul !
Pom. Some half hour since.
Cot. And by night too ! Stay, sir ;
 I'll bear you company.
Pom. Along then. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Regulus's House.*

Enter Macro, Regulus, and Attendant.

Mac. 'Tis Cæsar's will to have a frequent
 senate ;
 And therefore must your edict|| lay deep
 mulct
 On such as shall be absent.
Reg. So it doth.
 Bear it my fellow consul to adscribe.
Mac. And tell him it must early be pro-
 claimed :
 The place Apollo's temple.¶ [Exit Attendant.]

* *Grani turis. Plant. Pœnu. act i. sc. 1, et Ovid. Fast. Lib. iv.*

† *Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lviii. p. 717.*

‡ *De sacris Fortunæ, vid. Lil. Gre. Gyr. Synt. 17, et Stuch. lib. de Sacrif. Gent. p. 48.*

§ *Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lviii. p. 718.*

|| *Edicto ut plurimum senatores in curiam vocatos constat, ex Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. et Liv.*

Reg. That's remembered.

Mac. And at what hour ?

Reg. Yes.

Mac. You do** forget

To send one for the provost of the watch.

Reg. I have not : here he comes.

Enter Laco.

Mac. Gracinus Laco,

You are a friend most welcome : by and by,
 I'll speak with you. You must procure
 this list

Of the prætorian cohorts, with the names
 Of the centurions, and their tribunes.

Reg. Ay.

Mac. I bring you letters,†† and a health
 from Cæsar.

Lac. Sir, both come well.

Mac. And hear you ? with your note,
 Which are the eminent men, and most of
 action.

Reg. That shall be done you too.

Mac. Most worthy Laco,
 Cæsar salutes you. [Exit Regulus.] Con-
 sul ! death and furies !

Gone now ! The argument will please you,
 sir,

Ho ! Regulus ! The anger of the gods
 Follow your diligent legs, and overtake
 'em,

In likeness of the gout !

Re-enter Regulus.

O, my good lord,
 We lacked you present ; I would pray you
 send

Another to Fulcinius Trio, straight,
 To tell him you will come, and speak with
 him :

The matter we'll devise, to stay him there,
 While I with Laco do survey the watch.

[Exit Regulus.]
 What are your strengths, Gracinus ?

Lac. Seven cohorts.††

Mac. You see what Cæsar writes ; and—
 Gone again !

H' has sure a vein of mercury in his feet.
 Know you what store of the prætorian
 soldiers

Sejanus holds about him, for his guard ?

Lib. ii. *Fest. Pon. Lib. xv. vid. Bar. Briss. de Form. Lib. i. et Lips. Sat. Menip.*

¶ *Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lvii. p. 718.*

** *Dio. ibid.*

†† *Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 718.*

‡‡ *De prefecto vigilum vid. Ros. Antiq. Rom. Lib. vii. et Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lv.*

Lac. I cannot the just number ; but I think
Three centuries.

Mac. Three ! good.

Lac. At most not four.

Mac. And who be those centurions ?

Lac. That the consul
Can best deliver you.

Mac. When he's away !
Spite on his nimble industry—Gracinus,
You find what place you hold, there, in
the trust
Of royal Cæsar ?

Lac. Ay, and I am——

Mac. Sir,

The honours there proposed are but begin-
nings

Of his great favours,

Lac. They are more——

Mac. I heard him

When he did study what to add.

Lac. My life,

And all I hold——

Mac. You were his own first choice !
Which doth confirm as much as you can
speak ;

And will, if we succeed, make more——
Your guards

Are seven cohorts, you say ?

Lac. Yes.

Mac. Those we must

Hold still in readiness* and undischarged.

Lac. I understand so much. But how
it can——

Mac. Be done without suspicion, you'll
object ?

Re-enter Regulus.

Reg. What's that ?

Lac. The keeping of the watch in arms,
When morning comes.

Mac. The senate shall be met, and set
So early in the temple, as all mark
Of that shall be avoided.

Reg. If we need,
We have commission to possess† the
palace,
Enlarge Prince Drusus, and make him our
chief.

Mac. That secret would have burnt his
reverend mouth,
Had he not spit it out now : by the gods,
You carry things too——Let me borrow a
man

Or two, to bear these——That of freeing
Drusus,
Cæsar projected as the last and utmost ;
Not else to be remembered.

Enter Servants.

Reg. Here are servants.

Mac. These to Arruntius, these to Lepi-
dus.

This bear to Cotta, this to Latiaris.

If they demand you of me, say I have ta'en
Fresh horse, and am departed. [*Exeunt*
Servants.] You, my lord,

To your collegue, and be you sure to hold
him

With long narration of the new fresh
favours,

Meant to Sejanus, his great patron ; I,
With trusted Laco, here, are for the
guards :

Then to divide. For night hath many
eyes,

Whereof, though most do sleep, yet some
are spies. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Sacellum (or Chapel)*
in Sejanus's House.

Enter Præcones, † Flamen, § Tubicines,
Tibicines, Ministri, Sejanus, Terentius,
Satrius, Natta, &c.

Præ. ¶ " Be all profane far hence ; fly,
fly far off :
Be absent far ; far hence be all profane !"
[*Tub. and Tib.* ¶ *sound while the*
Flamen washeth.]

Fla. We have been faulty, but repent us
now.

And bring pure** hands, pure vestments,
and pure minds.

1 *Min.* Pure vessels.

2 *Min.* And pure offerings.

3 *Min.* Garlands pure.

* *Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 718.*

† *Vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. vi. p. 107, et Suet. Tib. c. 65.*

‡ *Præcones, Flamen, hi omnibus sacrificiis interesse solebant. Ros. Ant. Rom. Lib. iii. Stuch. de Sac. p. 72.*

§ *Ex iis, qui Flamini Curiales dicerentur, vid. Lil. Greg. Gyr. Synt. 17, et Onup. Panvin. Rep. Rom. Comment. 2.*

¶ *Moris antiqui erat, Præcones præcedere,*

et sacris arcere profanos. Cons. Briss. Ross. Stuch. Lil. Gyr. &c.

¶ *Observatum antiquis invenimus, ut qui rem divinam facturus erat, lautus, ac mundus accederet, et ad suas levandas culpas, se imprius reum dicere solitum, et noxæ pœnituisse. Lil. Gyr. Synt. 17.*

** *In sacris puras manus, puras vestes, pura vasa, &c. antiqui desiderabunt ; ut ex Virg. Plaut. Tibul. Ovid. &c. pluribus locis constat.*

Fla. Bestow your garlands:* and, with reverence, place
The vervin on the altar.

Præ. Favour† your tongues.

[While they sound again, † the Flamen takes of the honey with his finger, and tastes, then ministers to all the rest: so of the milk§ in an earthen vessel, he deals about; which done, he sprinkleth upon the altar, milk; then imposeth the honey, and kindleth his gums, and after censuring about the altar, placeth his censor thereon, into which they put several branches|| of poppy, and the music ceasing, proceeds.

Fla. "Great mother Fortune, ¶ queen of human state,
Rectress of action, arbitress of fate,
To whom all sway, all power, all empire bows,

Be present, and propitious to our vows!"

Præ. Favour** it with your tongues.

Min. Be present, and propitious to our vows!

Omnes. Accept our offering, †† and be pleased, great goddess.

Ter. See, see, the image stirs!

Sat. And turns away!

Nat. Fortune †† averts her face!

Fla. Avert, you gods,

The prodigy. Still! still! some pious rite
We have neglected. Yet, heaven be appeased,

And be all tokens false and void, that speak
Thy present wrath!

Sej. Be thou dumb, scrupulous priest:

And gather up thyself, with these thy wares,
Which I, in spite of thy blind mistress, or

Thy juggling mystery, religion, throw
Thus scorned on the earth.

[Overturns the statue and the altar.

Nay, hold thy look

Averted till I woo thee turn again;

And thou shalt stand to all posterity,

The eternal game and laughter, with thy neck

Writhed to thy tail, like a ridiculous cat.

Avoid these fumes, these superstitious lights,

And all these cosening ceremonies; you,

Your pure and spiced conscience!

[Exeunt all but Sejanus, Terent. Satri. and Natta.

I, the slave

And mock of fools, scorn on my worthy head!

That have been titled§§ and adored a god,

Yea sacrificed||| unto, myself, in Rome,

No less than Jove: and I be brought to do!

A peevish giglot, rites! perhaps the thought

And shame of that, made Fortune turn her face,

Knowing herself the lesser deity,

And but my servant.—Bashful queen, if so,
Sejanus thanks thy modesty. Who's that?

Enter Pomponius and Minutius. ¶¶

Pom. His fortune suffers, till he hears
my news:

I have waited here too long. Macro, my lord—

Sej. Speak lower and withdraw.

[Takes him aside.

Ter. Are these things true?

Min. Thousands are gazing at it in the streets.

¹ I be brought to do

A peevish giglot, rites.] Giglot is a wanton girl: so Shakspere:

"Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench."—WHAL.

* *Alius ritus sertis aras coronare, et verbenas imponere.*

† *Hujusmodi verbis silentium imperatum fuisse constat. Vid. Sen. in lib. de beata vita. Serv. et Don. ad eum versum, Lib. v. Aeneid:*

"Ore favete omnes, et cingite tempora ramis."

‡ *Vocabatur hic ritus Libatio. Legit Rosin. Ant. Lib. iii. Bar. Brisson. de form. Lib. i. Stuchium de Sacrif. et Lil. Synt. 17*

§ *In sacris Fortunæ lacte non vino libabant. iidem test. Talia sacrificia oïva et vñphalia dicta. Hoc est sobria, et vino carentia.*

¶ *Hoc reddere erat et litare, id est propitiare.*

et votum impetrare; secundum Nonium Marcellum. Litare enim Mac. Lib. iii. c. 5, explicat, sacrificio facto placare numen. In quo sens. leg. apud Plaut. Senec. Suet. &c.

¶ *His solemnibus præstationibus in sacris utebantur.*

** *Quibus, in clausu, populus vel cætus a præconibus favere jubebatur; id est, bona verba sari. Talis enim altera hujus formæ interpretatio apud Briss. Lib. i. extat. Ovid. Lib. i. Fast. Linguis animisque favete. Et Metam. Lib. xv.*

"Piumque

Æneade præstant et mente, et voce favorem."

†† *Solennis formula in donis cuius nominis offerendis.*

‡† *Leg. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 717, de hoc sacrificio.*

§§ *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 96.*

||| *Dio. Lib. lviii. p. 716.*

¶¶ *De Minutio vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. vi.*

Sej. What's that?
Ter. Minutius tells us here, my lord,
 That a new head being set upon your
 statue,
 A rope* is since found wreathed about it!
 and,
 But now† a fiery meteor in the form
 Of a great ball was seen to roll along
 The troubled air, where yet it hangs un-
 perfect,
 The amazing wonder of the multitude!
Sej. No more. That Macro's come, is
 more than all!
Ter. Is Macro come?
Pom. I saw him.
Ter. Where? with whom?
Pom. With Regulus.
Sej. Terentius!
Ter. My lord.
Sej. Send for the tribunes,‡ we will
 straight have up
 More of the soldiers for our guard. [*Exit*
Ter.] Minutius,
 We pray you go for Cotta, Latiaris,
 Trio the consul, or what senators
 You know are sure, and ours. [*Exit Min.*]
 You, my good Natta,
 For Laco, provost of the watch. [*Exit*
Nat.] Now, Satrius,
 The time of proof comes on; arm all our
 servants,
 And without tumult. [*Exit Sat.*] You,
 Pomponius,
 Hold some good correspondence with the
 consul:
 Attempt him, noble friend. [*Exit Pomp.*]
 These things begin
 To look like dangers, now, worthy my
 fates.
 Fortune, I see thy worst: let doubtful
 states,
 And things uncertain hang upon thy will;
 Me surest death shall render certain still.
 Yet, why is now my thought turned toward
 death,

Whom fates have let go on, so far in
 breath,
 Unchecked or unproved? I,§ that did
 help
 To fell the lofty cedar of the world
 Germanicus; that at one stroke¶ cut down
 Drusus, that upright elm; withered his
 vine;‡
 Laid Silius¶¶ and Sabinus,** two strong
 oaks,
 Flat on the earth; besides those other
 shrubs,
 Cordust†† and Sosia,‡‡ Claudia Pulchra,§§
 Furnius and Gallus,||| which I have grubbed
 up;
 And since, have set my axe so strong and
 deep
 Into the root of spreading Agrippine;¶¶¶
 Lopt off and scattered her proud branches,
 Nero,
 Drusus; and Caius*** too, although re-
 planted.
 If you will, Destinies, that after all,
 I faint now ere I touch my period,
 You are but cruel; and I already have
 done
 Things great enough. All Rome hath been
 my slave;
 The senate sate an idle looker on,
 And witness of my power; when I have
 blushed
 More to command than it to suffer: all
 The fathers have sate ready and prepared,
 To give me empire, temples, or their
 throats,
 When I would ask 'em; and, what crowns
 the top,
 Rome, senate, people, all the world have
 seen
 Jove but my equal; Cæsar but my
 second.
 'Tis then your malice, Fates, who, but your
 own,
 Envy and fear to have any power long
 known. [*Exit.*]

1 That at one stroke cut down
Drusus, that upright elm; withered his
vine.] As Drusus is here called an elm, his wife
 Livia, by a very elegant and easy metaphor, is
 termed *his vine*. The whole description is a
 beautiful allegory, animated with the most
 sublime spirit of true poetry.—WHAL.
 Beaumont and Fletcher have closely imitated,
 or rather copied, this passage in the *False One*.

* *Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lviii. p. 717.*
 † *Vid. Senec. Nat. Quest. Lib. i. c. 1.*
 ‡ *Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lviii. p. 718.*
 § *Vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. i. p. 23.*

|| *Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. pp. 74, 75, et Dio. Lib. lvii. p. 709.*

¶ *Tacit. Lib. iv. p. 79.*

** *Ibid. p. 94.*

†† *De Cremut. Cor. vid. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lvii. p. 710. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 83.*

‡‡ *De Sosia. Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 94.*

§§ *De Clau. et Furnio, quare Tacit. Ann. Lib. iv. p. 89.*

||| *De Gallo, Tacit. Lib. iv. p. 95, et Dio. Lib. lviii. p. 713.*

¶¶¶ *De Agr. Ner. et Dru. leg. Suet. Tib. cap. 53. 4.*

*** *De Caio. cons. Dio. Lib. lviii. p. 727.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the same.*

Enter Terentius and Tribunes.

Ter. Stay here: I'll give his lordship you are come.

Enter Minutius, with Cotta and Latiaris.

Min. Marcus Terentius, pray you tell my lord
Here's Cotta, and Latiaris.

Ter. Sir, I shall. *[Exit.*

Cot. My letter is the very same with yours;

Only requires me to be present there,
And give my voice to strengthen his design.

Lat. Names he not what it is?

Cot. No, nor to you.

Lat. 'Tis strange and singular doubtful!

Cot. So it is.

It may be all is left to lord Sejanus.

Enter Natta and Gracinus Laco.

Nat. Gentlemen, where's my lord?

Tri. We wait him here.

Cot. The provost Laco! what's the news?

Lat. My lord—

Enter Sejanus.

Sej. Now, my right dear, noble, and trusted friends,
How much I am a captive to your kindness!
Most worthy Cotta, Latiaris, Laco,
Your valiant hand; and, gentlemen, your loves.

I wish I could divide myself unto you;
Or that it lay within our narrow powers,
To satisfy for so enlarged bounty.
Gracinus, we must pray you, hold your guards

Unquit when morning comes. Saw you the consul?

Min. Trio will presently be here, my lord.

Cot. They are but giving order* for the edict,

To warn the senate?

Sej. How! the senate?

Lac. Yes.

This morning in Apollo's temple—

Cot. We

Are charged by letter to be there, my lord.

Sej. By letter! pray you let's see.

Lat. Knows not his lordship?

Cot. It seems so!

Sej. A senate warned! without my knowledge!

And on this sudden! Senators by letters
Required to be there! who brought these?

Cot. Macro.

Sej. Mine enemy! and when?

Cot. This midnight.

Sej. Time,

With every other circumstance, doth give
It hath some strain of engine in 't!—How now?

Enter Satrius.

Sat. My lord, Sertorius Macro is without,
Alone, and prays t' have private conference

In business of high nature with your lordship,

He says to me, and which regards you much.

Sej. Let him come here.

Sat. Better, my lord, withdraw:

You will betray what store and strength of friends

Are now about you; which he comes to spy.

Sej. Is he not armed?

Sat. We'll search him.

Sej. No; but take,

And lead him to some room, where you concealed

May keep a guard upon us. *[Exit Sat.]*
Noble Laco,

You are our trust; and till our own cohorts

Can be brought up, your strength must be our guard.

Now, good Minutius, honoured Latiaris,
[He salutes them humbly.]

Most worthy and my most unwearied friends;

I return instantly. *[Exit.]*

Lat. Most worthy lord!

Cot. His lordship is turned instant kind,
methinks;

I have not observed it in him heretofore.

Tri. 'Tis true, and it becomes him nobly.

Min. I

Am wrapt withal.

Tri. By Mars, he has my lives,

Were they a million, for this only grace.

Lac. Ay, and to name a man!

Lat. As he did me!

Min. And me!

Lat. Who would not spend his life and fortunes

To purchase but the look of such a lord?

Lac. He that would nor be lord's fool,
nor the world's. *[Aside.]*

* *Vid. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 718.*

† *Dio. Lib. lviii. p. 718.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Sejanus, Macro, and Satrius.

Sej. Macro! * most welcome, a most
coveted friend!

Let me enjoy my longings. When arrived
you?

Mac. About† the noon of night.¹

Sej. Satrius, give leave. [*Exit Sat.*]

Mac. I have been, since I came, with
both the consuls,

On a particular design from Cæsar.

Sej. How fares it with our great and
royal master?

Mac. Right plentifully well; as with a
prince

That still holds out‡ the great proportion
Of his large favours, where his judgment
hath

Made once divine election: like the god
That wants not, nor is wearied to bestow
Where merit meets his bounty, as it doth
In you, already the most happy, and ere
The sun shall climb the south, most high
Sejanus.

Let not my lord be amused.² For to this
end

Was I by Cæsar sent for to the isle,
With special caution to conceal my journey;
And thence had my dispatch as privately
Again to Rome; charged to come here by
night;

And only to the consuls make narration
Of his great purpose; that the benefit
Might come more full, and striking, by how
much

It was less looked for, or aspired by you,
Or least informed to the common thought.

Sej. What may this be? part of myself,
dear Macro,

If good, speak out; and share with your
Sejanus.

Mac. If bad, I should for ever loathe
myself

To be the messenger to so good a lord.

I do exceed my instructions to acquaint
Your lordship with thus much; but 'tis my
venture

On your retentive wisdom: and because
I would no jealous scruple should molest
Or rack your peace of thought. For I as-
sure

My noble lord, no senator yet knows
The business meant: though all by several
letters

Are warned to be there, and give their
voices,

Only to add unto the state and grace
Of what is purposed.

Sej. You take pleasure, Macro,
Like a coy wench, in torturing your lover.
What can be worth this suffering?

Mac. That which follows,
The tribunitia§ dignity and power:
Both which Sejanus is to have this day
Conferred upon him, and by public senate.

Sej. Fortune be mine again! thou hast
satisfied

For thy suspected loyalty. [*Aside.*]

Mac. My lord,
I have no longer time, the day approacheth,
And I must back to Cæsar.

Sej. Where's Caligula?

Mac. That I forgot to tell your lordship.
Why,

He lingers yonder about Capreæ,
Disgraced; Tiberius hath not seen him
yet:

He needs would thrust himself to go with
me,
Against my wish or will; but I have quitted
His forward trouble, with as tardy note
As my neglect or silence could afford him.
Your lordship cannot now command me
ought,

Because I take no knowledge that I saw
you;

But I shall boast to live to serve your lord-
ship:

And so take leave.

Sej. Honest and worthy Macro;

¹ *About the noon of night.*] This poetical expression, though now common by general use, seems to have been first introduced into our language by Jonson. And he appears to have been diffident of the reception it might meet with, or whether the licence he had taken would be approved by custom. For he refers us in the margin of the quarto to the author of whom he borrowed it.—*WHAL.*

I have not, any more than *Whalley*, been able to find an earlier instance of the use of this phrase. It was speedily adopted, however, by *Drayton*, *Crashaw*, and *Herrick*. *Milton*, who resorted to

Jonson for poetical expressions upon all occasions, could not miss this; though his editors, as usual, make no mention of his obligation to our author.

² *Let not my lord be amused.*] i.e., amazed. See the *Alchemist*.

* *Dio. Hist. Rom. Lib. lviii. p. 78.*

† *Meridies noctis, Varr. Marci por. vid. Non. Mar. cap. vi.*

‡ *Dio. Lib. lviii. p. 78.*

§ *Dio. Lib. lviii. p. 78, vid. Suet. de oppress. Sejan. Tib. c. 65.*

Your love and friendship. [*Exit Macro.*]

Who's there? Satrius,

Attend my honourable friend forth.—O!

How vain and vile a passion is this fear,

What base uncomely things it makes men do!

Suspect their noblest friends, as I did this,
Flatter poor enemies, entreat their servants,
Stoop, court, and catch at the benevolence
Of creatures unto whom, within this hour,
I would not have vouchsafed a quarter-
look,

Or piece of face! By you that fools call
gods,

Hang all the sky with your prodigious
signs,

Fill earth with monsters, drop the scorpion
down,

Out of the zodiac, or the fiercer lion,
Shake off the loosened globe from her long
hinge,

Roll all the world in darkness, and let
loose

The enraged winds to turn up groves and
towns!

When I do fear again, let me be struck

With forked fire, and unpitied die:

Who fears, is worthy of calamity. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the
same.*

*Enter Terentius, Minutius, Laco, Cotta,
Latiaris, and Pomponius; Regulus,
Trio, and others, on different sides.*

Pom. Is not my lord here?

Ter. Sir, he will be straight.

Cot. What news, Fulcinius Trio?

Tri. Good, good tidings;

But keep it to yourself. My lord Sejanus

Is to receive this day in open senate

The tribunitial dignity.

Cot. Is't true?

Tri. No words, not to your thought:
but, sir, believe it.

Lat. What says the consul?

Cot. Speak it not again:

He tells me that to-day my lord Sejanus—

Tri. I must entreat you, Cotta, on your
honour

Not to reveal it.

Cot. On my life, sir.

Lat. Say.

Cot. Is to receive the tribunitial power.

But, as you are an honourable man,

Let me conjure you not to utter it;
For it is trusted to me with that bond.

Lat. I am Harpocrates.

Ter. Can you assure it?

Pom. The consul told it me; but keep
it close.

Min. Lord Latiaris, what's the news?

Lat. I'll tell you;

But you must swear to keep it secret.

Enter Sejanus.

Sej. I knew the Fates had on their dis-
taff left

More of our thread, than so.

Reg. Hail, great Sejanus!

Tri. Hail, the most* honoured!

Cot. Happy!

Lat. High Sejanus!

Sej. Do you bring prodigies too?

Tri. May all presage

Turn to those fair effects, whereof we
bring

Your lordship news.

Reg. May't please my lord withdraw.

Sej. Yes:—I will speak with you anon.

[*To some that stand by.*]

Ter. My lord,

What is your pleasure for the tribunes?

Sej. Why,

Let them be thanked and sent away.

Min. My lord—

Lac. Will't please your lordship to com-
mand me—

Sej. No:

You are troublesome.

Min. The mood† is changed.

Tri. Not speak,

Nor look!

Lac. Ay, he is wise, will make him
friends

Of such who never love but for their ends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*A Space before the Temple
of Apollo.*

*Enter Arruntius and Lepidus, divers
Senators passing by them.*

Arr. Ay, go, make haste; take heed
you be not last

To tender your All Hail‡ in the wide hall

Of huge Sejanus: run a lictor's pace:

Stay not to put your robes on; but away

With the pale troubled ensigns of great
friendship

* *Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 718.*

† *Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 718.*

‡ *Ave, matutina vox salutanti propria, apud Romanos, vid. Briss. de form. Lib. viii.*

Stamped in your face!¹ Now, Marcus
Lepidus,

You still believe your former augury!
Sejanus must go downward! You perceive
His wane approaching fast!

Lep. Believe me, Lucius,
I wonder at this rising.

Arr. Ay, and that we
Must give our suffrage to it. You will say,
It is to make his fall more steep and
grievous:

It may be so. But think it, they that can
With idle wishes 'say to bring back time:
In cases desperate, all hope is crime.
See, see! what troops of his officious
friends

Flock to salute my lord, and start before
My great proud lord! to get a lord-like nod!
Attend my lord unto the senate-house!
Bring back my lord! like servile ushers,
make

Way for my lord! proclaim his idol lord-
ship,

More than ten criers, or six noise of
trumpets!

Make legs, kiss hands, and take a scattered
hair

From my lord's eminent shoulder! [*San-
quinius and Haterius pass over the
stage.*] See, Sanquinius*

With his slow belly, and his dropsy! look,
What toiling haste he makes! yet here's
another

Retarded with the gout, will be afore him.
Get thee Liburnian† porters, thou gross
fool,

To bear thy obsequious fatness, like thy
peers.

They are met! the gout returns, and his
great carriage.

[*Lictors, Regulus, Trio, Sejanus,
Satrius, and many other Senators
pass over the stage.*]

Lict. Give way, make place, room for
the consul!

San. Hail,

Hail, great Sejanus!

Hat. Hail, my honoured lord!

Arr. We shall be marked anon, for our
not Hail.

Lep. That is already done.

Arr. It is a note²

Of upstart greatness, to observe and watch
For these poor trifles, which the noble mind
Neglects and scorns.

Lep. Ay, and they think themselves
Deeply dishonoured where they are omitted,
As if they were necessities‡ that helped
To the perfection of their dignities;
And hate the men that but refrain them.

Arr. O!

There is a farther cause of hate. Their
breasts
Are guilty that we know their obscure
springs,
And base beginnings; thence the anger
grows.

On. Follow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—*Another Part of the same.*

Enter Macro and Laco.

Mac. When all are entered, shut‡ the
temple doors;
And bring your guards up to the gate.

Lac. I will.

Mac. If you shall hear commotion in the
senate,
Present yourself: and charge on any man
Shall offer to come forth.

Lac. I am instructed. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*The Temple of Apollo.*

*Enter Haterius, Trio, Sanquinius, Cotta,
Regulus, Sejanus, Pomponius, Latiaris,
Lepidus, Arruntius, and divers other
Senators; Præcones and Lictores.*

Hat. How well his lordship looks to-
day!

Tri. As if

He had been born, or made for this hour's
state.

Cot. Your fellow consul's come about,
methinks?

¹ Much of this speech is copied from Juvenal:

"Vocantur
*Ergo in concilium proceres, quos oderat ille,
In quorum facie miseræ magnæque sedebat
Pallor amicitia.*"—*Sat.* iv. v. 73. WHAL.

² *It is a note, &c.*] This excellent maxim is
expressed with great force and beauty. It
proves Jonson to be a keen observer of men and
manners.

* *De Sanquinio vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. vi. et
de Haterio, ibid.*

† *Ex Liburnia, magnæ et proceræ staturæ
mittebantur, qui erant Rom. Licticarii; test.
Juv. Sat. iii. v. 240:*

"Turba cedente vehetur
Dives, et ingenti curret super ora Liburno."

‡ *Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii.*

§ *Dio. ibid. p. 718.*

Tri. Ay, he is wise.

San. Sejanus trusts him well.

Tri. Sejanus is a noble, bounteous* lord.

Hat. He is so, and most valiant.

Lat. And most wise.

1 *Sen.* He's everything.

Lat. Worthy of all, and more Than bounty can bestow.

Tri. This dignity Will make him worthy.

Pom. Above Cæsar.

San. Tut,

Cæsar is but the rector of an isle, He of the empire.

Tri. Now he will have power More to reward than ever.

Cot. Let us look

We be not slack in giving him our voices.

Lat. Not I.

San. Nor I.

Cot. The readier we seem

To propagate his honours, will more bind His thoughts to ours.

Hat. I think right with your lordship; It is the way to have us hold our places.

San. Ay, and get more.

Lat. More office and more titles.

Pom. I will not lose the part I hope to share

In these his fortunes, for my patrimony.

Lat. See how Arruntius sits, and Lepidus!

Tri. Let them alone, they will be marked anon.

1 *Sen.* I'll do with others.

2 *Sen.* So will I.

3 *Sen.* And I.

Men grow not in the state but as they are planted

Warm in his favours.

Cot. Noble Sejanus!

Hat. Honoured Sejanus!

Lat. Worthy and great Sejanus!

Arr. Gods! how the sponges open and take in,

And shut again! look, look! is not he blest

That gets a seat in eye-reach of him? more

That comes in ear, or tongue-reach? O but most,

Can claw his subtle elbow, or with a buz Fly-blow his ears?

Præt. Proclaim the senate's peace, And give last summons by the edict.

Præ. Silence!

In name of Cæsar, and the senate, silence!

"Memmius Regulus, and Fulcinus Trio,§ consuls, these present kalends of June, with the first light, shall hold a senate, in the temple of Apollo Palatine:¶ all that are fathers, and are registered fathers, that have right of entering the senate, we warn or command you be frequently present, take knowledge the business is the commonwealth's: whosoever is absent, his fine or mulct will be taken, his excuse will not be taken."

Tri. Note who are absent, and record their names.

Reg. Fathers conscript,¶ may what I am to utter

Turn good and happy for the commonwealth!

And thou, Apollo, in whose holy house We here are met, inspire us all with truth, And liberty of censure to our thought!

The majesty of great Tiberius Cæsar Propounds to this grave senate, the bestowing

Upon the man he loves, honoured Sejanus, The tribunitial** dignity and power:

Here are his letters, signed with his signet. What pleaseth†† now the fathers to be done?

Sen. Read, read them, open, publicly read them.

Cot. Cæsar hath honoured his own greatness much

In thinking of this act.

Tri. It was a thought

Happy, and worthy Cæsar.

Lat. And the lord

As worthy it, on whom it is directed!

Hat. Most worthy!

San. Rome did never boast the virtue That could give envy bounds, but his: Sejanus—

1 *Sen.* Honoured and noble!

2 *Sen.* Good and great Sejanus!

Arr. O, most tame slavery, and fierce flattery!

Præ. Silence!

* *Vid. acclamation. Senat. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 719.*

† *Dio. p. 715.*

‡ *Dio. p. 719.*

§ *Vid. Brissonium de formul. Lib. ii. et Lipsium Sat. Menip.*

¶ *Palatinus, a monte Palatino dictus.*

¶ *Solemnis præfatio consulum in relationibus. Dio. p. 718.*

** *Vid. Suet. Tib. cap. 65.*

†† *Alia formula solemnis, vid. Briss. Lib. ii. et Dio. p. 719.*

"Tiberius Cæsar to the Senate greeting.

If you, conscript* fathers, with your children, be in health, it is abundantly well: we with our friends here are so. The care of the commonwealth, howsoever we are removed in person, cannot be absent to our thought; although, oftentimes, even to princes most present, the truth of their own affairs is hid; than which nothing falls out more miserable to a state, or makes the art of governing more difficult. But since it hath been our easeful happiness to enjoy both the aids and industry of so vigilant a senate, we profess to have been the more indulgent to our pleasures, not as being careless of our office, but rather secure of the necessity. Neither do these common rumours of many, and infamous libels published against our retirement, at all afflict us; being born more out of men's ignorance than their malice: and will, neglected, find their own grave quickly; whereas, too sensibly acknowledged, it would make their obloquy ours. Nor do we desire their authors, though found, be censured, since in a free state, as ours, all men ought to enjoy both their minds and tongues free."

Arr. The lapwing, the lapwing!

"Yet in things which shall worthily and more near concern the majesty of a prince, we shall fear to be so unnaturally cruel to our own fame, as to neglect them. True it is, conscript fathers, that we have raised Sejanus from obscure, and almost unknown gentry,"

Sen. How, how!

"to the highest and most conspicuous point of greatness, and, we hope, deservingly; yet not without danger: it being a most bold hazard in that sovereign who, by his

¹ *The lapwing, the lapwing!* See p. 246. The lapwing is said to cry out at a distance from her nest, in order to draw the searchers away from her young. This is what Shakspeare calls, "crying, tongue far from heart;" as Tiberius does here: and indeed our old writers are full of allusions to the same practice. Thus, in the *Ploughman's Tale*:

"And lapwinges, that wel conith lie."

Again: "You resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not."—*Lingua*, act ii. sc. 2.

And in the *Old Law*:

"He has the lapwing's cunning, I'm afraid, That cries most when she's farthest from the nest."

particular love to one, dares adventure the hatred of all his other subjects."

Arr. This touches; the blood turns.

"But we affy in your loves and understandings, and do no way suspect the merit of our Sejanus, to make our favours offensive to any."

Sen. O! good, good.

"Though we could have wished his zeal had run a calmer course against Agrippina and our nephews, howsoever the openness of their actions declared them delinquents; and that he would have remembered no innocence is so safe, but it rejoiceth to stand in the sight of mercy: the use of which in us he hath so quite taken away toward them, by his loyal fury, as now our clemency would be thought but wearied cruelty,² if we should offer to exercise it."

Arr. I thank him; there I looked for 't.

A good fox!

"Some there be that would† interpret this his public severity to be particular ambition; and that, under a pretext of service to us, he doth but remove his own lets: alleging the strengths he hath made to himself, by the prætorian soldiers, by his faction in court and senate, by the offices he holds himself, and confers on others, his popularity and dependents, his urging and almost driving us to this our unwilling retirement, and, lastly, his aspiring to be our son-in-law."

Sen. This is strange!

Arr. I shall anon believe your vultures, Marcus.³

"Your wisdoms, conscript fathers, are able to examine, and censure these suggestions. But were they left to our absolving voice, we durst pronounce them, as we think them, most malicious."

² *Our clemency would be thought but wearied cruelty.*] *Ego vero clementiam non voco lassam crudelitatem.* Senec. de Clemen. Lib. i. c. 11. —WHAL.

³ *I shall anon believe your vultures, Marcus;*] i. e., your augury, what you conjectured. Lepidus, in a former scene, had foretold the downfall of Sejanus.

* *Solenne exordium epistolar. apud Romanos.* cons. Briss. de formul. Lib. viii.

† *Firmus et patiens subinde jaclabat, in civitate libera, linguam mentemque libera esse debere.* Suet. Tib. c. 28.

‡ *De hac epist. vid. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 719, et Juv. Sat. x.*

Sen. O, he has restored all; list!

"Yet are they offered to be averred, and on the lives of the informers. What we should say, or rather what we should not say, lords of the senate, if this be true, our gods and goddesses confound us if we know!¹ Only we must think, we have placed our benefits ill; and conclude, that in our choice, either we were wanting to the gods, or the gods to us." [*The Senators shift their places.*]

Arr. The place grows hot; they shift.

"We have not been covetous, honourable fathers, to change; neither is it now any new lust that alters our affection, or old loathing; but those needful jealousies of state, that warn wiser princes hourly to provide their safety;² and do teach them how learned a thing it is to beware of the humblest enemy; much more of those great ones, whom their own employed favours have made fit for their fears."

¹ *Sen.* Away.

² *Sen.* Sit farther.

Cot. Let's remove—

Arr. Gods! how the leaves drop off, this little wind!

"We therefore desire, that the office he holds be first seized by the senate; and

himself suspended from all exercise of place or power—"

Sen. How!

San. [*Thrusting by.*] By your leave.

Arr. Come, porpoise;³ where's Haterius? His gout keeps him most miserably constant! Your dancing shews a tempest.

Sej. Read no more.

Reg. Lords of the senate, hold your seats: read on.

Sej. These letters they are forged.

Reg. A guard! sit still.

Enter Laco, with the Guards.

Arr. Here's change!

Reg. Bid silence, and read forward.

Præ. Silence—"and himself suspended from all exercise of place or power, but till due and mature trial be made of his innocence, which yet we can faintly apprehend the necessity to doubt. If, conscript fathers, to your more searching wisdoms, there shall appear farther cause—or of farther proceeding, either to seizure of lands, goods, or more—it is not our power that shall limit your authority, or our favour that must corrupt your justice; either were dishonourable in you, and both uncharitable to ourself. We would willingly* be

¹ *What we should say, or rather what we should not say, lords of the senate, if this be true, our gods and goddesses confound us if we know!* [Juvenal styles the letter which Tiberius sent to the senate, *verbosa et grandis epistola*; and this before us is agreeable to that character. So far the judgment of Jonson is evident enough: but it seems to have failed him when he inserted the words above as a part of this epistle. They are to be found, indeed, both in Tacitus and Suetonius; and are very remarkable in themselves: but they are reported, which makes them still more remarkable, to have been the beginning of a letter he once wrote to the senate; and in that connexion they are a much stronger evidence of uneasiness and perturbation of spirit in the emperor, arising from the consciousness of guilt. The poet indeed hath added something, and given a different turn to the words, that he might introduce them in this epistle with the greater propriety: "*Insigne visum est earum Caesaris literarum initium: nam his verbis exorsus est: Quid scribam vobis, P.C. aut quomodo scribam, aut quid omnino non scribam hoc tempore, dii me deæque pejus perdant quam perire quotidie sentio, si scio.*"—*Tacit. Ann. Lib. vi. c. 6.* *WHAL.*

It is with regret that I so often find myself obliged to differ from Whalley. I cannot possibly think that Jonson's judgment failed him in this instance: the words which he has adopted are extremely proper for the occasion, and might

be fitly used by a Roman in any question of extraordinary doubt and difficulty. How could it escape the critic, that the only passage which gave peculiarity to the quotation from the historian (for the rest is common enough) is, "*Dii me deæque pejus perdant quam perire quotidie sentio,*" which strongly marks the intolerable anguish of a guilty mind, and which Jonson has wholly omitted? In a word, he has shown uncommon skill in the composition of this letter, and entered with matchless dexterity into the cloudy and sanguinary character of Tiberius.

² *To provide their safety;* i.e., to look to by anticipation. A Latinism, like a hundred other expressions in this play. Whalley probably overlooked this sense of the word, for he inserted *for* after it; but Jonson has it again in the dedication to *Volpone*:—"who *providing*" (foreseeing) "the hurts these licentious spirits may do in a state," &c.—See p. 334.

³ *Come, porpoise, &c.* Sanquinius has been already described as fat and clumsy; but the allusion is to a circumstance often mentioned by the navigators of Jonson's days, that the gambols of porpoises always portended foul weather. Thus Webster: "He lifts his nose like a *porpus* before a storm."—*Dutchess of Malsy.* The awkward motion of this unwieldy sycophant, in hastening from the side of Sejanus, is well illustrated by the example.

* *Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviil. p. 719, et Suet. Tib.*

present with your counsels in this business ; but the danger of so potent a faction, if it should prove so, forbids our attempting it : except one of the consuls would be entreated for our safety, to undertake the guard of us home ; then we should most readily adventure. In the meantime, it shall not be fit for us to importune so judicious a senate, who know how much they hurt the innocent, that spare the guilty ; and how grateful a sacrifice to the gods is the life of an ingrateful person. We reflect not in this on Sejanus, (notwithstanding, if you keep an eye upon him—and there is Latianis, a senator, and Pinnarius Natta, two of his most trusted ministers ; and so professed, whom we desire not to have apprehended,) but as the necessity of the cause exacts it."

Reg. A guard on Latianis !

Arr. O, the spy,

The reverend spy is caught ! who pities him ?

Reward, sir, for your service : now, you have done

Your property, you see what use is made !

[*Exeunt Latianis and Natta guarded.*]

Hang up the instrument.

Sej. Give leave.

Lac. Stand, stand !

He comes upon his death, that doth advance

An inch toward my point.

Sej. Have we no friends here ?

Arr. Hushed !

Where now are all the hails and acclamations ?

Enter Macro.

Mac. Hail to the consuls, and this noble senate !

Sej. Is Macro here ? O, thou art lost, Sejanus !

Mac. Sit still, and unaffrighted, reverend fathers ;

Macro, by Cæsar's grace, the new-made provost,

And now possess of the prætorian bands, An honour late belonged to that proud man,

Bids you be safe : and to your constant doom

Of his deservings, offers you the surety Of all the soldiers, tribunes, and centurions,

Received in our command.

Reg. Sejanus, Sejanus, Stand forth, Sejanus !

Sej. Am I called !

Mac. Ay, thou, Thou insolent monster, art bid stand.

Sej. Why, Macro, It hath been otherwise between you and I ; This court, that knows us both, hath seen a difference,

And can, if it be pleased to speak, confirm Whose insolence is most.

Mac. Come down, Typhœus.

If mine be most, lo ! thus I make it more ; Kick up thy heels in air, tear off thy robe,

Play with thy beard and nostrils. Thus 'tis fit

(And no man take compassion of thy state)

To use th' ingrateful viper, tread his brains Into the earth.

Reg. Forbear.

Mac. If I could lose

All my humanity now, 'twere well to torture

So meriting a traitor.—Wherefore, fathers, Sit you amazed and silent ; and not censure This wretch, who, in the hour he first rebelled

'Gainst Cæsar's bounty, did condemn himself ?

Phlegra, the field where all the sons of earth

Mustered against the gods, did ne'er acknowledge

So proud and huge a monster.

Reg. Take him hence ;

And all the gods guard Cæsar !

Tri. Take him hence.

Hat. Hence.

Cot. To the dungeon with him.

San. He deserves it.

Sen. Crown all our doors* with bays.

San. And let an ox,

With gilded horns and garlands, straight be led

Unto the Capitol.

Hat. And sacrificed

To Jove, for Cæsar's safety.

Tri. All our gods

Be present still to Cæsar !

Cot. Phœbus.

San. Mars.

Hat. Diana.

San. Pallas.

Sen. Juno, Mercury.

All guard him !

Mac. Forth, thou prodigy of men.

[*Exit Sejanus, guarded.*]

Cot. Let all the traitor's titles be defaced.

* *Leg. Juv. Sat. x.*

Tri. His images and statues be pulled down.

Hat. His chariot-wheels be broken.

Arr. And the legs

Of the poor horses, that deserved nought,
Let them be broken too!¹

[*Exeunt* Lictors, Præcones, Macro, Regulus, Trio, Haterius, and Sanninius: *manent* Lepidus, Arruntius, and a few Senators.

Lep. O violent change,
And whirl of men's affections!

Arr. Like, as both

Their bulks and souls were bound on
Fortune's wheel,
And must act only with her motion.

Lep. Who would depend upon the
popular air,
Or voice of men, that have to-day beheld
That which, if all the gods had fore-
declared,

Would not have been believed, Sejanus'
fall?

He that this morn rose proudly as the
sun,
And, breaking through a mist of clients'
breath,

Came on, as gazed at and admired as he,
When superstitious Moors salute his light!
That had our servile nobles waiting him
As common grooms; and hanging on his
look,

No less than human life on destiny!
That had men's knees as frequent as the
gods;

And sacrifices* more than Rome had
altars:

And this man fall! fall? ay, without a
look

That durst appear his friend, or lend so
much

Of vain relief, to his changed state, as
pity!

Arr. They that before, like gnats,
played in his beams,

And thronged to circumscribe him, now
not seen,

Nor deign to hold a common seat with
him!

Others, that waited him unto the senate,
Now inhumanly ravish him to prison,
Whom but this morn they followed as
their lord!

Guard through the streets, bound like a
fugitive,

Instead of wreaths give fetters, strokes for
stoops:

Blind shames for honours, and black
taunts for titles!

Who would trust slippery chance?

Lep. They that would make
Themselves her spoil; and foolishly forget,
When she doth flatter, that she comes to
prey.

Fortune, thou hadst no deity, if men
Had wisdom: we have placed thee so
high,

By fond belief in thy felicity.

[*Shout within*] The gods guard Cæsar!
All the gods guard Cæsar!

Re-enter Macro, Regulus, and divers
Senators.

Mac. Now, great Sejanus,† you that
awed the state,
And sought to bring the nobles to your
whip;

That would be Cæsar's tutor, and dispose
Of dignities and offices! that had
The public head still bare to your designs,
And made the general voice to echo
yours!

That looked for salutations twelve score
off,²

And would have pyramids, yea, temples,
reared

To your huge greatness; now you lie as
flat

As was your pride advanced!

Reg. Thanks to the gods!

Sen. And praise to Macro, that hath
saved Rome!

Liberty, liberty, liberty! Lead on,

¹ *The legs*
Of the poor horses, that deserved nought,
Let them be broken too!

"*Ipsas deinde rotas bigarum impacta securis*
Cædit, et immeritis franguntur crura cabal-
lis."—*Juv. Sat. x. v. 59.*

And the subsequent description of the insults
and indignities which were offered to whatever
had the least relation to Sejanus is taken from
the same satirist.—*WHAL.*

This indeed Jonson himself has already told
us more than once. It may, however, be ob-

served, that what he gives to the senate Juvenal
with more propriety, puts into the mouth of the
rabble.

² *That looked for salutations* twelve score
off.] Who expected to be saluted at the distance
of twelve score yards; it was common in that
age to omit the substantive. So Shakspeare:

"I know his death will be a march of *twelve*
score."—*WHAL.*

* *Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 719, &c.*

† *Vid. Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 720, &c.*

And praise to Macro, that hath saved
Rome !

[*Exeunt all but Arruntius
and Lepidus.*¹

Arr. I prophesy, out of the senate's
flattery,
That this new fellow, Macro, will become
A greater prodigy in Rome than he
That now is fallen.

Enter Terentius.

Ter. O you, whose minds are good,
And have not forced all mankind from your
breasts ;
That yet have so much stock of virtue left,
To pity guilty states, when they are
wretched :
Lend your soft ears to hear, and eyes to
weep,
Deeds done by men, beyond the acts of
furies.

The eager multitude (who never yet
Knew why to love or hate, but only pleased
T' express their rage of power) no sooner
heard

The murmur of Sejanus in decline,
But with that speed and heat of appetite,
With which they greedily devour the way
To some great sports, or a new theatre,
They filled the Capitol, and Pompey's
Cirque

Where, like so many mastiffs, biting stones,
As if his statues now were sensitive
Of their wild fury ; first, they tear them
down ;*

Then fastening ropes, drag them along the
streets,
Crying in scorn, This, this was that rich
head

Was crowned with garlands, and with
odours, this

That was in Rome so revered ! Now
The furnace and the bellows shall to work,
The great Sejanus crack, and piece by
piece

Drop in the founder's pit.

Lep. O popular rage !

Ter. The whilst the senate at the temple†
of Concord

Make haste to meet again, and thronging
cry,

Let us condemn him, tread him down in
water,

While he doth lie upon the bank ; away !

While some more tardy, cry unto their
bearers,

He will be censured ere we come ; run,
knaves,

And use that furious diligence, for fear
Their bondmen should inform against
their slackness,

And bring their quaking flesh unto the
hook :

The rout they follow with confused voice,
Crying they're glad, say they could ne'er
abide him ;

Enquire what man he was,² what kind of
face,

What beard he had, what nose, what lips ?
Protest

They ever did presage he'd come to this ;
They never thought him wise, nor valiant ;
ask

After his garments, when he dies, what
death ;

And not a beast of all the herd demands
What was his crime, or who were his
accusers,

Under what proof or testimony he fell ?
There came, says one, a huge long-worded
letter

From Capreæ against him. Did there so ?
O, they are satisfied ; no more.

Lep. Alas !

They follow Fortune,† and hate men con-
demned,

Guilty or not.

Arr. But had Sejanus thrived
In his design, and prosperously opprest
The old Tiberius ; then, in that same
minute,

These very rascals, that now rage like
furies,

Would have proclaimed Sejanus emperor.

Lep. But what hath followed ?

¹ Here perhaps this tragedy originally ended ; and here indeed is its proper close. What follows is merely tedious, and has more the appearance of a closet exercise than a dramatic exhibition. All that has passed since the exit of Sejanus is of uncommon spirit and beauty.

² *Enquire what man he was, &c.*] Jonson has repeatedly told us that all this is from Juvenal—but he translates him very strangely in this place :

"*Quæ iabra ! Quis illi
Vultus erat !*"

is the language of contempt, not of curiosity. The "rout" were jeering at his mangled and distorted features. Verbal translations, unless taste and judgment be ever on the watch, will lead even the learned into absurdities.

* *Vid. Juv. Sat. x.*

† *Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 790.*

‡ *Juv. Sat. x.*

Ter. Sentence* by the senate,
To lose his head; which was no sooner off,
But that and the unfortunate trunk were seized
By the rude multitude; who not content
With what the forward justice of the state
Officiously had done, with violent rage
Have rent it limb from limb. A thousand heads,
A thousand hands, ten thousand tongues
and voices,
Employed at once in several acts of malice!
Old men not staid with age, virgins with shame,
Late wives with loss of husbands, mothers
of children,
Losing all grief in joy of his sad fall,
Run quite transported with their cruelty!
These mounting at his head, these at his face,
These digging out his eyes, those with his brains
Sprinkling themselves, their houses and their friends;
Others are met, have ravished thence an arm,
And deal small pieces of the flesh for favours;
These with a thigh, this hath cut off his hands,
And this his feet; these fingers, and these toes;
That hath his liver, he his heart: there wants
Nothing but room for wrath, and place for hatred!
What cannot oft be done, is now o'rdone.
The whole, and all of what was great Sejanus,
And, next to Cæsar, did possess the world,
Now torn and scattered, as he needs no grave;
Each little dust covers a little part:
So lies he nowhere, and yet often buried!

Enter Nuntius.

Arr. More of Sejanus?

Nun. Yes.

Lep. What can be added?

We know him dead.

Nun. Then there begin your pity.

There is enough behind to melt ev'n Rome,

And Cæsar into tears; since never slave
Could yet so highly offend, but tyranny,
In torturing him, would make him worth
lamenting.

A son and daughter to the dead Sejanus,
(Of whom there is not now so much remaining

As would give fastening to the hangman's hook,)

Have they drawn forth for farther sacrifice;
Whose tenderness of knowledge, unripe years,

And childish silly innocence was such,
As scarce would lend them feeling of their danger:

The girl so simple, as she often asked

"Where they would lead her? for what cause they dragged her?"

Cried, "She would do no more:" that she could take

"Warning with beating." And because our laws

Admit no virgins immature to die,

The wittily and strangely cruel Macro,

Delivered her to be deflowered and spoiled,
By the rude lust of the licentious hangman,

Then to be strangled with her harmless brother.

Lep. O, act most worthy hell, and last-
ing night,

To hide it from the world!

Nun. Their bodies thrown

Into the Gemones (I know not how,

Or by what accident returned), the mother,
The expelled Apicata, finds them there;

Whom when she saw lie spread on the degrees,¶

After a world of fury on herself,

Tearing her hair, defacing of her face,

Beating her breasts and womb, kneeling amazed,

Crying to heaven, then to them; at last,

Her drowned voice gat up above her woes,
And with such black and bitter execrations

As might affright the gods, and force the sun

Run backward to the east; nay, make the old

Deformed chaos rise again, to o'erwhelm

Them, us, and all the world, she fills the air,

* *Dio. Rom. Hist. Lib. lviii. p. 720. Senec. lib. de Tranq. Anim. c. 11. Quo die illum senatus deduxerat, populus in frusta divisit, &c.*

† *Vid. Senec. lib. de Tranq. Ani. c. xi.*

‡ *Tac. Ann. Lib. v. p. 99. Et Dio. Lib. lviii. p. 720.*

§ *Lex non tam virginitati ignotum cautum- que voluit quam ætati. Cons. Lips. comment. Tac.*

¶ *Dio. Lib. lviii. c. 720.*

¶ *Scala Gemonia in quas erant projecta damnator. corpora.*

Upbraids the heavens with their partial
dooms,
Defies their tyrannous powers,* and de-
mands,
What she, and those poor innocents have
transgressed,
That they must suffer such a share in ven-
geance,
Whilst Livia, Lygdus, and Eudemus live,
Who, as she says, and firmly vows to prove it
To Cæsar and the senate, poisoned Drusus?
Lep. Confederates with her husband!
Nun. Ay.
Lep. Strange act!
Arr. And strangely opened: what says
now my monster,
The multitude? they reel now, do they not?
Nun. Their gall is gone, and now they
'gin to weep
The mischief they have done.
Arr. I thank 'em, rogues.
Nun. Part are so stupid, or so flexible,
As they believe him innocent; all grieve:
And some, whose hands yet reek with his
warm blood,
And gripe the part which they did tear of
him,
Wish him collected and created new.

Lep. How Fortune plies her sports, when
she begins
To practise them! pursues, continues,
adds,
Confounds with varying her impassioned
moods!
Arr. Dost thou hope, Fortune, to re-
deem thy crimes,
To make amend for thy ill placed favours,
With these strange punishments? For-
bear, you things
That stand upon the pinnacles of state,
To boast your slippery height; when you
do fall,
You pash yourselves in pieces, ne'er to
rise;
And he that lends you pity, is not wise.
Ter. Let this example move the insolent
man,
Not to grow proud and careless of the
gods.
It is an odious wisdom to blaspheme,
Much more to slighten,¹ or deny their
powers:
For whom the morning saw so great and
high,
Thus low and little, 'fore the even doth
lie. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Much more to slighten, &c.*] This form of the word is used by Ford and others of Jonson's contemporaries:

"Debates already 'twixt his wife and him
Thicken and run to head; she, as 'tis said,
Slightens his love, and he abandons hers."
'Tis Pity She's a Whore.

Propriety of sentiment and decorum of character are what we are principally to look for in the plays of Jonson; especially in those where the characters are known from history, and he is necessarily obliged to draw them like. Agreeably to this, the moral of the play hath an exact conformity to the action of the chief person in the drama. Sejanus is represented without any principle of conscience, ambitious, and a contemner of all religion, with the power and providence of the gods. His fall therefore, considered as a punishment for his neglect of the gods, must naturally insinuate that obedience to them is the only foundation of happiness; and that lawless and irregular ambition is constantly attended with destruction. This moral is inculcated in these last lines.—*WHAL.*

This tragedy is much too lightly estimated. It wants indeed passion and interest for the general reader: but the scholar will find in it more to admire than blame. All the *dramatis personæ*, from the high spirited and untractable Agrippina to the most subtle follower of the favourite, are marked with truth and vigour: but it is in the characters of Tiberius and Sejanus that the poet hath put forth his strength.

The profound art and deep dissimulation of the former, as contrasted with the versatile and shallow cunning of the latter, are portrayed with a most skilful and discriminating hand; so fully and happily indeed has Jonson entered into the character of this subtle and sanguinary tyrant, that his drama might have been more appositely termed the triumph of Tiberius than the *Fall of Sejanus*.

The voluntary death of Silius in the senate-house, after a defence worthy of the best times of the republic, is an incident at once affecting and dramatical: nor is the justification of Cremutius Cordus, in the same scene, to be passed without praise. The last act is particularly striking, both from the lively and picturesque representation of the sacrifice to Fortune, and the artful development of the plot against Sejanus. Had it concluded, as it ought, with the death of this personage, it might have been securely paralleled for spirit and effect with the catastrophe of many of our most celebrated pieces.

Jonson has beautifully pointed out the moral of this drama in the concluding lines: it is but justice to him to add, that no play of his own or later times abounds so much in moral and political maxims of high import as *SEJANUS*; and though some perhaps may incline to doubt his "height of elocution," yet all will acknowledge that "in fulness and frequency of sentence, he has discharged the offices of a tragic writer."

* *Dio. Lib. lviil. p. 750.*

Volpone; or, The Fox.

VOLPONE, &c.] This celebrated Comedy was first brought out at the Globe Theatre in 1605, and printed in quarto, 1607, after having been acted with great applause at both Universities. Jonson republished it in 1616, without alterations or additions, and with the former appropriate motto, from Horace,

Simul et jucunda, et idonea dicere vitæ.

The actors were the same as in *Sejanus*, with the exception, perhaps, of Shakspeare, whose name does not appear in the list. Lowin played Volpone, which was one of his favourite characters; and Cooke, who is supposed to have performed Livia in the preceding drama, probably took the part of Lady Would-be.

The Fox continued on the stage till the final dispersion of the players, and was one of the first pieces revived at the Restoration; when, as old Downes says, "it proved very satisfactory to the town." Langbaine tells us that it was "in vogue" in his time; as, indeed, it was for a century afterwards.

Its last appearance, I believe, was at the Haymarket, some time before the death of the elder Colman, who made some trifling alterations in the disposition of the scenes. That it was not successful cannot be wondered at; the age of dramatic imbecility was rapidly advancing upon us, and the stage already looked to jointed-dolls, water-spaniels, and peacocks'-tails, for its main credit and support.

TO THE
MOST NOBLE AND MOST EQUAL SISTERS,
THE TWO FAMOUS UNIVERSITIES,
FOR THEIR
LOVE AND ACCEPTANCE SHOWN TO THIS POEM
IN THE PRESENTATION;
BEN JONSON,
THE GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGER,
DEDICATES BOTH IT AND HIMSELF.

NEVER, most equal Sisters, had any man a wit so presently excellent, as that it could raise itself; but there must come both matter, occasion, commenders, and favourers to it. If this be true, and that the fortune of all writers doth daily prove it, it behoves the careful to provide well towards these accidents; and, having acquired them, to preserve that part of reputation most tenderly, wherein the benefit of a friend is also defended. Hence is it, that I now render myself grateful, and am studious to justify the bounty of your act; to which, though your mere authority were satisfying, yet it being an age wherein poetry and the professors of it hear so ill¹ on all sides, there will a reason be looked for in the subject. It is certain, nor can it with any forehead be opposed, that the too much licence of poetasters in this time, hath much deformed their mistress; that every day their manifold and manifest ignorance doth stick unnatural reproaches upon her: but for their petulancy, it were an act of the greatest injustice, either to let the learned suffer, or so divine a skill (which indeed should not be attempted with unclean hands) to fall under the least contempt. For if men will impartially, and not asquint, look toward the offices and function of a poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any man's being the good poet, without first being a good man. He² that is said to be able to inform young men to all good disciplines, inflame grown men to all great virtues, keep old men in their best and supreme state, or, as they decline to childhood, recover them to their first strength; that comes forth the interpreter and arbiter of nature, a teacher of things divine no less than human, a master in manners; and can alone, or with a few, effect the business of mankind: this,

¹ *Hear so ill,*] A mere Latinism (*tam male audiunt*) for—are so ill spoken of. It is used by Spenser:

“If old Aveugle's son so evil hear;”

And again by Jonson, in *Catiline*:

“And glad me doing well, though *I hear ill*.”

² *He that is said to be able to inform young men, &c.*] In this description of the offices and function of a good poet, our author, as Whalley observes, “seems to have had his eye on different passages in Horace.” Here he alludes to the Epistle to Augustus:

“*Recte facta refert, orientia tempora notis,
Instruit exemplis, inopem solatur et agrum,*” &c.

A little below, to the Art of Poetry, v. 396:

“*Fuit hæc sapientia quondam
Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis,*” &c.

The sentence immediately preceding this, is taken almost literally from Strabo: Η δε ποιητου συνεφευκται τη του ανθρωπου και ουχ οιον τε αγαθον γενεσθαι ποιητην, μη προτερον γεννηθεντα ανδρα αγαθον.—Lib. i. p. 33.

I take him, is no subject for pride and ignorance to exercise their railing rhetoric upon. But it will here be hastily answered, that the writers of these days are other things; that not only their manners, but their natures, are inverted, and nothing remaining with them of the dignity of poet, but the abused name, which every scribe usurps; that now, especially in dramatic, or, as they term it, stage-poetry, nothing but ribaldry, profanation, blasphemy, all licence of offence to God and man is practised. I dare not deny a great part of this, and am sorry I dare not, because in some men's abortive features (and would they had never boasted the light) it is over true: but that all are embarked in this bold adventure for hell, is a most uncharitable thought, and, uttered, a more malicious slander. For my particular, I can, and from a most clear conscience, affirm, that I have ever trembled to think toward the least profaneness; have loathed the use of such foul and unwashed bawdry, as is now made the food of the scene: and, howsoever I cannot escape from some, the imputation of sharpness, but that they will say, I have taken a pride, or lust, to be bitter, and not my youngest infant but hath come into the world with all his teeth; I would ask of these supercilious politics, what nation, society, or general order or state, I have provoked? What public person? Whether I have not in all these preserved their dignity, as mine own person, safe? My works are read, allowed (I speak of those that are intirely mine,¹) look into them, what broad reproofs have I used? where have I been particular? where personal? except to a mimic, cheater, bawd, or buffoon, creatures, for their insolencies, worthy to be taxed? yet to which of these so pointingly, as he might not either ingenuously have confest, or wisely dissembled his disease? But it is not rumour can make men guilty, much less entitle me to other men's crimes. I know that nothing can be so innocently writ or carried, but may be made obnoxious to construction; marry, whilst I bear mine innocence about me, I fear it not. Application is now grown a trade with many; and there are that profess to have a key for the decyphering of everything: but let wise and noble persons take heed how they be too credulous, or give leave to these invading interpreters to be over familiar with their fames, who cunningly, and often, utter their own virulent malice under other men's simplest meanings. As for those that will (by faults which charity hath raked up,² or common honesty concealed) make themselves a name with the multitude, or, to draw their rude and beastly claps, care not whose living faces they intrench with their petulant styles, may they do it without a rival, for me! I choose rather to live graved in obscurity, than share with them in so preposterous a fame. Nor can I blame the wishes of those severe and wise patriots, who providing the hurts³ these licentious spirits may do in a state, desire rather to see fools and devils, and those antique relics of barbarism retrieved, with all other ridiculous and exploded follies, than behold the wounds of private men, of princes and nations: for, as Horace makes Trebatius speak among these,

Sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus, et odit.

And men may justly impute such rages, if continued, to the writer, as his sports. The increase of which last in liberty, together with the present trade of the stage, in all their miscelline interludes, what learned or liberal soul doth not already abhor? where nothing but the filth of the time is uttered, and with such impropriety of phrase, such plenty of solecisms, such dearth of sense, so bold prolepses, so racked metaphors, with brothelry able to violate the ear of a pagan, and blasphemy to turn the blood of a Christian to water. I cannot but be serious in a cause of this nature, wherein my fame, and the reputation of divers honest and learned are the question; when a name so full of authority, antiquity, and all great mark, is, through their insolence, become the

¹ *My works are read, allowed—(I speak of those that are intirely mine.)* This he says, because he had written in conjunction with Chettle, Decker, Chapman, and others. It appears from this judicious and learned composition, which in elegance and vigour stands yet unrivalled, that the objections subsequently urged against the stage by Prynne and Collier, were but the echoes of former complaints. It would not have been much amiss, if those who found themselves aggrieved by them had been content with referring to Jonson; for, to speak tenderly, they have, after all their exculpatory efforts, added little of moment to what is to be found in this and the preceding pages.

² *Which charity hath raked up,* i.e., smothered, hidden; alluding to the practice of covering live embers, by raking ashes over them.

³ *Who providing the hurts,* i.e., foreseeing the hurts. See p. 326 b.

lowest scorn of the age ; and those men subject to the petulancy of every vernaculous orator, that were wont to be the care of kings and happiest monarchs. This it is that hath not only rapt me to present indignation, but made me studious heretofore, and by all my actions, to stand off from them ; which may most appear in this my latest work, which you, most learned Arbitresses, have seen, judged, and to my crown, approved ; wherein I have laboured for their instruction and amendment, to reduce not only the ancient forms, but manners of the scene, the easiness, the propriety, the innocence, and last, the doctrine, which is the principal end of poesie, to inform men in the best reason of living. And though my catastrophe may, in the strict rigour of comic law, meet with censure, as turning back to my promise ; I desire the learned and charitable critic to have so much faith in me, to think it was done of industry : for, with what ease I could have varied it nearer his scale (but that I fear to boast my own faculty) I could here insert. But my special aim being to put the snaffle in their mouths, that cry out, We never punish vice in our interludes, &c., I took the more liberty ; though not without some lines of example, drawn even in the ancients themselves, the goings out of whose comedies are not always joyful, but oft times the bawds, the servants, the rivals, yea, and the masters are mulcted ; and fitly, it being the office of a comic poet to imitate justice, and instruct to life, as well as purity of language, or stir up gentle affections : to which I shall take the occasion elsewhere to speak.¹

For the present, most revered Sisters, as I have cared to be thankful for your affections past, and here made the understanding acquainted with some ground of your favours ; let me not despair their continuance, to the maturing of some worthier fruits : wherein, if my muses be true to me, I shall raise the despised head of poetry again, and stripping her out of those rotten and base rags wherewith the times have adulterated her form, restore her to her primitive habit, feature, and majesty, and render her worthy to be embraced and kist of all the great and master-spirits of our world. As for the vile and slothful, who never affected an act worthy of celebration, or are so inward with their own vicious natures as they worthily fear her, and think it an high point of policy to keep her in contempt with their declamatory and windy invectives ; she shall out of just rage incite her servants (who are *genus irritabile*) to spout ink in their faces that shall eat farther than their marrow, into their fames ; and not Cinnamus the barber,² with his art, shall be able to take out the brands ; but they shall live, and be read, till the wretches die, as things worst deserving of themselves in chief, and then of all mankind.

*From my House in the Black-Friars,
this 11th day of February, 1607.*

~~~~~

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Volpone, *a Magnifico.*  
Mosca, *his Parasite.*  
Voltore, *an Advocate.*  
Corbaccio, *an old Gentleman.*  
Corvino, *a Merchant.*  
Bonario, *son to Corbaccio.*  
Sir Politick Would-be, *a Knight.*  
Peregrine, *a Gentleman Traveller.*  
Nano, *a Dwarf.*  
Castrone, *an Eunuch.*  
Androgyno, *an Hermaphrodite.*

Grege (or Mob.)  
Commandadori, *Officers of justice.*  
Mercatori, *three Merchants.*  
Avocatori, *four Magistrates.*  
Notario, *the Register.*  
Lady Would-be, *Sir Politick's Wife.*  
Celia, *Corvino's Wife.*  
Servitori, *Servants, two Waiting-women,*  
&c.

The SCENE, — Venice.

<sup>1</sup> *To which I shall take the occasion elsewhere to speak.*] In the quarto Jonson was somewhat more particular — “to which, upon my next opportunity toward the examining and digesting of my NOTES, I shall speak more wealthily, and pay the world a debt.” He alludes to the promise in his former play, of publishing a translation of the Art of Poetry (p. 272). The “notes” were written, and, as I have already observed, burnt in the fire which destroyed his library.

<sup>2</sup> *And not Cinnamus the barber, &c.*] We have had this thought before : see p. 267 b.

# Volpone; or, The Fox.

## THE ARGUMENT.<sup>1</sup>

Volpone, childless, rich, feigns sick, despairs,  
Offers his state to hopes of several heirs,  
Lies languishing: his parasite receives  
Presents of all, assures, deludes; then weaves  
Other cross plots, which ope themselves, are told.  
New tricks for safety are sought; they thrive: when bold,  
Each tempts the other again, and all are sold.

## PROLOGUE.

Now, luck yet send us, and a little wit  
Will serve to make our play hit;  
(According to the palates of the season)  
Here is rhyme, not empty of reason.  
This we were bid to credit from our poet,  
Whose true scope,<sup>2</sup> if you would know it,

<sup>1</sup> *The Argument.*] It is an acrostic: and seems to be written in imitation of those acrostical arguments, invented by Priscian or some later grammarians, and prefixed to the Comedies of Plautus.—WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> *Whose true scope, &c.*] Jonson never forgets to put the audience in mind of the ethical purpose of his writings. He has adverted to this already in *Every Man out of his Humour*, and he returns to it again in the *Silent Woman*: the expression itself is from Horace:

“*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,  
Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.*”

<sup>3</sup> *Cry hoarsely, All he writes is railing, &c.*] This alludes to the Apologetical Dialogue:

P. O, but they lay particular imputations—  
A. As what?  
P. That *all your writing is mere railing,*  
&c.

<sup>4</sup> *And when his plays come forth, &c.*] Again:

A. Have they no other?  
P. Yes, they say you're slow,  
And scarce bring forth a play a year.—Ibid.

In all his poems still hath been this measure,

To mix profit with your pleasure;  
And not as some, whose throats their envy failing,

Cry hoarsely, All he writes is railing:<sup>3</sup>  
And when his plays come forth,<sup>4</sup> think they can flout them,

With saying, he was a year about them.  
To this there needs no lie, but this his creature,

Which was two months since no feature;  
And though he dares give them five lives to mend it,

'Tis known, five weeks fully penned it,  
From his own hand, without a coadjutor,  
Novice, journeyman, or tutor.

Yet thus much I can give you as a token  
Of his play's worth, no eggs are broken,  
Nor quaking custards with fierce teeth affrighted,<sup>5</sup>

Wherewith your rout are so delighted;  
Nor haies he in a gull old ends reciting,  
To stop gaps in his loose writing;

<sup>5</sup> *No eggs are broken, Nor quaking custards with fierce teeth affrighted*] In the *Poetaster* Marston (not Decker, as Whalley has it) throws up the words *quaking custard*: the allusion, however, is not to this, but to a burlesque representation of a city feast, of which, in Jonson's days, an immense custard always made a conspicuous part. With this custard a number of foolish tricks were played, at the Lord Mayor's table, to the unspeakable delight of the guests; and some dramatic writer, perhaps, had transferred them, with improvements, to the stage, where they seem to have given equal pleasure. I suspect that Jonson's "taxing" did not always "fly like a wild goose unclaimed of any man;" yet I cannot pretend to guess at the objects of his present satire. Whalley observes, in the margin of his copy, that Marston is probably meant by the "reciter of old ends;" and it must be granted that they abound, as he says, in the *Malcontent*. The *Malcontent*, however, which was inscribed to Jonson, has no "gull" amongst its characters; who are all equally liberal of *old ends*, and all equally oracular. In those days the town swarmed with writers for the stage: and we may collect from various sources, that there was no incident so extravagant and ridiculous which some or other of them did not venture to adopt.

With such a deal of monstrous and forced action,

As might make Bethlem a faction :  
Nor made he his play for jests stolen from each table,

But makes jests to fit his fable ;  
And so presents quick comedy refined,  
As best critics have designed ;  
The laws of time, place, persons he observeth,

From no needful rule he swerveth.  
All gall and copperas from his ink he draineth,

Only a little salt remaineth,<sup>1</sup>  
Wherewith he'll rub your cheeks, till red with laughter,  
They shall look fresh a week after.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Volpone's House.*

*Enter Volpone and Mosca.*

*Volp.* Good morning to the day;<sup>2</sup> and next, my gold !  
Open the shrine, that I may see my saint.

[*Mosca withdraws the curtain, and discovers piles of gold, plate, jewels, &c.*

Hail the world's soul, and mine ! more glad than is

The teeming earth to see the longed-for sun

Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram,

Am I, to view thy splendour darkening his ;

That lying here, amongst my other hoards,

<sup>1</sup> Only a little salt remaineth, &c.] From Horace :

"At idem, quod sale multo  
Urbem defricuit," &c.

<sup>2</sup> Good morning to the day, &c.] The reader cannot but perceive, says Upton, that the diction of this opening scene rises to a tragic sublimity. This expression, *Shew'st like a flame by night*, is from Pindar :

Ὅδε  
Χρυσός, αιθομενον πυρ  
Ἄτε, διατρεπει νυ—  
κτι μεγαρορος εφοχα πλουτου.

<sup>3</sup> Thou being the best of things, &c.] Upton had reason to say that the diction of this piece rose to a tragic sublimity: since Jonson has had recourse for it to the tragic poets. This most learned man, who has "stalked for two centuries," as Mr. Malone takes upon himself to assure us, "on the stilts of an artificial reputation"

VOL. I.

Shew'st like a flame by night, or like the day

Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled

Unto the centre. O thou son of Sol,  
But brighter than thy father, let me kiss,  
With adoration, thee, and every relick  
Of sacred treasure in this blessed room.  
Well did wise poets, by thy glorious name,  
Title that age which they would have the best ;

Thou being the best of things,<sup>3</sup> and far transcending

All style of joy, in children, parents, friends,

Or any other waking dream on earth :  
Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe,

They should have given her twenty thousand Cupids ;

Such are thy beauties and our loves ! Dear saint,

Riches, the dumb god, that giv'st all men tongues,

That canst do nought, and mak'st men do all things ;

The price of souls ; τωριμαθη thee to boot,

Is made worth heaven. Του art virtue, fame,

Honour, and all things else. Who can get thee,

He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise—  
*Mos.* And what he will, sir. Riches are in fortune

A greater good than wisdom is in nature.

*Volp.* True, my beloved Mosca. Yet I glory

More in the cunning purchase of my wealth,

not only familiar with the complete dramas of the Athenian stage, but even with the minutest fragments of them, which have come down to us. The beautiful lines above are from the *Bellerophon*, a lost play of Euripides.—Edit. Beck. vol. ii. p. 432 :

Ὁ χρυσε, δεξιωμα καλλισον βροτοις,  
Ὅς ουδε μητηρ ἦδονας τοιασδ' εχει,  
Ου παιδες ανθρωποισιν, ου φιλος πατηρ,  
Οιας συ χ'οι σε δωμασιν κεκτημενοι.  
Ει δ' ἡ Κυπρις τοιοιτον οφθαλμοις ἴρα,  
Ου θανυ', ερωτας μυριους αυτην τρεφειν.

The concluding lines are from Horace, lib. ii Sat. 3 :

"Omnis enim res  
Virtus, fama, decus, divina humanaque, pulcris  
Divitiis parent, quas qui construxerit, ille  
Clarus erit, fortis, justus.—Sapiensque:  
Etiam, et rex,  
necquid volet."

2

Than in the glad possession, since I gain  
 No common way; I use no trade, no  
 venture;  
 I wound no earth with plough-shares, fat  
 no beasts  
 To feed the shambles; have no mills for  
 iron,  
 Oil, corn, or men, to grind them into  
 powder:  
 I blow no subtle glass,<sup>1</sup> expose no ships  
 To threat'nings of the furrow-faced sea;  
 I turn no monies in the public bank,  
 Nor usure private.

*Mos.* No, sir, nor devour  
 Soft prodigals. You shall have some will  
 swallow  
 A melting heir as glibly as your Dutch  
 Will pills of butter, and ne'er purge for it;  
 Tear forth the fathers of poor families  
 Out of their beds, and coffin them alive  
 In some kind clasping prison, where their  
 bones  
 May be forthcoming, when the flesh is  
 rotten:

But your sweet nature doth abhor these  
 courses  
 You loathe the murtherer's or the orphan's tears  
 Should wash your pavements, or their  
 piteous cries  
 Ring in your roofs, and beat the air for  
 vengeance.

*Volp.* Right, Mosca; I do loathe it:

*Mos.* And, besides, sir,

You are not like the thresher<sup>2</sup> that doth  
 stand  
 With a huge flail, watching a heap of  
 corn,  
 And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest  
 grain,  
 But feeds on mallows, and such bitter  
 herbs;  
 Nor like the merchant, who hath filled his  
 vaults  
 With Romagna, and rich Candian wines,  
 Yet drinks the lees of Lombard's vinegar:  
 You will not lie in straw, whilst moths and  
 worms

Feed on your sumptuous hangings and soft  
 beds;

You know the use of riches, and dare give  
 now

From that bright heap, to me, your poor  
 observer,

Or to your dwarf, or your hermaphrodite,  
 Your eunuch, or what other household  
 trifle

Your pleasure allows maintenance——

*Volp.* Hold thee, Mosca,

[Gives him money.]

Take of my hand; thou strik'st on truth  
 in all,

And they are envious term thee parasite.

Call forth my dwarf, my eunuch, and my  
 fool,

And let them make me sport. [Exit Mos.]

What should I do,

But cocker up my genius, and live free

To all delights my fortune calls me to?

I have no wife, no parent, child, ally,

To give my substance to; but whom I  
 make

Must be my heir; and this makes men  
 observe me.

This draws new clients daily to my house,  
 Women and men of every sex and age,

That bring me presents, send me plate,  
 coin, jewels,

With hope that when I die (which they  
 expect

Each greedy minute) it shall then return

Tenfold upon them; whilst some, covetous

Above the rest, seek to engross me whole,

And counter-work the one unto the other,  
 Contend in gifts, as they would seem in  
 love:

All which I suffer, playing with their  
 hopes,

And am content to coin 'em into profit,

And look upon their kindness, and take  
 more,

And look on that; still bearing them in  
 hand,<sup>3</sup>

Letting the cherry knock against their  
 lips,

<sup>1</sup> *I blow no subtle glass.*] Venice, where the scene is laid, and the neighbouring island of Murano, being famous for their manufacture in glass.—*WHAL.*

<sup>2</sup> *You are not like the thresher, &c.*] This, too, is imitated from Horace, but so obviously, as Upton truly says, as to be visible to every schoolboy. He takes this opportunity, however, of mentioning another imitation, which he thinks not quite so plain:

"Great mother Fortune, queen of human state,  
 Rectress of action." &c.—*Sej.* act v.

"Those," he adds, "who know anything of Jonson's perpetual allusions to ancient authors, will plainly perceive that he wrote:

"Rectress of Antium!"—from Horace, Lib. i. Od. 35."

There is nothing in the "treatise on the Baths" quite so good as this.

<sup>3</sup> *Still bearing them in hand.*] i.e., flattering their hopes, keeping them in expectation. "You may remember," says Archbishop King to Swift, "we were borne in hand in my lord Fem-

And draw it by their mouths, and back again.—  
How now!

*Re-enter Mosca with Nano, Androgyno, and Castrone.*

*Nan.*

"Now, room for fresh gamesters, who do will you to know,  
They do bring you neither play nor university show;<sup>1</sup>  
And therefore do intreat you that whatsoever they rehearse,  
May not fare a whit the worse, for the false pace of the verse."<sup>2</sup>

broke's time, that the Queen . . . passed the grant," &c. The phrase occurs perpetually in our old poets. Thus in *Ram Alley*, act ii.:

"Yet I will bear some dozen more in hand,  
And make them all my gulls."

In the preceding lines Jonson had Petronius in view:—*Incidimus in turbam hereditatarum sciscitantium quod genus hominum, aut unde veniremus. Ex prescripto ergo consilii communis, exaggerati prudenter unde, aut qui essemus, haud dubie credentibus indicavimus. Qui statim opes suas summo cum certamine in Eumolpium congresserunt: et omnes ejus gratiam sollicitant.*"

<sup>1</sup> Now, room for fresh gamesters, who do will you to know,

*They do bring you neither play nor university show;* This scene is a kind of anti-masque or jig, such as is found in many of our old plays. "It is chiefly taken," as Upton observes, "from one of Lucian's dialogues, and is meant as a ridicule on the metempsychosis." Both Lucian and Jonson, however, had better objects in view, than the exposure of such absurdities. "By *university show*, is meant such masques and plays, as our universities used to exhibit to our kings and queens, and which were acted by the scholars in their halls."

<sup>2</sup> *May not fare a whit the worse, for the false pace of the verse.*] Upton, a man of very considerable learning, which (unaccompanied, as it was, with an adequate portion of judgment) frequently betrayed him into absurdities; published, in 1749, "Remarks" on this and the two following plays; of which, Mr. Whalley occasionally availed himself. It seems to have been Upton's chief object to point out Jonson's allusions to the classics; in this he is generally successful; indeed, he seldom ventures beyond such as are sufficiently trite and obvious. When he attempts to correct the text, he fails: whilst his explanations, which are given in a tone of formal gravity highly ludicrous, when contrasted with the subject, usually aim beyond the poet, and perplex where they do not mislead. Jonson apologizes for the *false pace* of his doggerel. But of this Upton will not hear: "We must not understand," he says, "that he errs against the laws of metre;

If you wonder at this, you will wonder more ere we pass,  
For know, here is inclosed the soul of Pythagoras,<sup>3</sup>  
That juggler divine, as hereafter shall follow;<sup>4</sup>  
Which soul, fast and loose, sir, came first from Apollo,<sup>5</sup>  
And was breathed into Æthalides, Mercurius his son,<sup>6</sup>  
Where it had the gift to remember all that ever was done.  
From thence it fled forth, and made quick transmigration  
To goldy-locked Euphorbus,<sup>7</sup> who was killed in good fashion,

but that the pace of his verse may sometimes offend the too delicate ear." Those who recollect that, when Shakspeare produced a few words of prose, such as, "Where hast thou been, sister?" Upton pronounced that he meant to afford a beautiful example of the "trochaic-dimeter-brachy-catalectic, commonly called the ithyphallic measure" (*Observ.* p. 381), will not be surprised to hear that the hobbling lines above are all good metre: they are, it seems, "of the anapestic kind, consisting of anapests, spondees, dactyls, and sometimes the *pes proceleusmaticus*," and are to be scanned in this manner:

And therefore | do intreat you | that whatsoever  
| they rehearse,

May not fare a | whit the worse | for the false  
pace | of the verse.

"To this measure," exclaims Upton with great glee, "the reader may reduce them all." There is no doubt of it: and so he may all the lines in the daily papers, if he pleases. Surely unlettered sense is far more valuable than learning thus ridiculously abused.

<sup>3</sup> *For know, here is inclosed the soul of Pythagoras,*] δεικτικως, in *Androgyno* the hermaprodite, of whose various transformations the dwarf gives an account.

<sup>4</sup> *That juggler divine, that hereafter shall follow;*] *That juggler divine,* as Upton observes, is from Lucian, γοητα και τετρατουργον, as indeed is much of the rest.

<sup>5</sup> *Which soul—came first from Apollo.*] Ὀς μὲν ἐξ Ἀπολλωνος το προτον ἡ ψυχη μοι καταπαμνη εις την γην ενεδυ ἐξ ανθρωπου σωμα, &c.  
*Luc. Gall.*

<sup>6</sup> *And was breathed into Æthalides, Mercurius his son,*]

Ἐρμειας,  
Σφωιτεριο τοκος, ὅς οἱ μνηστιν πορε παντων  
Ἀφθιτον.—*Apollon.* Lib. i. v. 644.

<sup>7</sup> *To goldy-locked Euphorbus, &c.*] Πλην αλλα επειτερ Ευφορβος εγενομην, εμαχομην εν Ιλιω και αποθανων ὑπο Μενελαω. κ. τ. λ.  
*Luc. ibid.*

At the siege of old Troy, by the  
cuckold of Sparta.

Hermotimus was next (I find it in my  
charta)

To whom it did pass, where no sooner  
it was missing,

But with one Pyrrhus of Delos it  
learned to go a fishing ;

And thence did it enter the sophist of  
Greece.

From Pythagore, she went into a beau-  
tiful piece,<sup>1</sup>

Hight Aspasio, the meretrix ; and the  
next toss of her

Was again of a whore, she became a  
philosopher,

Crates the cynick, as itself doth relate it:  
Since kings, knights, and beggars,

knaves, lords, and fools gat it,  
Besides ox and ass, camel, mule, goat,  
and brock,

In all which it hath spoke, as in the  
cobbler's cock.<sup>2</sup>

But I come not here to discourse of  
that matter,

Or his one, two, or three, or his great  
oath, BY QUATER !

His musics, his trigon, his golden thigh,<sup>3</sup>  
Or his telling how elements shift ; but I

Would ask, how of late thou hast suf-  
fered translation,

And shifted thy coat in these days of  
reformation.

*And.*

Like one of the reformed, a fool, as you  
see,

Counting all old doctrine heresie.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From Pythagore, she went into a beautiful  
piece.] Αποδυσσάμενος δε τον Πυθαγοραν, τινα  
μετημφιασω μετ' αυτον ;— Ασπασιαν την εκ  
Μιλητον εταυραν. κ. τ. λ.

<sup>2</sup> The cobbler.] Mycillus, with whom the cock  
carries on the dialogue, here abridged.

<sup>3</sup> His one, two, or three, or his great oath, by  
quater,

His musics, his trigon, his golden thigh,]  
It would perhaps have puzzled Pythagoras him-  
self, "juggler" as he was, to explain this empty  
jargon. His scholars have written innumerable  
volumes upon it, more to their own satisfaction,  
I believe, than the edification of their readers ;  
for while it was thought worth contending about,  
no two of them were agreed upon any part of the  
subject. The "great oath," or tetractys, as Upton  
observes, "is mentioned in the *Golden Verses* ;"  
a little poem written by one of Pythagoras's  
scholars, and containing more wisdom perhaps  
than his master taught.

<sup>4</sup> Counting all old doctrine heresie.] By old  
doctrine he means the doctrine commonly re-  
ceived before the Reformation ; which was

*Nan.*

But not on thine own forbid meats hast  
thou ventured ?

*And.*

On fish, when first a Carthusian I en-  
tered,

*Nan.*

Why, then thy dogmatical silence hath  
left thee ?

*And.*

Of that an obstreperous lawyer bereft  
me.

*Nan.*

O wonderful change, when sir lawyer  
forsook thee !

For Pythagore's sake, what body then  
took thee ?

*And.*

A good dull mule.

*Nan.*

And how ! by that means  
Thou wert brought to allow of the eat-  
ing of beans ?

*And.*

Yes.

*Nan.*

But from the mule into whom didst  
thou pass ?

*And.*

Into a very strange beast, by some  
writers called an ass ;

By others, a precise, pure, illuminate  
brother,

Of those devour flesh, and sometimes  
one another ;<sup>5</sup>

And will drop you forth a libel, or a  
sanctified lie,

at first opprobriously called the *new learning*.  
It is not improbable that Jouson, when he wrote  
this, was a convert to the church of Rome ; and  
might desire to sneer at the zealots of the estab-  
lishment, as he does soon after at the Puritans.

WHAL.

<sup>5</sup> Of those devour flesh, and sometimes one  
another ;] Wonderful is the advantage of scan-  
sion, aided by the occasional admission of the  
*pes proceleusmaticus*, in detecting the errors of  
copyists and printers. Upton, who measured  
the harmonious line

1                    2                    3                    4  
Counting | all old | doctrine | heresie,  
and found it perfect in all its members, imme-  
diately discovered the unmetrical pace of that  
above. "There is plainly," says he, "a word  
wanting which *spoils* both the measure and the  
sense ; we must read,

1                    2                    3  
Of those *that* | devour flesh | and sometimes |  
4  
one another."

Betwixt every spoonful of a nativity-pie.<sup>1</sup>

*Nan.*

Now quit thee, for heaven, of that profane nation,  
And gently report thy next transmigration.

*And.*

To the same that I am.

*Nan.*

A creature of delight,  
And, what is more than a fool, an hermaphrodite !  
Now, prithee, sweet soul, in all thy variation,  
Which body wouldst thou choose to keep up thy station?

*And.*

Troth, this I am in: even here would I tarry.

*Nan.*

'Cause here the delight of each sex thou canst vary?

*And.*

Alas, those pleasures be stale and forsaken;  
No, 'tis your fool wherewith I am so taken,  
The only one creature that I can call blessed;  
For all other forms I have proved most distressed.

*Nan.*

Spoke true, as thou wert in Pythagoras still.  
This learned opinion we celebrate will,  
Fellow eunuch, as behoves us, with all our wit and art,

To dignify that whereof ourselves are so great and special a part."

*Volp.* Now, very, very pretty! Mosca, this

Was thy invention?

*Mos.* If it please my patron,  
Not else.

*Volp.* It doth, good Mosca.

*Mos.* Then it was, sir.

Nano and Castrone sing.

" Fools, they are the only nation  
Worth men's envy or admiration;  
Free from care or sorrow-taking,  
Selves and others merry making:  
All they speak or do is sterling.  
Your fool he is your great man's darling,  
And your ladies' sport and pleasure;  
Tongue and bauble are his treasure.  
E'en his face begetteth laughter,  
And he speaks truth free from slaughter;<sup>2</sup>  
He's the grace of every feast,  
And sometimes the chiefest guest;  
Hath his trencher and his stool,  
When wit waits upon the fool.

O, who would not be

He, he, he?" [*Knocking without.*]

*Volp.* Who's that? Away! [*Exeunt Nano and Castrone.*] Look, Mosca, Fool, begone! [*Exit Androgynio.*]

*Mos.* 'Tis Signior Voltore, the advocate;  
I know him by his knock.

*Volp.* Fetch me my gown,  
My furs, and night-caps; say my couch is changing.

And let him entertain himself awhile  
Without i' the gallery. [*Exit Mosca.*] Now,  
now my clients

Whalley subscribes to this assertion; and the verse thus happily restored to "sense and measure," is accordingly placed in his text. It is singular that neither of these critics should have adverted to the peculiarity of Jonson's style.

<sup>1</sup> *Betwixt every spoonful of a nativity pie.*] i.e., of a *Christmas-pie*. The Puritans, who are here ridiculed, affected to shrink with horror from the mention of the popish word *mass*, though in conjunction with the most sacred names. Jonson alludes to this again, with exquisite humour, in the *Alchemist*, where the Saints are about to cozen with the philosopher's stone:

"*Subtle.* And then the turning of this lawyer's pewter  
To plate at Christmas—  
*Ananias.* Christ-tide, I pray you."

<sup>2</sup> *And he speaks truth free from slaughter;*] i.e., he is indulged in speaking truth, without being punished or called to account for it. This

impunity, however, if it really existed, did not long survive the period of this song; as *Mass Stone*, who is mentioned in the second act, found to his sorrow.

Jonson makes slaughter rhyme to laughter; it seems, however, to have been considered as improper, and to have excited some degree of disapprobation. In the *Faune*, which appeared shortly after this comedy, Marston speaks of two critics, one of which "had lost his flesh with fishing at the measure of Plautus's verses, and the other had vowed to get the consumption of the lungs, or leave to posterity the *true pronunciation and orthography of laughing*," act iv. Shakspeare spells the word *loffe* in *Midsommer Night's Dream*, to accommodate it to *cough*, and it is not improbable but that he, as well as Jonson, might be in Marston's thoughts: not that our great bard was in much danger of a consumption from his abstruse studies for the benefit of posterity. To do him justice, few cared less about these matters than himself.

Begin their visitation! Vulture, kite,  
Raven, and gorcrow, all my birds of prey,  
That think me turning carcase, now they  
come ;  
I am not for them yet.

*Re-enter Mosca, with the gown, &c.*

How now ! the news ?

*Mos.* A piece of plate, sir.

*Volp.* Of what bigness ?

*Mos.* Huge,

Massy, and antique, with your name in-  
scribed,  
And arms engraven.

*Volp.* Good ! and not a fox  
Stretched on the earth, with fine delusive  
sleights,

Mocking a gaping crow ?<sup>1</sup> ha, Mosca !

*Mos.* Sharp, sir.

*Volp.* Give me my furs. [*Puts on his  
sick dress.*] Why dost thou laugh so,  
man ?

*Mos.* I cannot choose, sir, when I appre-  
hend  
What thoughts he has without now, as he  
walks :

That this might be the last gift he should  
give ;

That this would fetch you ; if you died to-  
day,

And gave him all, what he should be to-  
morrow ;

What large return would come of all his  
ventures ;

How he should worshipped be, and reve-  
renced ;

Ride with his furs, and foot-cloths ; waited  
on

By herds of fools and clients ; have clear  
way

Made for his mule, as lettered as himself ;  
Be called the great and learned advocate :  
And then concludes, there's nought impos-  
sible.

*Volp.* Yes, to be learned, Mosca.

*Mos.* O, no : rich

Implies it. Hood an ass with reverend  
purple,

<sup>1</sup> *And not a fox  
Stretched on the earth, with fine delusive  
sleights,  
Mocking a gaping crow ?* From Horace :

"Plerumque recoctus

*Scriba ex quinqueviro corvum deludet hian-  
tem."*

The fable is well known.

<sup>2</sup> *Hood an ass with reverend purple,*

So you can hide his two ambitious ears,  
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor<sup>2</sup>

*Volp.* My caps, my caps, good Mosca.  
Fetch him in.

*Mos.* Stay, sir ; your ointment for your  
eyes.

*Volp.* That's true ;

Dispatch, dispatch : I long to have posses-  
sion

Of my new present.

*Mos.* That, and thousands more,  
I hope to see you lord of.

*Volp.* Thanks, kind Mosca.

*Mos.* And that, when I am lost in blended  
dust,

And hundred such as I am, in succession—

*Volp.* Nay, that were too much, Mosca.

*Mos.* You shall live

Still to delude these harpies.

*Volp.* Loving Mosca !

'Tis well : my pillow now, and let him  
enter. [*Exit Mosca.*]

Now, my feigned cough,<sup>3</sup> my phtisic, and  
my gout,

My apoplexy, palsy, and catarrhs,  
Help, with your forced functions, this my  
posture,

Wherein, this three year, I have milked  
their hopes.

He comes ; I hear him—Uh ! [*coughing.*]  
uh ! uh ! uh ! O—

*Re-enter Mosca, introducing Voltore  
with a piece of Plate.*

*Mos.* You still are what you were, sir.  
Only you,

Of all the rest, are he commands his love,  
And you do wisely to preserve it thus,

With early visitation, and kind notes  
Of your good meaning to him, which, I  
know,

Cannot but come most grateful. Patron !  
sir !

Here's Signior Voltore is come—

*Volp.* [*faintly.*] What say you ?

*Mos.* Sir, Signior Voltore is come this  
morning

To visit you.

*So you can hide his two ambitious ears,  
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.]*  
This, as Upton well observes, is true satire, and  
very elegantly expressed.—*Ambitious* is used  
according to its original meaning in the Latin  
language.

<sup>3</sup> *Now my feigned cough, &c.] "Secundum  
hanc formulam imperamus Eumolpo, ut pluri-  
mum tussiat, ut sit modò salutaris stomachi,"*  
&c.—PETRON.

*Volp.* I thank him.  
*Mos.* And hath brought  
 A piece of antique plate, bought of St.  
 Mark,<sup>1</sup>  
 With which he here presents you.  
*Volp.* He is welcome.  
 Pray him to come more often.  
*Mos.* Yes.  
*Volt.* What says he?  
*Mos.* He thanks you, and desires you  
 see him often.  
*Volp.* Mosca.  
*Mos.* My patron!  
*Volp.* Bring him near, where is he?  
 I long to feel his hand.  
*Mos.* The plate is here, sir.  
*Volt.* How fare you, sir?  
*Volp.* I thank you, Signior Voltore;  
 Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad.  
*Volt.* [putting it into his hands.] I'm  
 sorry,  
 To see you still thus weak.  
*Mos.* That he's not weaker. [*Aside.*]  
*Volp.* You are too munificent.  
*Volt.* No, sir; would to heaven,  
 I could as well give health to you, as that  
 plate!  
*Volp.* You give, sir, what you can; I  
 thank you. Your love  
 Hath taste in this, and shall not be un-  
 answered:  
 I pray you see me often.  
*Volt.* Yes, I shall, sir.  
*Volp.* Be not far from me.  
*Mos.* Do you observe that, sir?  
*Volp.* Hearken unto me still; it will  
 concern you.  
*Mos.* You are a happy man, sir; know  
 your good.  
*Volp.* I cannot now last long—  
*Mos.* You are his heir, sir.  
*Volt.* Am I?  
*Volp.* I feel me going: Uh! uh! uh!  
 uh!  
 I'm sailing to my port, Uh! uh! uh! uh!  
 And I am glad I am so near my haven.  
*Mos.* Alas, kind gentleman! Well, we  
 must all go—  
*Volt.* But, Mosca—

*Mos.* Age will conquer.  
*Volt.* Pray thee, hear me;  
 Am I inscribed his heir for certain?  
*Mos.* Are you!  
 I do beseech you, sir, you will vouchsafe  
 To write me in your family.<sup>2</sup> All my  
 hopes  
 Depend upon your worship: I am lost  
 Except the rising sun do shine on me.  
*Volt.* It shall both shine, and warm thee,  
 Mosca.  
*Mos.* Sir,  
 I am a man that hath not done your love  
 All the worst offices: here I wear your  
 keys,  
 See all your coffers and your caskets  
 locked,  
 Keep the poor inventory of your jewels,  
 Your plate, and monies; am your steward,  
 sir,  
 Husband your goods here.  
*Volt.* But am I sole heir?  
*Mos.* Without a partner, sir: confirmed  
 this morning:  
 The wax is warm yet, and the ink scarce  
 dry  
 Upon the parchment.  
*Volt.* Happy, happy me!  
 By what good chance, sweet Mosca?  
*Mos.* Your desert, sir;  
 I know no second cause.  
*Volt.* Thy modesty  
 Is not to know it; well, we shall requite it.  
*Mos.* He ever liked your course, sir;  
 that first took him.  
 I oft have heard him say how he admired  
 Men of your large profession, that could  
 speak  
 To every cause, and things mere con-  
 traries,  
 Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law;  
 That, with most quick agility, could turn,  
 And return; make knots, and undo  
 them;<sup>3</sup>  
 Give forked counsel; take provoking  
 gold  
 On either hand, and put it up: these  
 men,  
 He knew, would thrive with their humility.

<sup>1</sup> *Bought of St. Mark.*] The great mart of Venice. Whalley supposed the allusion to be to the treasury in St. Mark's Church: he did not know, perhaps, that this celebrated edifice was surrounded with shops of all kinds, particularly goldsmiths'.

<sup>2</sup> *To write me in your family.*] This, as Upton says, is borrowed from Horace: *Scribe tui gregis hunc.* It may be so; though it is quite as probable that it was "borrowed" from the poet's own times; when it was customary for

the names and offices of the servants and retainers of great families to be entered in the *Household Book*; of this practice many proofs yet remain. The conduct of this scene is above all praise.

<sup>3</sup> [Gifford altered this line to

And [re] return; [could] make knots, and undo them;

but surely the original is harmonious and clear enough. Jonson frequently lays a strong accent on the *re* of *return*.—F. C.]

And, for his part, he thought he should be  
blest

To have his heir of such a suffering spirit,  
So wise, so grave, of so perplexed a  
tongue,

And loud withal, that would not wag, nor  
scarce

Lie still, without a fee; when every word  
Your worship but lets fall, is a chequin!—

[*Knocking without.*  
Who's that? one knocks; I would not  
have you seen, sir.

And yet—pretend you came, and went in  
haste;

I'll fashion an excuse—and, gentle sir,  
When you do come to swim in golden  
lard,<sup>1</sup>

Up to the arms in honey, that your chin  
Is born up stiff with fatness of the flood,  
Think on your vassal; but remember me:  
I have not been your worst of clients.

*Volt.* Mosca!—

*Mos.* When will you have your inven-  
tory brought, sir?

Or see a copy of the Will?—Anon!<sup>2</sup>—  
I'll bring them to you, sir. Away, begone,  
Put business in your face. [*Exit Voltore.*

*Volt.* [*springing up.*] Excellent Mosca!  
Come hither, let me kiss thee.

*Mos.* Keep you still, sir.

Here is Corbaccio.

*Volt.* Set the plate away:

The vulture's gone, and the old raven's  
come!<sup>3</sup>

*Mos.* Betake you to your silence, and  
your sleep.

Stand there and multiply. [*Putting the  
plate to the rest.*] Now, shall we see

A wretch who is indeed more impotent  
Than this can feign to be; yet hopes to  
hop

Over his grave.

*Enter Corbaccio.*

Signior Corbaccio!

You're very welcome, sir.

*Corb.* How does your patron?

*Mos.* Troth, as he did, sir; no amends.

*Corb.* What! mends he?

*Mos.* No, sir: he's rather worse.

*Corb.* That's well. Where is he?

*Mos.* Upon his couch, sir, newly fall'n  
asleep.

*Corb.* Does he sleep well?

*Mos.* No wink, sir, all this night,  
Nor yesterday; but slumbers.

*Corb.* Good! he should take

Some counsel of physicians: I have  
brought him

An opiate here, from mine own doctor.

*Mos.* He will not hear of drugs.

*Corb.* Why? I myself

Stood by while it was made, saw all the  
ingredients;

And know it cannot but most gently  
work:

My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.

*Volt.* Ay, his last sleep, if he would  
take it. [*Aside.*

*Mos.* Sir,

He has no faith in physic.

*Corb.* Say you, say you?

*Mos.* He has no faith in physic: he does  
think

Most of your doctors are the greater  
danger,

And worse disease, to escape. I often  
have

Heard him protest that your physician  
Should never be his heir.

*Corb.* Not I his heir?

*Mos.* Not your physician, sir.

*Corb.* O, no, no, no,

I do not mean it.

*Mos.* No, sir, nor their fees

He cannot brook: he says they flay a  
man

Before they kill him.

*Corb.* Right, I do conceive you.

*Mos.* And then they do it by experiment;  
For which the law not only doth absolve  
them,

But gives them great reward: and he is loth  
To hire his death so.

*Corb.* It is true, they kill

With as much licence as a judge.

*Mos.* Nay, more;

For he but kills, sir, where the law con-  
demns,

And these can kill him too.

<sup>1</sup> *And, gentle sir,  
When you do come to swim in golden lard,  
&c.]* Upton was too busy with his trite  
classical imitations to notice this bold and beau-  
tiful adoption of the eastern metaphor for a state  
of prosperity.

<sup>2</sup> *Anon!* In the margin of Whalley's copy,  
a note in the handwriting of Mr. Waldron gives

this expression to *Voltore*. It belongs, however,  
to *Mosca*, who pretends to speak to some one  
without, in order to quicken the advocate's de-  
parture.

<sup>3</sup> *The vulture's gone, and the old raven's  
come!* In allusion to their different names.  
*Corbaccio*, in Italian, signifies an old raven.

*Corb.* Ay, or me ;  
Or any man. How does his apoplex ?  
Is that strong on him still ?  
*Mos.* Most violent.  
His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,  
His face drawn longer than 'twas wont—  
*Corb.* How ! how !  
Stronger than he was wont ?  
*Mos.* No, sir : his face  
Drawn longer than 'twas wont.  
*Corb.* O, good !  
*Mos.* His mouth  
Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang.  
*Corb.* Good.  
*Mos.* A freezing numbness stiffens all  
his joints,  
And makes the colour of his flesh like lead.  
*Corb.* 'Tis good.  
*Mos.* His pulse beats slow, and dull.  
*Corb.* Good symptoms still.  
*Mos.* And from his brain—  
*Corb.* I conceive you ; good.  
*Mos.* Flows a cold sweat, with a con-  
tinual rheum,  
Forth the resolved corners of his eyes.  
*Corb.* Is't possible ? Yet I am better, ha !  
How does he with the swimming of his  
head ?  
*Mos.* O, sir, 'tis past the scotomy ;<sup>1</sup> he  
now  
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort :  
You hardly can perceive him, that he  
breathes.  
*Corb.* Excellent, excellent ! sure I shall  
outlast him :  
This makes me young again, a score of  
years.  
*Mos.* I was a coming for you, sir.  
*Corb.* Has he made his Will ?  
What has he given me ?  
*Mos.* No, sir.  
*Corb.* Nothing ! ha ?  
*Mos.* He has not made his Will, sir.  
*Corb.* Oh, oh, oh !  
What then did Voltore, the lawyer, here ?  
*Mos.* He smelt a carcase, sir, when he  
but heard  
My master was about his testament ;  
As I did urge him to it for your good—  
*Corb.* He came unto him, did he ? I  
thought so.  
*Mos.* Yes, and presented him this piece  
of plate.  
*Corb.* To be his heir ?  
*Mos.* I do not know, sir.

<sup>1</sup> O, sir, 'tis past the scotomy ;] *Scotomia* is  
a dizziness or swimming in the head. See Mas-  
singer, vol. iv. 521.

*Corb.* True :  
I know it too.  
*Mos.* By your own scale, sir. [*Aside.*  
*Corb.* Well,  
I shall prevent him yet. See, Mosca,  
look,  
Here I have brought a bag of bright  
chequines,  
Will quite weigh down his plate.  
*Mos.* [*taking the bag.*] Yea, marry, sir.  
This is true physic, this your sacred me-  
dicine ;  
No talk of opiates to this great elixir !  
*Corb.* 'Tis aurum palpabile, if not po-  
table.  
*Mos.* It shall be ministered to him in his  
bowl.  
*Corb.* Ay, do, do, do.  
*Mos.* Most blessed cordial !  
This will recover him.  
*Corb.* Yes, do, do, do.  
*Mos.* I think it were not best, sir.  
*Corb.* What ?  
*Mos.* To recover him.  
*Corb.* O, no, no, no ; by no means.  
*Mos.* Why, sir, this  
Will work some strange effect, if he but  
feel it.  
*Corb.* 'Tis true, therefore forbear ; I'll  
take my venture :  
Give me it again.  
*Mos.* At no hand ; pardon me :  
You shall not do yourself that wrong,  
sir. I  
Will so advise you, you shall have it all.  
*Corb.* How ?  
*Mos.* All, sir ; 'tis your right, your own ;  
no man  
Can claim a part : 'tis yours without a  
rival,  
Decreed by destiny.  
*Corb.* How, how, good Mosca ?  
*Mos.* I'll tell you, sir. This fit he shall  
recover.  
*Corb.* I do conceive you.  
*Mos.* And on first advantage  
Of his gained sense, will I re-importune him  
Unto the making of his testament :  
And shew him this. [*Pointing to the money.*  
*Corb.* Good, good.  
*Mos.* 'Tis better yet,  
If you will hear, sir.  
*Corb.* Yes, with all my heart.  
*Mos.* Now would I counsel you, make  
home with speed ;  
There, frame a Will ; whereto you shall  
inscribe  
My master your sole heir.

*Corb.* And disinherit  
My son!

*Mos.* O, sir, the better: for that colour  
Shall make it much more taking.

*Corb.* O, but colour?

*Mos.* This Will, sir, you shall send it  
unto me.

Now, when I come to inforce, as I will do,  
Your cares, your watchings, and your many  
prayers,

Your more than many gifts, your this day's  
present,

And last, produce your Will; where, with-  
out thought,

Or least regard, unto your proper issue,  
A son so brave, and highly meriting,

The stream of your diverted love hath  
thrown you

Upon my master, and made him your heir:  
He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,  
But out of conscience, and mere grati-  
tude—

*Corb.* He must pronounce me his?

*Mos.* 'Tis true.

*Corb.* This plot

Did I think on before.

*Mos.* I do believe it.

*Corb.* Do you not believe it?

*Mos.* Yes, sir.

*Corb.* Mine own project.

*Mos.* Which, when he hath done, sir—

*Corb.* Published me his heir?

*Mos.* And you so certain to survive  
him—

*Corb.* Ay.

*Mos.* Being so lusty a man—

*Corb.* 'Tis true.

*Mos.* Yes, sir—

*Corb.* I thought on that too. See, how  
he should be

The very organ to express my thoughts!

*Mos.* You have not only done yourself a  
good—

<sup>1</sup> *Rook go with you, raven*!] May you, *raven*, be *rooked*, or cheated! as Upton explains it. There never was a scene of avarice in the extremity of old age better drawn than this.—**WHAL.**

Nor ever so well. Hurd (who had just been reading Congreve's letters to Dennis) terms the humour of it "inordinate;" and blames Jonson for sporting so freely with the infirmities of Corbaccio. I can see no occasion for this. If avarice be, in any case, a legitimate object of satire, surely it is eminently so when accompanied as here with age and infirmity. Bad passions become more odious in proportion as the motives for them are weakened; and gratuitous vice cannot be too indignantly exposed to reprehension.

*Corb.* But multiplied it on my son.

*Mos.* 'Tis right, sir.

*Corb.* Still, my invention.

*Mos.* 'Las, sir! heaven knows,

It hath been all my study, all my care,  
(I e'en grow gray withal,) how to work  
things—

*Corb.* I do conceive, sweet Mosca.

*Mos.* You are he

For whom I labour here.

*Corb.* Ay, do, do, do:

I'll straight about it.

*Mos.* Rook go with you, raven!<sup>1</sup> [*Going.*

*Corb.* I know thee honest. [*Aside.*

*Mos.* You do lie, sir!

*Corb.* And—

*Mos.* Your knowledge is no better than  
your ears, sir.

*Corb.* I do not doubt to be a father to  
thee.

*Mos.* Nor I to gull my brother of his  
blessing.

*Corb.* I may have my youth restored to  
me, why not?

*Mos.* Your worship is a precious ass!

*Corb.* What sayst thou?

*Mos.* I do desire your worship to make  
haste, sir.

*Corb.* 'Tis done, 'tis done; I go. [*Exit.*  
*Volp.* [*leaping from his couch.*] O, I  
shall burst!

Let out my sides, let out my sides—

*Mos.* Contain

Your flux of laughter, sir: you know this  
hope

Is such a bait, it covers any hook.

*Volp.* O, but thy working, and thy plac-  
ing it!

I cannot hold; good rascal, let me kiss thee:  
I never knew thee in so rare a humour.

*Mos.* Alas, sir, I but do as I am taught;  
Follow your grave instructions; give them  
words;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Give them words*;] i.e., deceive or impose on them:

"*An ut ignotum, dare nobis  
Verba putas?*"—Horace, L. i. Sat. 3.

This is Upton's remark. That *dare verba* signifies to cajole, to impose upon, is certain; such, however, is not the sense of the expression here. By *give them words*, Mosca simply, or rather artfully, means that he clothes the "grave instructions" of his patron in fitting language. He speaks of Volpone, not of Corbaccio and the rest, who are distinctly noticed in the next line. The glimpse of a classical allusion is a perfect *ignis fatuus* to Upton, who is sure to blunder after it at all hazards.

Pour oil into their ears, and send them hence.

*Volp.* 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare punishment

Is avarice to itself!

*Mos.* Ay, with our help, sir.

*Volp.* So many cares, so many maladies,<sup>1</sup>  
So many fears attending on old age,  
Yea, death so often called on, as no wish  
Can be more frequent with them, their  
limbs faint,

Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing,  
going,

All dead before them; yea, their very teeth,  
Their instruments of eating, failing them:  
Yet this is reckoned life! nay, here was  
one,

Is now gone home, that wishes to live  
longer!

Feels not his gout, nor palsy; feigns him-  
self

Younger by scores of years, flatters his age  
With confident belying it, hopes he may,  
With charms like Æson, have his youth re-  
stored:

And with these thoughts so battens, as if  
fate

Would be as easily cheated on as he,  
And all turns air! [*knocking within.*] Who's  
that there, now? a third!

*Mos.* Close, to your couch again; I hear  
his voice:

It is Corvino, our spruce merchant.

*Volp.* [*lies down as before.*] Dead.

*Mos.* Another bout, sir, with your eyes.  
[*anointing them.*] Who's there?

*Enter Corvino.*

Signior Corvino! come most wished for! O,  
How happy were you, if you knew it, now!

*Corv.* Why? what? wherein?

*Mos.* The tardy hour is come, sir.

*Corv.* He is not dead?

*Mos.* Not dead, sir, but as good;  
He knows no man.

*Corv.* How shall I do then?

*Mos.* Why, sir?

*Corv.* I have brought him here a pearl.

*Mos.* Perhaps he has

So much remembrance left as to know you,  
sir:

He still calls on you; nothing but your  
name

Is in his mouth. Is your pearl orient, sir?<sup>2</sup>

*Corv.* Venice was never owner of the like.

*Volp.* [*faintly.*] Signior Corvino!

*Mos.* Hark.

*Volp.* Signior Corvino!

*Mos.* He calls you; step and give it  
him.—He's here, sir,

And he has brought you a rich pearl.

*Corv.* How do you, sir?

Tell him it doubles the twelfth caract.<sup>3</sup>

*Mos.* Sir,

He cannot understand, his hearing's gone;  
And yet it comforts him to see you—

*Corv.* Say

I have a diamond for him, too.

*Mos.* Best shew it, sir;

Put it into his hand; 'tis only there

He apprehends: he has his feeling yet.

See how he grasps it!

*Corv.* 'Las, good gentleman!

How pitiful the sight is!

*Mos.* Tut, forget, sir.

The weeping of an heir should still be  
laughter

Under a visor.<sup>4</sup>

*Corv.* Why, am I his heir?

*Mos.* Sir, I am sworn, I may not show  
the Will

Till he be dead; but here has been Cor-  
baccio,

Here has been Voltore, here were others  
too,

I cannot number 'em, they were so many;

All gaping here for legacies: but I,

Taking the vantage of his naming you,

*Signior Corvino, Signior Corvino,* took

Paper, and pen, and ink, and there I asked  
him

Whom he would have his heir! *Corvino.*

Who

Should be executor? *Corvino.* And

<sup>1</sup> *So many cares, &c.*] In this fine speech Jonson has again laid the fragments of the Greek drama under contribution; Lucian and Juvenal, however, had set him the example.

<sup>2</sup> *Is your pearl orient, sir?*] i.e., bright, sparkling, pellucid. Thus Shakspeare:

"Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded."

And Milton:

"Offering to every wearied traveller  
His orient liquor in a crystal glass."

*Comus*, v. 64.

<sup>3</sup> *It doubles the twelfth caract.*] A caract is a weight of four grains, by which jewels are weighed. The same expression occurs in Cartwright:

"Diamonds, two whereof  
Do double the twelfth caract."—*Lady Errant.*

<sup>4</sup> *The weeping of an heir should still be laughter*  
*Under a visor.*]

"*Hæredis fletus sub personâ risus est.*"

P. SYRUS

To any question he was silent to,  
I still interpreted the nods he made,  
Through weakness, for consent: and sent  
home th' others,  
Nothing bequeathed them, but to cry and  
curse.<sup>1</sup>

*Corv.* O, my dear Mosca. [*They embrace.*] Does he not perceive us?

*Mos.* No more than a blind harper. He  
knows no man,  
No face of friend, nor name of any servant,  
Who 'twas that fed him last, or gave him  
drink:

Not those he hath begotten, or brought up,  
Can he remember.

*Corv.* Has he children?

*Mos.* Bastards,  
Some dozen, or more, that he begot on  
beggars,  
Gypsies,<sup>2</sup> and Jews, and black-moors, when  
he was drunk.

Knew you not that, sir? 'tis the common  
fable.

The dwarf, the fool, the eunuch, are all  
his;

He's the true father of his family,  
In all save me:—but he has given them  
nothing.

*Corv.* That's well, that's well! Art sure  
he does not hear us?

*Mos.* Sure, sir! why, look you, credit  
your own sense.

[*Shouts in Vol.'s ear.*

The pox approach, and add to your  
diseases,

If it would send you hence the sooner, sir,  
For your incontinence, it hath deserved it  
thoroughly and throughly, and the plague  
to boot!—

You may come near, sir.—Would you  
would once close

Those filthy eyes of yours, that flow with  
slime,

Like two frog-pits; and those same hang-  
ing cheeks,

<sup>1</sup> *Nothing bequeathed them, but to cry and curse.*] From Horace, as Upton observes:

*"Invenietque  
Nil sibi legatum, præter plorare, suisque."*

<sup>2</sup> *Bastards, Some dozen or more, that he begot on beggars, Gypsies, &c.*] This is a playful application of Martial's epigram on Quirinalis:

*"Uxorem habendam non putat Quirinalis,  
Cum vult habere filios; et invenit  
Quo possit istud more: (amplectitur) ancillas,*

Covered with hide instead of skin—Nay,  
help, sir—<sup>3</sup>

That look like frozen dish-clouts set on end!  
*Corv.* [*aloud.*] Or like an old smoked  
wall, on which the rain

Ran down in streaks!

*Mos.* Excellent, sir! speak out:  
You may be louder yet; a culverin  
Discharged in his ear would hardly bore it.

*Corv.* His nose is like a common sewer,  
still running.

*Mos.* 'Tis good! And what his mouth?

*Corv.* A very draught.

*Mos.* O, stop it up—

*Corv.* By no means.

*Mos.* Pray you, let me:

Faith I could stifle him rarely with a pillow,  
As well as any woman that should keep  
him,

*Corv.* Do as you will; but I'll begone.

*Mos.* Be so;

It is your presence makes him last so long.

*Corv.* I pray you use no violence.

*Mos.* No, sir! why?

Why should you be thus scrupulous, pray  
you, sir?

*Corv.* Nay, at your discretion.

*Mos.* Well, good sir, be gone.

*Corv.* I will not trouble him now to take  
my pearl.<sup>4</sup>

*Mos.* Puh! nor your diamond. What a  
needless care

Is this afflicts you? Is not all here yours?  
Am not I here, whom you have made your  
creature?

That owe my being to you?

*Corv.* Grateful Mosca!

Thou art my friend, my fellow, my com-  
panion,

My partner, and shalt share in all my for-  
tunes.

*Mos.* Excepting one.

*Corv.* What's that?

*Mos.* Your gallant wife, sir.

[*Exit Corv.*

*Domumque et agros implet equitibus vernis.  
Paterfamilias verus est Quirinalis."*

Lib. i. ep. 85.

Upton also points out the allusions to Juvenal;  
but they are too well known to call for particular  
notice.

<sup>3</sup> *Nay, help, sir,*] i.e., to rail and abuse  
Volpone. This exposure of Corvino is happily  
designed: but, indeed, the whole of the act is a  
masterpiece of truth and genuine comic humour.

<sup>4</sup> *I will not trouble him now to take my  
pearl.*] i.e., to wrest it from Volpone, who in his  
supposed state of insensibility had closed his  
hand upon it.

Now is he gone : we had no other means  
To shoot him hence but this.

*Volp.* My divine Mosca !

Thou hast to-day outgone thyself. [*Knock-  
ing within.*] Who's there ?

I will be troubled with no more. Prepare  
Me music, dances, banquets, all delights ;  
The Turk is not more sensual in his  
pleasures

Than will Volpone. [*Exit Mos.*] Let me  
see ; a pearl !

A diamond ! plate ! chequines ! Good  
morning's purchase.

Why, this is better than rob churches, yet ;  
Or fat, by eating, once a month, a man—

*Re-enter Mosca.*

Who is 't ?

*Mos.* The beauteous Lady Would-be, sir,  
Wife to the English knight, Sir Politick  
Would-be,

(This is the style, sir, is directed me,)

Hath sent to know how you have slept to-  
night,

And if you would be visited ?

*Volp.* Not now :

Some three hours hence.

*Mos.* I told the squire so much.

*Volp.* When I am high with mirth and  
wine ; then, then :

'Fore heaven, I wonder at the desperate  
valour

Of the bold English, that they dare let  
loose

Their wives to all encounters !

*Mos.* Sir, this knight

Had not his name for nothing, he is  
*politick,*

And knows, howe'er his wife affect strange  
airs,

She hath not yet the face to be dishonest :  
But had she Signior Corvino's wife's  
face—<sup>1</sup>

*Volp.* Has she so rare a face ?

*Mos.* O, sir, the wonder,

The blazing star of Italy ! a wench  
Of the first year ! a beauty ripe as harvest !  
Whose skin is whiter than a swan all over,  
Than silver, snow, or lilies ! a soft lip,  
Would tempt you to eternity of kissing !  
And flesh that melteth in the touch to  
blood !

Bright as your gold, and lovely as your  
gold !

*Volp.* Why had not I known this before ?

*Mos.* Alas, sir,

Myself but yesterday discovered it.

*Volp.* How might I see her ?

*Mos.* O, not possible ;

She's kept as warily as is your gold :

Never does come abroad, never takes air

But at a window. All her looks are  
sweet,

As the first grapes or cherries, and are  
watched

As near as they are.

*Volp.* I must see her.

*Mos.* Sir,

There is a guard of spies ten thick upon  
her,

All his whole household ; each of which is  
set

Upon his fellow, and have all their  
charge,

When he goes out, when he comes in,  
examined.

*Volp.* I will go see her, though but at  
her window.

*Mos.* In some disguise then.

*Volp.* That is true ; I must  
Maintain mine own shape still the same :  
we'll think. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*St. Mark's Place ; a retired  
corner before Corvino's House.*

*Enter Sir Politick Would-be, and Pere-  
grine.*

*Sir P.* Sir, to a wise man, all the world's  
his soil :

It is not Italy, nor France, nor Europe,  
That must bound me, if my fates call me  
forth.

Yet I protest, it is no salt desire  
Of seeing countries, shifting a religion,

Nor any disaffection to the state

Where I was bred, and unto which I owe  
My dearest plots, hath brought me out ;  
much less

That idle, antique, stale, gray-headed pro-  
ject

Of knowing men's minds and manners,  
with Ulysses !

But a peculiar humour of my wife's

Laid for this height of Venice, to observe,

<sup>1</sup> But had she Signior Corvino's wife's face—] This circumstance, on which the catastrophe of the play hinges, is very naturally introduced.

Mosca's glowing description of the lady might inflame the imagination of a less voluptuous sensualist than Volpone.

To quote,<sup>1</sup> to learn the language, and so forth—

I hope you travel, sir, with licence?

*Per.* Yes.

*Sir P.* I dare the safelier converse—

How long, sir,

Since you left England?

*Per.* Seven weeks.

*Sir P.* So lately!

You have not been with my lord ambassador?

*Per.* Not yet, sir.

*Sir P.* Pray you, what news, sir, vents our climate?

I heard last night a most strange thing reported

By some of my lord's followers, and I long To hear how 'twill be seconded.

*Per.* What was 't, sir?

*Sir P.* Marry, sir, of a raven that should build

In a ship royal of the king's.

*Per.* This fellow,

Does he gull me, trow? or is gulled?

[*Aside.*] Your name, sir.

*Sir P.* My name is Politick Would-be.

*Per.* O, that speaks him. [*Aside.*]

A knight, sir?

*Sir P.* A poor knight, sir.

*Per.* Your lady

Lies here in Venice, for intelligence

Of tires and fashions, and behaviour,

Among the courtezans? the fine Lady Would-be?

*Sir P.* Yes, sir; the spider and the bee, oftentimes,

Suck from one flower.

*Per.* Good Sir Politick,

I cry you mercy; I have heard much of you:

'Tis true, sir, of your raven.

*Sir P.* On your knowledge?

*Per.* Yes, and your lion's whelping in the Tower.

*Sir P.* Another whelp!<sup>3</sup>

*Per.* Another, sir.

*Sir P.* Now heaven!

What prodigies be these? The fires at Berwick!

And the new star! these things concurring, strange,

And full of omen! Saw you those meteors?

*Per.* I did, sir.

*Sir P.* Fearful! Pray you, sir, confirm me,

Were there three porpoises seen above the bridge,<sup>4</sup>

As they give cut?

*Per.* Six, and a sturgeon, sir.

*Sir P.* I am astonished.

*Per.* Nay, sir, be not so;

I'll tell you a greater prodigy than these.

*Sir P.* What should these things portend?

*Per.* The very day

(Let me be sure) that I put forth from London,

There was a whale discovered in the river, As high as Woolwich, that had waited there,

Few know how many months, for the subversion

Of the Stode fleet.

*Sir P.* Is 't possible? believe it,

<sup>1</sup> To quote, &c.] To quote is to notice, to write down. Thus Polonius:

"I'm sorry that with better heed and judgment I had not *quoted* him."

And thus Webster, in the *White Devil*:

"It is reported you possess a book Wherein you have *quoted* by intelligence, The names of all offenders."

The triumph of Sir Politick over poor Ulysses is an excellent trait of character.

<sup>2</sup> The celebrated Sir Henry Wotton. Coryat found "his lordship" here, he says, in 1608, and experienced "much kindness at his hands." He was introduced to Sir Henry by Mr. Richard Martin (the person to whom Jonson dedicated the *Postaster*) in a letter which plays upon the simple vanity of our traveller in a most arch and entertaining manner.

<sup>3</sup> *Another whelp!* The birth of the first is thus gravely recorded by Stow: "Sunday, the fifth of August (1604), a lionesse, named Eliza-

beth, in the Tower of London, brought forth a Lyons whelp, which Lyons whelp lived not longer than till the next day." The other, which is spoken of here, was whelped, as Stow also carefully informs us, on the 26th of February, 1606. As the former had lived so short a time, James ordered this to be taken from the dam and brought up by hand; by which wise mode of management the animal was speedily dispatched after his brother. These were the first whelps produced in a tame state in this country, and perhaps in Europe.

<sup>4</sup> *Were there three porpoises seen above the bridge, &c.*] This prodigy and that of the appearance of the whale at Woolwich, mentioned just below, are duly noticed by Stow: "The 19th of January (1605), a great *porpus* was taken alive at Westham,—and within a few days after, a very great *whale* came up as high as *Woolwich*; and when she tasted the fresh water and scented the land, she returned into the sea." —P. 88r. The references to the remaining prodigies, I have (fortunately for the reader's patience) mislaid or overlooked among my notes,

'Twas either sent from Spain, or the arch-  
duke's :

Spinola's whale, upon my life, my credit !  
Will they not leave these projects ? Worthy  
sir,

Some other news.

*Per.* Faith, Stone the fool is dead,  
And they do lack a tavern fool extremely.

*Sir P.* Is Mass Stone dead ?<sup>1</sup>

*Per.* He's dead, sir ; why, I hope  
You thought him not immortal ?—O, this  
knight,

Were he well known, would be a precious  
thing

To fit our English stage : he that should  
write

But such a fellow, should be thought  
feign

Extremely, if not maliciously. [A

*Sir P.* Stone dead !

*Per.* Dead—Lord ! how deeply, sir,  
you apprehend it !

He was no kinsman to you ?

*Sir P.* That I know of.

Well ! that same fellow was an unknown  
fool.

*Per.* And yet you knew him, it seems ?

*Sir P.* I did so. Sir,

I knew him one of the most dangerous  
heads

ing within the state, and so  
him.

*Per.* Indeed, sir ?

*Sir P.* While he live

He has received weekly intelligence,  
Upon my knowledge, out of the L  
Countries,

For all parts of the world, in cabbages :

And those dispensed again to ambassade

In oranges, musk-melons, apricocks,

<sup>1</sup> *Is Mass Stone dead ?* In the margin of  
copy, Whalley has written "Mass, an ab-  
ment of Master." The thing scarcely dese-  
a note ; but he is wrong : Mass is an abridg-  
of Messer, an old Italian word, familiarly ap-  
to a priest or person above the lower ra-  
life. I have already alluded to the castig.  
of Mass Stone : the following passage rela-  
to him is curious. On the expensive prepa-  
tions for the Earl of Northampton's embassy  
Spain, Sir Dudley Carleton thus writes to P  
Winwood : " My Lord Admiral's number is  
and he swears 500 oaths he will not admit of  
man more. But if he will stand to that rule,  
take in one as another will desire to be  
charged, in my opinion, all men's turn will  
served. There was great execution done  
upon Stone the fool, who was well whipp-  
Bridewell for a blasphemous speech, that  
went sixty fools into Spain, besides my  
Admiral and his two sons." But he is a

I mean  
med'cin  
which they  
write

*Enter Mosca and Nano disguised, followed by persons with materials for erecting a Stage.*

*Per.* Who be these, sir?

*Mos.* Under that window, there 't must be. The same.

*Sir P.* Fellows, to mount a bank. Did your instructor

In the dear tongues, never discourse to you Of the Italian mountebanks?

*Per.* Yes, sir.

*Sir P.* Why,

Here you shall see one.

*Per.* They are quacksalvers, fellows that live by venting oils and drugs.

*Sir P.* Was that the character he gave you of them?

*r.* As I remember.

*r P.* Pity his ignorance.

They are the only knowing men of Europe! Great general scholars, excellent physicians, Most admired statesmen, profest favourites, And cabinet counsellors to the greatest princes;

The only languaged men of all the world!

*Per.* And, I have heard, they are most lewd impostors;<sup>3</sup>

Made all of terms and shreds; no less be-  
liers

men's favours, than their own vile  
s;

ill utter upon monstrous

thing that drug for two-pence ere they  
part,

which they have valued at twelve crowns  
before.

*Sir P.* Sir, calumnies are answered best with silence.

son. He had certainly heard enough of  
in to be sensible that it was read with a  
of musical intonation; and this is just what  
eans. Peregrine's language is purposely  
ed to set off the simplicity of Sir Politick.

*fellows of outside, and mere bark.]* This,  
pton observes, is a Greek phrase; *φλοιωδης*

*mp, Long. sect. 3.*

Daniel has the same expression in his *Hymen's*  
*triumph*:

'And never let her think on me, who am  
But e'en the *bark* and *outside* of a man."

*They are most lewd impostors;*] i.e., igno-  
r, unlearned. The old and approved sense  
e word. Thus Chaucer:

*Was leude pepill demith commonlie  
thingis, that ben made more subtilie  
en thei can in ther leudness comprehend."*

*Squier's Tale, 242.*

Yourself shall judge.—Who is it mounts, my friends?

*Mos.* Scoto of Mantua, sir.<sup>1</sup>

*Sir P.* Is't he? Nay, then

I'll proudly promise, sir, you shall behold Another man than has been phant'sied to you.

I wonder yet, that he should mount his bank,

Here in this nook, that has been wont t' appear

In face of the Piazza!—Here he comes.

*Enter Volpone, disguised as a mountebank Doctor, and followed by a crowd of people.*

*Volp.* Mount, zany. [To Nano.]

*Mob.* Follow, follow, follow, follow!

*Sir P.* See how the people follow him! he's a man

May write ten thousand crowns in bank here. Note,

[Volpone mounts the stage.

Mark but his gesture:—I do use to observe The state he keeps in getting up.

*Per.* 'Tis worth it, sir.

*Volp.* "Most noble gentlemen, and my worthy patrons! It may seem strange that I, your Scoto Mantuano, who was ever wont to fix my bank in face of the public Piazza, near the shelter of the Portico to the Procuratia, should now, after eight months' absence from this illustrious city

of Venice, humbly retire myself into an obscure nook of the Piazza."

*Sir P.* Did not I now object the same?

*Per.* Peace, sir.

*Volp.* "Let me tell you: I am not, as your Lombard proverb saith, cold on my feet; or content to part with my commodi- ties at a cheaper rate, than I accustomed: look not for it. Nor that the calumnious reports of that impudent detractor, and shame to our profession (Alessandro But- tone, I mean,) who gave out, in public, I was condemned a sforzato to the galleys, for poisoning the Cardinal Bembo's—cook, hath at all attached, much less dejected me. No, no, worthy gentlemen; to tell you true, I cannot endure to see the rabble of these ground ciarlitani,<sup>2</sup> that spread their cloaks on the pavement, as if they meant to do feats of activity, and then come in lamely, with their mouldy tales out of Boccacio, like stale Tabarine, the fabulist:<sup>3</sup> some of them discoursing their travels, and of their tedious captivity in the Turk's galleys, when, indeed, were the truth known, they were the Christian's gallies, where very temperately they eat bread, and drunk water, as a wholesome penance, en- joined them by their confessors, for base pilferies."

*Sir P.* Note but his bearing, and con- tempt of these.

*Volp.* "These turdy-facy-nasty-paty-

<sup>1</sup> *Scoto of Mantua, sir.*] I know not whether Jonson had any contemporary quack in view here. The name he has taken from an Italian juggler who was in England about this time, and exhibited petty feats of legerdemain. See the *Epigrams*. Our poet was a great reader and admirer of the facetious fopperies of a former age; and I am strongly inclined to think that he intended to imitate Andrew Borde, a physician of reputation in Henry VIII.'s time, who used to frequent fairs and markets, and there address himself to the people. Here is an evident imitation of his language. "He would make," Hearne says, "humourous speeches, couched in such language as caused mirth, and wonderfully propagated his fame." But Borde was a man of learnin'g, and knew how to deal with the vulgar. He travelled much to perfect himself in physic.

Antony Wood says that Borde was esteemed "a noted poet, a witty and ingeniose person, and an excellent physician of his time."—*Ath. Ox.* v. i. 74. Having a rambling head and an inconstant mind, he travelled over a great part of Christendom, and finally concluded his vagaries and his life, as many other "ingeniose persons" have done, in the Fleet, in 1549.

<sup>2</sup> *These ground ciarlitani, &c.*] These ground ciarlitani (petty charlatans, impostors, babblers.)

are to be found in Italy at this hour, occupied precisely as they were in the days of Scoto Mantuano. Coryat gives a similar account of them: "I have seen," he says, "some of them stand upon the ground when they tell their tales, which are such as they commonly call ciaratanocs, or ciarlatans. The principal place where they act is the first part of St. Mark's-street." These tales or recitations, it should be observed, are merely to draw the people together; and always terminate with the production of some crumpery articles for sale.

<sup>3</sup> *Like stale Tabarine, the fabulist.*] This Tabarin, who is mentioned by Boileau, in his *Art of Poetry*,

"*Apollon travesti devint un Tabarin,*"

and again in his *Critical Reflections*, was, as his annotators inform us, a celebrated jack-pudding in the service of one Mondor: "*Ce Mondor étoit un charlatan, ou vendeur du beanme, qui établissoit son théâtre dans la Place Dauphine, vers le commencement du xvii siècle. Il vouloit aussi dans les autres villes du royaume avec Tabarin, le bouffon de sa troupe. Les plaisanteries de Tabarin ont été imprimées plusieurs fois à Paris et à Lyons. Elles ne peuvent plaire qu'à la canaille.*"

lousy-fartical rogues, with one poor groat's-worth of unprepared antimony, finely wrapt up in several scartoccios,<sup>1</sup> are able, very well, to kill their twenty a week, and play; yet these meagre, starved spirits, who have half stopt the organs of their minds with earthy oppilations, want not their favourers among your shrivelled sallad-eating artizans, who are overjoyed that they may have their half-pe'rth of physic; though it purge them into another world, it makes no matter."

*Sir P.* Excellent! have you heard better language, sir.

*Volp.* "Well, let them go. And, gentlemen, honourable gentlemen, know, that for this time, our bank, being thus removed from the clamours of the canaglia, shall be the scene of pleasure and delight; for I have nothing to sell, little or nothing to sell."

*Sir P.* I told you, sir, his end.

*Per.* You did so, sir.

*Volp.* "I protest, I, and my six servants, are not able to make of this precious liquor, so fast as it is fetched away from my lodging by gentlemen of your city; strangers of the Terra-firma;<sup>2</sup> worshipful merchants; ay, and senators too: who, ever since my arrival, have detained me to their uses, by their splendid liberalities. And worthily; for, what avails your rich man to have his magazines stuf with moscadelli, or of the purest grape, when his physicians prescribe him, on pain of death, to drink nothing but water cocted with aniseeds? O, health! health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the poor! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying this world without thee? Be not then so sparing of your purses, honourable gentlemen, as to abridge the natural course of life——"

*Per.* You see his end.

*Sir P.* Ay, is 't not good?

*Volp.* "For when a humid flux, or catarrh, by the mutability of air, falls from your head into an arm or shoulder, or any other part; take you a duckett, or your

chequin of gold, and apply to the place affected: see what good effect it can work. No, no, 'tis this blessed unguento, this rare extraction, that hath only power to disperse all malignant humours, that proceed either of hot, cold, moist, or windy causes"——

*Per.* I would he had put in dry too.

*Sir P.* Pray you observe.

*Volp.* "To fortify the most indigest and crude stomach, ay, were it of one that, through extreme weakness, vomited blood, applying only a warm napkin to the place, after the unction and fricace;—for the vertigine in the head, putting but a drop into your nostrils, likewise behind the ears; a most sovereign and approved remedy; the mal caduco, cramps, convulsions, paralyties, epilepsies, tremor-cordia, retired nerves, ill vapours of the spleen, stopping of the liver, the stone, the strangury, hernia ventosa, iliaca passio; stops a dysenteria immediately; eascth the torsion of the small guts; and cures melancholia hypochondriaca, being taken and applied, according to my printed receipt. [*pointing to his bill and his vial.*] For this is the physician, this the medicine; this counsels, this cures; this gives the direction, this works the effect; and, in sum, both together may be termed an abstract of the theorick and practick in the Æsculapian art. 'Twill cost you eight crowns. And,—Zan Fritada, pritheo sing a verse extempore in honour of it."

*Sir P.* How do you like him, sir?

*Per.* Most strangely, I!

*Sir P.* Is not his language rare?

*Per.* But alchemy,

I never heard the like; or Broughton's books.<sup>3</sup>

*Nano sings.*

Had old Hippocrates, or Galen,  
That to their books put med'cines all in,  
But known this secret, they had never  
(Of which they will be guilty ever)  
Been murderers of so much paper,  
Or wasted many a hurtless taper;  
No Indian drug had e'er been famed,  
Tobacco, sassafras not named;

<sup>1</sup> *Scartoccios*,] i.e., covers, folds of paper; whence our *cartouch*.

<sup>2</sup> *Terra-firma*;] It may be just worth while to notice that the Venetians distinguish their continental possessions by this expression.

<sup>3</sup> But *alchemy*,  
*I never heard the like*; or *Broughton's books*, &c.] i.e., except alchemy, &c. The reader will understand the force of this when he comes to

*The Alchemist.* Broughton was a man of very considerable learning, particularly in the Hebrew; but disputatious, scurrilous, extravagant, and incomprehensible. He was engaged in controversy during the greatest part of his life. So common a circumstance scarcely deserved notice; yet there was this peculiarity in Broughton's case, namely, that he should find people to contest what must have been equally unintelligible to all parties. See the *Alchemist*.

Ne yet of guacum one small stick, sir,  
Nor Raymund Lully's great elixir.<sup>1</sup>  
Ne had been known the Danish Gonswart,<sup>2</sup>  
Or Paracelsus, with his long sword.<sup>3</sup>

*Per.* All this, yet, will not do; eight crowns is high.

*Volp.* "No more.—Gentlemen, if I had but time to discourse to you the miraculous effects of this my oil, surnamed Oglío del Scoto; with the countless catalogue of those I have cured of the aforesaid, and many more diseases; the patents and privileges of all the princes and commonwealths of Christendom; or but the depositions of those that appeared on my part, before the signiory of the Sanita and most learned College of Physicians; where I was authorized, upon notice taken of the admirable virtues of my medicaments, and mine own excellency in matter of rare and unknown secrets, not only to disperse them publicly in this famous city, but in all the territories, that happily joy under the government of the most pious and magnificent states of Italy. But may some other gallant fellow say, O, there be divers that make profession to have as good, and as experimented receipts as yours: indeed, very many have assayed, like apes, in imitation of that, which is really and essentially in me, to make of this oil; bestowed great cost in furnaces, stills, alembicks, continual fires, and preparation of the ingredients (as indeed there goes to it six hundred several simples, besides some

quantity of human fat, for the conglutination, which we buy of the anatomists), but when these practitioners come to the last decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in fumo: ha, ha, ha! Poor wretches! I rather pity their folly and indiscretion, than their loss of time and money; for these may be recovered by industry: but to be a fool born, is a disease incurable.

For myself, I always from my youth have endeavoured to get the rarest secrets, and book them, either in exchange, or for money: I spared nor cost nor labour, where anything was worthy to be learned. And, gentlemen, honourable gentlemen, I will undertake, by virtue of chemical art, out of the honourable hat that covers your head, to extract the four elements; that is to say, the fire, air, water, and earth, and return you your felt without burn or stain. For, whilst others have been at the Balloo,<sup>4</sup> I have been at my book; and am now past the craggy paths of study, and come to the flowery plains of honour and reputation."

*Sir P.* I do assure you, sir, that is his aim.

*Volp.* "But to our price——"

*Per.* And that withal, Sir Pol.

*Volp.* "You all know, honourable gentlemen, I never valued this ampulla, or vial, at less than eight crowns; but for this time, I am content to be deprived of it for six: six crowns is the price, and less in courtesy I know you cannot offer me; take

<sup>1</sup> *Nor Raymund Lully's great elixir.*] Lully was a celebrated character of the fourteenth century. He was born in Majorca, and studied what was then termed natural philosophy, i.e., the transmutation of metals, &c. In this he was very successful: having, as every one knows, discovered the philosopher's stone, and above all, the *great elixir*, or drink of immortality. Thus secured against poverty and death, he turned beggar, hermit, missionary, and finally lost his life by an unlucky blow while preaching to the wild inhabitants of Mount Atlas. In a credulous age, and while men obstinately shut their eyes to conviction, Lully enjoyed an extraordinary degree of reputation. He is now deservedly forgotten. The following distich on him is as old as Zan Fritada's song:

"*Qui Lulli lapidem querit, quem querere nulli Profuit; haviud Lullius, sed mihi Nullus erit.*"

<sup>2</sup> *The Danish Gonswart.*] Having no acquaintance with the Danish Gonswart, I cannot give the reader his history.—WHAL.

I regret to say, that I am equally unable to assist him: though my researches have been pretty extensive.

<sup>3</sup> *Or Paracelsus, with his long sword.*] For Paracelsus see the *Alchemist*. I cannot account for the introduction of the *long sword*, which yet must have been popular; for it is mentioned also by Fletcher: "Were Paracelsus the German now living, he (Forbosco) would take up his single rapier against his horrible *long sword*."—*Fair Maid of the Inn*, act iv. Perhaps the allusion is to some print of Paracelsus, who, as he was certainly present at many sieges and battles, might choose to be represented with this formidable appendage to his physician's cloak. It must not be forgotten that Paracelsus always carried a familiar or demon in the hilt of this celebrated *long sword*; so that it was not without its use. [See Dyce's *Beaumont and Fletcher*, x. 69.—F. C.]

<sup>4</sup> *At the Balloo.*] This play, in which a huge ball is driven forward by a flat piece of wood fastened to the arm, is still much practised on the continent. It is mentioned in *Eastward Hoe*: "We had a match at *balloon* too, with my Lord Whackum, for four crowns."—Act i. The Mall takes its name from this game (*passe maille*, Fr.), which was often played there by the cavaliers who returned with Charles II. from France.

it or leave it, howsoever, both it and I am at your service. I ask you not as the value of the thing, for then I should demand of you a thousand crowns, so the cardinals Montalto, Fernese, the great Duke of Tuscany, my gossip,<sup>1</sup> with divers other princes, have given me; but I despise money. Only to shew my affection to you, honourable gentlemen, and your illustrious State here, I have neglected the messages of these princes, mine own offices, framed my journey hither, only to present you with the fruits of my travels.—Tune your voices once more to the touch of your instruments, and give the honourable assembly some delightful recreation."

*Per.* What monstrous and most painful circumstance

Is here, to get some three or four gazettes,<sup>2</sup> Some threepence in the whole! for that 'twill come to.

Nano sings.

You that would last long, list to my song,  
Make no more coil, but buy of this oil.  
Would you be ever fair and young?  
Stout of teeth, and strong of tongue?  
Tart of palate? quick of ear?  
Sharp of sight? of nostril clear?

<sup>1</sup> *The great Duke of Tuscany, my gossip,* i.e., my godfather. "*Godsib*, now pronounced *gossip*. Our Christian ancestors understanding a spirituall affinity to grow between the parents and such as undertook for the chyld at baptisme, called each other by the name of *godsib*, which is as much as to say, as that they were *sib* together, that is, of kin together through God. And the chyld in like manner called such his godfathers or godmothers," &c.—*Verstegan, Restitution of Decayed Intelligence, &c.* p. 223.

<sup>2</sup> *What painful circumstance*

*Is here, to get some three or four gazettes?* Peregrine is not in the secret: Volpone spins out his harangue in order to increase the chance of getting a sight of Celia. A *gazette* is a small Venetian coin, worth about three farthings; and as this was the usual price given for the newspapers, the name of the coin was afterwards transferred to be the name of the newspaper itself.—WHAL.

These *newspapers*, as Whalley calls them, were merely loose slips of paper, on which the occurrences of the day were written. There were no printed gazettes, as he seems to think.

<sup>3</sup> *Here's a medicine for the nones,* i.e., for the present occasion; for the immediate purpose. It is impossible to reflect without scorn on the elaborate attempts to explain the origin of this most simple and common expression. To say nothing of the *Dii minores*, even Tyrwhitt, who when he mixes with the commentators on Shak-

Moist of hand? and light of foot?  
Or, I will come nearer to't,  
Would you live free from all diseases?  
Do the act your mistress pleases,  
Yet fright all aches from your bones?  
Here's a med'cine for the nones.<sup>3</sup>

*Volp.* "Well, I am in a humour at this time to make a present of the small quantity my coffer contains; to the rich in courtesy, and to the poor for God's sake. Wherefore now mark: I asked you six crowns; and six crowns, at other times, you have paid me; you shall not give me six crowns, nor five, nor four, nor three, nor two, nor one; nor half a ducat; no, nor a moccinigo.<sup>4</sup> Sixpence it will cost you, or six hundred pound—expect no lower price, for, by the banner of my front, I will not bate a bagatine,<sup>5</sup>—that I will have, only, a pledge of your loves, to carry something from amongst you, to shew I am not contented by you. Therefore, now, toss your handkerchiefs, cheerfully, cheerfully; and be advertised, that the first heroic spirit that deigns to grace me with a handkerchief, I will give it a little remembrance of something, beside, shall please it better than if I had presented it with a double pis'olet."

spare is no longer recognisable, gravely tells us that the phrase "was originally a corruption of corrupt Latin." Thus, says he, from *pro nunc* came *for the nunc*, and so for the nonce; just as from *ad nunc* came anon! This, it must be confessed, is sufficiently foolish; but by what term shall we characterize the stupendous absurdity of Mr. Chalmers? "The expression (he says) is local." It is as universal as the language. "This word (he continues) is probably derived from the Fr. *nonce*, a nuncio, the prelate whom the pope used to send for his special purposes."—*Glossary to Lyndsay.* For the *nonce* is simply *for the once*, for the *one thing* in question, whatever it be. This is invariably its meaning. The aptitude of many of our monosyllables beginning with a vowel to assume the *n* is well known; but the progress of this expression is distinctly marked in our early writers, "a ones," "an anes," "for the ones," "for the nanes," "for the nones," "for the nonce." Shall we have any more repetitions of "*pro nunc*," and "*pro nuntio*, the prelate?" I am not without my fears; for, as I lately had occasion to observe, the race of Ding-dong's sheep is far from being extinct.

<sup>4</sup> *No, nor a moccinigo,* A moccinigo, as Florio informs us in his *World of Words*, is "a kinde of small coyne used in Venice." It is worth about ninepence.

<sup>5</sup> *A bagatine.* A bagatine, he says, is "a little coy. e used in Italic." It is about the third part of a farthing.

*Per.* Will you be that *heroic spark*, Sir Pol?

[*Celia, at a window above, throws down her handkerchief.*

O, see! the window has prevented you.

*Volp.* "Lady, I kiss your bounty; and for this timely grace you have done your poor Scotto of Mantua, I will return you, over and above my oil, a secret of that high and inestimable nature, shall make you for ever enamoured on that minute, wherein your eye first descended on so mean, yet not altogether to be despised, an object. Here is a powder concealed in this paper, of which, if I should speak to the worth, nine thousand volumes were but as one page, that page as a line, that line as a word; so short is this pilgrimage of man (which some call life) to the expressing of it. Would I reflect on the price? why, the whole world is but as an empire, that empire as a province, that province as a bank, that bank as a private purse to the purchase of it. I will only tell you; it is the powder that made Venus a goddess (given her by Apollo), that kept her perpetually young, cleared her wrinkles, firmed her gums, filled her skin, coloured her hair; from her derived to Helen, and at the sack of Troy unfortunately lost: till now, in this our age, it was as happily recovered, by a studious antiquary, out of some ruins of Asia, who sent a moiety of it to the court of France (but much sophisticated), wherewith the ladies there now colour their hair. The rest, at this present, remains with me; extracted to a quintessence: so that, wherever it but touches, in youth it perpetually preserves, in age restores the complexion; seats your teeth, did they dance like virginal jacks, firm as a wall; makes them white as ivory, that were black as——"

*Enter Corvino.*

*Cor.* Spight o' the devil, and my shame! come down, here;  
Come down;—No house but mine to make your scene?  
Signior Flaminio, will you down, sir? down?  
What, is my wife your Franciscina, sir?

No windows on the whole Piazza, here, To make your properties, but mine? but mine?

[*Beats away Volpone, Nano, &c.*  
*Heart!* ere to-morrow I shall be new-christened,  
And called the Pantalone di Besogniosi,<sup>1</sup> About the town.

*Per.* What should this mean, Sir Pol?

*Sir P.* Some trick of state, believe it; I will home.

*Per.* It may be some design on you.

*Sir P.* I know not.

I'll stand upon my guard.

*Per.* It is your best, sir.

*Sir P.* This three weeks, all my advices, all my letters, They have been intercepted.

*Per.* Indeed, sir!

Best have a care.

*Sir P.* Nay, so I will.

*Per.* This knight,

I may not lose him, for my mirth, till night.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Volpone's House.*

*Enter Volpone and Mosca.*

*Volp.* O, I am wounded!

*Mos.* Where, sir?

*Volp.* Not without;

Those blows were nothing: I could bear them ever.

But angry Cupid,<sup>2</sup> bolting from her eyes, Hath shot himself into me like a flame; Where now he flings about his burning heat, As in a furnace an ambitious fire, Whose vent is stopt. The fight is all within me.

I cannot live, except thou help me, Mosca; My liver melts, and I, without the hope Of some soft air, from her refreshing breath,

Am but a heap of cinders.

*Mos.* 'Las, good sir,

Would you had never seen her!

*Volp.* Nay, would thou

Hadst never told me of her!

*Mos.* Sir, 'tis true;

I do confess I was unfortunate,

And you unhappy; but I'm bound in conscience,

<sup>1</sup> *I shall be new christened, And called the Pantalone di Besogniosi,* i.e., the zany or fool of the beggars. Such at least is the vulgar import of the words; but Jonson

probably affixed a more opprobrious sense to them.

<sup>2</sup> *But angry Cupid, &c.*] This is prettily imitated from the concluding lines of the 14th. Ode of Anacreon.

No less than duty, to effect my best  
To your release of torment, and I will, sir.

*Volp.* Dear Mosca, shall I hope?

*Mos.* Sir, more than dear,  
I will not bid you to despair of aught  
Within a human compass.

*Volp.* O, there spoke  
My better angel. Mosca, take my keys,  
Gold, plate, and jewels, all's at thy devo-  
tion;

Employ them how thou wilt: nay, coin me  
too:

So thou in this but crown my longings,  
Mosca.

*Mos.* Use but your patience.

*Volp.* So I have.

*Mos.* I doubt not

To bring success to your desires.

*Volp.* Nay, then,

I not repent me of my late disguise.

*Mos.* If you can horn him, sir, you need  
not.

*Volp.* True:

Besides, I never meant him for my heir.

Is not the colour of my beard and eye-  
brows

To make me known?

*Mos.* No jot.

*Volp.* I did it well.

*Mos.* So well, would I could follow you  
in mine,

With half the happiness! and yet I would  
Escape your epilogue.<sup>1</sup> [*Aside.*]

*Volp.* But were they gulled

With a belief that I was Scoto?

*Mos.* Sir,

Scoto himself could hardly have distin-  
guished!

I have not time to flatter you now, we'll  
part:

And as I prosper, so applaud my art.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Corvino's  
House.*

*Enter Corvino, with his sword in his hand,  
dragging in Celia.*

*Corv.* Death of mine honour, with the  
city's fool!

<sup>1</sup> *And yet I would  
Escape your epilogue.*] i.e., the beating which  
Volpone had received from Corvino.

<sup>2</sup> *Whilst he,  
With his strained action, and his dole of  
faces,*] *Dole of faces* is the grimace, or change  
of features, which accompanied Volpone's action.

A juggling, tooth-drawing, prating mounte-  
bank!

And at a public window! where, whilst he,  
With his strained action, and his dole of  
faces,<sup>2</sup>

To his drug-lecture draws your itching  
ears,

A crew of old, unmarried, noted lechers,  
Stood leering up like satyrs: and you smile  
Most graciously, and fan your favours  
forth,

To give your hot spectators satisfaction!

What, was your mountebank their call?  
their whistle?

Or were you enamoured on his copper  
rings,

His saffron jewel, with the toad-stone in't,  
Or his embroidered suit, with the cope-  
stitch,

Made of a herse cloth? or his old tilt-fea-  
ther?

Or his starched beard? Well! you shall  
have him, yes!

He shall come home, and minister unto  
you

The fricace for the mother. Or, let me see,  
I think you'd rather mount; would you  
not mount?

Why, if you'll mount, you may; yes, truly,  
you may!

And so you may be seen, down to the foot.  
Get you a cittern, Lady Vanity,

And be a dealer with the virtuous man;

Make one: I'll but protest myself a cuc-  
kold,

And save your dowry. I'm a Dutchman, I!

For if you thought me an Italian,  
You would be damned ere you did this,  
you whore!

Thou'dst tremble, to imagine, that the  
murder

Of father, mother, brother, all thy race,  
Should follow, as the subject of my justice.

*Cel.* Good sir, have patience.

*Corv.* What couldst thou propose<sup>3</sup>

Less to thyself, than in this heat of wrath,  
And stung with my dishonour, I should  
strike

This steel into thee, with as many stabs

As thou wert gazed upon with goatish eyes?

We have a parallel expression in the beginning  
of *Sejannus*:

"We have no shift of faces."—*WHAL.*

<sup>3</sup> *What couldst thou propose, &c.*] This out-  
ragous respect for his honour is an admirable  
preparation for his conduct in the ensuing con-  
versation with Mosca.

*Cel.* Alas, sir, be appeased ! I could not think

My being at the window should more now Move your impatience than at other times.

*Corv.* No ! not to seek and entertain a parley

With a known knave, before a multitude ! You were an actor with your handkerchief,

Which he most sweetly kist in the receipt, And might, no doubt, return it with a letter, And point the place where you might meet ; your sister's,

Your mother's, or your aunt's might serve the turn.

*Cel.* Why, dear sir, when do I make these excuses,

Or ever stir abroad, but to the church ? And that so seldom—

*Corv.* Well, it shall be less ; And thy restraint before was liberty, To what I now decree : and therefore mark me.

First, I will have this bawdy light dammed up ;

And till't be done, some two or three yards off,

I'll chalk a line ; o'er which if thou but chance

To set thy desperate foot, more hell, more horror,

More wild remorseless rage shall seize on thee,

Than on a conjurer that had heedless left His circle's safety ere his devil was laid.

Then here's a lock which I will hang upon thee,

And, now I think on't, I will keep thee backwards ;

Thy lodging shall be backwards ; thy walks backwards ;

Thy prospect, all be backwards ; and no pleasure,

That thou shalt know but backwards : nay, since you force

My honest nature, know, it is your own, Being too open, makes me use you thus : Since you will not contain your subtle nostrils

In a sweet room, but they must snuff the air

Of rank and sweaty passengers. [*Knocking within.*] One knocks.

Away, and be not seen, pain of thy life ; Nor look toward the window : if thou dost—

Nay, stay, hear this—let me not prosper, whore,

But I will make thee an anatomy,

Dissect thee mine own self, and read a lecture

Upon thee to the city, and in public.

Away !— [*Exit Celia.*]

*Enter* Servant.

Who's there ?

*Ser.* 'Tis Signior Mosca, sir.

*Corv.* Let him come in. [*Exit Serv.*] His master's dead : there's yet Some good to help the bad.

*Enter* Mosca.

My Mosca, welcome !

I guess your news.

*Mos.* I fear you cannot, sir.

*Corv.* Is't not his death ?

*Mos.* Rather the contrary.

*Corv.* Not his recovery ?

*Mos.* Yes, sir.

*Corv.* I am cursed,

I am bewitched, my crosses meet to vex me.

How ? how ? how ? how ?

*Mos.* Why, sir, with Scoto's oil ; Corbaccio and Voltore brought of it,

Whilst I was busy in an inner room—

*Corv.* Death ! that damned mountebank ! but for the law

Now, I could kill the rascal : it cannot be His oil should have that virtue. Have not I Known him a common rogue, come fiddling in

To the osteria,<sup>1</sup> with a tumbling whore, And, when he has done all his forced tricks, been glad

Of a poor spoonful of dead wine, with flies in't ?

It cannot be. All his ingredients Are a sheep's gall, a roasted bitch's marrow,

Some few sod earwigs, pounded caterpillars,

A little capon's grease, and fasting spittle : I know them to a dram.

*Mos.* I know not, sir ;

But some on't, there, they poured into his ears,

Some in his nostrils, and recovered him ; Applying but the fricace.

*Corv.* Pox o' that fricace !

*Mos.* And since, to seem the more officious

<sup>1</sup> *To the osteria,*] The inn or hotel. So Fletcher :

"*Host.* Thy master That lodges here in my osteria."  
*Fair Maid of the Inn.*—*WHALE*

And flatt'ring of his health, there, they  
have had,  
At extreme fees, the college of physicians  
Consulting on him, how they might restore  
him ;  
Where one would have a cataplasm of  
spices,  
Another a flayed ape clapped to his breast,  
A third would have it a dog, a fourth an  
oil,  
With wild cats' skins : at last, they all re-  
solved  
That to preserve him, was no other means  
But some young woman must be straight  
sought out,  
Lusty, and full of juice, to sleep by him ;  
And to this service most unhappily,  
And most unwillingly, am I now employed,  
Which here I thought to pre-acquaint you  
with,  
For your advice, since it concerns you  
most ;  
Because I would not do that thing might  
cross  
Your ends, on whom I have my whole de-  
pendence, sir ;  
Yet, if I do it not, they may delate<sup>1</sup>  
My slackness to my patron, work me out  
Of his opinion ; and there all your hopes,  
Ventures, or whatsoever, are all frustrate !  
I do but tell you, sir. Besides, they are all  
Now striving who shall first present him ;  
therefore—  
I could entreat you, briefly conclude some-  
what ;  
Prevent them if you can.  
*Corv.* Death to my hopes,  
This is my villainous fortune ! Best to hire  
Some common courtezan.  
*Mos.* Ay, I thought on that, sir ;  
But they are all so subtle, full of art—  
And age again doting and flexible,  
So as—I cannot tell—we may, perchance,  
Light on a quean may cheat us all.  
*Corv.* 'Tis true.

<sup>1</sup> They may delate

*My slackness to my patron,*] i.e., accuse, or complain of: a vile Latinism. "Prevent them," just below, is anticipate them.

<sup>2</sup> A creature made unto it.] See p. 287 a.

<sup>3</sup> That nought can warm his blood, sir, but a fever ;]

"*Præterea minimus gelido jam corpore canguis Febre calet sola.*"—Juv. Sat.

What follows is from the same satire.

<sup>4</sup> I hear him coming.] Mosca, who overhears Corvino's last words, speaks this aside ; and he means that he is yielding, or coming into the

*Mos.* No, no : it must be one that has no tricks, sir,  
Some simple thing, a creature made unto it ;<sup>2</sup>  
Some wench you may command. Have you no kinswoman ?  
Odo—Think, think, think, think, think, think, think, sir.  
One o' the doctors offered there his daughter.

*Corv.* How !

*Mos.* Yes, Signior Lupo, the physician.

*Corv.* His daughter !

*Mos.* And a virgin, sir. Why, alas, He knows the state of's body, what it is ; That nought can warm his blood, sir, but a fever ;<sup>3</sup>

Nor any incantation raise his spirit : A long forgetfulness hath seized that part. Besides, sir, who shall know it ? some one or two—

*Corv.* I pray thee give me leave. [*Walks aside.*] If any man

But I had had this luck—The thing in't self,

I know, is nothing—Wherefore should not I As well command my blood and my affections

As this dull doctor ? In the point of honour, The cases are all one of wife and daughter.

*Mos.* I hear him coming.<sup>4</sup> [*Aside.*

*Corv.* She shall do't : 'tis done.

Slight ! if this doctor, who is not engaged, Unless 't be for his counsel, which is nothing,

Offer his daughter, what should I, that am So deeply in ? I will prevent him: Wretch ! Covetous wretch !<sup>5</sup>—Mosca, I have determined.

*Mos.* How, sir ?

*Corv.* We'll make all sure. The party you wot of

Shall be mine own wife, Mosca.

*Mos.* Sir, the thing,

But that I would not seem to counsel you,

plot he had laid, to procure his wife for Volpone. So in *Eastward Ho!* act v. : "No more ; I am coming already : if I should give any further ear, I were taken."—WHAL.

<sup>5</sup> Wretch !

*Covetous wretch !*] "How finely," says Upton, "is it imagined by our poet, to make Corvino see the basely covetous character of the physician, and yet be so strangely ignorant of his own ! This is an instance of our comedian's great insight into the characters of mankind."

This is one of ten thousand : but, indeed, no language can do full justice to the various excellencies of this truly attic drama.

I should have motioned to you, at the first:  
And make your count, you have cut all their  
throats.

Why, 'tis directly taking a possession!  
And in his next fit, we may let him go.  
'Tis but to pull the pillow from his head,  
And he is throttled: it had been done be-  
fore

But for your scrupulous doubts.

*Corv.* Ay, a plague on't,  
My conscience fools my wit! Well, I'll be  
brief,

And so be thou, lest they should be before  
us:

Go home, prepare him, tell him with what  
zeal

And willingness I do it; swear it was  
On the first hearing, as thou mayst do,  
truly,

Mine own free motion.

*Mos.* Sir, I warrant you,  
I'll so possess him with it, that the rest  
Of his starved clients shall be banished all;  
And only you received. But come not, sir,  
Until I send, for I have something else  
To ripen for your good, you must not  
know't.

*Corv.* But do not you forget to send now.

*Mos.* Fear not. [*Exit.*]

*Corv.* Where are you, wife? my Celia!  
wife!

*Re-enter Celia.*

—What, blubbering?

Come, dry those tears. I think thou  
thought'st me in earnest;

Ha! by this light I talked so but to try  
thee:

Methinks, the lightness of the occasion  
Should have confirmed thee. Come, I am  
not jealous.

*Cel.* No!

*Corv.* Faith I am not, I, nor never was;  
It is a poor unprofitable humour.

Do not I know, if women have a will,  
They'll do 'gainst all the watches of the  
world,

And that the fiercest spies are tamed with  
gold?

<sup>1</sup> *Make their revenue out of legs and faces,*]  
i.e., out of bows and smiles, or rather perhaps, as  
Juvenal expresses it, moulding their faces to suit  
the humour of their patron's—*alienum sumere  
vultum, &c.*

<sup>2</sup> *Echo my lord, and lick away a moth:]*  
This, as Upton affectedly observes, is an allu-  
sion "to such officious kind of parasites as are  
called in Low Dutch *pluyme-stricker*, qui  
*plumas pilosque ex vestibus assentatorid legit.*"  
All this learning is from Minsheu: Jonson,

Tut, I am confident in thee, thou shalt  
see't;

And see I'll give thee cause too, to believe it.  
Come kiss me. Go, and make thee ready  
straight,

In all thy best attire, thy choicest jewels,  
Put them all on, and, with them, thy best  
looks:

We are invited to a solemn feast,  
At old Volpone's, where it shall appear  
How far I am free from jealousy or fear.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

*Enter Mosca.*

*Mos.* I fear I shall begin to grow in love  
With my dear self, and my most prosperous  
parts,

They do so spring and burgeon; I can feel  
A whimsy in my blood: I know not how,  
Success hath made me wanton. I could  
skip

Out of my skin now, like a subtle snake,  
I am so limber. O! your parasite  
Is a most precious thing, dropt from above,  
Not bred 'mongst clods and clodpoles,  
here on earth.

I muse, the mystery was not made a  
science,

It is so liberally profest! Almost  
All the wise world is little else, in nature,  
But parasites or sub-parasites. And yet  
I mean not those that have your bare  
town-art,

To know who's fit to feed them; have no  
house,

No family, no care, and therefore mould  
Tales for men's ears, to bait that sense;  
or get

Kitchen-invention, and some stale receipts  
To please the belly, and the groin; nor those,  
With their court dog-tricks, that can fawn  
and floor,

Make their revenue out of legs and faces,<sup>1</sup>  
Echo my lord, and lick away a moth:<sup>2</sup>

however, did not go to Holland for his flatterer,  
but to Attica, a country with which he was much  
better acquainted: *Απο του ιματιου αφελειν  
κροκιδα και εαν τι προς το τριχωμα της κεφαλης  
απο πνευματος προσενεχθη αχυρον καρφελογησαι.*  
*Theophras. περι κολακειας.*

Hall has the same allusion:

"But some one, like a claw-backe parasite,  
Picked mothes from his patron's cloake in  
sight."—*Sat. lib. 6.*

But your fine elegant rascal, that can rise  
And stoop, almost together, like an arrow ;  
Shoot through the air as nimbly as a star ;  
Turn short as doth a swallow ; and be here,  
And there, and here, and yonder, all at once ;  
Present to any humour, all occasion ;  
And change a visor swifter than a thought !  
This is the creature had the art born with  
him ;  
Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it  
Out of most excellent nature : and such  
sparks  
Are the true parasites, others but their  
zanis.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter Bonario.*

Who's this? Bonario, old Corbaccio's  
son?

The person I was bound to seek. Fair  
sir,

You are happily met.

*Bon.* That cannot be by thee.

*Mos.* Why, sir?

*Bon.* Nay, pray thee know thy way,  
and leave me :

I would be loth to interchange discourse  
With such a mate as thou art.

*Mos.* Courteous sir,

Scorn not my poverty.

*Bon.* Not I, by heaven ;

But thou shalt give me leave to hate thy  
baseness.

*Mos.* Baseness !

*Bon.* Ay ; answer me, is not thy sloth  
Sufficient argument? thy flattery?

Thy means of feeding?

*Mos.* Heaven be good to me !

These imputations are too common, sir,  
And easily stuck on virtue when she's poor.

You are unequal to me,<sup>2</sup> and however

Your sentence may be righteous, yet you  
are not,

That, ere you know me, thus proceed in  
censure :

St. Mark bear witness 'gainst you, 'tis  
inhuman. [*Weeps.*]

*Bon.* What ! does he weep? the sign is  
soft and good :

I do repent me that I was so harsh.

[*Aside.*]

*Mos.* 'Tis true, that, swayed by strong  
necessity,

I am enforced to eat my careful bread

With too much obsequy ; 'tis true, beside,  
That I am fain to spin mine own poor

raiment

Out of my mere observance, being not born  
To a free fortune : but that I have done

Base offices, in rend'ing friends asunder,

Dividing families, betraying counsels,

Whispering false lies, or mining men with  
praises,

Trained their credulity with perjuries,

Corrupted chastity, or am in love

With mine own tender ease, but would not  
rather

Prove the most rugged and laborious  
course,

That might redeem my present estimation,  
Let me here perish, in all hope of good-  
ness.

*Bon.* This cannot be a personated  
passion.

[*Aside.*]

I was to blame, so to mistake thy nature ;  
Prithee forgive me : and speak out thy  
business.

*Mos.* Sir, it concerns you ; and though  
I may seem

At first to make a main offence in manners,  
And in my gratitude unto my master ;

Yet for the pure love which I bear all  
right,

And hatred of the wrong, I must reveal it.  
This very hour your father is in purpose

To disinherit you—

*Bon.* How !

*Mos.* And thrust you forth,

As a mere stranger to his blood : 'tis true,  
sir.

The work no way engageth me, but, as  
I claim an interest in the general state

Of goodness and true virtue, which I hear

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Cumberland parallels this exquisite speech with that of a parasite, preserved to us in a fragment of Eupolis. The advantage, however, is on the side of Jonson. His

“ Fine elegant rascal, that can rise

And stoop, almost together, like an arrow ;

Shoot through the air as nimbly as a star ;

Turn short as doth a swallow,” &c.

Is much superior to the parasite of the Greek dramatist, whom our poet undoubtedly had in view, and over whom he manifestly triumphs in the conclusion of his speech.

Lucian's parasite, who is here brought forward by Upton, is, it must be confessed, a sprightly, impudent, pleasant fellow ; from him, however, Jonson has taken nothing but the idea that “the mystery should be made a science,” &c. Indeed the two characters are perfectly distinct.

<sup>2</sup> *You are unequal to me, &c.* i.e., unjust ; you do not judge equitably. The sentiment itself is from the *Medea* of Seneca :

“ *Qui statuit aliquid, parte inaudita altera,  
Æquum licet statuerit, haud æquus fuit.*”

WHAL.

To abound in you ; and for which mere respect,

Without a second aim, sir, I have done it.

*Bon.* This tale hath lost thee much of the late trust

Thou hadst with me ; it is impossible :

I know not how to lend it any thought,

My father should be so unnatural.

*Mos.* It is a confidence that well becomes

Your piety ; and formed, no doubt, it is From your own simple innocence : which makes

Your wrong more monstrous and abhorred.

But, sir,

I now will tell you more. This very minute,

It is, or will be doing ; and if you

Shall be but pleased to go with me, I'll bring you,

I dare not say where you shall see, but where

Your ear shall be a witness of the deed ; Hear yourself written bastard, and profest The common issue of the earth.

*Bon.* I am mazed !

*Mos.* Sir, if I do it not, draw your just sword,

And score your vengeance on my front and face ;

Mark me your villain : you have too much wrong,

And I do suffer for you, sir. My heart

Weeps blood in anguish—

*Bon.* Lead ; I follow thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Volpone's House.*

*Enter Volpone.*

*Volp.* Mosca stays long, methinks.—

Bring forth your sports,

And help to make the wretched time more sweet.

*Enter Nano, Androgyno, and Castrone.*

*Nan.* " Dwarf, fool, and eunuch, well met here we be.

A question it were now, whether of us three,

Being all the known delicates of a rich man,

In pleasing him, claim the precedency can ?"

*Cas.* " I claim for myself."

*And.* " And so doth the fool."

*Nan.* " 'Tis foolish indeed : let me set you both to school.

First for your dwarf, he's little and witty, And everything, as it is little, is pretty ;

Else why do men say to a creature of my shape,

So soon as they see him, It's a pretty little ape ?

And why a pretty ape, but for pleasing imitation

Of greater men's actions, in a ridiculous fashion ?

Beside, this feat body of mine doth not crave Half the meat, drink, and cloth, one of your bulks will have.

Admit your fool's face be the mother of laughter,

Yet, for his brain, it must always come after : And though that do feed him, it's a pitiful case,

His body is beholding to such a bad face."

[*Knocking within.*]

*Volp.* Who's there ? my couch ; away ! look ! Nano, see :

[*Exeunt And. and Cas.*]

Give me my caps first—go, enquire.

[*Exit Nano.*] Now, Cupid

Send it be Mosca, and with fair return !

*Nan.* [*within.*] It is the beauteous madam—

*Volp.* Would-be—is it ?

*Nan.* The same.

*Volp.* Now torment on me ! Squire her in ; For she will enter, or dwell here for ever :

Nay, quickly. [*Retires to his couch.*] That my fit were past ! I fear

A second hell too, that my loathing this Will quite expel my appetite to the other :

Would she were taking now her tedious leave.

Lord, how it threatens me what I am to suffer !

*Re-enter Nano with Lady Politick*  
Would-be.

*Lady P.* I thank you, good sir. Pray you signify

Unto your patron I am here.—This band Shews not my neck enough.—I trouble you, sir ;

Let me request you bid one of my women Come hither to me. In good faith, I am drest

Most favourably<sup>1</sup> to-day ! It is no matter : 'Tis well enough.

*Enter 1 Waiting-woman.*

Look, see these petulant things, How they have done this !

<sup>1</sup> [Jonson could not have written "favourably." The word perhaps was "carelessly" or "shamefully."—F. C.]

*Volp.* I do feel the fever  
Entering in at mine ears ; O, for a charm,  
To fright it hence ! [*Aside.*

*Lady P.* Come nearer : is this curl  
In his right place, or this? Why is this  
higher  
Than all the rest? You have not washed  
your eyes yet !  
Or do they not stand even in your head?  
Where is your fellow? call her.

[*Exit* 1 Woman.]

*Nan.* Now, St. Mark  
Deliver us ! anon she'll beat her women,  
Because her nose is red.

*Re-enter* 1 with 2 Woman.

*Lady P.* I pray you view  
This tire, forsooth : are all things apt,  
or no?

1 *Wom.* One hair a little here sticks  
out, forsooth.

*Lady P.* Does't so, forsooth ! and where  
was your dear sight,  
When it did so, forsooth ! What now !  
bird-eyed ?<sup>1</sup>

And you, too? Pray you, both approach  
and mend it.

Now, by that light I muse you are not  
ashamed !

I, that have preached these things so oft  
unto you,  
Read you the principles, argued all the  
grounds,

Disputed every fitness, every grace,  
Called you to counsel of so frequent  
dressings.

*Nan.* More carefully than of your fame  
or honour. [*Aside.*

*Lady P.* Made you acquainted what an  
ample dowry

The knowledge of these things would be  
unto you,

<sup>1</sup> *What now! bird-eyed?* What particular defect is here meant I know not ; unless it be *near-sightedness*. We had the expression in *Cynthia's Revels*, p. 189b : " 'Tis the horse-start out of a brown study. *Amor*. Rather the *bird-eyed* stroke." It is also in Bulleyn's *Dialogue*, republished by Mr. Waldron ; where the citizen says to his wife, whose horse had just started : " He is a *bird-eyed* jade, I warrant you." Perhaps the allusion is to the askaunt or side view which birds appear to take of every object.

Upton has noticed various imitations of Juvenal's sixth Satire in Lady Would-be's colloquy with her maids : they are all, however, so obvious as scarcely to require pointing out, though Whalley copied most of them.

Able alone to get you noble husbands  
At your return : and you thus to neglect it !  
Besides, you seeing what a curious nation  
The Italians are, what will they say of me?  
*The English lady cannot dress herself.*

Here's a fine imputation to our country !  
Well, go your ways, and stay in the next  
room.

This fucus was too coarse too ; it's no  
matter.—

Good sir, you'll give them entertainment?  
[*Exeunt* Nano and Waiting-women.]

*Volp.* The storm comes toward me.

*Lady P.* [*goes to the couch.*] How does  
my Volpone?

*Volp.* Troubled with noise, I cannot  
sleep ; I dreamt

That a strange fury entered now my house,  
And, with the dreadful tempest of her  
breath,

Did cleave my roof asunder.

*Lady P.* Believe me, and I

Had the most fearful dream, could I re-  
member 't—

*Volp.* Out on my fate ! I have given her  
the occasion

How to torment me : she will tell me hers.  
[*Aside.*

*Lady P.* Methought the golden medio-  
crity,

Polite, and delicate—

*Volp.* O, if you do love me,

No more : I sweat, and suffer, at the men-  
tion

Of any dream ; feel how I tremble yet.

*Lady P.* Alas, good soul ! the passion of  
the heart.

Seed-pearl were good now, boiled with  
syrup of apples,

Tincture of gold, and coral, citron-pills,  
Your elicampane root, myrobalanes—

*Volp.* Ah me, I have ta'en a grasshopper  
by the wing !<sup>2</sup> [*Aside.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ah me, I have ta'en a grasshopper by the wing !* " This," says Upton, who merely copies Erasmus (*in Adag.*) " was a proverb of the poet Archilochus, as Lucian tells us in the beginning of his *Pseudologista* : Το δε του Αρχιλοχου εκεινο ηδη σοι λεγω, οτι τερτιγα του πτερου συνειληφας. For the faster you hold them by the wings the louder they scream. But is this true of grasshoppers? *Cicada* and *Tettix* is not a grasshopper, for the poets describe it as sitting and singing on trees : however, the common translations must excuse our poet."

This is certainly not our grasshopper, which is the locust. It is to be wished that we could adopt some other name for the foreign insect to prevent confusion : *cigala* or *chicale* would serve ; though indeed, *tettix* is as good as either. Both

*Lady P.* Burnt silk and amber. You have muscadell  
Good in the house——

*Volp.* You will not drink, and part?

*Lady P.* No, fear not that. I doubt we shall not get

Some English saffron, half a dram would serve;

Your sixteen cloves, a little musk, dried mints; Bugloss, and barley-meal——

*Volp.* She's in again!

Before I feigned diseases, now I have one.

*Lady P.* And these applied with a right scarlet cloth.<sup>1</sup>

*Volp.* Another flood of words! a very torrent!

*Lady P.* Shall I, sir, make you a poultice?

*Volp.* No, no, no,

I'm very well, you need prescribe no more.

*Lady P.* I have a little studied physic; but now

I'm all for music, save, in the forenoons, An hour or two for painting. I would have A lady, indeed, to have all letters and arts, Be able to discourse, to write, to paint, But principal, as Plato holds, your music, And so does wise Pythagoras, I take it, Is your true rapture: when there is concert?<sup>2</sup> In face, in voice, and clothes: and is, indeed, Our sex's chiefest ornament.

*Volp.* The poet As old in time as Plato, and as knowing, Says that your highest female grace is silence.<sup>3</sup>

*Lady P.* Which of your poets? Petrarch, or Tasso, or Dante?

Guarini? Ariosto? Aretine? Cieco di Hadria? I have read them all.

*Volp.* Is everything a cause to my destruction?

*Lady P.* I think I have two or three of them about me.

*Volp.* The sun, the sea, will sooner both stand still

Than her eternal tongue! nothing can scape it.

*Lady P.* Here's Pastor Fido——

*Volp.* Profess obstinate silence;

That's now my safest.

*Lady P.* All our English writers, I mean such as are happy in the Italian, Will deign to steal out of this author, mainly;

Almost as much as from Montagnié: He has so modern and facile a vein, Fitting the time, and catching the court-ear!

Your Petrarch is more passionate, yet he, In days of sonnetting, trusted them with much:<sup>4</sup>

Dante is hard, and few can understand him.

Ray and Chandler witnessed the *singing* of the cicada, the one in Italy, and the other in Greece: they do not speak of it with much rapture; and to say the truth, a more tiresome, annoying sound cannot well be heard. See the *Poetaster*, p. 266 a.

<sup>1</sup> And these applied with a right scarlet cloth.] The virtues of a right scarlet cloth were once held so extraordinary, that Dr. John Gaddesden, by wrapping a patient in scarlet, cured him of the small-pox, without leaving so much as one mark in his face: and he commends it for an excellent method of cure: *Capiatur scarletum, et involvatur variolosus totaliter, sicut ego feci, et est bona cura.*—WHALLE.

<sup>2</sup> When there is concert] i.e., agreement or harmony, a Platonic expression.

<sup>3</sup> The poet As old in time as Plato, and as knowing, Says that your highest female grace is silence.] The poet perhaps is Sophocles:

Γυναιξι κοσμον ἢ σιγη φερει.

Or Euripides, whom the Oracle pronounced the wiser:

Γυναικι γαρ σιγη τε, και το σωφρονειν Καλλισον.

This is Upton's note, though fathered as usual by Whalle. Jonson, however, whose reading was far more extensive than Upton suspected, alludes to a passage in Libanius. (*Declam.* vi.)

Συ δε, ει μη εμε, αλλα κ'αν τον σοφωτατον ποιητην αισχυνηθητι, λεγοντα,

Γυναι, γυναιξι κοσμον ἢ σιγη φερει. κ. τ. λ.

As what follows in the rhetorician sufficiently demonstrates.

<sup>4</sup> Your Petrarch is more passionate, yet he, In days of sonnetting, trusted them with much:] *Lady Would-be* is perfectly correct, both in what she says here of Petrarch and above of Guarini. The *Pastor Fido* was plundered without mercy or judgment: yet the theft was not unhappy; for though much poor conceit and unnatural passion was thus introduced among us, many graces of expression and delicacies of feeling accompanied them, which in the gradual improvement of taste now first become an object of concern, enriched the language with beauties which have not yet lost their power to charm. To Petrarch we are still more indebted—though the coarse and wholesale manner in which he was at first copied gave occasion to the well-merited reproofs of our early satirists. Thus Hall:

“Or filch whole pages at a clap for need,  
From honest Petrarch, clad in English weed.”

Again:

“Or an ‘has ego’ from old Petrarch's spright,  
Unto a plagiary sonnet-wight,” &c.

But for a desperate wit, there's Aretine ;  
Only his pictures are a little obscene—  
You mark me not.

*Volp.* Alas, my mind's perturbed.

*Lady P.* Why, in such cases, we must  
cure ourselves,

Make use of our philosophy—

*Volp.* Oh me!

*Lady P.* And as we find our passions do  
rebel,

Encounter them with reason, or divert  
them,

By giving scope unto some other humour  
Of lesser danger : as, in politic bodies,  
There's nothing more doth overwhelm the  
judgment,

And cloud the understanding, than too much  
Settling and fixing, and, as 'twere, sub-  
siding

Upon one object. For the incorporating  
Of these same outward things, into that  
part,

Which we call mental, leaves some certain  
fæces

That stop the organs, and, as Plato says,  
Assassinate our knowledge.

*Volp.* Now, the spirit

Of patience help me! [*Aside.*]

*Lady P.* Come, in faith, I must

Visit you more a days ; and make you well :  
Ligh and be lusty.

*Volp.* My good angel save me! [*Aside.*]

*Lady P.* There was but one sole man in  
all the world

With whom I e'er could sympathize ; and  
he

Would lie you, often, three, four hours to-  
gether

To hear me speak ; and be sometime so  
rapt,

As he would answer me quite from the  
purpose,

Like you, and you are like him, just. I'll  
discourse,

An't be but only, sir, to bring you asleep,

How we did spend our time and loves to-  
gether,

For some six years.

*Volp.* Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!

*Lady P.* For we were coætanei, and  
brought up—

*Volp.* Some power, some fate, some for-  
tune rescue me!

*Enter Mosca.*

*Mos.* God save you, madam!

*Lady P.* Good sir.

*Volp.* Mosca! welcome,  
Welcome to my redemption.

*Mos.* Why, sir?

*Volp.* Oh,

Rid me of this my torture, quickly, there ;  
My madam with the everlasting voice :

The bells, in time of pestilence, ne'er made  
Like noise, or were in that perpetual motion !

The Cock-pit comes not near it.<sup>1</sup> All my  
house,

But now, steamed like a bath with her  
thick breath,

A lawyer could not have been heard ; nor  
scarce

Another woman, such a hail of words  
She has let fall. For hell's sake, rid her  
hence.

*Mos.* Has she presented ?

*Volp.* O, I do not care ;

I'll take her absence upon any price,  
With any loss.

*Mos.* Madam—

*Lady P.* I have brought your patron  
A toy, a cap here, of mine own work.

*Mos.* 'Tis well,

I had forgot to tell you I saw your knight,  
Where you would little think it.—

*Lady P.* Where ?

*Mos.* Marry,

Where yet, if you make haste, you may  
apprehend him,

Rowing upon the water in a gondole,

With the most cunning courtezan of Venice.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Cock-pit comes not near it.*] *The Cock-pit!* Had Jonson forgot that he was now in Venice?—But perhaps he saw no impropriety in given this name to a theatre there. *The Cock-pit* was one of our earliest theatres, and from the allusion in the text, as well as from many others which occur in our old dramatists, it may be collected that it was frequented by the lowest and most disorderly of the people. After all, Venice was not much injured:—for Coryat, who was there about this time, says, "I was at one of their play-houses, where I saw a comedie acted. The house is very beggarly and base in comparison of our stately play-houses in England: neither can the actors compare with us

for apparel, shewes, and musicke."—P. 247. The conclusion of this speech is from *Juvenal Sat. vi.*

<sup>2</sup> *With the most cunning courtezan of Venice.*] Venice succeeded, and not unjustly, to all the celebrity of Corinth for rapacious, subtle, and accomplished wantons. Shakspeare notices this circumstance ; as, indeed, do all the writers of his age, who have occasion to mention the city. The "leg-stretcher of Odcombe," (as Coryat aptly calls himself,) whose simple love of novelty involved him in the most ridiculous adventures, has a great deal of curious matter on this subject.

Lady P. Is't true?

Mos. Pursue them, and believe your eyes :  
Leave me to make your gift.

[Exit Lady P. hastily.

I knew 'twould take :

For, lightly, they that use themselves most  
licence,<sup>1</sup>

Are still most jealous.

Volp. Mosca, hearty thanks,

For thy quick fiction, and delivery of me.  
Now to my hopes, what sayst thou ?

Re-enter Lady P. Would-be.

Lady P. But do you hear, sir?—

Volp. Again! I fear a paroxysm.

Lady P. Which way

Rowed they together?

Mos. Toward the Rialto.

Lady P. I pray you lend me your dwarf.

Mos. I pray you take him.

[Exit Lady P.

Your hopes, sir, are like happy blossoms,  
fair,

And promise timely fruit, if you will stay  
But the maturing ; keep you at your couch,  
Corbaccio will arrive straight, with the Will ;  
When he is gone, I'll tell you more.

[Exit.

Volp. My blood,

My spirits are returned ; I am alive :  
And, like your wanton gamester at primero,<sup>2</sup>  
Whose thought had whispered to him, not  
go less,

Methinks I lie, and draw——for an en-  
counter.

[The scene closes upon Volpone.

SCENE III.—The Passage leading to  
Volpone's Chamber.

Enter Mosca and Bonario.

Mo. Sir, here concealed [shews him a  
ch. ] you may hear all. But, pray you,  
Have I hence, sir [knocking within.]—the  
sar 's your father knocks :  
I am com- pelled to leave you. [Exit.

Bon. No so.—Yet  
no y thought imagine this a truth.  
[Goes into the closet.

gently,] i.e., usually, or in common  
HAL. See p. 157 a.

as your wanton gamester at primero,  
n has adopted the terms of this game  
ear in what Sir John Harington is  
call an Epigram upon "The story of  
at Primero."

SCENE IV.—Another part of the Same.

Enter Mosca and Corvino, Celia  
following.

Mos. Death on me ! you are come too  
soon, what meant you ?

Did not I say I would send ?

Corv. Yes, but I feared

You might forget it, and then they prevent us.

Mos. Prevent ! did e'er man haste so  
for his horns ?

A courtier would not ply it so for a place.

[Aside.

Well, now there is no helping it, stay here ;  
I'll presently return.

[Exit.

Corv. Where are you, Celia ?

You know not wherefore I have brought  
you hither ?

Cel. Not well, except you told me.

Corv. Now I will :

Hark hither. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Closet opening into a  
Gallery.

Enter Mosca and Bonario.

Mos. Sir, your father hath sent word,  
It will be half an hour ere he come ;  
And therefore, if you please to walk the  
while

Into that gallery—at the upper end,  
There are some books to entertain the  
time :

And I'll take care no man shall come unto  
you, sir.

Bon. Yes, I will stay there.—I do doubt  
this fellow.

[Aside, and exit.

Mos. [Looking after him.] There ; he is  
far enough ; he can hear nothing :  
And for his father, I can keep him off.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.—Volpone's Chamber. Vol-  
pone on his couch. Mosca sitting by  
him.

Enter Corvino forcing in Celia.

Corv. Nay, now, there is no starting  
back, and therefore,

" Our Marcus never can encounter right,  
Yet drew two aces, and, for further spight,  
Had colour for it with a hopeful draught,  
But not encountered it availed him naught."

Not to go less, as I have already observed,—  
is not to adventure a smaller sum.

Resolve upon it : I have so decreed.

It must be done. Nor would I move't  
afore,

Because I would avoid all shifts and tricks,  
That might deny me.

*Cel.* Sir, let me beseech you,  
Affect not these strange trials; if you  
doubt

My chastity, why, lock me up for ever;  
Make me the heir of darkness. Let me  
live

Where I may please your fears, if not your  
trust.

*Corv.* Believe it, I have no such humour, I.  
All that I speak I mean; yet I'm not mad;  
Not horn-mad, see you? Go to, shew your-  
self

Obedient, and a wife.

*Cel.* O heaven!

*Corv.* I say it,

Do so.

*Cel.* Was this the train?

*Corv.* I've told you reasons;

What the physicians have set down; how  
much

It may concern me; what my engagements  
are;

My means; and the necessity of those  
means

For my recovery: wherefore, if you be  
Loyal, and mine, be won, respect my  
venture.

*Cel.* Before your honour?

*Corv.* Honour! tut, a breath!<sup>1</sup>

There's no such thing in nature: a mere  
term

Invented to awe fools. What is my gold  
The worse for touching, clothes for being  
looked on?

Why, this's no more. An old decrepit  
wretch,

That has no sense, no sinew; takes his  
meat

With others' fingers; only knows to gape  
When you do scald his gums; a voice, a  
shadow;

And what can this man hurt you?

*Cel.* Lord! what spirit

Is this hath entered him?

[*Aside.*]

<sup>1</sup> Honour! tut, a breath, &c.] This is excel-  
lent after what we had from him, p. 358. The  
genius and skill with which Jonson has conceived  
and conducted this extraordinary vicious char-  
acter are altogether surprising. The conclusion  
of this speech is from Juvenal:

"Hujus  
Pallida labra cibum capiunt digitis alienis:  
Ipe ad conspectum cana diducere rictum  
Suetus, hiat tantum," &c.—Sat. x.

*Corv.* And for your fame,  
That's such a jig; as if I would go tell it,  
Cry it on the Piazza! who shall know it  
But he that cannot speak it, and this  
fellow,

Whose lips are in my pocket? Save your-  
self,

(If you'll proclaim't, you may,) I know no  
other

Should come to know it.

*Cel.* Are heaven and saints then no-  
thing?

Will they be blind or stupid?

*Corv.* How!

*Cel.* Good sir,

Be jealous still, emulate them; and think  
What hate they burn with toward every  
sin.

*Corv.* I grant you: if I thought it were  
a sin

I would not urge you. Should I offer this  
To some young Frenchman, or hot Tuscan  
blood

That had read Aretine, conned all his  
prints,

Knew every quirk within lust's labyrinth,  
And were profest critic in lechery;

And I would look upon him, and applaud  
him,

This were a sin: but here, 'tis contrary,  
A pious work, mere charity for physic,  
And honest polity, to assure mine own.

*Cel.* O heaven! canst thou suffer such a  
change?

*Volp.* Thou art mine honour, Mosca,  
and my pride,

My joy, my tickling, my delight! Go  
bring them.

*Mos.* [*advancing.*] Please you draw near,  
sir.

*Corv.* Come on, what—

You will not be rebellious? by that  
light—

*Mos.* Sir,

Signior Corvino, here, is come  
you.

*Volp.* Oh!

*Mos.* And hearing of the col-  
had,

So lately, for your health, is come  
Or rather, sir, to prostitute—

*Corv.* Thanks, sweet Mosca.

*Mos.* Freely, unasked, or unintr-

*Corv.* Well.

*Mos.* As the true fervent instar  
love,

His own most fair and proper  
beauty  
Only of price in Venice—

*Corv.* 'Tis well urged.

*Mos.* To be your comfortress, and to preserve you.

*Volp.* Alas, I am past, already! Pray you, thank him

For his good care and promptness; but for that,

'Tis a vain labour e'en to fight 'gainst heaven;

Applying fire to stone—uh, uh, uh, uh!  
[*coughing.*]

Making a dead leaf grow again. I take His wishes gently, though; and you may tell him

What I have done for him: marry, my state is hopeless.

Will him to pray for me; and to use his fortune

With reverence when he comes to 't.

*Mos.* Do you hear, sir?

Go to him with your wife.

*Corv.* Heart of my father!

Wilt thou persist thus? come, I pray thee, come.

Thou seest 'tis nothing, Celia. By this hand,

I shall grow violent. Come, do 't, I say.

*Cel.* Sir, kill me, rather: I will take down poison,

Eat burning coals, do anything—

*Corv.* Be damned!

Heart, I will drag thee hence home by the hair;

Cry thee a strumpet through the streets; rip up

Thy mouth unto thine ears; and slit thy nose,

Like a raw rochet!—Do not tempt me; come,

Yield, I am loth—Death! I will buy some slave

Whom I will kill, and bind thee to him alive;

And at my window hang you forth, devising Some monstrous crime, which I, in capital letters,

Will eat into thy flesh with aquafortis, And burning corsives, on this stubborn breast.

Now, if the blood thou hast incensed, I'll spit!

Sir, what you please, you may, I your martyr.

a raw rochet!) A *rocket* or *rouget*, so from its red colour, is a fish of the gurnet not so large.—*WHAL.*  
'hast thy tears prepared,  
Expecting how thou'lt bid them flow.]

*Corv.* Be not thus obstinate, I have not deserved it:

Think who it is intreats you. Prithee, sweet;—

Good faith, thou shalt have jewels, gowns, attires,

What thou wilt think, and ask. Do but go kiss him.

Or touch him but. For my sake. At my suit—

This once. No! not! I shall remember this.

Will you disgrace me thus? Do you thirst my undoing?

*Mos.* Nay, gentle lady, be advised.

*Corv.* No, no.

She has watched her time. Ods pruss, this is scurvy,

'Tis very scurvy; and you are—

*Mos.* Nay, good sir.

*Corv.* An arrant locust—by heaven, a locust!—

Whore, crocodile, that hast thy tears prepared,

Expecting how thou'lt bid them flow?—

*Mos.* Nay, pray you, sir!

She will consider.

*Cel.* Would my life would serve

To satisfy—

*Corv.* 'Sdeath! if she would but speak to him,

And save my reputation, it were somewhat; But spitefully to affect my utter ruin!

*Mos.* Ay, now you have put your fortune in her hands.

Why i' faith, it is her modesty, I must quit her.

If you were absent, she would be more coming;

I know it: and dare undertake for her.

What woman can before her husband? pray you,

Let us depart, and leave her here.

*Corv.* Sweet Celia,

Thou mayst redeem all yet; I'll say no more:

If not, esteem yourself as lost. Nay, stay there.

[*Shuts the door, and exit with Mosca.*]

*Cel.* O God, and his good angeis! whither, whither,

Is she fled human breasts? that will ease,

"*Plorat*

*Uberibus semper lacrymis, semperque paratis  
In statione sua, atque expectantibus illam,  
Quo jubeat manare modo.*"—*Juv. Sat. vi.*

Men dare put off your honours, and their own?

Is that, which ever was a cause of life,  
Now placed beneath the basest circumstance,

And modesty an exile made, for money?  
*Volp.* Ay, in Corvino, and such earth-fed minds,

[Leaping from his couch.]

That never tasted the true heaven of love.  
Assure thee, Celia, he that would sell thee,  
Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,  
He would have sold his part of Paradise  
For ready money, had he met a cope-man.<sup>1</sup>  
Why art thou mazed to see me thus revived?

Rather applaud thy beauty's miracle;  
'Tis thy great work: that hath, not now alone,

But sundry times raised me, in several shapes,

And, but this morning, like a mountebank,  
To see thee at thy window: ay, before  
I would have left my practice, for thy love,  
In varying figures, I would have contended

<sup>1</sup> *Had he met a cope-man.*] "For this we now say chapman: which is as much as to say a merchant, or cope-man." Verstegan on the word *ceapman*.—WHAL.

Is it not rather pure Dutch, *koopman*, or *coopman*?

<sup>2</sup> *Or the horned flood.*] I should have passed this, had I not observed a query as to "the pagan deity" here meant, in the margin of Mr. Whalley's copy. It is Achelous, of whose "contention" there is a pretty story in Ovid.

<sup>3</sup> *For entertainment of the great Valois.*] He probably alludes to the magnificent spectacles which were exhibited for the amusement of Henry III., in 1574, when he passed through Venice, in his return from Poland, to take possession of the crown of France, vacant by the death of his brother Charles, of infamous memory.

<sup>4</sup> *Come, my Celia, &c.*] This song, as Upton says, is imitated from Catullus.

WHAL.

As the original is not long, it is subjoined, that the extent of Jonson's obligation to it may be seen at once:

"*Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,  
Rumorosque senum severiorum  
Omnes unius astimemus assis.  
Soles occidere et redire possunt;  
Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,  
Nox est perpetua una dormiunda.  
Da me basia mille, deinde centum,  
Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum;  
Dein usque altera mille, deinde centum.  
Dein, cum millia multa fecerimus,  
Conturbabimus illa, n. sciamus,  
Aut ne quis malus invidere possit,  
Cum tantum sciat esse basiorum.*"

With the blue Proteus, or the horned flood.<sup>2</sup>  
Now art thou welcome.

*Cel.* Sir!

*Volp.* Nay, fly me not.

Nor let thy false imagination

That I was bed-rid, make thee think I am so:

Thou shalt not find it. I am now as fresh,  
As hot, as high, and in as jovial plight,  
As when, in that so celebrated scene,  
At recitation of our comedy,  
For entertainment of the great Valois,<sup>3</sup>  
I acted young Antinous; and attracted  
The eyes and ears of all the ladies present,  
To admire each graceful gesture, note, and footing. [*Sings.*]

Come, my Celia,<sup>4</sup> let us prove,  
While we can, the sports of love,  
Time will not be ours for ever,  
He, at length, our good will sever;  
Spend not then his gifts in vain:  
Suns that set may rise again;  
But if once we lose this light,  
'Tis with us perpetual night.

Here is nothing similar to the concluding lines of this beautiful little poem, which seem to bear an ingenious reference to the well-known Institutes of Sparta respecting theft. The praise, however, which is bestowed on Jonson's genius, can scarcely be extended to his judgment in this instance. The song is evidently introduced somewhat too much in the style of that in the *Rovers*, where the conspirators join in chorus "to conceal their purpose." This impropriety has not escaped the critics. "Celia," says one of them, "is surprised, and would fain fly; but being seized and forced to stay, she quietly listens to an entertainment of music. Methinks she should have rent, torn, and cried out for help, as she does afterwards;—but that would have spoiled the song." From the *w* italics, it might be supposed that Volpone called in a band of musicians to amuse instead of endeavouring to captivate a few of the "graceful notes" which "attracted the ears of the ladies" at the palace.

Nor is it clear that she "ought to have torn," &c. She had hitherto sustained equal violence, nor seemed to be in immediate danger of any. Her husband, for aught he knew, was in the plot against her: and delivered her up to prostitution, was no more to be recalled by her complaints. After indeed, when she is seized by Volpone, the horror of impurity prevails over every consideration, and her cries are just and I have said thus much, to moderate, if possible, the indiscriminate levity with which the great man are censured; and not to the introduction of the song itself, which is fessedly ill-timed.

Why should we defer our joys ?  
 Fame and rumour are but toys.  
 Cannot we delude the eyes  
 Of a few poor household spies ?  
 Or his easier ears beguile,  
 Thus removed by our wife ?  
 'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal ;  
 But the sweet thefts to reveal :  
 To be taken, to be seen,  
 These have crimes accounted been.

*Cel.* Some serene blast me,<sup>1</sup> or dire  
 lightning strike  
 This my offending face !  
*Volp.* Why droops my Celia ?  
 Thou hast, in place of a base husband  
 found  
 A worthy lover : use thy fortune well,  
 With secrecy and pleasure. See, behold,  
 What thou art queen of ; not in expecta-  
 tion,  
 As I feed others : but possessed and  
 crowned.  
 See, here, a rope of pearl ; and each more  
 orient  
 Than that the brave Ægyptian queen ca-  
 roused :  
 Dissolve and drink them. See, a car-  
 buncle,

<sup>1</sup> *Some serene blast me,*] "I found," says Upton, "this passage thus printed, in a modern edition, 'Some siren blast me': and the editor hugged himself, I dare say, with the thought of this emendation: but the poet alludes to a disease in the eye, called by physicians *gutta serena*," p. 44. O Nemesis, how watchful art thou!—and Upton, "I dare say, hugged himself;" although his explanation is just as little to the purpose as the emendation of his predecessor. A *serene*, as Whalley discovered in Cotgr

, while his work was in the press (for 's pure French), is "a mildew, or that few of moist summer evenings, which blights." Jonson uses it again in his :

Wherever death doth please t' appear,  
*eyes*, swords, shot, sickness, all are  
 —Epig. 32.

used also by Daniel, in the same

s and the *serene* offend us more,  
 nay think so, than they did before."  
*cen's Arcadia*, act i. sc. 1.—WHAL.

*mond would have bought Lollia  
 lina,  
 he came in, like star-light, hid with  
 is,  
 are the spoils of provinces:] Lolliam  
 , quæ fuit Cæii principis matrona, ne  
 em, aut solennis carmoniarum aliquo  
 sed mediocrium etiam sponsatum*

May put out both the eyes of our St.  
 Mark ;  
 A diamond would have bought Lollia  
 Paulina,  
 When she came in like star-light, hid with  
 jewels,  
 That were the spoils of provinces;<sup>3</sup> take  
 these,  
 And wear, and lose them ; yet remains an  
 earring  
 To purchase them again, and this whole  
 state.  
 A gem but worth a private patrimony,  
 Is nothing : we will eat such at a meal.  
 The heads of parrots, tongues of nightin-  
 gales,  
 The brains of peacocks, and of estriches,  
 Shall be our food:<sup>3</sup> and, could we get the  
 phoenix,  
 Though nature lost her kind, she were our  
 dish.  
*Cel.* Good sir, these things might move  
 a mind affected  
 With such delights ; but I, whose inno-  
 cence  
 Is all I can think wealthy, or worth th' en-  
 joying,  
 And which, once lost, I have nought to  
 lose beyond it,

*cænâ, vidi smaragdis margaritisque opertam,  
 alterno textu fulgentibus, toto capite, crinibus,  
 spira, auribus, collo, monilibus, digitisque.  
 Nec dona prodigi principis fuerant, sed avilæ  
 opes, provinciarum scilicet spoliis partæ.*

*Plin.* L. 9. 3. 58.

This extract Whalley found in Upton, who refers to Tacitus and Suetonius for further proofs of the extravagance of this lady : which, indeed, is frequently noticed by our old dramatists. Thus Machin :

"And for thee, not  
 Lollia Paulina, nor those blazing stars  
 Which make the world the apes of Italy,  
 Shall match thyself in sun-bright splendancy."  
*Dumb Knight.*

Milton applies this epithet (sun-bright) to the chariot of Satan, and is complimented for it by one of his editors, as having "beautifully improved" the *light-bright* of old Joshua Sylvester ! Milton has a thousand claims to our admiration ; but that of introducing beautiful epithets into the language is not one of them. He found them formed to his hands.

<sup>3</sup> *The heads of parrots, tongues of nightin-  
 gales,*

*The brains of peacocks, and of estriches  
 Shall be our food:]* This is a strain of luxury taken from the Emperor Heliogabalus. *Comedit,* says Ælius Lampridius, *linguas pavonum et lusciniarum* : and he had the brains of 500 ostriches to furnish out a single dish.

WHAL.

Cannot be taken with these sensual baits;  
If you have conscience—

*Volp.* 'Tis the beggar's virtue;  
If thou hast wisdom, hear me, Celia.  
Thy baths shall be the juice of July-flowers,  
Spirit of roses, and of violets,  
The milk of unicorns, and panthers' breath<sup>1</sup>  
Gathered in bags, and mixed with Cretan  
wines.

Our drink shall be prepared gold and amber;

Which we will take until my roof whirl  
round

With the vertigo: and my dwarf shall dance,  
My eunuch sing, my fool make up the  
antic,

Whilst we, in changed shapes, act Ovid's  
tales,

Thou, like Europa now, and I like Jove,  
Then I like Mars, and thou like Erycine:  
So of the rest, till we have quite run  
through,

And wearied all the fables of the gods.  
Then will I have thee in more modern  
forms,

Attired like some sprightly dame of France,  
Brave Tuscan lady, or proud Spanish  
beauty;

Sometimes unto the Persian sophy's wife;  
Or the grand signior's mistress; and for  
change,

To one of our most artful courtezans,

<sup>1</sup> *The milk of unicorns, and panthers' breath* I know not for what particular quality the milk of unicorns is celebrated, the animal being confined to the terra incognita of Africa, where few can go to suck it. Pliny, indeed, observes that "the milk of camels is extremely sweet;" and this may have been in Jonson's mind:—but his knowledge was so universal, that it is very hazardous, at least in one so little read as myself, to decide upon his authorities. The sweetness of the panther's breath, or rather body, is sufficiently notorious. It is remarked by Pliny, Lib. xxi. c. 7: "*Animalium nullum odoratum nisi de pantheris quod dictum est, creditur.*" *Ælian* also mentions it; but the passage which our author had in view was probably the following: *Ἐκ τοῦ στόματος αὐτοῦ εὐωδία τις ἔβρισην ἀρωματικὴ δι' ἧς τὰ ἀλλὰ ζῶα θελγόμενα τὰ ἄγρια καὶ τὰ πορρωθέν ἐγγύζουσιν αὐτῷ καὶ ἐνοῦται.* *Eustat. Comment. in Hexameron*, 4to, p. 38. Frequent allusions to this circumstance occur in our old poets. Thus Shirley:

"Your Grace is bound  
To hunt this spotted panther to his ruin,  
Whose breath is only sweet to poison virtue."  
*The Royal Master.*

And Glaphorne:

"The panther so,  
Breathes odours precious as the fragrant gums

Or some quick Negro, or cold Russian;  
And I will meet thee in as many shapes:  
Where we may so transfuse our wandering  
souls

Out at our lips, and score up sums of pleasures,  
[*Sings.*

That the curious<sup>2</sup> shall not know  
How to tell them as they flow;  
And the envious, when they find  
What their number is, be pined.

*Cel.* If you have ears that will be pierced  
—or eyes

That can be opened—a heart that may be  
touched—

Or any part that yet sounds man about  
you—

If you have touch of holy saints—or heaven—

Do me the grace to let me 'scape—if not,  
Be bountiful and kill me. You do know,  
I am a creature, hither ill betrayed,  
By one whose shame I would forget it  
were:

If you will deign me neither of these graces,  
Yet feed your wrath, sir, rather than your  
lust,

(It is a vice comes nearer manliness,)  
And punish that unhappy crime of nature,  
Which you miscall my beauty: flay my  
face,

Or poison it with ointments for seducing

Of eastern groves, but the delicious scent,  
Not taken in at distance, chokes the sense  
With the too muskie savour."

*The Hollander.*

And Randolph, in some pretty stanzas to a  
"very deformed gentlewoman, but of a voice incomparably sweet:"

"Say, monster strange, what mayst thou  
Whence shall I fetch thy pedigree?  
What but a panther could beget,  
A beast so foul, a breath so sweet?"

[I know a case in India of hyena's blood given to an English lady in a consun F. C.]

<sup>2</sup> *That the curious, &c.*] These li an elegant imitation of the concluding syllables from Catullus, (p. 370), and printed, together with the rest, in *TA* a collection of the author's smaller poe

It would scarcely be just to Jonson's, pass over this admirable scene without ing on the boundless fertility of his imitations are heaped upon temptations rapidity which almost outstrips the ima and a richness, variety, and beauty, w. der mean and base all the allurements, ceding poets have invented and coml facilitate the overthrow of purity and v

Your blood to this rebellion. Rub these hands

With what may cause an eating leprosy,  
E'en to my bones and marrow: anything  
That may disfavour me, save in my honour—

And I will kneel to you, pray for you, pay down

A thousand hourly vows, sir, for your health;

Report, and think you virtuous—

*Volp.* Think me cold,

Frozen, and impotent, and so report me?  
That I had Nestor's hernia, thou wouldst think.

I do degenerate, and abuse my nation,  
To play with opportunity thus long;  
I should have done the act, and then have parleyed.

Yield, or I'll force thee. [*Seizes her.*]

*Cel.* O! just God!

*Volp.* In vain—

*Bon.* [*rushing in.*] Forbear, foul ravisher!  
libidinous swine!

Free the forced lady, or thou diest, impostor.

But that I'm loth to snatch thy punishment

Out of the hand of justice, thou shouldst yet

Be made the timely sacrifice of vengeance,  
Before this altar and this dross, thy idol.—

Lady, let's quit the place, it is the den  
Of villainy; fear nought, you have a guard:  
And he ere long shall meet his just reward.

[*Exeunt Bon. and Cel.*]

*Volp.* Fall on me, roof, and bury me in ruin!

Become my grave, that wert my shelter! O!  
I am unmasked, unspirited, undone,  
Betrayed to beggary, to infamy—

*Enter Mosca, wounded and bleeding.*

*Mos.* Where shall I run, most wretched  
shame of men,

To beat out my unlucky brains?

*Volp.* Here, here.

What! dost thou bleed?

*Mos.* O, that his well-driven sword  
Had been so courteous to have cleft me  
down

Unto the navel, ere I lived to see  
My life, my hopes, my spirits, my patron, all  
Thus desperately engaged by my error!

*Volp.* Woe on thy fortune!

*Mos.* And my follies, sir.

*Volp.* Thou hast made me miserable.

*Mos.* And myself, sir.

Who would have thought he would have  
hearkened so?

*Volp.* What shall we do?

*Mos.* I know not; if my heart  
Could expiate the mischance, I'd pluck it  
out.

Will you be pleased to hang me, or cut my  
throat?

And I'll requite you, sir. Let's die like  
Romans,<sup>1</sup>

Since we have lived like Grecians.

[*Knocking within.*]

*Volp.* Hark! who's there?

I hear some footing; officers, the *saffi*,<sup>2</sup>

's die like Romans,] i.e., by our own fearlessly. *Since we have lived like* s; like debauchees: *pergræcari*, as Upton s; from Plautus, is "to spend the hours, wine, and banquets." All this is very it when he adds, "Hence the proverb, *as a Greek*;" and "hence too Sebastian *elfth-Night*, calls the clown *foolish* or his unseasonable *mirth*;" he talks as the *commentators* on Shakspeare usually in subject. How often will it be necessary to observe, that our old dramatists affixed a late idea to these patronymic appellations were used merely as augmentatives, to be understood from the context? To id or as merry, as foolish or as wise, as Trojans, Lacedæmonians, &c. (for all ms were indiscriminately used) was be *very* mad, merry, foolish, &c., and can be more absurd than the attempts upon such expressions a constant and late sense. One happy specimen of this me. In the *Lover's Melancholy*, Cudjolin courtier, says: "I come to speak ung lady, the old *Trojan's* daughter of

this house." To explain this obscure speech, the editor musters up all his wisdom. "The popularity," he says, "of the achievements of the Greeks and Trojans led to an application of their names not very honourable to them" (Mr. Weber wanted Partridge at his elbow), "the former being used for cheats, and the latter for thieves." So that "old Trojan," in the text, means old *thief*; and being applied to the general of the *Famagostan* armies, and the most respectable character in the drama, does as much credit to the judgment of Ford, as to the sagacity of Mr. Weber. It would be a pity to withhold the grave conclusion of this note from the reader: "It is difficult to conceive a greater degradation, if we except the common misapplication of the venerable names of Hector, Cæsar, Pompey, &c. to dogs." *Venerable*!—but let it go: it is some praise to be uniform, even in folly.

<sup>2</sup> *The saffi*,] "These," says Whalley, "as we learn from Coryat, are officers subordinate to the Podestæes and Prætors; of whom some have authority only by land, and some by sea. Their habit is a red camlet gown with long sleeves." It

Come to apprehend us ! I do feel the brand  
Hissing already at my forehead ; now  
Mine ears are boring.

*Mos.* To your couch, sir, you,  
Make that place good, however. [*Volpone  
lies down as before.*]—Guilty men  
Suspect what they deserve still.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter Corbaccio.*

Signior Corbaccio !

*Corb.* Why, how now, Mosca ?

*Mos.* O, undone, amazed, sir.

Your son, I know not by what accident,  
Acquainted with your purpose to my patron,  
Touching your Will, and making him your  
heir,

Entered our house with violence, his sword  
drawn,

Sought for you, called you wretch, un-  
natural,

Vowed he would kill you.

*Corb.* Me !

*Mos.* Yes, and my patron.

*Corb.* This act shall disinherit him in-  
deed :

Here is the Will.

*Mos.* 'Tis well, sir.

*Corb.* Right and well :

Be you as careful now for me.

*Enter Voltore behind.*

*Mos.* My life, sir,  
Is not more tendered ; I am only yours.

*Corb.* How does he ? will he die shortly,  
think'st thou ?

*Mos.* I fear

He'll outlast May.

*Corb.* To-day ?

*Mos.* No, last out May, sir.

*Corb.* Couldst thou not give him a dram ?

is impossible that Coryat could say this ; for the *saffi* are mere bailiffs' followers, and subordinate to the commandadori. Whalley probably mistook *saffi* for *saffi*. The *saffi*, indeed, wear a red gown, as doctors of law ; but they rank above the Podestae and Prætors, not below them, as he says. In short, his whole note is a blunder.

<sup>1</sup> *Guilty men, &c.*] The occasional qualms of these two knaves, who pass with the rapidity of Falstaff "from praying to purse-taking," are marked throughout this scene with admirable truth and humour.

<sup>2</sup> *Put not, &c.*] Foists are juggling tricks, frauds ; but the line contains also a punning allusion to a meaning which our delicate ancestors affixed to the word when they gave the name of foisting-hounds to the ladies' favourites, the small chamber-dogs of those days.

*Mos.* O, by no means, sir.

*Corb.* Nay, I'll not bid you.

*Volt.* [*coming forward.*] This is a knave,  
I see.

*Mos.* [*seeing Volt.*] How ! Signior Vol-  
tore ! did he hear me ? [*Aside.*

*Volt.* Parasite !

*Mos.* Who's that ?—O, sir, most timely  
welcome—

*Volt.* Scarce,

To the discovery of your tricks, I fear.

You are his, *only* ? and mine also, are you  
not ?

*Mos.* Who ? I, sir !

*Volt.* You, sir. What device is this  
About a Will ?

*Mos.* A plot for you, sir.

*Volt.* Come,

Put not your foists<sup>2</sup> upon me ; I shall scent  
them.

*Mos.* Did you not hear it ?

*Volt.* Yes, I hear Corbaccio

Hath made your patron there his heir.

*Mos.* 'Tis true,

By my device, drawn to it by my plot,  
With hope—

*Volt.* Your patron should reciprocate ?  
And you have promised ?

*Mos.* For your good I did, sir.

Nay, more, I told his son, brought, hid  
him here,

Where he might hear his father pass the  
deed ;

Being persuaded to it by this thought, sir,  
That the unnaturalness, first, of the act,  
And then his father's oft disclaiming in him,<sup>3</sup>  
(Which I did mean t' help on), would  
enrage him

To do some violence upon his parent

On which the law should take su-  
hold,

And you be stated in a double hope

<sup>3</sup> *And then his father's oft disclaim*  
him,] i.e., disclaiming him. Our poet's  
provaries use the same diction : so Fletch

"Thou *disclaim'st* in me ;  
Tell me thy name."—*Philaster,*

And Shakspeare :

"Cowardly rascal ! Nature *disclaims* ;  
*Lear,* act ii

The expression is very common in  
writers : it seems, however, to have been  
out about this time, since it is found  
quently in the second than in the first  
sions of these plays. Two instances of  
*is* occur in the quarto edition of *Ever-*  
*his Humour* ; both of which, in the  
simplified into *disclaim*.

Truth be my comfort, and my conscience,  
My only aim was to dig you a fortune  
Out of these two old rotten sepulchres——<sup>1</sup>

*Volt.* I cry thee mercy, Mosca.

*Mos.* Worth your patience,  
And your great merit, sir. And see the  
change!

*Volt.* Why, what success?

*Mos.* Most hapless! you must help, sir.  
Whilst we expected the old raven,<sup>2</sup> in comes  
Corvino's wife, sent hither by her hus-  
band——

*Volt.* What, with a present?

*Mos.* No, sir, on visitation;  
(I'll tell you how anon;) and staying long,  
The youth he grows impatient, rushes forth,  
Seizeth the lady, wounds me, makes her  
swear

(Or he would murder her, that was his  
vow)

To affirm my patron to have done her  
rape:

Which how unlike it is, you see! and  
hence,

With that pretext he's gone, to accuse his  
father,

Defame my patron, defeat you——

*Volt.* Where is her husband?

Let him be sent for straight.

*Mos.* Sir, I'll go fetch him.

*Volt.* Bring him to the Scrutineo.

*Mos.* Sir, I will.

*Volt.* This must be stopt.

*Mos.* O you do nobly, sir.

<sup>s</sup> 'twas laboured all, sir, for your good;  
as there want of counsel in the plot:  
tune can, at any time, o'erthrow  
objects of a hundred learned clerks,

[*listening.*] What's that?

Wilt please you, sir, to go along?

*Exit* Corbaccio, followed by Voltore.

Patron, go in, and pray for our  
ess.

[*rising from his couch.*] Need  
kes devotion: heaven your labour  
s!

[*Exeunt.*]

*My only aim was to dig you a fortune  
of these two old rotten sepulchres—*  
ession is as natural as the image is just;  
as been often found in ancient monu-  
l sepulchres.—*WHAL.*

*st we expected the old raven,*] i.e.,  
.—*WHAL.*

*I will not touch, sir, at your phrase,  
r clothes,  
y are old.*

*r, I have better.*] This captious kind  
ch as it is) occurs in Donne:

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—A Street.

*Enter* Sir Politick Would-be and Peregrine.

*Sir P.* I told you, sir, it was a plot; you  
see

What observation is! You mentioned me  
For some instructions: I will tell you, sir,  
(Since we are met here in this height of  
Venice,)

Some few particulars I have set down,  
Only for this meridian, fit to be known  
Of your crude traveller; and they are these.  
I will not touch, sir, at your phrase, or  
clothes,

For they are old.<sup>3</sup>

*Per.* Sir, I have better.

*Sir P.* Pardon,

I meant, as they are themes.

*Per.* O, sir, proceed:

I'll slander you no more of wit, good sir.

*Sir P.* First, for your garb, it must be  
grave and serious,<sup>4</sup>

Very reserved and locked; not tell a secret  
On any terms, not to your father; scarce  
A fable, but with caution: make sure choice  
Both of your company and discourse; be-  
ware

You never speak a truth——

*Per.* How!

*Sir P.* Not to strangers,

For those be they you must converse with  
most;

Others I would not know, sir, but at dis-  
tance,

So as I still might be a saver in them:

You shall have tricks else past upon you  
hourly.

And then, for your religion, profess none,

But wonder at the diversity of all;

And, for your part, protest, were there no  
other

But simply the laws o' th' land, you could  
content you.

Nic Machiavel and Monsieur Bodin,<sup>5</sup> both

"Your only wearing is your program.  
Not so, sir, I have more."—*Sat.* iv.

<sup>4</sup> *First, for your garb, it must be grave and  
serious, &c.*] Jonson with much humour ridi-  
cules the stale counsel and advice, which at this  
time, when travelling in Italy was so much in  
vogue, were retailed by every pretender to a  
knowledge of the world.—*WHAL.*

<sup>5</sup> Monsieur Bodin was a French lawyer of  
eminence, and a very voluminous writer. Not  
being so well acquainted with his works as Sir

*Searching h.*

Will swear unto me, on

occupate—

*Per.* I, sir!

*Sir P.* Nor reveal

A circumstance—My paper is not with me.

*Per.* O, but you can remember, sir.

*Sir P.* My first is

Concerning tinder-boxes.<sup>1</sup> You must know,  
No family is here without its box.

Now, sir, it being so portable a thing,  
Put case, that you or I were ill affected

Unto the state, sir; with it in our pockets,  
Might not I go into the Arsenal,

Or you come out again, and none the wiser?

*Per.* Except yourself, sir.

*Sir P.* Go to, then. I therefore  
Advertise to the state, how fit it were  
That none but such as were known  
patriots,

Sound lovers of their country, should be  
suffered

To enjoy them in their houses; and even  
those

Sealed at some office, and at such a bigness  
As might not lurk in pockets.

*Per.* Admirable!

*Sir P.* My next is, how to enquire, and  
be resolved,

<sup>1</sup> *My first is*

*Concerning* tinder-boxes, &c.] Surely Jack the Painter had stumbled upon Sir Pol's memorandums; for this was precisely the mode which he pursued in firing the naval arsenal at Portsmouth. It would not be much amiss if men in trust would sometimes turn over the pages of our crack-brained projectors; for though their schemes are, as Milton says, "slothful to good," yet a knowledge of them may occasionally furnish a hint for obviating the effects of any partial and mischievous adoption of them. The whole of this scene is a most ingenious satire on extravagant passion for monopolies, which at this time; and which was encour-

cost me ...

Some thirty livr —

*Per.* Which is one pound sterling

*Sir P.* Beside my waterworks: fo.

I do, sir.

First, I bring in your ship 'twixt two bri-  
walls;

But those the state shall venture. On the  
one

I strain me a fair tarpauling, and in that  
I stick my onions, cut in halves; the other  
Is full of loopholes, out at which I thrust  
The noses of my bellows; and those  
bellows

I keep, with waterworks, in perpetual  
motion,

Which is the easiest matter of a hundred.

Now sir, your onion, which doth natu-  
rally

Attract the infection, and your bellows  
blowing

The air upon him, will shew instantly,

By his changed colour, if there be con-  
tagion;

Or else remain as fair as at the first.

Now it is known, 'tis nothing.

*Per.* You are right, sir.

*Sir P.* I would I had my note.

*Per.* Faith, so would I:

But you have done well for once, sir.

*Sir P.* Were I false,

raged by the greedy favourites of the court, who were allowed to receive large sums for procuring the patents. Many of these monopolies were for objects altogether as absurd as this of Sir Politick. The subject is resumed with great pleasantry and effect in the *Devil's an Ass*.

<sup>2</sup> *Whether a ship*

*Newly arrived from Soria,*] i.e. Syria. The city Tyre, from whence the whole country had its name, was anciently called *Zur* or *Zor*; since the Arabs erected their empire in the East it has been again called *Sor*, and is at this day known by no other name in those parts. Hence the Italians formed their *Soria*.—*WHAL*

Or would be made so, I could shew you reasons

How I could sell this state now to the Turk,

te of their gallies, or their—

[Examining his papers.]

Per. Pray you, Sir Pol.

Sir P. I have them not about me.

That I feared :

there, sir.

this is my diary,

my actions of the day.

let's see, sir. What is

um,

[Reads.]

Searching h.

Will swear unto me, on

icipate—

Per. I, sir!

Sir P. Nor reveal

A circumstance—My paper is not with me.

Per. O, but you can remember, sir.

Sir P. My first is

Concerning tinder-boxes.<sup>1</sup> You must know, No family is here without its box.

Now, sir, it being so portable a thing,

Put case, that you or I were ill affected

Unto the state, sir; with it in our pockets,

Might not I go into the Arsenal,

Or you come out again, and none the wiser?

Per. Except yourself, sir.

Sir P. Go to, then. I therefore

advertise to the state, how fit it were

Alas; none but such as were known

Nor w triots,

but for lovers of their country, should be

the piffered

by them in their houses; and even

Corbouse

Vol. at some office, and at such a bigness

ht not lurk in pockets.

Admirable!

And at P. My next is, how to enquire, and

Some resolved,

left

Will eat first is

And burning tinder-boxes, &c.] Surely Jack

ter had stumbled upon Sir Pol's memo-

Now; for this was precisely the mode which

was followed in firing the naval arsenal at Ports-

It would not be much amiss if men in

would sometimes turn over the pages of

1 F track-brained projectors; for though their

names are, as Milton says, "slothful to good,"

a knowledge of them may occasionally fur-

3 A sh a hint for obviating the effects of any par-

8 A and mischievous adoption of them. The

as the sole of this scene is a most ingenious satire on

please the extravagant passion for monopolies, which

March

1 Wom. My master's yonder.

Lady P. Where?

2 Wom. With a young gentleman.

Lady P. That same's the party;

In man's apparel! Pray you, sir, jog my knight;

I will be tender to his reputation,

However he demerit.

Sir P. [seeing her.] My lady!

Per. Where?

Sir P. 'Tis she indeed, sir; you shall know her. She is,

Were she not mine, a lady of that merit,

For fashion and behaviour; and for beauty

I durst compare—

cost me in

Some thirty livr —

Per. Which is one pound sterling

Sir P. Beside my waterworks: fo.

I do, sir.

First, I bring in your ship 'twixt two bri walls;

But those the state shall venture. On the one

I stick me a fair tarpauling, and in that I stick my onions, cut in halves; the other

Is full of loopholes, out at which I thrust

The noses of my bellows; and those bellows

I keep, with waterworks, in perpetual motion,

Which is the easiest matter of a hundred.

Nov sir, your onion, which doth naturally

Attract the infection, and your bellows blowing

The air upon him, will shew instantly,

By his changed colour, if there be contagion;

Or else remain as fair as at the first.

Now it is known, 'tis nothing.

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But you have done well for once, sir.

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spur-leathers;¹

... and did go forth; but first  
w three beans over the threshold.

...tem,  
ent and bought two toothpicks, whereof  
one

I burst immediately, in a discourse  
With a Dutch merchant, 'bout ragon del  
stato.

From him I went and paid a moccinigo  
For piecing my silk stockings; by the way  
I cheapened sprats; and at St. Mark's I  
urined."

'Faith these are politic notes!

*Sir P.* Sir, I do slip

No action of my life, but thus I quote it.

*Per.* Believe me, it is wise!

*Sir P.* Nay, sir, read forth.

*Enter, at a distance, Lady Politick Would-  
be, Nano, and two Waiting-women.*

*Lady P.* Where should this loose knight  
be, trów? sure he's housed.

*Nan.* Why, then he's fast.

*Lady P.* Ay, he plays both with me.²

I pray you stay. This heat will do more  
harm

To my complexion than his heart is worth.  
(I do not care to hinder, but to take him.)  
How it comes off! [*Rubbing her cheeks.*]

¹ *A rat had gnawn my spur-leathers; &c.*] This is from Theophrastus; and if superstition were not of all ages and countries, might be thought somewhat too recondite for Sir Pol. The expiatory virtues of the bean have been acknowledged since the days of Pythagoras, by every dealer in old wives' fables. *In faba*, says Pliny, with great gravity, *peculiaris religio*; especially, I presume, when administered by "*threes*," the sacred number. Smollett has made good use of this speech in his *Peregrine Pickle*.

... seems you a  
That dare commend he

*Sir P.* Nay, and for

*Per.* Being your wife, sic  
that.

*Sir P.* [*introducing Per.*] Madam,  
Here is a gentleman, pray you, use him  
fairly;

He seems a youth, but he is——

*Lady P.* None.

*Sir P.* Yes one

Has put his face as soon into the world——

*Lady P.* You mean, as early? but to-  
day?

*Sir P.* How's this?

*Lady P.* Why, in this habit, sir; you  
apprehend me:

Well, Master Would-be, this doth not  
become you;

I had thought the odour, sir, of your good  
name

Had been more precious to you; that you  
would not

Have done this dire massacre on your  
honour;

One of your gravity, and rank besides!

But knights, I see, care little for the  
oath

They make to ladies; chiefly their own  
ladies.

*Sir P.* Now, by my spurs, the symbol of  
my knighthood——

² *Ay, he plays both with me.*] i.e., both fast and loose.—WHAL.

This game, to which our old dramatists are fond of alluding, is now better known by the vulgar appellation of "pricking i' the garter." There is both truth and humour in the following reference to it by Butler:

"For when he'd got himself a name  
For fraud and tricks, he spoil'd his game;  
And forced his neck into a noose,  
To shew his play at fast and loose."

*Hud.* Pt. iii

how his brain is humbled  
oath !] [Aside.  
reach you not.  
Right, sir, your policy  
it through thus. Sir, a word  
you. [To Per.  
be loth to contest publicly  
ny gentlewoman, or to seem  
ed, or violent, as the courtier says ;  
es too near rusticity in a lady,  
h I would shun by all means : and  
however  
may deserve from Master Would-be, yet  
the one fair gentlewoman thus be made  
The unkind instrument to wrong another,  
And one she knows not, ay, and to  
perséver ;  
In my poor judgment, is not warranted  
From being a solecism in our sex,  
if not in manners.  
Per. How is this !  
Sir P. Sweet madam,  
Come nearer to your aim.  
Lady P. Marry, and will, sir.  
Since you provoke me with your im-  
pudence,  
And laughter of your light land-syren here,  
Your Sporus, your hermaphrodite—  
Per. What's here ?  
Poetic fury and historic storms !  
Sir P. The gentleman, believe it, is of  
worth,  
And of our nation.  
Lady P. Ay, your Whitefriars nation.<sup>2</sup>  
Come, I blush for you, Master Would-be, I ;  
And am ashamed you should have no  
more forehead,  
Than thus to be the patron, or St. George,  
To a lewd harlot, a base fricatrice,  
A female devil, in a male outside.

<sup>1</sup> Lord, how his brain is humbled for an oath !] How so? Surely Peregrine forgets that the spurs are the most honourable part of a knight's dress.

<sup>2</sup> Ay, your Whitefriars nation.] Whitefriars was at this time a privileged spot, in which fraudulent debtors, gamblers, prostitutes, and other outcasts of society usually resided. They formed a community, adopted the cant language of pickpockets, and openly resisted the execution of every legal process upon any of their members. To the disgrace of the civil powers, this atrocious combination was not broken up till the commencement of the last century.

<sup>3</sup> Her will ! dis'ple.] i.e., teach by the whip : discipline, or discipline. The word is thus used by Spenser, and others of our old writers :

“ And bitter pennaunce with an iron whip  
Was wont him once to dis'ple every day.”  
F. Q. E. I. c. x. S. 27.

Sir P. Nay,  
An you be such a one, I must bid adieu  
To your delights. The case appears too  
liquid. [Exit.

Lady P. Ay, you may carry't clear, with  
your state-face !

But for your carnival concupiscence,  
Who here is fled for liberty of conscience,  
From furious persecution of the marshal,  
Her will I dis'ple.<sup>3</sup>

Per. This is fine, i' faith !  
And do you use this often? Is this part  
Of your wit's exercise, 'gainst you have  
occasion?

Madam—

Lady P. Go to, sir.

Per. Do you hear me, lady?  
Why, if your knight have set you to beg  
shirts,

Or to invite me home, you might have done it  
A nearer way by far.

Lady P. This cannot work you  
Out of my snare.

Per. Why, am I in it, then?  
Indeed your husband told me you were fair,  
And so you are ; only your nose inclines,<sup>4</sup>  
That side that's next the sun, to the queen-  
apple.

Lady P. This cannot be endured by any  
patience.

Enter Mosca.

Mos. What is the matter, madam?

Lady P. If the senate  
Right not my quest in this, I will protest  
them

To all the world no aristocracy.

Mos. What is the injury, lady?

Lady P. Why, the callet<sup>5</sup>  
You told me of, here I have ta'en disguised.

<sup>4</sup> Only your nose inclines,  
That side that's next the sun, to the queen-  
apple.] This burlesque similitude seems to  
have furnished Sir John Suckling with a very  
pretty allusion, in his description of the rural  
bride :

“ For streaks of red were mingled there,  
Such as are on a catharin-pear,  
The side that's next the sun.”—WHAL.

<sup>5</sup> Why, the callet, &c.] Callet, callat, or  
calot, is used by all our old writers for a strumpet  
of the basest kind. It is derived, as Urry ob-  
serves, from *calote*, Fr. a sort of cap once worn  
by country girls ; and, like a hundred other  
terms of this nature, from designating poverty or  
meanness, finally came, by no unnatural pro-  
gress, to denote depravity and vice.

*Mos.* Who? this! what means your ladyship? the creature I mentioned to you is apprehended now, Before the senate; you shall see her—

*Lady P.* Where?

*Mos.* I'll bring you to her. This young gentleman, I saw him land this morning at the port.

*Lady P.* Is't possible! how has my judgment wandered?

Sir, I must, blushing, say to you, I have erred;

And plead your pardon.

*Per.* What, more changes yet!

*Lady P.* I hope you have not the malice to remember

A gentlewoman's passion. If you stay In Venice here, please you to use me, sir—

*Mos.* Will you go, madam?

*Lady P.* Pray you, sir, use me; in faith,

The more you see me the more I shall conceive

You have forgot our quarrel.

[*Exeunt* Lady Would-be, Mosca, Nano, and Waiting-women.

*Per.* This is rare!

Sir Politick Would-be? no, Sir Politick Bawd,

To bring me thus acquainted with his wife! Well, wise Sir Pol, since you have practised thus

Upon my freshman-ship, I'll try your salt-head,

What proof it is against a counter-plot.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Scrutineo, or Senate House.*

*Enter* Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino, and Mosca.

*Volt.* Well, now you know the carriage of the business,

Your constancy is all that is required Unto the safety of it.

*Mos.* Is the lie Safely conveyed amongst u. sure?

Knows every man his burden?

*Corv.* Yes.

*Mos.* Then shrink not.

*Corv.* But knows the advoca truth?

*Mos.* O, sir,

By no means; I devised a formal talk That salved your reputation. Bu. valiant, sir.

*Corv.* I fear no one but him that his pleading

Should make him stand for a co-heir—

*Mos.* Co-halter!

Hang him; we will but use his tongue, his noise,

As we do croaker's here.<sup>1</sup>

*Corv.* Ay, what shall he do?

*Mos.* When we have done, you mean?

*Corv.* Yes.

*Mos.* Why, we'll think:

Sell him for mummia; he's half dust already.

Do you not smile, [*to Voltore.*] to see this buffalo,

How he doth sport it with his head? I should,

If all were well and past. [*Aside.*] Sir, [*to Corbaccio.*] only you

Are he that shall enjoy the crop of all, And these not know for whom they toil.

*Corv.* Ay, peace.

*Mos.* [*turning to Corvino.*] But you shall eat it. Much!<sup>2</sup> [*Aside.*] Worshipful sir, [*to Voltore.*]

Mercury sit upon your thundering tongue, Or the French Hercules,<sup>3</sup> and make your language

As conquering as his club, to beat along, As with a tempest, flat, our adversaries;

But much more yours, sir.

*Volt.* Here they come, have done.

*Mos.* I have another witness, if you need, sir, I can produce.

*Volt.* Who is it?

*Mos.* Sir, I have her.

<sup>1</sup> *We will but use his tongue, As we do croaker's, here.*] i.e., the old raven's, Corbaccio's: this word would not have required a note, had not its meaning been overlooked by Upton, who wishes to read "crackers, that is, squibs"!

<sup>2</sup> *But you shall eat it. Much!*] Upton and Whalley constantly mistake the sense of this interjection: they will have it to be elliptical, for "Much good may it do you!" whereas it is

merely ironical, as I have already observed, and means, *Not at all.*

<sup>3</sup> *Or the French Hercules,*] "The *Gallic* or *Celtic Hercules* (says Upton) was the symbol of eloquence. Lucian has a treatise on this *French Hercules*, surnamed *Ogmios*; he was pictured drest in a lion's skin; in his right hand he held his club; in his left his bow: several very small chains were figured reaching from his tongue to the ears of crowds of men." *tance.*"

Enter Av  
Bona  
dori *and take their seats,*  
Notario, Commanda-  
other Officers of Justice.

1 *Avoc.* The like of this the senate never heard of.

2 *Avoc.* 'Twill come most strange to them when we report it.

4 *Avoc.* The gentlewoman has been ever held

Of unreprieved name.

3 *Avoc.* So has the youth.

4 *Avoc.* The more unnatural part that of his father.

2 *Avoc.* More of the husband.

1 *Avoc.* I not know to give

His act a name, it is so monstrous!

4 *Avoc.* But the impostor, he's a thing created

To exceed example!

1 *Avoc.* And all after-times!

2 *Avoc.* I never heard a true voluptuary Described but him.

3 *Avoc.* Appear yet those were cited?

*Not.* All but the old magnifico, Volpone.

1 *Avoc.* Why is not he here?

*Mos.* Please your fatherhoods,

Here is his advocate: himself so weak, So feeble—

4 *Avoc.* What are you?

*Bon.* His parasite,

His knave, his pandar. I beseech the court

He may be forced to come, that your grave eyes

May bear strong witness of his strange impostures.

*Volt.* Upon my faith and credit with your virtues,

He is not able to endure the air.

2 *Avoc.* Bring him, however.

3 *Avoc.* We will see him.

4 *Avoc.* Fetch him.

*Volt.* Your fatherhoods fit pleasures be obeyed;

[*Exeunt* Officers.]

But sure, the sight will rather move your pitiles

Than indignation. May it please the court,

In the mean time, he may be heard in me:

I know this place most void of prejudice,

And therefore crave it, since we have no reason

To fear our truth should hurt our cause.

3 *Avoc.* Speak free.

*Volt.* Then know, most honoured fathers, I must now

Discover to your strangely sed ears,

The most prodigious and most frontless piece

Of solid impudence, and treachery, That ever vicious nature yet brought forth To shame the state of Venice. This lewd woman,

That wants no artificial looks or tears To help the vizor she has now put on, Hath long been known a close adulteress To that lascivious youth there; not suspected,

I say, but known, and taken in the act With him; and by this man, the easy husband,

Pardoned; whose timeless bounty makes him now

Stand here, the most unhappy, innocent person,

That ever man's own goodness made accused.

For these not knowing how to owe a gift Of that dear grace, but with their shame; being placed

So above all powers of their gratitude, Began to hate the benefit; and in place Of thanks, devise to extirpe the memory Of such an act: wherein I pray your fatherhoods

To observe the malice, yea, the rage of creatures

Discovered in their evils: and what heart Such take, even from their crimes:—but that anon

Will more appear.—This gentleman, the father,

Hearing of this foul fact, with many others,

Which daily struck at his too tender ears, And grieved in nothing more than that he could not

Preserve himself a parent (his son's ills Growing to that strange flood), at last decreed

To disinherit him.

1 *Avoc.* These be strange turns!

2 *Avoc.* The young man's fame was ever fair and honest.

*Volt.* So much more full of danger is his vice,

That can beguile so under shade of virtue. But, as I said, my honoured sires, his father

Having this settled purpose, by what means

To him betrayed, we know not, and this day

Appointed for the deed; that parricide, I cannot style him better, by confederacy

Preparing this his paramour to be there,

Entered Volpone's house (who was the man,  
Your fatherhoods must understand, designed  
For the inheritance), there sought his father:—  
But with what purpose sought he him, my lords?  
I tremble to pronounce it, that a son  
Unto a father, and to such a father,  
Should have so foul, felonious intent!  
It was to murder him: when being prevented  
By his more happy absence, what then did he?  
Not check his wicked thoughts; no, now new deeds;  
(Mischief doth never end where it begins)<sup>1</sup>  
An act of horror, fathers! he dragged forth  
The aged gentleman that had there lain bed-rid  
Three years and more, out of his innocent couch,  
Naked upon the floor, there left him; wounded  
His servant in the face; and with this strumpet,  
The stale to his forged practice, who was glad  
To be so active,—(I shall here desire  
Your fatherhoods to note but my collections,  
As most remarkable,—) thought at once to stop  
His father's ends, discredit his free choice  
In the old gentleman, redeem themselves,  
By laying infamy upon this man,  
To whom, with blushing, they should owe their lives.  
1 *Avoc.* What proofs have you of this?  
*Bon.* Most honoured fathers,  
I humbly crave there be no credit given  
To this man's mercenary tongue.  
2 *Avoc.* Forbear.  
*Bon.* His soul moves in his fee.  
3 *Avoc.* O, sir.  
*Bon.* This fellow,  
For six sols more would plead against his Maker.

<sup>1</sup> (*Mischief doth ever end where it begins*)  
But the reverse of this seems the truer remark,  
and what he intended to say—namely, that mischief  
does not stop where it first began, or set out.  
So that, notwithstanding the authority of the old  
copies, it is probable we should read:

"*Mischief doth never end where it begins.*"  
WHEAL

1 *Avoc.* You do forget  
*Volt.* Nay, nay, grave  
Let him have scope: can  
That he will spare his account, <sup>imagine</sup> would  
not  
Have spared his parent?  
1 *Avoc.* Well, produce your proofs.  
*Cel.* I would I could forget I were a creature.  
*Volt.* Signior Corbaccio!  
[*Corbaccio comes forward.*]  
4 *Avoc.* What is he?  
*Volt.* The father.  
2 *Avoc.* Has he had an oath?  
*Not.* Yes.  
*Corb.* What must I do now?  
*Not.* Your testimony's craved.  
*Corb.* Speak to the knave?  
I'll have my mouth first stopt with earth;  
my heart  
Abhors his knowledge: I disclaim in him.  
1 *Avoc.* But for what cause?  
*Corb.* The mere portent of nature!  
He is an utter stranger to my loins.  
*Bon.* Have they made you to this?<sup>2</sup>  
*Corb.* I will not hear thee,  
Monster of men, swine, goat, wolf, parricide!  
Speak not, thou viper.  
*Bon.* Sir, I will sit down,  
And rather wish my innocence should suffer  
Than I resist the authority of a father.  
*Volt.* Signior Corvino!  
[*Corvino comes forward.*]  
2 *Avoc.* This is strange.  
1 *Avoc.* Who's this?  
*Not.* The husband.  
4 *Avoc.* Is he sworn?  
*Not.* He is.  
3 *Avoc.* Speak then.  
*Corv.* This woman, please your fatherhoods, is a whore,  
Of most hot exercise, more than a partrich,<sup>3</sup>  
Upon record—  
1 *Avoc.* No more.  
*Corv.* Neighs like a jennet.  
*Not.* Preserve the honour of the court.

<sup>2</sup> *Have they made you to this?* Wrought you by previous instruction, &c. See p. 287 a.

<sup>3</sup> *More than a partrich,*] The salacious nature of this bird is taken notice of by all the ancient writers of natural history. Thus *Ælian*, L. iii. c. 5. Περδικες δε ακρατορες ειναι αφροδισις. And again, Λαγυριστον δε ο περιδεις και μηχιουσι. *Ibid.* L. vii. c. 19. And *Pliny*, *Nat. Hist.* L. x. c. 33: *Neque in suis animalis par opus libidinis.* &c.—WHEAL.

*Corv.* I shall,  
And modesty of your most reverend ears.  
And yet I hope that I may say, these eyes  
Have seen her glued unto that piece of  
cedar,  
That fine well timbered gallant : and that  
here!  
The letters may be read, thorough the  
horn,  
That make the story perfect.

*Mos.* Excellent ! sir.

*Corv.* There is no shame in this now, is  
there? [*Aside to Mosca.*

*Mos.* None.

*Corv.* O! if I said, I hoped that she  
were onward

To her damnation, if there be a hell  
Greater than whore and woman ; a good  
Catholic

May make the doubt.

3 *Avoc.* His grief hath made him frantic.

1 *Avoc.* Remove him hence.

2 *Avoc.* Look to the woman.

[*Celia swoons.*

*Corv.* Rare !

Prettily feigned again !

4 *Avoc.* Stand from about her.

1 *Avoc.* Give her the air.

3 *Avoc.* What can you say ?

[*To Mosca.*

*Mos.* My wound,

May it please your wisdoms, speaks for  
me, received

In aid of my good patron, when he mist  
His sought-for father, when that well-  
taught dame

Had her cue given her to cry out, A rape !

*Bon.* O most laid impudence !<sup>2</sup> Fathers—

3 *Avoc.* Sir, be silent ;

You had your hearing free, so must they  
theirs.

2 *Avoc.* I do begin to doubt the im-  
posture here.

4 *Avoc.* This woman has too many  
moods.

*Volt.* Grave fathers,

She is a creature of a most profest  
And prostituted lewdness.

*Corv.* Most impetuous,  
Unsatisfied, grave fathers !

*Volt.* May her feignings

<sup>1</sup> And that, her  
to his forehead : t  
to the horn-book of cl.  
are never weary of their  
transparency of these ba  
Thus Shakspeare : " He leek  
dance, and the lightness of his wit  
it."—*Henry IV.* Pt. 2, act 1. sc. 4

Not take your wisdoms : but this day she  
baited

A stranger, a grave knight, with her loose  
eyes,

And more lascivious kisses. This man saw  
them,

Together on the water, in a gondola.

*Mos.* Here is the lady herself, that saw  
them too,

Without ; who then had in the open streets  
Pursued them, but for saving her knight's  
honour.

1 *Avoc.* Produce that lady.

2 *Avoc.* Let her come. [*Exit Mosca.*

4 *Avoc.* These things,  
They strike with wonder.

3 *Avoc.* I am turned a stone.

*Re-enter Mosca with Lady Would-be.*

*Mos.* Be resolute, madam.

*Lady P.* Ay, this same is she.

[*Pointing to Celia.*

Out, thou camelion harlot ! now thine eyes  
Vic tears with the hyæna. Dar'st thou  
look

Upon my wronged face? I cry your  
pardons,

I fear I have forgettingly transgress  
Against the dignity of the court—

2 *Avoc.* No, madam.

*Lady P.* And been exorbitant—

2 *Avoc.* You have not, lady.

4 *Avoc.* These proofs are strong.

*Lady P.* Surely, I had no purpose

To scandalize your honours, or my sex's.

3 *Avoc.* We do believe it.

*Lady P.* Surely you may believe it.

2 *Avoc.* Madam, we do.

*Lady P.* Indeed you may ; my breeding

Is not so coarse—

4 *Avoc.* We know it.

*Lady P.* To offend

With pertinacy—

3 *Avoc.* Lady---

*Lady P.* Such a presence !

No surely.

1 *Avoc.* We well think it.

*Lady P.* You may think it.

1 *Avoc.* Let her o'ercome.<sup>3</sup> What wit-  
nesses have you,

To make good your report?

<sup>2</sup> O most laid impudence !] i.e., plotted, de-  
signed, well contrived.—*WHAL.*

<sup>3</sup> 1 *Avoc.* Let her o'ercome.] There never  
was a character supported with more propriety  
than this of Lady Would-be. She comes into  
the court in all the violence of passion, and hav-  
ing vented her rage in a hasty epithet or two, re-  
lapses into her usual formality, and begins to

*Bon.* Our consciences.

*Cel.* And heaven, that never fails the innocent.

*4 Avoc.* These are no testimonies.

*Bon.* Not in your courts,  
Where multitude and clamour overcomes.

*1 Avoc.* Nay, then you do wax insolent.

*Re-enter Officers, bearing Volpone  
on a couch.*

*Volt.* Here, here,

The testimony comes that will convince,  
And put to utter dumbness their bold  
tongues!

See here, grave fathers, here's the ravisher,  
The rider on men's wives, the great  
impostor,

The grand voluptuary! Do you not think  
These limbs should affect venery? or these  
eyes

Covet a concubine? pray you mark these  
hands;

Are they not fit to stroke a lady's breasts?  
Perhaps he doth dissemble!

*Bon.* So he does.

*Volt.* Would you have him tortured?

*Bon.* I would have him proved.

*Volt.* Best try him then with goads, or  
burning irons;

Put him to the strappado: I have heard  
The rack hath cured the gout; faith, give  
it him,

And help him of a malady; be courteous.  
I'll undertake, before these honoured  
fathers,

He shall have yet as many left diseases,  
As she has known adulterers, or thou  
strumpets.

O, my most equal hearers, if these deeds,  
Acts of this bold and most exorbitant  
strain,

May pass with sufferance, what one  
citizen

But owes the forfeit of his life, yea, fame,  
To him that dares traduce him? which of  
you

Are safe, my honoured fathers? I would ask,  
With leave of your grave fatherhoods, if  
their plot

Have any face or colour like to truth?

Or if, unto the dullest nostril here,  
It smell not rank, and most abhorred  
slander?

compliment the judges. Tired with her breeding  
and eloquence, they cease to notice her, and  
proceed to the examination of the other parties.

WHALE

I crave your care of this good gentleman,  
Whose life is much endangered by their  
fable;

And as for them, I will conclude with this,  
That vicious persons, when they're hot,  
and fleshed

In impious acts, their constancy abounds:  
Damned deeds are done with greatest con-  
fidence.

*1 Avoc.* Take them to custody, and  
sever them.

*2 Avoc.* 'Tis pity two such prodigies  
should live.

*1 Avoc.* Let the old gentleman be  
returned with care.

[*Exeunt Officers with Volpone.*

I'm sorry our credulity hath wronged him.

*4 Avoc.* These are two creatures!

*3 Avoc.* I've an earthquake in me.

*2 Avoc.* Their shame, even in their  
cradles, fled their faces.

*4 Avoc.* You have done a worthy service  
to the state, sir,

In their discovery. [To *Volt.*

*1 Avoc.* You shall hear, ere night,

What punishment the court decrees upon  
them.

[*Exeunt Avocat. Not. and Officers  
with Bonario and Celia.*

*Volt.* We thank your fatherhoods. How  
like you it?

*Mos.* Rare.

I'd have your tongue, sir, tipt with gold  
for this;

I'd have you be the heir to the whole city;  
The earth I'd have want men ere you  
want living;

They're bound to erect your statue in St.  
Mark's.

Signior Corvino, I would have you go  
And shew yourself that you have con-  
quered.

*Corv.* Yes.

*Mos.* It was much better that you should  
profess

Yourself a cuckold thus, than that the  
other

Should have been proved.

*Corv.* Nay, I considered that:

Now it is her fault.

*Mos.* Then it had been yours.

*Corv.* True: I do not think this advocate

*M*

You

ease you of that

*C*

*A*

*C*

*Mosca.* [Exit.  
own soul, sir.  
a!

*Mos.* Now for your business, sir.

*Corb.* How! have you business?

*Mos.* Yes, yours, sir.

*Corb.* O, none else.

*Mos.* None else, not I.

*Corb.* Be careful then.

*Mos.* Rest you with both your eyes, sir.

*Corb.* Dispatch it.

*Mos.* Instantly.

*Corb.* And look that all,

Whatever, be put in, jewels, plate, moneys,  
Household stuff, bedding, curtains.

*Mos.* Curtain-rings, sir:

Only the advocate's fee must be deducted.

*Corb.* I'll pay him now; you'll be too prodigal.

*Mos.* Sir, I must tender it.

*Corb.* Two chequines is well.

*Mos.* No, six, sir.

*Corb.* 'Tis too much.

*Mos.* He talked a great while;

You must consider that, sir.

*Corb.* Well, there's three—

*Mos.* I'll give it him.

*Corb.* Do so, and there's for thee.

*Mos.* Bountiful bones! What horrid  
strange offence

Did he commit 'gainst nature,<sup>1</sup> in his  
youth,

Worthy this age? [*Aside.*] You see, sir,  
[*to Volt.*] how I work

Unto your ends; take you no notice.

*Volt.* No,

I'll leave you.

[*Exit.*]

*Mos.* All is yours, the devil and all:

Good advocate!—Madam, I'll bring you  
home.

*Lady P.* No, I'll go see your patron.

*Mos.* That you shall not:

I'll tell you why. My purpose is to urge  
My patron to reform his will; and for

The zeal you have shewn to-day, whereas  
before

You were but third or fourth, you shall be  
now

Put in the first; which would appear as  
begged

If you were present. Therefore—

*Lady P.* You shall sway me. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Volpone's House.*

*Enter Volpone.*

*Volp.* Well, I am here, and all this brunt<sup>t</sup>  
is past.

I ne'er was in dislike with my disguise

Till this fled moment: here 'twas good, in  
private;

But in your public,—*cave* whilst I breathe.  
'Fore God, my left leg 'gan to have the

cramp,

And I apprehended straight some power  
had struck me

With a dead palsy.<sup>2</sup> Well! I must be  
merry,

And shake it off. A many of these fears

Would put me into some villainous disease,  
Should they come thick upon me: I'll pre-

vent 'em.

Give me a bowl of lusty wine, to fright

This humour from my heart. [*Drinks.*]  
Hum, hum, hum!

'Tis almost gone already; I shall conquer.  
Any device now of rare ingenious knavery,

That would possess me with a violent  
laughter,

Would make me up again. [*Drinks again.*]  
So, so, so, so!

This heat is life; 'tis blood by this time:—  
Mosca!

<sup>1</sup> *What strange offence  
Did he commit 'gainst nature, &c.]*

*"Cur hæc in tempore duret?  
Quod facinus dignum tam longo admiserit  
ævo."—Juv. Sat. 10.*

There are other imitations of Juvenal in this  
scene, which, like this, are all sufficiently  
obvious.

<sup>2</sup> *'Fore God, my left leg 'gan to have the  
cramp,*

*And I apprehended straight some power had  
struck me*

*With a dead palsy.]* Alluding to a piece of  
ancient superstition, that all sudden conster-  
nation of mind, and sudden pains of the body,  
such as cramps, palpitations of the heart, &c.,  
were ominous, and presages of evil. Hence we

may explain, as Mr. Upton remarks, a passage  
in Plautus's *Miles Gloriosus*:

*"Schel. Timeo quod rerum gesserim hic, ita  
dorsus totus prurit."*

And in his *Bacchides*, Nicobulus says, "*Caput  
prurit, perit.*"—WHAL.

This note, the whole of which Whalley took  
from Upton, is carefully retained in his corrected  
copy. That two men of learning (for Whalley  
was also a scholar) should fall into such absurdi-  
ties, is truly pitiable. Volpone, by lying so long  
immovable in his constrained situation, naturally  
begins to feel the cramp: this, his fears, magni-  
fied by his guilt, represent as the commencement  
of a divine punishment. Such is the plain sense  
of the passage.

*Enter Mosca.*

*Mos.* How now, sir? does the day look clear again?

Are we recovered, and wrought out of error,

Into our way, to see our path before us?

Is our trade free once more?

*Volp.* Exquisite Mosca!

*Mos.* Was it not carried learnedly?

*Volp.* And stoutly:

Good wits are greatest in extremities.

*Mos.* It were a folly beyond thought to trust

Any grand act unto a cowardly spirit:

You are not taken with it enough, methinks.

*Volp.* O, more than if I had enjoyed the wench:

The pleasure of all woman-kind's not like it.

*Mos.* Why, now you speak, sir. We must here be fixed;

Here we must rest; this is our masterpiece;

We cannot think to go beyond this.

*Volp.* True,

Thou hast played thy prize, my precious Mosca.

*Mos.* Nay, sir,

To gull the court——

*Volp.* And quite divert the torrent

Upon the innocent.

*Mos.* Yes, and to make

So rare a music out of discords——

*Volp.* Right.

That yet to me's the strangest, how thou hast borne it!

That these, being so divided 'mongst themselves,

Should not scent somewhat, or in me or thee,

Or doubt their own side.

*Mos.* True, they will not see't.

Too much light blinds them, I think. Each of them

Is so possess<sup>1</sup> and stuff with his own hopes

<sup>1</sup> *Each of them*

*Is so possess, &c.*] These touches are skilful in the extreme. They are natural in the speaker, and at the same time the best explanation and defence of the plot of the drama.

*I looked still*

*When he would shift a shirt;*] Through the violence of action accompanying his eloquence. The modern Italian preachers are known to use great vehemence of gesture in their declamatory harangues; and perhaps it may be equally so with the advocates at the bar. Nor was it otherwise with the advocates of old: the death

That anything unto the contrary, Never so true, or never so apparent, Never so palpable, they will resist it——

*Volp.* Like a temptation of the devil.

*Mos.* Right, sir.

Merchants may talk of trade, and your great signiors

Of land that yields well; but if Italy

Have any glebe more fruitful than these fellows,

I am deceived. Did not your advocate rare?

*Volp.* O——“My most honoured fathers, my grave fathers,

Under correction of your fatherhoods,

What face of truth is here? If these strange deeds

May pass, most honoured fathers'——I had much ado

To forbear laughing.

*Mos.* It seemed to me, you sweat, sir.

*Volp.* In troth, I did a little.

*Mos.* But confess, sir,

Were you not daunted?

*Volp.* In good faith, I was

A little in a mist, but not dejected;

Never but still myself.

*Mos.* I think it, sir.

Now, so truth help me, I must needs say this, sir,

And out of conscience for your advocate,

He has taken pains, in faith, sir, and deserved,

In my poor judgment, I speak it under favour,

Not to contrary you, sir, very richly——

Well—to be cozened.

*Volp.* Troth, and I think so too,

By that I heard him in the latter end.

*Mos.* O, but before, sir: had you heard him first

Draw it to certain heads, then aggravate,

Then use his vehement figures——I looked still

When he would shift a shirt;<sup>2</sup> and doing this

Out of pure love, no hope of gain——

of the great orator Hortensius was occasioned by a cold he got, after pleading with his usual energy and warmth in behalf of a client.—  
WHAL.

Could Whalley have heard the Neapolitan “advocates” of the present day plead the cause of an ass-driver or a basket-woman, where the value of the whole matter in dispute (grapes or apples) frequently falls short of threepence, he would have found his conjecture amply verified. The fees which stimulate the supernatural exertions of these “poor rags” of the law are not unworthy of the magnificent questions agi-

*Volp.* 'Tis right.

I cannot answer him Mosca, as I would,  
Not yet ; but for thy sake, at thy entreaty,  
I will begin, even now—to vex them all,  
This very instant.

*Mos.* Good sir.

*Volp.* Call the dwarf  
And eunuch forth.

*Mos.* Castrone, Nano !

*Enter Castrone and Nano.*

*Nano.* Here.

*Volp.* Shall we have a jig now ?<sup>1</sup>

*Mos.* What you please, sir.

*Volp.* Go,  
Straight give out about the streets, you  
two,

That I am dead ; do it with constancy,  
Sadly, do you hear ?<sup>2</sup> impute it to the grief  
Of this late slander.

[*Exeunt Cast. and Nano.*]

*Mos.* What do you mean, sir ?

*Volp.* O,

I shall have instantly my Vulture, Crow,  
Raven, come flying hither, on the news,  
To peck for carrion, my she-wolf, and all,  
Greedy, and full of expectation—

*Mos.* And then to have it ravished from  
their mouths !

*Volp.* 'Tis true. I will have thee put on  
a gown,  
And take upon thee, as thou wert mine  
heir ;

Shew them a Will. Open that chest, and  
reach

Forth one of those that has the blanks ; I'll  
straight

Put in thy name.

*Mos.* It will be rare, sir.

[*Gives him a paper.*]

*Volp.* Ay,

When they ev'n gape, and find themselves  
deluded—

*Mos.* Yes.

*Volp.* And thou use them scurvily !

Dispatch, get on thy gown.

*Mos.* [*Putting on a gown.*] But what,  
sir, if they ask

After the body ?

*Volp.* Say, it was corrupted.

*Mos.* I'll say it stunk, sir ; and was fain  
to have it

Coffined up instantly, and sent away.

*Volp.* Anything ; what thou wilt. Hold,  
here's my Will.

Get thee a cap, a count-book, pen and ink,  
Papers afore thee ; sit as thou wert taking  
An inventory of parcels : I'll get up  
Behind the curtain, on a stool, and hearken :  
Sometime peep over, see how they do look,  
With what degrees their blood doth leave  
their faces.

O, 'twill afford me a rare meal of laughter !  
*Mos.* [*Putting on a cap, and setting out  
the table, &c.*] Your advocate will turn  
stark dull upon it.

*Volp.* It will take off his oratory's edge.

*Mos.* But your clarissimo, old round-  
back, he

Will crump you like a hog-louse, with the  
touch.

*Volp.* And what Corvino ?

*Mos.* O, sir, look for him,

To-morrow morning, with a rope and dag-  
ger,

To visit all the streets ; he must run mad,  
My lady too, that came into the court,  
To bear false witness for your worship—

*Volp.* Yes,

And kissed me 'fore the fathers, when my  
face

Flowed all with oils—

*Mos.* And sweat, sir. Why, your gold  
Is such another med'cine, it dries up

All those offensive savours : it transforms  
The most deformed, and restores them  
lovely,

As 'twere the strange poetical girdle.<sup>3</sup> Jove  
Could not invent t' himself a shroud more  
subtle

To pass Acrisius' guards. It is the thing  
Makes all the world her grace, her youth,  
her beauty.

*Volp.* I think she loves me.

*Mos.* Who ? the lady, sir ?

She's jealous of you.

*Volp.* Dost thou say so ?

[*Knocking within.*]

tated. The *siccus petasunculus et vas Pelami-  
dum*, which, in Juvenal's days, rewarded the toil  
and skill of their learned predecessors, are now  
seldom heard of. The joint labours of the whole  
fraternity would scarce'y be estimated at the  
price of the humblest of such dainties.

<sup>1</sup> *Shall we have a jig now ?*] A piece of low  
humour, a farce ; such as that which he imme-  
diately proposes.

<sup>2</sup> *Sadly, do you hear ?*] Not scrowfully ; but

with a confirmed and *serious* countenance. See  
p. 236 a.

*It transforms*

*The most deformed, and restores them lovely,  
As 'twere the strange poetical girdle.*] This  
is from the dialogue of Lucian, already quoted :  
Μεταποιεῖ τοὺς ἀμορφότερους ὡς περ ὁ ποιητικὸς  
ἐκεῖνος κερτός.—WHAL.

The allusion in the next line is to the well-  
known fable of Danaë, the daughter of Acrisius.

*Mos.* Hark,  
There's some already.

*Volp.* Look.

*Mos.* It is the Vulture;  
He has the quickest scent.

*Volp.* I'll to my place,  
Thou to thy posture.

[Goes behind the curtain.]

*Mos.* I am set.

*Volp.* But, Mosca,  
Play the artificer now, torture them rarely.

*Enter Voltore.*

*Volt.* How now, my Mosca?

*Mos.* [writing.] "Turkey carpets,  
nine——"

*Volt.* Taking an inventory! that is well.

*Mos.* "Two suits of bedding, tissue——"

*Volt.* Where's the Will.  
Let me read that the while.

*Enter Servants with Corbaccio in a chair.*

*Corb.* So, set me down,  
And get you home. [Exeunt Servants.]

*Volt.* Is he come now, to trouble us!

*Mos.* "Of cloth of gold, two more——"

*Corb.* Is it done, Mosca?

*Mos.* "Of several velvets, eight——"

*Volt.* I like his care.

*Corb.* Dost thou not hear?

*Enter Corvino.*

*Corv.* Ha! is the hour come, Mosca?

*Volp.* [peeping over the curtain.] Ay,  
now they muster.

*Corv.* What does the advocate here,  
Or this Corbaccio?

*Corb.* What do these here?

*Enter Lady Pol. Would-be.*

*Lady P.* Mosca!  
Is his thread spun?

*Mos.* "Eight chests of linen——"

*Volp.* O,  
My fine Dame Would-be, too!

*Corv.* Mosca, the Will,  
That I may shew it these, and rid them  
hence.

*Mos.* "Six chests of diaper, four of  
damask."—There.

[Gives them the Will carelessly,  
over his shoulder.]

*Corb.* Is that the Will?

*Mos.* "Down-beds, and bolsters——"

*Volp.* Rare!

Be busy still. Now they begin to flutter:  
They never think of me. Look, see, see,  
see!

How their swift eyes run over the long  
deed,

Unto the name, and to the legacies,  
What is bequeathed them there——

*Mos.* "Ten suits of hangings——"

*Volp.* Ay, in their garters, Mosca. Now  
their hopes  
Are at the gasp.

*Volt.* Mosca the heir!

*Corb.* What's that?

*Volp.* My advocate is dumb; look to  
my merchant,

He has heard of some strange storm, a  
ship is lost,

He faints; my lady will swoon. Old  
glazen-eyes,

He hath not reached his despair yet.

*Corb.* All these

Are out of hope; I am, sure, the man.

[Takes the Will.]

*Corv.* But, Mosca——

*Mos.* "Two cabinets——"

*Corv.* Is this in earnest?

*Mos.* "One  
Of ebony——"

*Corv.* Or do you but delude me?

*Mos.* "The other, mother of pearl"—  
I am very busy.

Good faith, it is a fortune thrown upon  
me——

"Item, one salt of agate"—not my seek-  
ing.

*Lady P.* Do you hear, sir?

*Mos.* "A perfumed box"—Pray you  
forbear,

You see I'm troubled—"made of an  
onyx——"

*Lady P.* How!

*Mos.* To-morrow or next day, I shall be  
at leisure

To talk with you all.

*Corv.* Is this my large hope's issue?

*Lady P.* Sir, I must have a fairer answer.

*Mos.* Madam!

Marry, and shall: pray you, fairly quit my  
house.

Nay, raise no tempest with your looks;  
but hark you,

Remember what your ladyship offered me  
To put you in an heir; go to, think on it:  
And what you said e'en your best madams  
did

For maintenance; and why not you?  
Enough.

Go home, and use the poor Sir Pol, your  
knight, well,

For fear I tell some riddles; go, be melan-  
choly.

[Exit Lady Would-be.

*Volp.* O, my fine devil!

*Corv.* Mosca, pray you a word.

*Mos.* Lord! will not you take your dis-  
patch hence yet?

Methinks, of all, you should have been the  
example.

Why should you stay here? with what  
thought, what promise?

Hear you; do you not know, I know you  
an ass,

And that you would most fain have been a  
witto!

If fortune would have let you? that you are  
A declared cuckold, on good terms? This  
pearl,

You'll say, was yours? right: this diamond?  
I'll not deny 't, but thank you. Much here  
else?

It may be so. Why, think that these good  
works

May help to hide your bad. I'll not be-  
tray you;

Although you be but extraordinary,  
And have it only in title, it sufficeth:

Go home, be melancholy too, or mad.

[Exit Corvino.

*Volp.* Rare Mosca! how his villainy be-  
comes him!

*Volp.* Certain he doth delude all these  
for me.

*Corb.* Mosca the heir!

*Volp.* O, his four eyes have found it.

*Corb.* I am cozened, cheated, by a para-  
site slave;

Harlot, thou hast gulled me.

*Mos.* Yes, sir. Stop your mouth,

Or I shall draw the only tooth is left.

Are not you he, that filthy covetous wretch,  
With the three legs, that here, in hope of prey,  
Have, any time this three years, snuffed  
about,

With your most grovelling nose, and would  
have hired

Me to the poisoning of my patron, sir:

Are not you he that have to-day in court

Professed the disinheriting of your son?

Perjured yourself? Go home, and die, and  
stink;

If you but croak a syllable, all comes out:  
Away, and call your porters! [Exit Cor-  
baccio.] Go, go, stink.

*Volp.* Excellent varlet!

*Volp.* Now, my faithful Mosca,

I find thy constancy—

*Mos.* Sir!

*Volp.* Sincere.

*Mos.* [writing.] "A table  
Of porphyry"—I marle you'll be thus  
troublesome.

*Volp.* Nay, leave off now, they are gone.

*Mos.* Why, who are you?

What! who did send for you? O, cry you  
mercy,

Reverend sir! Good faith, I am grieved  
for you,

That any chance of mine should thus de-  
feat

Your (I must needs say) most deserving  
travails:

But I protest, sir, it was cast upon me,

And I could almost wish to be without it,

But that the will o' the dead must be ob-  
served.

Marry, my joy is that you need it not;

You have a gift, sir (thank your education),

Will never let you want, while there are  
men,

And malice, to breed causes. Would I  
had

But half the like, for all my fortune, sir!

If I have any suits, as I do hope,

Things being so easy and direct, I shall  
not,

I will make bold with your obstreperous  
aid,

Conceive me,—for your fee, sir. In mean  
time,

You that have so much law, I know have  
the conscience

Not to be covetous of what is mine.

Good sir, I thank you for my plate; 'twill  
help

To set up a young man. Good faith, you  
look

As you were covetive; best go home and  
purge, sir. [Exit Voltore.]

*Volp.* [comes from behind the curtain.]  
Bid him eat lettuce well.<sup>1</sup> My witty  
mischief,

<sup>1</sup> Bid him eat lettuce well.]—as a soporific.  
"Did I eat any lettuce to supper last night,  
that I am so sleepy?"—Green's *Tu Quoque*.  
And Pope:

"If your point be rest,  
Lettuce, and cowslip-wine; probatum est."

Let me embrace thee. O that I could now Transform thee to a Venus!—Mosca, go, Straight take my habit of clarissimo, And walk the streets; be seen, torment them more:

We must pursue, as well as plot. Who would

Have lost this feast?

*Mos.* I doubt it will lose them.

*Volp.* O, my recovery shall recover all.

That I could now but think on some disguise

To meet them in, and ask them questions; How I would vex them still at every turn!

*Mos.* Sir, I can fit you.

*Volp.* Canst thou?

*Mos.* Yes, I know

One o' the commandadori, sir, so like you; Him will I straight make drunk, and bring you his habit.

*Volp.* A rare disguise, and answering thy brain!

O, I will be a sharp disease unto them.

*Mos.* Sir, you must look for curses—

*Volp.* Till they burst;

The Fox fares ever best when he is curst. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*A Hall in Sir Politick's House.*

*Enter Peregrine disguised, and three Merchants.*

*Per.* Am I enough disguised?

*1 Mer.* I warrant you.

*Per.* All my ambition is to fright him only.

*2 Mer.* If you could ship him away, 'twere excellent.

*3 Mer.* To Zant, or to Aleppo!

*Per.* Yes, and have his Adventures put i' the Book of Voyages,<sup>1</sup> And his gulled story registered for truth. Well, gentlemen, when I am in a while, And that you think us warm in our discourse,

Know your approaches.

*1 Mer.* Trust it to our care.

[Exit Merchants.]

*Enter Waiting-woman.*

*Per.* Save you, fair lady! Is Sir Pol within?

*Wom.* I do not know, sir.

*Per.* Pray you say unto him

Here is a merchant, upon earnest business, Desires to speak with him.

*Wom.* I will see, sir. [Exit.

*Per.* Pray you.

I see the family is all female here.

*Re-enter Waiting-woman.*

*Wom.* He says, sir, he has weighty affairs of state,

That now require him whole; some other time

You may possess him.

*Per.* Pray you say again,

If those require him whole, these will exact him,

Whereof I bring him tidings. [Exit Woman.] What might be

His grave affair of state now! how to make

Bolognian sausages here in Venice, sparing One o' the ingredients?

*Re-enter Waiting-woman.*

*Wom.* Sir, he says, he knows

By your word *tidings*,<sup>2</sup> that you are no statesman,

And therefore wills you stay.

*Per.* Sweet, pray you return him;

I have not read so many proclamations, And studied them for words, as he has done—

But—here he deigns to come.

[Exit Woman.]

*Enter Sir Politick.*

*Sir P.* Sir, I must crave

Your courteous pardon. There hath chanced to-day

Unkind disaster 'twixt my lady and me;

And I was penning my apology,

To give her satisfaction, as you came now.

*Per.* Sir, I am grieved I bring you worse disaster:

<sup>1</sup> *In the Book of Voyages.*] I know not what particular book Jonson had in view here, unless he may be thought to allude to the early volumes of Hakluyt, a man never to be mentioned without praise and veneration. Collections of voyages, however, were sufficiently numerous in the poet's time, when they formed the delight of all classes of people; many of them too contained "stories"

not only "registered" but received "for truth," altogether as extravagant as this ridiculous adventure of Sir Politick's, which had nothing in it to shock the taste, or even to tax the credulity of our forefathers.

<sup>2</sup> *By your word tidings.*] The state term, I presume, was *intelligence*. *Tidings*, Sir Pol seems to consider as a mercantile or city phrase.

The gentleman you met at the port to-day,

That told you he was newly arrived——

*Sir P.* Ay, was

A fugitive punk?

*Per.* No, sir, a spy set on you:

And he has made relation to the senate,

That you profest to him to have a plot

To sell the State of Venice to the Turk.

*Sir P.* O me!

*Per.* For which warrants are signed by this time,

To apprehend you, and to search your study

For papers——

*Sir P.* Alas, sir, I have none, but notes

Drawn out of play-books——

*Per.* All the better, sir.

*Sir P.* And some essays. What shall I do?

*Per.* Sir, best

Convey yourself into a sugar-chest:

Or, if you could lie round, a frail<sup>1</sup> were rare.

And I could send you aboard.

*Sir P.* Sir, I but talked so,

For discourse sake merely.

[*Knocking within.*]

*Per.* Hark! they are there.

*Sir P.* I am a wretch, a wretch!

*Per.* What will you do, sir?

Have you ne'er a currant-butt to leap into?

They'll put you to the rack; you must be sudden.

*Sir P.* Sir, I have an ingine——

*3 Mer.* [*within.*] Sir Politick Would-be!

*2 Mer.* [*within.*] Where is he?

*Sir P.* That I have thought upon before time.

*Per.* What is it?

*Sir P.* I shall ne'er endure the torture.

Marry, it is, sir, of a tortoise-shell,

Fitted for these extremities: pray you, sir, help me.

Here I've a place, sir, to put back my legs, Please you to lay it on, sir, [*Lies down while Per. places the shell upon him.*]

—with this cap,

And my black gloves. I'll lie, sir, like a tortoise,

Till they are gone.

*Per.* And call you this an ingine?

*Sir P.* Mine own device——Good sir, bid my wife's women To burn my papers. [*Exit Per.*]

*The three Merchants rush in.*

*1 Mer.* Where is he hid?

*3 Mer.* We must, And will sure find him.

*2 Mer.* Which is his study?

*Re-enter Peregrine.*

*1 Mer.* What

Are you, sir?

*Per.* I am a merchant, that came here

To look upon this tortoise?

*3 Mer.* How!

*1 Mer.* St. Mark!

What beast is this?

*Per.* It is a fiend

*2 Mer.* C. . . . . are!

*Per.* Nay . . . . . strike him, sir, and

. . . . . nim:

. . . . . a cart.

*Mer.* What, to run over him?

*Per.* Yes, sir.

*3 Mer.* Let's jump upon him.

*2 Mer.* Can he not go?

*Per.* He creeps, sir.

*1 Mer.* Let's see him creep.

*Per.* No, good sir, you will hurt him.

*2 Mer.* Heart, I will see him creep, or prick his guts.

*3 Mer.* Come out here!

*Per.* Pray you, sir.—Creep a little.

[*Aside to Sir Pol.*]

*1 Mer.* Forth.

*2 Mer.* Yet farther.

*Per.* Good sir!—Creep.

*2 Mer.* We'll see his legs.

[*They pull off the shell and discover him.*]

*3 Mer.* Ods so, he has garters!

*1 Mer.* Ay, and gloves!

*2 Mer.* Is this

Your fearful tortoise?

*Per.* [*discovering himself.*] Now, Sir Pol, we are even;

For your next project I shall be prepared: I am sorry for the funeral of your notes, sir.

*1 Mer.* 'Twere a rare motion to be seen in Fleet-street.<sup>2</sup>

*2 Mer.* Ay, in the Term.

<sup>1</sup> A frail *were rare*,] A rush-basket in which raisins and figs are usually packed.—WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> 'Twere a rare motion to be seen in Fleet-street.] Where exhibitions of this nature were usually made (see p. 87 a), and where not

improbably some such "fearful tortoise," half natural and half artificial, was at this very instant abusing the credulous curiosity of the worthy citizens and their wives. There is a pleasant incident of this kind in *The City Match*.

1 *Mer.* Or Smithfield, in the fair.

3 *Mer.* Methinks 'tis but a melancholy sight.

*Per.* Farewell, most politic tortoise!  
[*Exeunt Per. and Merchants.*]

*Re-enter Waiting-woman.*

*Sir P.* Where's my lady?  
Knows she of this?

*Wom.* I know not, sir.

*Sir P.* Enquire.—

O, I shall be the fable of all feasts,  
The freight of the gazetti,<sup>1</sup> ship-boys' tale;  
And, which is worst, even talk for ordinaries.

*Wom.* My lady's come most melancholy home,  
And says, sir, she will straight to sea, for physic.

*Sir P.* And I, to shun this place and clime for ever,  
Creeping with house and think it well

To shirk my poor head in my . . .

SCENE III.—*A Room in Volpone's House.*

*Enter Mosca in the habit of a clarissimo, and Volpone in that of a commandadore.*

*Volp.* Am I then like him?

*Mos.* O, sir, you are he:

No man can sever you,

*Volp.* Good.

*Mos.* But what am I?

*Volp.* 'Fore heaven, a brave clarissimo;  
thou becom'st it!

Pity thou wert not born one.

*Mos.* If I hold

My made one, 'twill be well. [*Aside.*]

*Volp.* I'll go and see

What news first at the court. [*Exit.*]

*Mos.* Do so. My Fox

Is out of his hole, and ere he shall re-enter,  
I'll make him languish in his borrowed case,

Except he come to composition with me.—  
*Androgyno, Castrone, Nano!*

*Enter Androgyno, Castrone, and Nano.*

*All.* Here,

*Mos.* Go, recreate yourselves abroad;  
go, sport.— [*Exeunt.*]

So, now I have the keys, and am possesser.  
Since he will needs be dead afore his time,  
I'll bury him, or gain by him: I am his heir,  
And so will keep me, till he share at least.  
To cozen him of all, were but a cheat  
Well placed; no man would construe it a sin:

Let his sport pay for 't. This is called the  
Fox-trap. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

*Enter Corbaccio and Corvino.*

*Corb.* They say the court is set.

*Corv.* We must maintain  
Our first tale good, for both our reputations.

*Corb.* Why, mine's no tale: my son  
would there have killed me.

*Corv.* That's true, I had forgot:—mine  
is, I'm sure. [*Aside.*]

But for your Will, sir.

*Corb.* Ay, I'll come upon him  
For that hereafter, now his patron's dead.

*Enter Volpone.*

*Volp.* Signior Corvino! and Corbaccio!  
sir,

Much joy unto you.

*Corv.* Of what?

*Volp.* The sudden good

Dropt down upon you—

*Corb.* Where?

*Volp.* And none knows how,  
From old Volpone, sir.

*Corb.* Out, arrant knave!

*Volp.* Let not your too much wealth, sir,  
make you furious,

*Corb.* Away, thou varlet.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The freight of the gazetti,* i.e., the subject of the newspapers. This whole scene, says Upton, seems to be impertinent; and to interrupt the story. It is not indeed very intimately connected with the main plot; yet it is not altogether without its use. Jonson wanted time for Mosca to make "the commandadore drunk," and "procure his habit" for Volpone; and it does not appear that he could have filled up the interval more pleasantly in any other manner. For the rest, this little interlude (it is no more) is entitled to a considerable degree of praise. The

satire is strong and well directed. Sir Politick is a very amusing piece of importance, and may be styled the prototype of all our travelled politicians; and it would be an absolute defect of understanding, to place any of the *precieuses ridicules* of our own stage, or even that of France (more happy in such characters), by the side of the "Fine Lady Would-be."

<sup>2</sup> *Away, thou varlet.* This term in Jonson's time was commonly applied to serjeants at mace. (It should be recollected that Volpone is disguised like an officer of the court.) Originally

*Volp.* Why, sir?

*Corb.* Dost thou mock me?

*Volp.* You mock the world, sir; did you not change Wills?

*Corb.* Out, harlot!

*Volp.* O! belike you are the man, Signior Corvino? faith, you carry it well; You grow not mad withal; I love your spirit:

You are not over-leavened with your fortune.

You should have some would swell now, like a wine-fat,

With such an autumn—Did he give you all, sir?

*Corv.* Avoid, you rascal!

*Volp.* Troth, your wife has shown Herself a very woman; but you are well, You need not care, you have a good estate, To bear it out, sir, better by this chance: Except Corbaccio have a share.

*Corb.* Hence, varlet.

*Volp.* You will not be acknown, sir; why, 'tis wise.

Thus do all gamesters, at all games, dissemble:

No man will seem to win. [*Exeunt Corvino and Corbaccio.*] Here comes my vulture,

Heaving his beak up in the air, and snuffing.

*Enter Voltore.*

*Volp.* Outstript thus, by a parasite! a slave,

Would run on errands, and make legs for crumbs

Well, what I'll do—

*Volp.* The court stays for your worship. I e'en rejoice, sir, at your worship's happiness,

And that it fell into so learned hands, That understand the fingering—

*Volp.* What do you mean?

*Volp.* I mean to be a suitor to your worship,

For the small tenement, out of reparations, That, at the end of your long row of houses, By the Piscaria: it was, in Volpone's time, Your predecessor, ere he grew diseased, A handsome, pretty, customed bawdy-house As any was in Venice, none dispraised;

But fell with him: his body and that house Decayed together.

*Volp.* Come, sir, leave your prating.

*Volp.* Why, if your worship give me but your hand,

That I may have the refusal, I have done. 'Tis a mere toy to you, sir; candle-rents; As your learned worship knows—

*Volp.* What do I know?

*Volp.* Marry, no end of your wealth, sir; God decrease it!

*Volp.* Mistaking knave! what, mock'st thou my misfortune? [*Exit.*]

*Volp.* His blessing on your heart, sir; would 'twere more!—

Now to my first again, at the next corner.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Street.*

*Enter Corbaccio and Corvino;—Mosca passes over the Stage, before them.*

*Corb.* See, in our habit! see the impudent varlet!

*Corv.* That I could shoot mine eyes at him, like gun-stones!

*Enter Volpone.*

*Volp.* But is this true, sir, of the parasite?

*Corb.* Again, to afflict us! monster!

*Volp.* In good faith, sir,

I'm heartily grieved, a beard of your grave length

Should be so over-reached. I never brooked That parasite's hair; methought his nose should cozen:

There still was somewhat in his look, did promise

The bane of a clarissimo.

*Corb.* Knave—

*Volp.* Methinks

Yet you, that are so traded in the world, A witty merchant, the fine bird, Corvino,

That have such moral emblems on your name,

Should not have sung your shame, and dropt your cheese,

To let the Fox laugh at your emptiness.

*Corv.* Sirrah, you think the privilege of the place,

it signified a knight's follower, or personal attendant. Harlot, which occurs just after, had probably once the same meaning. When the word first became (like *knave*) a term of reproach, it was appropriated solely to males: in our days it was applied indiscriminately to sexes; though without any determinate

import; and it was not till long afterwards that it was restricted to females, and to the sense which it now bears. To derive harlot from Arlotta, the mistress of the Duke of Normandy, is ridiculous. If it be not the same word as varlet, its most likely derivation is from *carl*, or *churl*, of which it appears to be a diminutive.

And your red saucy cap, that seems to me  
Nailed to your jolt-head with those two  
chequines,<sup>1</sup>

Can warrant your abuses; come you hither:  
You shall perceive, sir, I dare beat you;  
approach.

*Volp.* No haste, sir, I do know your  
valour well,

Since you durst publish what you are, sir.

*Corv.* Tarry,

I'd speak with you.

*Volp.* Sir, sir, another time——

*Corv.* Nay, now.

*Volp.* O lord, sir! I were a wise man,  
Would stand the fury of a distracted  
cuckold.

[*As he is running off, re-enter Mosca.*

*Corb.* What, come again!

*Volp.* Upon 'em, Mosca; save me.

*Corb.* The air's infected where he  
breathes.

*Corv.* Let's fly him.

[*Exeunt Corv. and Corb.*

*Volp.* Excellent basilisk! turn upon the  
vulture.

*Enter Voltore.*

*Volp.* Well, flesh-fly, it is summer with  
you now;

Your winter will come on.

*Mos.* Good advocate,

Prithee not rail, nor threaten out of place  
thus;

Thou'lt make a solecism, as madam says.<sup>2</sup>  
Get you a biggin more,<sup>3</sup> your brain breaks  
loose. [*Exit.*

*Volp.* Well, sir.

*Volp.* Would you have me beat the in-  
solent slave,

Throw dirt upon his first good clothes?

*Volp.* This same

Is doubtless some familiar.

*Volp.* Sir, the court,

In troth, stays for you. I am mad, a mule  
That never read Justinian, should get up,  
And ride an advocate. Had you no quirk  
To avoid gullage, sir, by such a creature?  
I hope you do but jest; he has not done it:

'Tis but confederacy to blind the rest.  
You are the heir.

*Volp.* A strange, officious,

Troublesome knave! thou dost torment me.

*Volp.* I know——

It cannot be, sir, that you should be  
cozened;

'Tis not within the wit of man to do it;

You are so wise, so prudent; and 'tis fit

That wealth and wisdom still should go  
together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Scrutineo or Senate  
House.*

*Enter Avocatori, Notario, Bonario, Celia,  
Corbaccio, Corvino, Commandadori,  
Saffi, &c.*

*1 Avoc.* Are all the parties here?

*Not.* All but the advocate.

*2 Avoc.* And here he comes.

*Enter Voltore and Volpone.*

*1 Avoc.* Then bring them forth to sen-  
tence.

*Volp.* O, my most honoured fathers, let  
your mercy

Once win upon your justice, to forgive——

I am distracted——

*Volp.* What will he do now? [*Aside.*

*Volp.* O,

I know not which to address myself to  
first;

Whether your fatherhoods, or these inno-  
cents——

*Corv.* Will he betray himself? [*Aside.*

*Volp.* Whom equally

I have abused, out of most covetous  
ends——

*Corv.* The man is mad!

*Corb.* What's that?

*Corv.* He is possess.

*Volp.* For which, now struck in con-  
science, here I prostrate

Myself at your offended feet, for pardon.

*1, 2 Avoc.* Arise.

*Cel.* O heaven, how just thou art!

<sup>1</sup> *With those two chequines,*] The dress of a  
commandadore (officer of justice), in which Vol-  
pone was now disguised, consisted of a black stuff  
gown and a red cap with two gilt buttons in front.

<sup>2</sup> *Thou'lt make a solecism, as madam says.*] Referring to what Lady Would-be had said just  
before:

“To perséver,  
In my poor judgment, is not warranted  
From being a solecism in our sex,  
If not in manners.”

<sup>3</sup> *Get you a biggin more;*] A kind of *coif*, or  
nightcap. Our old dramatists usually connect  
it with infancy or old age; though the allusion  
in this place seems to be to the law, the profes-  
sion of Voltore. Thus Mayne:

“One, whom the good old man, his uncle,  
Kept to the Inns of Court, and would in time  
Have made him barrister, and raised him to  
The satin cap and biggin.”—*City Match.*

*Volp.* I am caught  
In mine own noose— [Aside.  
*Corv.* [to Corbaccio.] Be constant, sir;  
nought now  
Can help but impudence.  
*1 Avoc.* Speak forward.  
*Com.* Silence!  
*Volp.* It is not passion in me, reverend  
fathers,  
But only conscience, conscience, my good  
sires,  
That makes me now tell truth. That pa-  
rasite,  
That knave, hath been the instrument of  
all.  
*1 Avoc.* Where is that knave? fetch him.  
*Volp.* I go. [Exit.  
*Corv.* Grave fathers,  
This man's distracted; he confest it now:  
For, hoping to be old Volpone's heir,  
Who now is dead—  
*3 Avoc.* How!  
*2 Avoc.* Is Volpone dead?  
*Corv.* Dead since, grave fathers.  
*Bon.* O sure vengeance!  
*1 Avoc.* Stay,  
Then he was no deceiver.  
*Volp.* O no, none:  
The parasite, grave fathers.  
*Corv.* He does speak  
Out of mere envy, 'cause the servant's made  
The thing he gaped for: please your father-  
hoods,  
This is the truth, though I'll not justify  
The other, but he may be some-deal faulty.  
*Volp.* Ay, to your hopes, as well as mine,  
Corvino:  
But I'll use modesty. Pleaseth your wis-  
doms,  
To view these certain notes, and but con-  
fer them;  
As I hope favour, they shall speak clear  
truth.  
*Corv.* The devil has entered him!  
*Bon.* Or bides in you.  
*4 Avoc.* We have done ill, by a public  
officer  
To send for him, if he be heir.  
*2 Avoc.* For whom?  
*4 Avoc.* Him that they call the parasite.  
*3 Avoc.* 'Tis true,  
He is a man of great estate, now left.  
*4 Avoc.* Go you, and learn his name, and  
say the court  
Entreats his presence here, but to the  
clearing  
Of some few doubts. [Exit Notary.  
*2 Avoc.* This same's a labyrinth!  
*1 Avoc.* Stand you unto your first report?

*Corv.* My state,  
My life, my fame—  
*Bon.* Where is it?  
*Corv.* Are at the stake.  
*1 Avoc.* Is yours so too?  
*Corb.* The advocate's a knave,  
And has a forked tongue—  
*2 Avoc.* Speak to the point.  
*Corb.* So is the parasite too.  
*1 Avoc.* This is confusion.  
*Volp.* I do beseech your fatherhoods,  
read but those—  
[Giving them papers.  
*Corv.* And credit nothing the false spirit  
hath writ:  
It cannot be but he's possess, grave  
fathers. [The scene closes.

## SCENE VII.—A Street.

*Enter Volpone.*

*Volp.* To make a snare for mine own  
neck! and run  
My head into it, wilfully! with laughter!  
When I had newly scaped, was free and  
clear,  
Out of mere wantonness! O, the dull devil  
Was in this brain of mine when I devised it,  
And Mosca gave it second; he must now  
Help to sear up this vein, or we bleed dead.  
*Enter Nano, Androgyno, and Castrone.*  
How now! who let you loose? whither go  
you now?  
What, to buy gingerbread, or to drown kit-  
lings?  
*Nan.* Sir, Master Mosca called us out of  
doors,  
And bid us all go play, and took the keys.  
*And.* Yes.  
*Volp.* Did Master Mosca take the keys?  
why, so!  
I'm farther in. These are my fine con-  
ceits!  
I must be merry, with a mischief to me!  
What a vile wretch was I, that could not  
bear  
My fortune soberly? I must have my  
crotchets,  
And my conundrums! Well, go you, and  
seek him:  
His meaning may be truer than my fear.  
Bid him, he straight come to me to the  
court;  
Thither will I, and, if't be possible,  
Unscrew my advocate, upon new hopes:  
When I provoked him, then I lost myself.  
[Exit

SCENE VIII.—*The Scrutineo, or Senate House.*

Avocatori, Bonario, Celia, Corbaccio, Corvino, Commandadori, Saffi, &c., as before.

1 *Avoc.* These things can ne'er be reconciled. He here

[*Shewing the papers.*  
Professeth that the gentleman was wronged, And that the gentlewoman was brought thither,

Forced by her husband, and there left.

*Volt.* Most true.

*Cel.* How ready is heaven to those that pray!

1 *Avoc.* But that

Volpone would have ravished her, he holds Utterly false, knowing his impotence.

*Corv.* Grave fathers, he's possess; again, I say,

Possess: nay, if there be possession, and Obsession, he has both.<sup>1</sup>

3 *Avoc.* Here comes our officer.

*Enter Volpone.*

*Volt.* The parasite will straight be here, grave fathers.

4 *Avoc.* You might invent some other name, sir varlet.

3 *Avoc.* Did not the notary meet him?

*Volt.* Not that I know.

4 *Avoc.* His coming will clear all.

2 *Avoc.* Yet it is misty.

*Volt.* May't please your fatherhoods—

*Volt.* [*whispers Volt.*] Sir, the parasite Willed me to tell you that his master lives; That you are still the man; your hopes the same;

And this was only a jest—

*Volt.* How?

*Volt.* Sir, to try

If you were firm, and how you stood affected.

*Volt.* Art sure he lives?

*Volt.* Do I live, sir?

<sup>1</sup> *If there be possession, and Obsession, he has both.*] In possession, the evil spirit was supposed to enter the body of the demoniac; in obsession he was thought to besiege and torment him from without.

<sup>2</sup> *He vomits crooked pins! &c.*] This, with what follows, as every one knows, always took place when a person chose to appear bewitched. It is to the praise of Jonson that he lets slip no opportunity of shewing his contempt for the popular opinions on this head; opinions which

*Volt.* O me!

I was too violent.

*Volt.* Sir, you may redeem it.

They said you were possess; fall down, and seem so:

I'll help to make it good. [*Voltaire falls.*]

God bless the man!—

Stop your wind hard, and swell—See, see, see, see!

He vomits crooked pins!<sup>2</sup> his eyes are set, Like a dead hare's hung in a poulter's shop!

His mouth's running away! Do you see, signior?

Now it is in his belly.

*Corv.* Ay, the devil!

*Volt.* Now in his throat.

*Corv.* Ay, I perceive it plain.

*Volt.* 'Twill out, 'twill out! stand clear.

See where it flies,

In shape of a blue toad, with a bat's wings! Do you not see it, sir?

*Corv.* What? I think I do.

*Corv.* 'Tis too manifest.

*Volt.* Look! he comes to himself!

*Volt.* Where am I?

*Volt.* Take good heart, the worst is past, sir.

You are dispossess.

1 *Avoc.* What accident is this!

2 *Avoc.* Sudden, and full of wonder!

3 *Avoc.* If he were

Possess, as it appears, all this is nothing.

*Corv.* He has been often subject to these fits.

1 *Avoc.* Shew him that writing:—do you know it, sir?

*Volt.* [*Whispers Volt.*] Deny it, sir, forswear it; know it not.

*Volt.* Yes, I do know it well, it is my hand;

But all that it contains is false.

*Bon.* O practice!<sup>3</sup>

2 *Avoc.* What maze is this!

1 *Avoc.* Is he not guilty then,

Whom you there name the parasite?

*Volt.* Grave fathers,

No more than his good patron, old Volpone.

in his days indeed were manifested to the destruction of many innocent persons; but which operated, as Puritanism increased in influence and power, with a virulence that took away all security from age and infirmity; and crowded the prisons with bedridden old women, and the courts of justice with victims of ignorance, imposture, and blind and bloody superstition.

<sup>3</sup> *O practice!* i.e., confederacy, concerted fraud. The word is very common in this sense.

4 *Avoc.* Why, he is dead.  
*Volt.* O no, my honoured fathers,  
 He lives—  
 1 *Avoc.* How! lives?  
*Volt.* Lives.  
 2 *Avoc.* This is subtler yet!  
 3 *Avoc.* You said he was dead.  
*Volt.* Never.  
 3 *Avoc.* You said so.  
*Corv.* I heard so.  
 4 *Avoc.* Here comes the gentleman;  
 make him way.

*Enter Mosca.*

3 *Avoc.* A stool.  
 4 *Avoc.* A proper man; and were Vol-  
 pone dead,  
 A fit match for my daughter. [*Aside.*  
 3 *Avoc.* Give him way.  
*Volp.* Mosca, I was almost lost; the ad-  
 vocate  
 Had betrayed all; but now it is recovered;  
 All's on the hinge again—Say I am  
 living. [*Aside to Mos.*  
*Mos.* What busy knave is this!—Most  
 reverend fathers,  
 I sooner had attended your grave plea-  
 sures,  
 But that my order for the funeral  
 Of my dear patron did require me—  
*Volp.* Mosca!  
*Mos.* Whom I intend to bury like a gen-  
 tleman.  
*Volp.* Ay, quick, and cozen me of all.  
 [*Aside.*  
 2 *Avoc.* Still stranger!  
 More intricate!  
 1 *Avoc.* And come about again!  
 4 *Avoc.* It is a match, my daughter is  
 bestowed. [*Aside.*  
*Mos.* Will you give me half?  
 [*Aside to Volp.*  
*Volp.* First I'll be hanged.  
*Mos.* I know  
 Your voice is good, cry not so loud.<sup>1</sup>  
 1 *Avoc.* Demand  
 The advocate.—Sir, did you not affirm  
 Volpone was alive?  
*Volt.* V and he is;  
 Thi told me so.—Thou shalt  
 [*Aside to Mos.*  
 rd is this same?  
 him:

I never saw his face.—I cannot now  
 Afford it you so cheap. [*Aside to Volp.*  
*Volp.* No!  
 1 *Avoc.* What say you?  
*Volt.* The officer told me.  
*Volp.* I did, grave fathers,  
 And will maintain he lives, with mine own  
 life,  
 And that this creature [*points to Mosca*]  
 told me.—I was born  
 With all good stars my enemies. [*Aside.*  
*Mos.* Most grave fathers,  
 If such an insolence as this must pass  
 Upon me, I am silent: 'twas not this  
 For which you sent, I hope.  
 2 *Avoc.* Take him away.  
*Volp.* Mosca!  
 3 *Avoc.* Let him be whipt.  
*Volp.* Wilt thou betray me?  
 Cozen me?  
 3 *Avoc.* And taught to bear himself  
 Toward a person of his rank.  
 4 *Avoc.* Away.  
 [*The Officers seize Volpone.*  
*Mos.* I humbly thank your fatherhoods.  
*Volp.* Soft, soft: Whipt!  
 And lose all that I have! If I confess,  
 It cannot be much more. [*Aside.*  
 4 *Avoc.* Sir, are you married?  
*Volp.* They'll be allied anon; I must be  
 resolute:  
 The Fox shall here uncase.  
 [*Throws off his disguise.*  
*Mos.* Patron!  
*Volp.* Nay, now  
 My ruin shall not come alone; your match  
 I'll hinder sure: my substance shall not  
 glue you,  
 Nor screw you into a family.  
*Mos.* Why, patron!  
*Volp.* I am Volpone, and this is my  
 knave; [*Pointing to Mosca.*  
 This [*to Volt.*], his own knave; this [*to*  
*Corb.*], avarice's fool;  
 This [*to Corv.*], a chimera of wittol, fool,  
 and knave:  
 And, reverend fathers, since we all can  
 hope  
 Nought but a sentence, let's not now de-  
 spair it.  
 You hear me brief.  
*Corv.* May it please your fatherhoods—  
*Com.* Silence.  
 1 *Avoc.* The knot is now undone by  
 miracle.  
 2 *Avoc.* Nothing can be more clear.  
 3 *Avoc.* Or can more prove  
 These innocent.  
 1 *Avoc.* Give them their lib

From  
 marks:  
 imis."

*Bon.* Heaven could not long let such gross crimes be hid.  
*2 Avoc.* If this be held the highway to get riches,  
 May I be poor !  
*3 Avoc.* This is not the gain, but torment.  
*1 Avoc.* These possess wealth, as sick men possess fevers,  
 Which trulier may be said to possess them.  
*2 Avoc.* Disrobe that parasite.  
*Corv. Mos.* Most honoured fathers !—  
*1 Avoc.* Can you plead aught to stay the course of justice?  
 If you can, speak.  
*Corv. Volt.* We beg favour.  
*Cel.* And mercy.  
*1 Avoc.* You hurt your innocence, suing for the guilty.  
 Stand forth ; and first the parasite. You appear  
 T'have been the chiefest minister, if not plotter,  
 In all these lewd impostures, and now, lastly,  
 Have with your impudence abused the court,  
 And habit of a gentleman of Venice,  
 Being a fellow of no birth or blood :  
 For which our sentence is, first, thou be whipt ;  
 Then live perpetual prisoner in our gallies.  
*Volp.* I thank you for him.  
*Mos.* Bane to thy wolfish nature !  
*1 Avoc.* Deliver him to the saffi. [*Mosca is carried out.*] Thou, Volpone,  
 By blood and rank a gentleman, canst not fall  
 Under like censure ; but our judgment on thee  
 Is, that thy substance all be straight confiscate  
 To the hospital of the Incurabili :  
 And since the most was gotten by imposture,  
 By feigning lame, gout, palsy, and such diseases,  
 Thou art to lie in prison, cramp'd with irons,  
 Till thou be'st sick and lame indeed.  
 Remove him.  
 [*He is taken from the Bar.*]  
*1 Avoc.* This is called mortifying of a Fox.

*1*  
 To the Berlina—] A pillory, or cucking-stool, as Florio says. I doubt whether John and the latter really was. Berlina

*1 Avoc.* Thou, Voltore, to take away the scandal  
 Thou hast given all worthy men of thy profession,  
 Art banished from their fellowship, and our state.  
 Corbaccio !—bring him near. We here possess  
 Thy son of all thy state, and confine thee  
 To the monastery of San Spirito ;  
 Where, since thou knewest not how to live well here,  
 Thou shalt be learned to die well.  
*Corb.* Ha ! what said he ?  
*Com.* You shall know anon, sir.  
*1 Avoc.* Thou, Corvino, shalt  
 Be straight embarked from thine own house, and rowed  
 Round about Venice, through the grand canale,  
 Wearing a cap, with fair long ass's ears,  
 Instead of horns ! and so to mount, a paper  
 Pinned on thy breast, to the Berlina<sup>1</sup>—  
*Corv.* Yes,  
 And have mine eyes beat out with stinking fish,  
 Bruised fruit, and rotten eggs—'tis well.  
 I am glad  
 I shall not see my shame yet.  
*1 Avoc.* And to expiate  
 Thy wrongs done to thy wife, thou art to send her  
 Home to her father, with her dowry trebled :  
 And these are all your judgments.  
*All.* Honoured fathers—  
*1 Avoc.* Which may not be revoked.  
 Now you begin,  
 When crimes are done, and past, and to be punished,  
 To think what your crimes are : away with them.  
 Let all that see these vices thus rewarded,  
 Take heart, and love to study 'em ! Mischiefs feed  
 Like beasts, till they be fat, and then they bleed. [*Exeunt.*]

*Volpone comes forth*

"The seasoning of a r"  
 Now, though the F  
 laws,

is always  
 malefactor  
 answers  
 lory.

He yet doth hope, there is no suffering  
due,  
For any fact which he hath done 'gainst  
you ;

If there be, censure him ; here he doubtful  
stands :<sup>1</sup>

If not, fare jovially, and clap your hands."  
[Exit.]

<sup>1</sup> Here he doubtful stands : &c.] This modest Epilogue to the *Fox*, a play which holds so conspicuous a station among the noblest exertions of human wit, forms a singular contrast to the audacious vouching for the merits of *Cynthia's Revels*, p. 204 b.

<sup>2</sup> "The *Fox* is indubitably the best production of its author, and in some points of substantial merit yields to nothing which the English stage can oppose to it ; there is a bold and happy spirit in the fable, it is of moral tendency, female chastity and honour are beautifully displayed, and punishment is inflicted on the delinquents of the drama with strict and exemplary justice. The characters of the *Hæredipeta*, depicted under the titles of birds of prey, *Volpore*, *Corbaccio*, and *Corvino*, are warmly coloured, happily contrasted, and faithfully supported from the outset to the end : *Volpone*, who gives his name to the piece, with a fox-like craftiness deludes and gulls their hopes by the agency of his inimitable Parasite, or (as the Greek and Roman authors expressed it) by his *Fly*, his *Mosca* ; and in this finished portrait Jonson may throw the gauntlet to the greatest masters of antiquity ; the character is of classic origin ; it is found with the contemporaries of Aristophanes, though not in any comedy of his now existing ; the Middle Dramatists seem to have handled it very frequently, and in the New Comedy it rarely failed to find a place ; Plautus has it again and again, but the aggregate merit of all his Parasites will not weigh in the scale against this single *Fly* of our poet. The incident of his concealing *Bonario* in the gallery, from whence he breaks in upon the scene to the rescue of Celia and the detection of *Volpone*, is one of the happiest contrivances which could possibly be devised, because at the same time that it produces the catastrophe, it does not sacrifice *Mosca's* character in the manner most villains are sacrificed in comedy, by making them commit blunders, which do not correspond with the address their first representation exhibits, and which the audience has a right to expect from them throughout, of which the *Double Dealer* is amongst others a notable instance. But this incident of *Bonario's* interference does not only not impeach the adroitness of the Parasite, but it furnishes a very brilliant occasion for setting off his ready invention and presence of mind in a new and superior light, and serves to introduce the whole machinery of the trial and condemnation of the innocent persons before the court of *Advocates*. In this part of the fable the contrivance is inimitable, and here the poet's art is a study, which every votarist of the dramatic Muses ought to pay attention and respect to : had the same address been exerted throughout, the construction would have been a matchless piece of art, but here we are to lament the haste of which he boasts in his pro-

logue ; and that rapidity of composition which he appeals to as a mark of genius, is to be lamented as the probable cause of incorrectness, or at least the best and most candid plea in excuse of it. For who can deny that nature is violated by the absurdity of *Volpone's* unseasonable insults to the very persons who had witnessed falsely in his defence, and even to the very *Advocate*, who had so successfully defended him ? Is it in character for a man of his deep cunning and long reach of thought to provoke those on whom his all depended to retaliate upon him, and this for the poor triumph of a silly jest ? Certainly this is a glaring defect, which everybody must lament and which can escape nobody. The poet himself knew the weak part of his plot, and vainly strives to bolster it up by making *Volpone* exclaim against his own folly—

' I am caught in mine own noose—'

" And again :

' To make a snare for mine own neck ! and run  
My head into it, wilfully ! with laughter !  
When I had newly scaped, was free and clear,  
Out of mere wantonness ! O, the dull devil  
Was in this brain of mine when I devised it,  
And *Mosca* gave it second—

—These are my fine conceits !

I must be merry, with a mischief to me !  
What a vile wretch was I, that could not bear  
My fortune soberly ? I must have my crotchets,  
And my conundrums !

" It is with regret I feel myself compelled to protest against so pleasant an episode as that which is carried on by *Sir Politick Would-be* and *Peregrine*, which in fact produces a kind of double plot and catastrophe ; this is an imperfection in the fable which criticism cannot overlook ; but *Sir Politick* is altogether so delightful a fellow, that it is impossible to give a vote for his exclusion : the most that can be done against him is to lament that he has not more relation to the main business of the fable.

" The judgment pronounced upon the criminals in the conclusion of the play is so just and solemn that I must think the poet has made a wanton breach of character, and gained but a sorry jest by the bargain, when he violates the dignity of his court of judges by making one of them so abject in his flattery to the Parasite upon the idea of matching him with his daughter, when he hears that *Volpone* has made him his heir ; but this is an objection that lies within the compass of two short lines, spoken aside from the bench, and may easily be remedied by their omission in representation ; it is one only, and that a very slight one, amongst those venial blemishes—

*quas incuria fudit.*

" It does not occur to me

remark is left for me to make upon this celebrated drama that could convey the slightest censure; but very many might be made in the highest strain of commendation, if there was need of any more than general testimony to such acknowledged merit. *The Fox* is a drama of so peculiar a species, that it cannot be dragged into a comparison with the production of any other modern poet whatsoever; its construction is so dissimilar from anything of Shakspeare's writing, that it would be going greatly out of our way, and a very gross abuse of criticism, to attempt to settle the relative degrees of merit where the characters of the writers are so widely opposite. In one we may respect the profundity of learning, in the other we must admire the sublimity of genius; to one we pay the tribute of understanding, to the other we surrender up the possession of our hearts; Shakspeare with ten thousand spots about him dazzles us with so bright a lustre, that we either cannot or will not see his faults; he gleams and flashes like a meteor, which shoots out of our sight before the eye can measure its proportions, or analyse its properties—but Jonson stands still to be surveyed, and presents so bold a front, and levels it so fully to our view, as seems to challenge the compass and the rule of the critic, and defy him to find out an error in the scale and composition of his structure.

"Putting aside therefore any further mention of Shakspeare, who was a poet out of all rule, and beyond all compass of criticism, one whose excellencies are above comparison, and his errors beyond number, I will venture an opinion that this drama of *The Fox* is, critically speaking, the nearest to perfection of any one drama, comic or tragic, which the English stage is at this day in possession of."—*Observer*, vol. iii. p. 170-176.

This excellent analysis of *The Fox* was written by Mr. Cumberland, a man peculiarly fitted by nature for dramatic criticism; but who wasted his ingenuity and his talents in an eager and excessive chase after general notoriety, which frequently led him beyond the sphere of his knowledge. With a respectable portion of ancient literature, a style at once elegant and impressive; with an archness formed a pleasing substitute for wit, and a sense of taste to give zest and currency to his opinions, he wanted little but a distrust of his own powers to render him at once the delight and ornament of the age. How much he fell short of this cannot be remembered without sorrow. His fate, however, may "point a moral," and teach that overweening confidence and negligence (inseparable companions), though they cannot wholly destroy, may yet debase the noblest gifts of nature, and the most valuable acquirements of art. But ingenious and liberal as these strictures confessedly are (for though an idolater of Shakspeare, Mr. Cumberland could be just to Jonson), they yet seem capable of some degree of modification. The point on which Mr. Cumberland chiefly rests is the injury done to the unity of the plot by the disguise of Volpone in the last act, which he terms a violation of nature. Now

it is evident, I think, that this forms the great moral of the play, and that Jonson had it in view from the beginning. "Is it in character," Mr. Cumberland asks, "for a man of Volpone's deep cunning and long reach of thought to provoke those on whom his all depended, to retaliate upon him, and this for the poor triumph of a silly jest?" Mr. Cumberland shall answer his own question. In his review of the *Double Dealer* (*Ibid.* p. 244), he finds Maskwell, like Volpone, losing his caution in the exultation of success; upon which he observes: "I allow that it is in character for him to grow wanton in success; there is a moral in a villain outwitting himself." This appears a singular change of opinion in the course of a few pages: but whatever may be Mr. Cumberland's versatility, Jonson is consistent with himself and with the invariable experience of mankind. "See," says Falstaff, "how wit may be made a jackanapes when 'tis upon an ill employ!" The same sentiment is to be found in Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Hell gives us art to reach the depths of sin,  
But leaves us wretched fools when we are in."  
*Queen of Corinth.*

This, too, is the moral of the *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, so strikingly pointed out by Massinger:

"Here is a precedent to teach wicked men,  
That when they quit religion and turn atheists,  
Their own abilities leave them."

And finally, this is inculcated by Butler in the quatrain already given, and which its shrewdness and applicability will justify me in giving once more:

"But when he'd got himself a name  
For frauds and tricks, he spoiled his game;  
And forced his neck into a noose,  
To shew his play at Fast-and-Loose."

Mr. Cumberland allows Sir Politick to be "a delightful fellow," and will not therefore hear of his exclusion. But could he find nothing to say for his lady, the most finished and amusing female pendant which the stage ever produced? Through her Sir Politick is in some measure connected with the plot; and both are occasionally subservient to the poet's main design.

With regard to "the breach of character in making one of the judges conceive the idea of matching his daughter with Mosca," Mr. Cumberland himself admits that the objection is confined to the "compass of two lines spoken aside." But in justice to this learned personage, let it be further remarked that his determination is founded upon the actual demise of Volpone, in which case, as he justly concludes, the parasite is freed from all suspicions of fraud and imposture. It seems to have escaped Mr. Cumberland's recollection that Mosca is not the servant, but the humble friend of Volpone; and it is quite certain that he has not penetrated into the author's views in this part of the scene.

Mr. Cumberland pronounces the *Fox* "indubitably the best production of its author," and this appears to be the prevailing opinion. I

venture, however, to declare my dissent, and to place that prodigy of human intellect, the AL-CHEMIST, at the head of Jonson's labours. The opinion of Mr. Cumberland may be candidly accounted for, from his more intimate acquaintance with the illustrious originals which furnished much of the strength and beauty of the *Fox*, than with the obscure and humble sources from which this mighty genius derived the rude materials of the *Alchemist*. With respect to the popular decision on this subject, it has no better foundation perhaps than the accidental collocation of his plays in the homely couplet so often repeated :

"The *Fox*, the *Alchemist*, and *Silent Woman*,  
Done by Ben Jonson, and outdone by no man."

But it is time to draw to a conclusion. I shall therefore only subjoin a few lines from Hurd (a man seldom just to Jonson, never friendly), and

leave the reader to wonder at the perversity which could maintain that the author of the FOX had "stalked for two centuries on the *stills of artificial reputation*."

"Later writer for the stage have no doubt avoided these defects (the sporting with Corbaccio's deafness, &c. p. 346 *a*) of the exactest of our old dramatists. But do they reach his excellencies? Posterity, I am afraid, will judge otherwise, whatever may be now thought of some fashionable comedies. And if they do not,—neither the state of general manners, nor the turn of public taste appears to be such as countenances the expectation of greater improvements."—*Μαρι κερων*!—"To those who are not over sanguine in their hopes, our forefathers will perhaps be thought to have furnished (what in nature seemed linked together) the fairest example of dramatic as of real manners."  
—*Hor.* vol. ii. p. 244.



## Epicœne; or, The Silent Woman.

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EPICŒNE.] This Comedy was first acted in 1609, not, as Mr. Whalley says, "by the King's Majesty's servants," but by "the children of her Majesty's Revels." It would seem from the list of performers that a great change had taken place among the "children" since the appearance of the *Poetaster*, for, with the exception of Field, the names are altogether different from those subjoined to that drama. Salathiel Pavy, the poet's favourite, was dead; of the rest, some perhaps had ripened into men, and joined other companies, and some left the "quality" altogether. "Barksted," better known as a poet than an actor, "Carie, Attawel, and Pen," are among the principal performers in Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, and were undoubtedly of some eminence in their profession. Of "Smith, Allin, and Blaney," who complete the list, I can say nothing.

The *Silent Woman* was printed in quarto with this motto:—

*Ut sis tu similis Cœli, Byrrhique Iatronum,  
Non ego sim Capri, neque Sulci. Cur metuas me?*

and went through several editions. I have one dated 1620. The *Companion to the Playhouse* mentions another, printed in 1609, (as does Whalley, in the margin of his copy,) which I have not been able to discover; the earliest which has fallen in my way, bearing date 1612. All these are exclusive of the folio, 1616. In a word, this has always been the most popular of Jonson's dramas. It was revived immediately after the Restoration, with great applause, and continued on the stage to the middle of the last century. Notwithstanding the current opinion in its favour, Mr. Malone has discovered that the *Silent Woman* was "unfavourably received," "for"—I entreat the reader's attention—"for Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, Jonson's friend, informs us, that when it was first acted there were found verses on the stage, concluding that that play was well named the *Silent Woman*, BECAUSE there was never one man to say *plaudite* to it!"<sup>1</sup> The story is highly worthy of the hypocrite who picked it up; and not at all discreditable to the loads of malignant trash which the reporter has so industriously heaped together to fling at Jonson.

After Cibber's retirement, and the death of Wilks, Booth, Mills, Jonson, &c., who often delighted the town in this comedy, it was laid aside till 1776, when it was revived, with a few unimportant alterations, by Mr. Colman. It failed of success from a singular circumstance: the managers most injudiciously gave the part of Epicœne to a woman; so that when she threw off her female attire in the last act, and appeared as a boy, the whole cunning of the scene was lost, and the audience felt themselves rather trifled with than surprised. Garrick was immediately sensible of his error, and attempted to remedy it by a different cast of the parts; but it was too late. In 1798 an edition of this play appeared by Mr. Penn. He arranged the scenes according to the French model; but whether with a view to exemplify his own ideas of dramatic writing, or to its being again brought on the stage, I know not.

The Portuguese have a translation of this Comedy, which I never saw. Mr. Twiss tells us in the appendix to his *Travels*, that it was sometimes "performed at Lisbon." It has also been translated into French; but very imperfectly.

<sup>1</sup> [Drummond's words are, "When his play of a *Silent Woman* was first acted, there was found verses after on the stage against him, concluding that that play was well named the *Silent Woman*; there was never one man to say *Plaudite* to it."—F. C.]

TO THE TRULY NOBLE BY ALL TITLES,

SIR FRANCIS STUART!

"SIR,—My hope is not so nourished by example, as it will conclude this dumb piece should please you, because it hath pleased others before : but by trust, that when you have read it, you will find it worthy to have displeased none. This makes that I now number you, not only in the names of favour, but the names of justice to what I write ; and do presently call you to the exercise of that noblest and manliest virtue : as coveting rather to be freed in my fame, by the authority of a judge, than the credit of an undertaker.<sup>2</sup> Read therefore, I pray you, and censure. There is not a line, or syllable in it changed from the simplicity of the first copy. And when you shall consider, through the certain hatred of some, how much a man's innocency may be endangered by an uncertain accusation ; you will, I doubt not, so begin to hate the iniquity of such natures, as I shall love the contumely done me, whose end was so honourable as to be wiped off by your sentence.

"Your unprofitable, but true Lover,

BEN. JONSON."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Morose, *a gentleman that loves no noise.*  
Sir Dauphine Eugenie, *a knight, his nephew.*  
Ned Clerimont, *a gentleman, his friend.*  
Truewit, *another friend.*  
Sir John Daw, *a knight.*  
Sir Amorous La-Foole, *a knight also.*  
Thomas Otter, *a land and sea captain.*  
Cutbeard, *a barber.*  
Mute, *one of Morosé's servants.*  
Parson.

Page to Clerimont.

Epicœne, *supposed the SILENT WOMAN.*  
Lady Haughty,  
Lady Centaure, } *ladies collegiates.*  
Mistress Dol. Mavis,  
Mistress Otter, *the Captain's wife,*  
Mistress Trusty, *Lady* } *pretenders.*  
*Haughty's woman,*  
Pages, Servants, &c.

The SCENE,—London.

<sup>1</sup> *To the truly noble by all titles, Sir Francis Stuart.*] Of whom Antony Wood gives us the following character : " He was a learned gentleman, was one of Sir Walter Raleigh's club at the Mermaid-tavern in Friday-street, London, and much venerated by Ben Jonson, who dedicated to him his comedy called *The Silent Woman* : he was a person also well seen in marine affairs, was a captain of a ship, and bore the office for some time of a vice or rear-admiral."—*Athen. Oxon. Fast.* vol. i. p. 203. WHAL.

This dedication is from the folio, 1616.

<sup>2</sup> *An undertaker.*] " An undertaker was at this time a very offensive character ; and given to certain persons who undertook through their influence in the House of Commons, in the Parliament of 1614, to carry things agreeably to His Majesty's wishes."—WHAL.

To prevent any of Jonson's enemies from wresting this Dedication into a confession that the *Silent Woman* was "ill-received," it is necessary to observe that the objection of which the author speaks was similar to that brought long before against the *Postaster*, a charge of personality (probably towards some captious member of the law), and which was "honourably wiped off" by his present patron.

# Epicæne ; or, The Silent Woman.

## PROLOGUE.

Truth says, of old the art of making plays  
Was to content the people ;<sup>1</sup> and their  
praise  
Was to the poet money, wine, and bays.

But in this age a sect of writers are,  
That only for particular likings care,  
And will taste nothing that is popular.

With such we mingle neither brains nor  
breasts ;  
Our wishes, like to those make public  
feasts,  
Are not to please the cook's taste but the  
guests.

Yet if those cunning palates hither come,  
They shall find guests' entreaty, and good  
room ;  
And though all relish not, sure there will  
be some,

That when they leave their seats shall  
make them say,  
Who wrote that piece, could so have wrote  
a play ;  
But that he knew this was the better way.

For, to present all custard or all tart,  
And have no other meats to bear a part,  
Or to want bread and salt, were but coarse  
art.

The poet prays you then, with better  
thought  
To sit ; and when his cates are all in  
brought,  
Though there be none far-fet, there will  
dear-bought,

<sup>1</sup> *Truth says, of old the art of making plays  
Was to content the people ;*] From the Pro-  
logue to the *Andria* ; as Upton observes :

*" Id sibi negott credidit solum dari,  
Populo ut placerent, quas fecisset fabulas."*

<sup>2</sup> *City-wives* ;] This term, which seems to  
designate the matrons of the city in opposition  
to the "Whitefriars nation," (see p. 379 a), is  
new to me. In the stiff and formal dresses of

Be fit for ladies : some for lords, knights,  
squires ;  
Some for your waiting-wench, and city-  
wires ;<sup>2</sup>  
Some for your men, and daughters of  
Whitefriars.

Nor is it only while you keep your seat  
Here that his feast will last ; but you shall  
eat  
A week at ord'naries on his broken meat :  
If his muse be true,  
Who commends her to you.

## ANOTHER.

The ends of all, who for the scene do  
write,  
Are, or should be, to profit and delight.  
And still 't hath been the praise of all best  
times,  
So persons were not touched to tax the  
crimes.  
Then in this play, which we present to-  
night,  
And make the object of your ear and  
sight,  
On forfeit of yourselves, think nothing  
true :  
Lest so you make the maker to judge you.  
For he knows, poet never credit gained  
By writing truths, but things, like truths,  
well feigned.  
If any yet will, with particular sleight  
Of application,<sup>3</sup> wrest what he doth write ;  
And that he meant, or him, or her, will  
say :  
They make a libel, which he made a play.

those days wire indeed was much used ; but I  
know not that it was peculiar to the city dames.  
Perhaps I have missed the sense.

<sup>3</sup> "Occasioned by some person's impertinent  
exceptions." This marginal note of the author  
confirms what is said in the Dedication :—that  
some particular person was supposed to be  
aimed at in one of the characters. As the  
opinion was unfounded, it is needless to pursue  
the inquiry.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Clerimont's House.*

*Enter Clerimont making himself ready, followed by his Page.*

*Cler.* Have you got the song yet perfect I gave you, boy?

*Page.* Yes, sir.

*Cler.* Let me hear it.

*Page.* You shall, sir; but i' faith let nobody else.

*Cler.* Why, I pray?

*Page.* It will get you the dangerous name of a poet in town, sir; besides me a perfect deal of ill-will at the mansion you wot of, whose lady is the argument of it; where now I am the welcomest thing under a man that comes there.

*Cler.* I think; and above a man too, if the truth were racked out of you.

*Page.* No, faith, I'll confess before, sir. The gentlewomen play with me, and throw me on the bed, and carry me in to my lady; and she kisses me with her oiled face, and puts a peruke on my head; and asks me an I will wear her gown? and I say no: and then she hits me a blow o' the ear, and calls me Innocent!<sup>1</sup> and lets me go.

*Cler.* No marvel if the door be kept shut against your master, when the entrance is so easy to you—Well, sir, you shall go there no more, lest I be fain to seek your voice in my lady's rushes a fortnight hence. Sing, sir. [*Page sings.*]

Still to be neat, still to be drest—

<sup>1</sup> *And calls me Innocent!* i.e., fool or simpleton. See p. 410 a, and act iii. sc. 2.

<sup>2</sup> *And his ingle at home,*] This word is invariably confounded by the commentators with engle, though perfectly distinct in its meaning. Engle, as I have already observed, p. 222 a, is either a gull, a simpleton, or a bait to decoy this description of persons: whereas engle or *ingle* is a familiar, a bosom friend. It is loosely used also by our old writers in an opprobrious sense for catamite, &c. I know not whence it crept into our language. If it be the Spanish word *ingle* (a groin), its acceptance in the latter sense is accounted for: but it is more probably corrupted from *ignicula*, a little fire; whence perhaps it came to signify a chimney-companion, an inmate of the same house. Ingle is still used for fire in many parts of the country.

<sup>3</sup> *Well, sir gallant, were you struck with the plague this minute,*] There had been no *plague* in London since the dreadful one of 1603-4: but as Jonson usually brings up his action as closely as possible to the period of writing, it is not

*Enter Truewit.*

*True.* Why, here's the man that can melt away his time, and never feels it! What between his mistress abroad and his ingle<sup>2</sup> at home, high fare, soft lodging, fine clothes, and his fiddle; he thinks the hours have no wings, or the day no post-horse. Well, sir gallant, were you struck with the plague this minute,<sup>3</sup> or condemned to any capital punishment to-morrow, you would begin then to think, and value every article of your time, esteem it at the true rate, and give all for it.

*Cler.* Why, what should a man do?

*True.* Why, nothing; or that which, when 'tis done, is as idle. Hearken after the next horserace, or hunting-match, lay wagers, praise Puppy, or Peppercorn, White-foot, Franklin;<sup>4</sup> swear upon White-man's party; speak aloud, that my lords may hear you; visit my ladies at night, and be able to give them the character of every bowler or better on the green. These be the things wherein your fashionable men exercise themselves, and I for company.

*Cler.* Nay, if I have thy authority, I'll not leave yet. Come, the other are considerations, when we come to have gray heads and weak hams, moist eyes and shrunk members. We'll think on 'em then; then we'll pray and fast.

*True.* Ay, and destine only that time of age to goodness, which our want of ability will not let us employ in evil!

*Cler.* Why, then 'tis time enough.

*True.* Yes; as if a man should sleep all

unlikely that he alludes to a dangerous contagious distemper which broke out in 1607, and of which some remains might still linger about the city when *Epicene* was produced. Of this disease, which seems to have escaped the notice of our historians, the following account occurs in a book called the *City Remembrancer*: "In 1607 was a pestilential distemper at London; and the time so sickly in general, that sailors did not escape at great distance from land: as may be seen in some diaries in Purchas's Pilgrim."—Vol. i. p. 266.

<sup>4</sup> *Puppy, or Peppercorn, White-foot, Franklin:*] Horses of the time, as Jonson tells us. Three of them are mentioned in *Ignoramus*; but a much more copious list may be found in Shirley's *Hyde-Parks*. *Whitemane* was a very noted racer. In some MS. memoirs of Sir H. Fynes the following passage occurs: "Also in these my troubles with my wife, I was forced to give my Lord of Holdernes my grey running horse called *Whitmayne* for a gratuity, for which I might have had £100."

the term, and think to effect his business the last day. O, Clerimont, this time,<sup>1</sup> because it is an incorporeal thing, and not subject to sense, we mock ourselves the finest out of it, with vanity and misery indeed! not seeking an end of wretchedness, but only changing the matter still.

*Cler.* Nay, thou'lt not leave now—

*True.* See but our common disease! with what justice can we complain, that great men will not look upon us, nor be at leisure to give our affairs such dispatch as we expect, when we will never do it to ourselves? nor hear, nor regard ourselves?

*Cler.* Foh! thou hast read Plutarch's Morals, now, or some such tedious fellow; and it shows so vilely with thee! 'fore God, 'twill spoil thy wit utterly. Talk to me of pins, and feathers, and ladies, and rushes, and such things: and leave this Stoicity alone till thou mak'st sermons.

*True.* Well, sir; if it will not take, I have learned to lose as little of my kindness as I can; I'll do good to no man against his will, certainly. When were you at the college?

*Cler.* What college?

*True.* As if you knew not!

<sup>1</sup> O, Clerimont, this time, &c.] There is something uncommonly striking in this part of the dialogue. Truewit assumes a lofty tone of morality, and his language is solemn and impressive. Jonson's mind was deeply imbued with a sense of what the comic Muse might fitly inculcate in her "higher mood;" and he has interspersed in all his works maxims and sentences of singular importance in the economy of human life. Much of his contempt for the "hocus-pocus" tricks of the stage, which has been unjustly attributed to personal enmity, clearly originated from the strong dislike of what he conceived to be a violation of its dignity and decorum.

<sup>2</sup> "This song," says Upton, "is very happily imitated from the following poem, which I found at the end of an edition of Petronius; the verses there printed are known to the learned by the title of *Priapeia Carmina*:"—rather, of *Errones Venerei*.

*"Semper munditias, semper, Basilissa, decores,  
Semper compositas arte recente comas,  
Et complexos semper cultus, unguentiaque  
semper,  
Omnia sollicita compta videre, manu,  
Non amo. Neglectim mihi se qua comit  
amica  
Se det; et ornatus simplicitate valet.  
Vincula ne cures capitis discussa soluti,  
Nec ceram in faciem: mel habet illa suum.  
Fingere se semper, non est confidere amori;  
Quid quod saepe decor, cum prohibetur,  
adest?"*

*Cler.* No, faith, I came but from court yesterday.

*True.* Why, is it not arrived there yet, the news? A new foundation, sir, here in the town, of ladies, that call themselves the collegiates, an order between courtiers and country-madams, that live from their husbands; and give entertainment to all the wits, and braveries of the time, as they call them: cry down, or up, what they like or dislike in a brain or a fashion, with most masculine, or rather hermaphroditical authority; and every day gain to their college some new probationer.

*Cler.* Who is the president?

*True.* The grave and youthful matron, the Lady Haughty.

*Cler.* A pox of her autumnal face, her pieced beauty! there's no man can be admitted till she be ready now-a-days, till she has painted, and perfumed, and washed, and scoured, but the boy here; and him she wipes her oiled lips upon, like a sponge. I have made a song (I pray thee hear it) on the subject. [Page sings.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,<sup>3</sup>  
As you were going to a feast;

It seems from this that Upton was ignorant of the author of these verses. They were written by Jean Bonnefons (Bonnesonius), and make part of what he calls his *Pancharis*. Bonnefons was born about the middle of the 16th century, at Clermont in Auvergne, where he cultivated Latin poetry with considerable success. He affected to imitate Catullus: there was one, however, whom he followed more closely, though he made "no boast of it;" this was Johannes Secundus. Bonnefons died in 1614.

Jonson's version, which with equal elegance possesses rather more smoothness than the original, has produced a number of imitators. Herrick has founded two or three little poems upon it, of more than usual sweetness; and, what the reader will be less prepared to hear, Flecknoe, the mythological father of Shadwell, has caught a gleam of common sense and poetry from it. The following is the conclusion of his "Address to the Duchess of Richmond:"

"Poor beauties! whom a look, a glance,  
May sometimes make seem fair by chance;  
Or curious dress, or artful care,  
Cause to look fairer than they are!—  
Give me the eyes, give me the face,  
To which no art can add a grace;  
And me the looks, no garb nor dress,  
Can ever make more fair, or less."

To return to Jonson. His little madrigal appears to have altogether astonished the modern critics. "This," says Dr. Aikin, (*Essay on Song Writing*, p. 168), "is one of the very few

Still to be powdered, still perfumed :  
Lady, it is to be presumed,  
Though art's hid causes are not found,  
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,  
That makes simplicity a grace :  
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free ;  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,  
Than all the adulteries of art ;  
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

*True.* And I am clearly on the other side: I love a good dressing before any beauty o' the world. O, a woman is then like a delicate garden; nor is there one kind of it; she may vary every hour; take often counsel of her glass, and choose the best. If she have good ears, show them; good hair, lay it out; good legs, wear short clothes; a good hand, discover it often: practise any art to mend breath, cleanse teeth, repair eyebrows; paint and profess it.

*Cler.* How! publicly?

*True.* The doing of it, not the manner:

productions of this *once* celebrated author, which by their singular elegance and neatness, form a striking contrast to the prevalent coarseness of his tedious effusions." I believe that no great injustice will be done to Dr. Aikin's patience by supposing it to be utterly exhausted before he had actually read a page of Jonson. The song he might have found in a hundred other places; but he could not look into the poet and have thus written. There are *very many* "productions of this *once* celebrated author," equal, if not superior to the present, which poisons of more perseverance and less delicacy than the doctor may easily discover among his "tedious effusions."

<sup>1</sup> *Nor is there one kind of it; &c.]*

"*Nec genus ornatus unum est; quod quamque decebit,*

*Eligat; et speculum consulat ante suum,  
Longa probat facies capitis discrimina puri:  
Sic erat ornatis Laodomia comis.  
Niguum summâ notum sibi fronte relinquî  
Ut pateant aures, ora rotunda volunt.*"

*Art. Amand. lib. iii. v. 140.*

Upton, who gives these lines, observes that we should read *Ne pateant* in the last of them. The text, however, is right as it stands. In those matters Ovid's opinion will always outweigh the critics'.

<sup>2</sup> *That must be private, &c.]* All from Ovid. *Art. Amand. lib. iii. v. 216, et seq.:*

"*Ista dabunt faciem; sed erunt deformia visu.  
Multaque, dum fiunt turpia, facta placent.*"

*Tu quoque dum coleris, nos te dormire putemus;*

*Aplius a summâ conspiciare manu.*

that must be private.<sup>2</sup> Many things that seem foul in the doing, do please done. A lady should, indeed, study her face, when we think she sleeps; nor, when the doors are shut, should men be enquiring; all is sacred within then. Is it for us to see their perukes put on, their false teeth, their complexion, their eyebrows, their nails? You see gilders will not work, but inclosed. They must not discover how little serves, with the help of art, to adorn a great deal. How long did the canvas hang afore Aldgate? Were the people<sup>3</sup> suffered to see the city's Love and Charity, while they were rude stone, before they were painted and burnished? No; no more should servants approach their mistresses, but when they are complete and finished.

*Cler.* Well said, my Truewit.

*True.* And a wise lady will keep a guard always upon the place, that she may do things securely. I once followed a rude fellow into a chamber, where the poor madam, for haste, and troubled, snatched at her peruke to cover her baldness; and put it on the wrong way.<sup>4</sup>

*Cur mihi nota tuo causa est candoris in ore?*

*Claude forem thalami, quid rude prodix opus?*

*Aurea quæ pendunt ornato signa theatro;*

*Inspice, quam tenuis bractea ligna tegat;  
Sed neque ad illa licet populo, nisi facta, venire;*

*Nec nisi submotis forma paranda viris," &c.*

<sup>3</sup> *How long did the canvas hang before Aldgate? Were the people, &c.]* Aldgate, as Stow informs us, "began to be taken down in 1606, and was very worthily and famously finished in 1609;" so that the *canvas hung before it* about two years. The good old annalist's description of the "city's Love and Charity," is amusing: "To grace each side of the gate are set two feminine personages, the one southward appearing to be Peace, with a silver dove upon one hand, and a gilded wreath or garland in the other. On the north side standeth Charity, with a child at her breast, and another led in her hand: implying (as I conceive) that where Peace and love, or Charity, do prosper, and are truly embraced, that city shall be for ever blessed."

<sup>4</sup> *I once followed a rude fellow into a chamber, where the poor madam, for haste, snatched at her peruke, and put it on the wrong way.]* Improved, as Upton observes, with comic humour, from the following:

"*Quæ male crinita est, custodem in limine ponat,*

*Orneturque Bonæ semper in æde Deæ:*

*Dictus eram cuidam subito venisse puella,  
'Turbida perversas induit illa comas.'*

*Ibid. v. 243.*

*Cler.* O prodigy!

*True.* And the unconscionable knave held her in compliment an hour with that revert face, when I still looked when she should talk from the t'other side.

*Cler.* Why, thou shouldst have relieved her.

*True.* No, faith, I let her alone, as we'll let this argument, if you please, and pass to another. When saw you Dauphine Eugenie?

*Cler.* Not these three days. Shall we go to him this morning? he is very melancholy, I hear.

*True.* Sick of the uncle, is he? I met that stiff piece of formality, his uncle, yesterday,<sup>1</sup> with a huge turban of nightcaps on his head, buckled over his ears.

*Cler.* O, that's his custom when he walks abroad. He can endure no noise, man.

*True.* So I have heard. But is the disease so ridiculous in him as it is made? They say he has been upon divers treaties with the fish-wives and orange-women; and articles propounded between them: marry, the chimney-sweepers will not be drawn in.

*Cler.* No, nor the broom-men: they stand out stiffly. He cannot endure a costard-monger, he swoons if he hear one.

*True.* Methinks a smith should be ominous.

*Cler.* Or any hammer man.<sup>2</sup> A brasier is not suffered to dwell in the parish, nor an armourer. He would have hanged a

pewterer's prentice once upon a Shrove-Tuesday's riot,<sup>3</sup> for being of that trade, when the rest were quit.

*True.* A trumpet should fright him terribly, or the hautboys.

*Cler.* Out of his senses. The waights of the city have a pension of him not to come near that ward. This youth practised on him one night like the bell-man; and never left till he had brought him down to the door with a long sword; and there left him flourishing with the air.

*Page.* Why, sir, he hath chosen a street to lie in so narrow at both ends, that it will receive no coaches, nor carts, nor any of these common noises: and therefore we that love him devise to bring him in such as we may, now and then, for his exercise, to breathe him. He would grow resty else in his ease: his virtue would rust without action. I entreated a bearward one day to come down with the dogs of some four parishes that way, and I thank him he did; and cried his games under Master Morose's window: till he was sent crying away with his head made a most bleeding spectacle to the multitude. And another time, a fencer marching to his prize had his drum most tragically run through, for taking that street in his way at my request.

*True.* A good wag! How does he for the bells?

*Cler.* O, in the Queen's time,<sup>4</sup> he was wont to go out of town every Saturday at ten o'clock, or on holy day eves. But now,

<sup>1</sup> *I met that stiff piece of formality, his uncle, yesterday, &c.*] Theobald, who at one period of his life seems to have had an idea of republishing Jonson's works, wrote a few short memorandums, or rather references, on the margin of his copy (the 8vo of 1715). These fell into the hands of Mr. Whalley, and subsequently of Mr. Waldron, who with his usual frankness communicated them to me. They are utterly insignificant, with the exception of the following *N. B.* "*Libanii Declamatio lepidissima de Moroso, qui cum uxorem loquacem duxisset, se ipsum accusat.*" Probably Jonson borrowed the character and marriage of Morose from this declamation." Theobald must have been furnished with this information by a friend, for as Whalley observes it does not appear that he was at all acquainted with the work. His correspondent, however, was right in his conjecture; for not only the name and character of Morose, but several of his shorter speeches are copied, or imitated from Libanius. The declamation in question forms the sixth of what the Sophist calls his *Μελεται Πραγματικαι*, and is labelled *Δυσκολος γημας λαλον γυναικα, εαυτον προσαγγελλει.*

<sup>2</sup> *Methinks a smith should be ominous—Or*

*any hammer-man, &c.*] *Και μην των γε εργαστηριων, οσα μεν ακονα και σφυραν χειρι και τυπους, φυγη φευγω, τα αργυροκοπεια, τα χαλκεια' πολλα ετερα. τας δε δια σιγης γυγνομενας ασπασμαι των τεχνων. και τοι και ζωγραφους ειδον ηδη μετ' ωδης γραφοντας' οντως ηδου τι τοις πολλοις λαλειν, και κατεχειν εαυτους ου δυνανται.* *Liban. Edit. Paris.* fol. 1606, p. 302. Jonson's conversion of the *ζωγραφοι* into "chimney-sweepers and broom-men" is humorous.

<sup>3</sup> *Upon a Shrove-Tuesday's riot, &c.*] The turbulent and disorderly conduct of the apprentices on Shrove-Tuesday, which in Jonson's time was a day of general festivity for them, is noticed by most of our old writers. Thus Decker, in the *Seven Deadly Sins of London*: "They presently, like prentises upon Shrove-Tuesday, take the law into their hands, and do what they list."—*Quit*, as Whalley observes, means discharged from work, and should not, as in his edition, have been altered to *quiet*. [Does it not rather mean *acquitted*?—F. C.]

<sup>4</sup> *O, in the Queen's time, &c.*] This seems to be an indirect satire on the growing laxity of attendance on public worship. Elizabeth was very strict in this matter.

by reason of the sickness,<sup>1</sup> the perpetuity of ringing has made him devise a room, with double walls and treble ceilings; the windows close shut and caulked; and there he lives by candlelight. He turned away a man last week, for having a pair of new shoes that creaked. And this fellow waits on him now in tennis court socks, or slippers soled with wool; and they talk each to other in a trunk.<sup>2</sup> See, who comes here?

*Enter Sir Dauphine Eugenie.*

*Daup.* How now! what ail you, sirs? dumb?

*True.* Struck into stone, almost, I am here, with tales o' thine uncle. There was never such a prodigy heard of.

*Daup.* I would you would once lose this subject, my masters, for my sake. They are such as you are, that have brought me into that predicament I am with him.

*True.* How is that?

*Daup.* Marry, that he will disinherit me; no more. He thinks I and my company are authors of all the ridiculous Acts and Monuments are told of him.<sup>3</sup>

*True.* 'Slid, I would be the author of more to vex him; that purpose deserves it: it gives thee law of plaguing him. I'll tell thee what I would do. I would make a false almanack, get it printed; and then have him drawn out on a coronation day to the Tower-wharf, and kill him with the noise of the ordnance. Disinherit thee! he cannot, man. Art not thou next of blood, and his sister's son?

*Daup.* Ay, but he will thrust me out of it, he vows, and marry.

*True.* How! that's a more portent. Can he endure no noise, and will venture on a wife?

*Cler.* Yes: why, thou art a stranger, it seems, to his best trick yet. He has employed a fellow this half-year all over England to hearken him out a dumb woman; be she of any form, or any quality, so she be able to bear children: her silence is dowry enough, he says.

*True.* But I trust to God he has found none.

*Cler.* No: but he has heard of one that's lodged in the next street to him, who is exceedingly soft-spoken: thrifty of her speech; that spends but six words a day. And her he's about now, and shall have her.

*True.* Is't possible! who is his agent in the business?

*Cler.* Marry, a barber, one Cutbeard; an honest fellow, one that tells Dauphine all here.

*True.* Why, you oppress me with wonder; a woman, and a barber, and love no noise!

*Cler.* Yes, faith. The fellow trims him silently, and has not the knack with his sheers or his fingers;<sup>4</sup> and that continence in a barber he thinks so eminent a virtue, as it has made him chief of his counsel.

*True.* Is the barber to be seen, or the wench?

*Cler.* Yes, that they are.

*True.* I prithee, Dauphine, let's go thither.

*Daup.* I have some business now, I cannot, i' faith.

*True.* You shall have no business shall make you neglect this, sir; we'll make her talk, believe it; or, if she will not, we can give out at least so much as shall interrupt the treaty; we will break it. Thou art bound in conscience, when he suspects thee without cause, to torment him.

*Daup.* Not I, by any means. I'll give

<sup>1</sup> *By reason of the sickness,]* See p. 405 a.

<sup>2</sup> *And they talk each to other in a trunk.]* i.e., a tube. "There are a people (says Montaigne), where no one speaks to the king except his wife and children, but through a *trunk*." All our old writers have the word in this sense. [Hence the *trunk* of an elephant.—F. C.]

<sup>3</sup> *He thinks I and my company are authors of all the ridiculous Acts and Monuments are told of him.]* Perhaps here, Upton says, but doubtless in a former play (p. 107 a), "he hints at Fox's book." Jonson was at this period a Catholic, and might therefore perhaps think himself justified in indulging a little spleen against the man whom the professors of that religion justly considered as the most formidable of their opponents:—but this is conjecture. "The audience," Upton continues, "by these

descriptions of Morose, are well prepared for him when he makes his entrance: and as we love to know something of a man before we get into his company, so the poet has taken pains to bring us acquainted with his principal characters before they make their appearance in person."

<sup>4</sup> *And has not the knack with his sheers or his fingers:]* This was and perhaps may still be a very common practice: thus Motto, the barber in Lilly's *Midas*: "Thou knowest, boy, I have taught thee the *knacking of the hands*." And Cooke, in *Green's Tu Quoque*: "Amongst the rest, let not the barber be forgotten: and look that he be an excellent fellow, and one that can *snap his fingers* with dexterity." The want of this quality sufficiently accounts for Morose's selection of Cutbeard.

no suffrage to't. He shall never have that plea against me, that I opposed the least phant'sy of his. Let it lie upon my stars to be guilty, I'll be innocent.

*True.* Yes, and be poor, and beg; do, innocent: when some groom of his has got him an heir, or this barber, if he himself cannot. *Innocent!* I prithee, Ned, where lies she? Let him be innocent still.

*Cler.* Why, right over against the barber's; in the house where Sir John Daw lies.

*True.* You do not mean to confound me!

*Cler.* Why?

*True.* Does he that would marry her know so much?

*Cler.* I cannot tell.

*True.* 'Twere enough of imputation to her with him.

*Cler.* Why?

*True.* The only talking Sir in the town! Jack Daw! and he teach her not to speak! God be wi' you. I have some business too.

*Cler.* Will you not go thither, then?

*True.* Not with the danger to meet Daw, for mine ears.

*Cler.* Why, I thought you two had been upon very good terms.

*True.* Yes, of keeping distance.

*Cler.* They say he is a very good scholar.

*True.* Ay, and he says it first. A pox on him, a fellow that pretends only to learning, buys titles, and nothing else of books in him!

*Cler.* The world reports him to be very learned.

*True.* I am sorry the world should so conspire to belie him.

*Cler.* Good faith, I have heard very good things come from him.

*True.* You may; there's none so desperately ignorant to deny that; would they were his own! God be wi' you, gentlemen. [*Exit hastily.*]

*Cler.* This is very abrupt!

*Daup.* Come, you are a strange open man, to tell everything thus.

*Cler.* Why, believe it, Dauphine, Truewit's a very honest fellow.

*Daup.* I think no other; but this frank nature of his is not for secrets.

*Cler.* Nay then, you are mistaken, Dauphine: I know where he has been well trusted, and discharged the trust very truly, and heartily.

*Daup.* I contend not, Ned; but with the fewer a business is carried, it is ever the safer. Now we are alone, if you'll go thither, I am for you.

*Cler.* When were you there?

*Daup.* Last night: and such a Decameron of sport fallen out! Boccace never thought of the like. Daw does nothing but court her; and the wrong way. He would lie with her, and praises her modesty; desires that she would talk and be free, and commends her silence in verses; which he reads, and swears are the best that ever man made. Then rails at his fortunes, stamps, and mutines, why he is not made a councillor, and called to affairs of state.

*Cler.* I prithee, let's go. I would fain partake this.—Some water, boy.

[*Exit Page.*]

*Daup.* We are invited to dinner together, he and I, by one that came thither to him, Sir La-Foole.

*Cler.* O, that's a precious mannikin!

*Daup.* Do you know him?

*Cler.* Ay, and he will know you too, if e'er he saw you but once, though you should meet him at church in the midst of prayers. He is one of the braveries, though he be none of the wits.<sup>1</sup> He will salute a judge upon the bench, and a bishop in the pulpit, a lawyer when he is pleading at the bar, and a lady when she is dancing in a masque, and put her out. He does give plays and suppers, and invites his guests to them, aloud, out of his window, as they ride by in coaches. He has a lodging in the Strand for the purpose: or to watch when ladies are gone to the china-houses, or the Exchange, that he may meet them by chance, and give them presents, some two or three hundred pounds worth of toys, to be laughed at. He is never without a spare banquet, or sweetmeats in his chamber, for their women to alight at, and come up to for a bait.

*Daup.* Excellent! he was a fine youth last night; but now he is much finer! what is his Christian name? I have forgot.

<sup>1</sup> He is one of the braveries, though he be none of the wits.] This alludes to Truewit's description of the collegiate ladies, p. 406:—"they give entertainment to all the wits and braveries of the time." *Braveries* were the beaus of the age; men distinguished by the splendour and fashion

of their apparel. The *Exchange* mentioned just below was the New Exchange, built in 1608. "It had rows of shops (Pennant says) over the walk, filled chiefly with milliners, sempstresses, &c. This was a place of fashionable resort." See *Massinger*, vol. iv. p. 50.

*Re-enter Page.*

*Cler.* Sir Amorous La-Foole.

*Page.* The gentleman is here below that owns that name.

*Cler.* Heart, he's come to invite me to dinner, I hold my life.

*Daup.* Like enough : prithee, let's have him up.

*Cler.* Boy, marshal him.

*Page.* With a truncheon, sir?

*Cler.* Away, I beseech you. [*Exit Page.*]  
—I'll make him tell us his pedigree now ; and what meat he has to dinner ; and who are his guests ; and the whole course of his fortunes ; with a breath.

*Enter Sir Amorous La-Foole.*

*La-F.* Save, dear Sir Dauphine ! honoured Master Clerimont !

*Cler.* Sir Amorous ! you have very much honored my lodging with your presence.

*La-F.* Good faith, it is a fine lodging : almost as delicate a lodging as mine.

*Cler.* Not so, sir.

*La-F.* Excuse me, sir, if it were in the Strand, I assure you. I am come, Master Clerimont, to entreat you to wait upon two or three ladies, to dinner, to-day.

*Cler.* How, sir ! wait upon them ? did you ever see me carry dishes ?

*La-F.* No, sir, dispense with me ; I meant, to bear them company.

*Cler.* O, that I will, sir : the doubtfulness of your phrase, believe it, sir, would breed you a quarrel once an hour with the terrible boys,<sup>1</sup> if you should but keep them fellowship a day.

*La-F.* It should be extremely against my will, sir, if I contested with any man.

<sup>1</sup> The terrible boys,] These terrible boys are mentioned in the *Alchemist*, act iii. sc. 3.

"*Kast.* Sir, not so young, but I have heard some speech  
Of the angry boys, and seen 'em take tobacco."

A citation from Wilson's *Life of King James* will make the allusion still more manifest : "The king minding his sports, many riotous demeanours crept into the kingdom ; divers sects of vicious persons, going under the title of *roaring boys, bravadoes, roysters, &c.*, commit many insolencies ; the streets swarm, night and day, with bloody quarrels, private duels fomented," &c.—UPTON.

These pestilent miscreants continued under various names to disturb the peace of the capital down to the accession of the present royal family.

<sup>2</sup> His wife was the rich china-woman, that

*Cler.* I believe it, sir. Where hold you your feast ?

*La-F.* At Tom Otter's, sir.

*Daup.* Tom Otter ! What's he ?

*La-F.* Captain Otter, sir ; he is a kind of gamester, but he has had command both by sea and by land.

*Daup.* O, then he is *animal amphibium* ?

*La-F.* Ay, sir : his wife was the rich china-woman, that the courtiers visited so often ;<sup>2</sup> that gave the rare entertainment. She commands all at home.

*Cler.* Then she is Captain Otter.

*La-F.* You say very well, sir ; she is my kinswoman, a La-Foole by the mother-side, and will invite any great ladies for my sake.

*Daup.* Not of the La-Fooles of Essex ?

*La-F.* No, sir ; the La-Fooles of London.

*Cler.* Now he's in. [*Aside.*

*La-F.* They all come out of our nouse, the La-Fooles of the north, the La-Fooles of the west, the La-Fooles of the east and south—we are as ancient a family as any is in Europe—but I myself am descended lineally of the French La-Fooles—and, we do bear for our coat yellow,<sup>3</sup> or *or*, checkered *azure*, and *gules*, and some three or four colours more, which is a very noted coat, and has sometimes been solemnly worn by divers nobility of our house—but let that go, antiquity is not respected now.—I had a brace of fat does sent me, gentlemen, and half a dozen of pheasants, a dozen or two of godwits, and some other fowl, which I would have eaten, while they are good, and in good company :—there will be a great lady or two, my Lady Haughty, my Lady Centaure, Mistress Dol Mavis—and they come o' purpose to see

*the courtiers visited so often ;*] In Jonson's days the trade with the East had not been long opened ; and the china and lacquered ware which we derived either directly or through the medium of the Dutch from China and the Japanese islands, were objects of very general curiosity in both sexes. Enough remains in our old dramatists to show that advantage was taken of this to convert the places of exhibition (almost always private houses) into a kind of bagnios, of which the owners were the most convenient of procureesses. If we may trust the poets and essayists of Queen Anne's days, matters were not much mended when they wrote ; as no place of assignation is more frequently mentioned than a "china-house." [*India-house* rather.—F. C.]

<sup>3</sup> *And we do bear for our coat yellow, &c.*] This is a humorous allusion to the parti-coloured dress of the domestic fool of our ancestors, which is still retained on the stage.

the silent gentlewoman, Mistress Epicoene, that honest Sir John Daw has promised to bring thither—and then, Mistress Trusty, my lady's woman, will be there too, and this honourable knight, Sir Dauphine, with yourself, Master Clerimont—and we'll be very merry, and have fiddlers, and dance.—I have been a mad wag in my time, and have spent some crowns since I was a page in court, to my Lord Lofty, and after, my Lady's gentleman-usher, who got me knighted in Ireland, since it pleased my elder brother to die.—I had as fair a gold jerkin on that day as any worn in the island voyage, or at Cadiz, none dispraised;<sup>1</sup> and I came over in it hither, shewed myself to my friends in court, and after went down to my tenants in the country, and surveyed my lands, let new leases, took their money, spent it in the eye o' the land here, upon ladies:—and now I can take up at my pleasure.

*Daup.* Can you take up ladies, sir?

*Cler.* O, let him breathe, he has not recovered.

*Daup.* Would I were your half in that commodity!

*La-F.* No, sir, excuse me: I meant money, which can take up anything. I have another guest or two to invite, and say as much to, gentlemen. I'll take my leave abruptly, in hope you will not fail—Your servant. *[Exit.]*

*Daup.* We will not fail you, sir precious La-Foole; but she shall, that your ladies come to see, if I have credit afore Sir Daw.

*Cler.* Did you ever hear such a wind-sucker<sup>2</sup> as this?

*Daup.* Or such a rook as the other, that will betray his mistress to be seen! Come, 'tis time we prevented it.

*Cler.* Go. *[Exeunt.]*

<sup>1</sup> *I had as fair a gold jerkin on that day as any was worn in the island voyage, or at Cadiz, none dispraised;* [This island voyage (as Upton observes) was undertaken 1585, Sir Francis Drake being admiral, with a fleet of one and twenty sail, and with above two thousand volunteers aboard: they went to Hispaniola, and there made themselves masters of the town of St. Domingo. The other adventure here mentioned was undertaken in 1596, when the Earl of Essex and Sir Walter Raleigh burnt the Indian fleet at Cadiz, consisting of forty sail, and brought home immense treasures. Shakespeare alludes to this fluery of dressing, when our youth went abroad, in *King John*:

“And some  
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Morose's House.*

*Enter Morose with a tube in his hand, followed by Mute.*

*Mor.* Cannot I yet find out a more commendious method, than by this trunk, to save my servants the labour of speech, and mine ears the discords of sounds? Let me see: all discourses but my own afflict me;<sup>3</sup> they seem harsh, impertinent, and irksome. Is it not possible that thou shouldst answer me by signs, and I apprehend thee, fellow? Speak not, though I question you. You have taken the ring off from the street door, as I bade you? answer me not by speech, but by silence; unless it be otherwise. *[Mute makes a leg.]*—very good. And you have fastened on a thick quilt, or flock-bed, on the outside of the door; that if they knock with their daggers, or with brick-bats, they can make no noise?—But with your leg, your answer, unless it be otherwise. *[makes a leg.]*—Very good. This is not only fit modesty in a servant, but good state and discretion in a master. And you have been with Cutbeard the barber, to have him come to me? *[makes a leg.]*—Good. And, he will come presently? Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise: if it be otherwise, shake your head, or shrug. *[Makes a leg.]* So! Your Italian and Spaniard are wise in these: and it is a frugal and comely gravity. How long will it be ere Cutbeard come? Stay; if an hour, hold up your whole hand; if half an hour, two fingers; if a quarter, one. *[Holds up a finger bent.]*—Good: half a quarter? 'tis well. And have you given him a key, to come in without knocking? *[Makes a leg.]*—good.

Bearing their birthright proudly on their backs,  
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.”

Act ii. sc. i.—WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> *Did you ever hear such a wind-sucker;* A kind of kite that supports itself for a considerable time in the air with little or no motion, its beak being turned towards the wind, which it seems to suck.—WHAL. [Had Gifford known anything about horses he would have shouted at Whalley for this note. Wind-suckers, crib-biters, roarers, must have been in existence before—as they are after—this peculiar kind of kite.—F. C.]

<sup>3</sup> *All discourses but my own afflict me;* This is well observed; for Morose, like his namesake in *Libanus*, is extremely delighted with the sound of his own voice. This, however, is a trait of nature, and must have been taken from actual observation.

And is the lock oiled, and the hinges, to-day? [*Makes a leg.*—Good. And the quilting of the stairs nowhere worn out and bare? [*Makes a leg.*—Very good. I see, by much doctrine, and impulsion, it may be effected; stand by. The Turk, in this divine discipline, is admirable, exceeding all the potentates of the earth; still waited on by mutes; and all his commands so executed; yea, even in the war, as I have heard, and in his marches, most of his charges and directions given by signs, and with silence:<sup>1</sup> an exquisite art! and I am heartily ashamed, and angry oftentimes, that the princes of Christendom should suffer a barbarian to transcend them in so high a point of felicity. I will practise it hereafter. [*A horn winded within.*—How now? oh! oh! what villain, what prodigy of mankind is that? Look. [*Exit Mute.*—[*Horn again.*] Oh! cut his throat, cut his throat! what murderer, hell-hound, devil can this be?

*Re-enter Mute.*

*Mute.* It is a post from the court—

*Mor.* Out, rogue! and must thou blow thy horn too?

*Mute.* Alas, it is a post from the court, sir, that says he must speak with you, pain of death—

*Mor.* Pain of thy life, be silent!

*Enter Truewit with a post-horn, and a halter in his hand.*

*True.* By your leave, sir;—I am a

stranger here:—Is your name Master Morose? is your name Master Morose? Fishes! Pythagoreans all! This is strange. What say you, sir? nothing! Has Harpocrates been here with his club,<sup>2</sup> among you? Well, sir, I will believe you to be the man at this time: I will venture upon you, sir. Your friends at court commend them to you, sir—

*Mor.* O men! O manners! was there ever such an impudence?

*True.* And are extremely solicitous for you, sir.

*Mor.* Whose knave are you?

*True.* Mine own knave, and your compeer, sir.

*Mor.* Fetch me my sword—

*True.* You shall taste the one half of my dagger, if you do, groom; and you the other, if you stir, sir. Be patient, I charge you, in the king's name, and hear me without insurrection. They say you are to marry; to marry! do you mark, sir?

*Mor.* How then, rude companion!

*True.* Marry, your friends do wonder, sir, the Thames being so near,<sup>3</sup> wherein you may drown so handsomely; or London Bridge, at a low fall, with a fine leap, to hurry you down the stream; or, such a delicate steeple in the town, as Bow, to vault from; or, a braver height, as Paul's. Or, if you affected to do it nearer home, and a shorter way, an excellent garret-window into the street; or, a beam in the said garret, with this halter—[*shews him the halter*—which they have sent, and

<sup>1</sup> *Yea, even in the war, as I have heard, and in his marches, most of his charges and directions given by signs, and with silence.*] A little enlargement perhaps of the reports of travellers: but the exact discipline and order observed in the Turkish army, is remarked by Busbequius: "*Videbam summo ordine cujusque corporis milites suis locis distributos, et (quod vix credat, qui nostratis militiae consuetudinem novit) summum erat silentium, summa quies, rixa nulla, nullum cujusquam insolens factum, sed ne vox quidem aut vitulatio per lasciviam aut ebrietatem emissa.*"—WHAL.

The Turks have long lost this *divine discipline*, as far at least as war is concerned. Nothing on earth can be more noisy and tumultuous than the marches and encampments of a Turkish army at present.

<sup>2</sup> *Has Harpocrates been here with his club.*] Harpocrates, as every one knows, is the god of silence: but he is usually described with a finger on his lip, and a cornucopia, instead of a club, in his hand. Æsculapius, indeed, is thus represented on many antique gems; and perhaps Jonson may have confounded the two

deities: but I desire to be understood as speaking with great deference, whenever I venture to question the accuracy of so universal a scholar. In terming them *Pythagoreans*, he alludes to the long probationary *silence* imposed by Pythagoras on his followers.

<sup>3</sup> *Marry, your friends do wonder, sir, the Thames being so near, &c.*] Here begins Jonson's imitations of the sixth *Satire* of Juvenal, which are scattered profusely through the remainder of this scene. They are adapted to the manners of the poet's time with sufficient ingenuity; but appear almost too obvious to be pointed out. If the reader will compare the opening of this speech with the original, he will be enabled to judge of the general resemblance:

"*Ferre potes dominam salvis tot ruitibus  
ullam,  
Cum pateant altæ caligantesque fenestræ,  
Et tibi vicinum se præbeat Æmilius pons?*"

Upton has transcribed all the passages imitated; but apparently more for the purpose of showing his dexterity in correcting Juvenal than illustrating Jonson. See his *Remarks*, p. 65 *et seq.*

desire, that you would sooner commit your grave head to this knot, than to the wedlock noose; or, take a little sublimate, and go out of the world like a rat; or, a fly, as one said, with a straw in your arse: any way rather than follow this goblin Matrimony. Alas, sir, do you ever think to find a chaste wife in these times? now? when there are so many masques, plays, Puritan preachings, mad folks, and other strange sights to be seen daily, private and public? If you had lived in King Etheldred's time, sir, or Edward the Confessor, you might, perhaps, have found one in some cold country hamlet, then, a dull frosty wench, would have been contented with one man: now, they will as soon be pleased with one leg or one eye. I'll tell you, sir, the monstrous hazards you shall run with a wife.

*Mor.* Good sir, have I ever cozened any friends of yours of their land? bought their possessions? taken forfeit of their mortgage? begged a reversion from them? bastardised their issue? What have I done that may deserve this?

*True.* Nothing, sir, that I know, but your itch of marriage.

*Mor.* Why, if I had made an assassinate upon your father, vitiated your mother, ravished your sisters—

*True.* I would kill you, sir, I would kill you, if you had.

*Mor.* Why, you do more in this, sir: it were a vengeance centuple, for all facinorous acts that could be named, to do that you do.

*True.* Alas, sir, I am but a messenger: I but tell you, what you must hear. It seems, your friends are careful after your soul's health, sir, and would have you know the danger (but you may do your pleasure for all them, I persuade not, sir.) If, after you are married, your wife do run away with a vaulter, or the Frenchman that walks upon ropes, or him that dances the jig, or a fencer for his skill at his weapon; why, it is not their fault, they have dis-

charged their consciences; when you know what may happen. Nay, suffer valiantly, sir, for I must tell you all the perils that you are obnoxious to. If she be fair, young and vegetous, no sweetmeats ever drew more flies; all the yellow doublets and great roses<sup>1</sup> in the town will be there. If foul and crooked, she'll be with them, and buy those doublets and roses, sir. If rich, and that you marry her dowry, not her, she'll reign in your house as imperious as a widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your tyrants. If fruitful, as proud as May, and humorous as April; she must have her doctors, her midwives, her nurses, her longings every hour; though it be for the dearest morsel of man. If learned, there was never such a parrot; all your patrimony will be too little for the guests that must be invited, to hear her speak Latin and Greek; and you must lie with her in those languages too, if you will please her. If precise,<sup>2</sup> you must feast all the silenced brethren, once in three days; salute the sisters; entertain the whole family, or wood of them;<sup>3</sup> and hear long-winded exercises, singings and catechisings, which you are not given to, and yet must give for; to please the zealous matron your wife, who, for the holy cause, will cozen you over and above. You begin to sweat, sir!—but this is not half, i' faith: you may do your pleasure, notwithstanding, as I said before; I come not to persuade you. [*Mute is stealing away.*]—Upon my faith, master serving-man, if you do stir, I will beat you.

*Mor.* O, what is my sin! what is my sin!

*True.* Then, if you love your wife, or rather dote on her, sir; O, how she'll torture you, and take pleasure in your torments! you shall lie with her but when she lists; she will not hurt her beauty, her complexion; or it must be for that jewel or that pearl when she does; every half-hour's pleasure must be bought anew, and with the same pain and charge you wooed

<sup>1</sup> *All the yellow doublets and great roses.*] Yellow doublets appear to have been fashionable about this time, as they are mentioned by several of our poet's contemporaries. He had already noticed them in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "O, he looked like a sponge in that pinked yellow doublet." *Roses* were ribands gathered into a knot in the form of those flowers, and fastened on the instep. They were sometimes of an enormous size. See *Mass.* vol. iv. p. 11. They are thus noticed in one of *Bee-dome's* little poems:

"He's a neat foot as ever kist the ground,  
His shoes and roses cost at least five pound."

But this was no unusual price for this favourite article of finery; which formed an indispensable part of the dress of the fashionable world in James's days, and even in those of his immediate successor.

<sup>2</sup> *If precise,*] i. e., a Precisian, a Puritan.—

WHAL.

For the *silenced brethren*, see p. 422 b.

<sup>3</sup> *The whole family, or wood of them;*] See the *Alchemist*.

her at first. Then you must keep what servants she please; what company she will; that friend must not visit you without her licence; and him she loves most, she will seem to hate eagerliest, to decline your jealousy; or, feign to be jealous of you first; and for that cause go live with her she-friend, or cousin at the college, that can instruct her in all the mysteries of writing letters, corrupting servants, taming spies; where she must have that rich gown for such a great day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; be served in silver; have the chamber filled with a succession of grooms, footmen, ushers, and other messengers; besides embroiderers, jewellers, tire-women, sempsters, feathermen, perfumers; whilst she feels not how the land drops away, nor the acres melt; nor foresees the change, when the mercer has your woods for her velvets; never weighs what her pride costs, sir; so she may kiss a page, or a smooth chin, that has the despair of a beard; be a

stateswoman, know all the news, what was done at Salisbury, what at the Bath, what at court, what in progress;<sup>1</sup> or so she may censure poets, and authors, and styles, and compare them; Daniel with Spenser, Jonson with the t'other youth, and so forth:<sup>2</sup> or be thought cunning in controversies, or the very knots of divinity; and have often in her mouth the state of the question; and then skip to the mathematics and demonstration; and answer, in religion to one, in state to another, in bawdry to a third.

*Mor.* O, O!

*True.* All this is very true, sir. And then her going in disguise to that conjurer, and this cunning woman: where the first question is, how soon you shall die? next, if her present servant love her? next, if she shall have a new servant? and how many? which of her family would make the best bawd, male or female? what precedence she shall have by her next match? and sets down the answers, and believes

<sup>1</sup> *What was done at Salisbury, what in progress;] At Salisbury,* "that is," says Upton, "at the time of the races there: *in progress*—when the king went to Scotland," or rather, when he visited the nobility at their country residences.

<sup>2</sup> *She may censure poets, and authors, and styles, and compare them; Daniel with Spenser, Jonson with the t'other youth, and so forth:]* "This is artful," says Upton, and "an ingenious ridicule on the bad taste of women: for Daniel was no more to be compared with Spenser than Decker, as our poet thought, was to be brought into a comparison with himself: for 'tis Decker he hints at by the t'other youth."

Mr. Malone, who is worse haunted by the "envy and jealousy of Jonson" than ever Cæsar was by the victories of Alexander, differs from Upton on this point. He produces this unfortunate passage as "an instance of the clumsy sarcasms and malevolent reflections with which Jonson persecuted Shakspeare during his life, and for many years afterwards." "In the *Silent Woman*, (he says,) the author perhaps pointed at Shakspeare, as one whom he viewed with fearful, yet with jealous eyes—So they may censure poets—and compare Jonson with the t'other youth." I am sorry to be obliged to remark here, that "lust" is not the only passion which will "prey on garbage." A more improbable conceit than the above has rarely been hazarded. With what propriety could Shakspeare be called the t'other youth? He was now in his 46th year, a time of life to which such an expression can scarcely be applied. Having vented a part of his spleen, Mr. Malone recurs to Upton's discovery, and adds, as a salvo to his former conjecture, "Decker, however, might be meant!"—But neither was Decker meant: for, however

meanly Mr. Malone may think of Jonson, his contemporaries, who were somewhat better acquainted with his talents, would have been very far indeed from comparing Decker with him. For Upton's mistake, an excuse may readily be found. He was not acquainted with the dramatic history of that age; and probably had no better reason for his assertion than the knowledge that Decker had attacked Jonson in the *Satiromastix*. Upton, however, had sufficient judgment to comprehend that when a man of 35 speaks of a competitor of 46, he does not usually call him the t'other youth.

It is more easy to say who is not meant than who is. To judge from the date of Marston's various publications, he must have been about Jonson's age; and from his learning, austerity, &c., might perhaps, by some of the collegiates, great affecters of the abstract sciences, be opposed to him. Others might be named; but I forbear to pursue an uncertain inquiry.

Whalley adds, that the comparison of "Daniel with Spenser" was really made by those who complimented him on the facility of his genius: and he produces the following epigram from Fitz Geoffrey (*Oxon.* 8vo, 1601) to prove it. If it does this, it is well.

"*Spenserum si quis nostrum velit esse Maronem,  
Tu, Daniele, mihi Naso Britannus eris:  
Sin illum potius Phæbum velit esse Britannum,  
Tum, Daniele, mihi tu Maro noster eris.  
Nil Phæbo ulterius; si quid foret, illud au-  
beret  
Spenserus, Phæbus tu, Daniele, fores.  
Quippe loqui Phæbus cuperet si more S'i-  
tanno,  
Haud scio quo poterat, ni velit ore tuo."*

them above the scriptures. Nay, perhaps one'll study the art.

*Mor.* Gentle sir, have you done? have you had your pleasure of me? I'll think of these things.

*True.* Yes, sir; and then comes reeking home of vapour and sweat, with going a toot, and lies in a month of a new face, all oil and birdlime; and rises in asses' milk, and is cleansed with a new fucus. God be wi' you, sir. One thing more, which I had almost forgot. This too, with whom you are to marry, may have made a conveyance of her virginity aforehand, as your wise widows do of their states, before they marry, in trust to some friend, sir. Who can tell? Or if she have not done it yet, she may do, upon the wedding-day, or the night before, and antedate you cuckold. The like has been heard of in nature. 'Tis no devised, impossible thing, sir. God be wi' you: I'll be bold to leave this rope with you, sir, for a remembrance. Farewell, Mute! [*Exit.*]

*Mor.* Come, have me to my chamber; but first shut the door. [*Truewit winds the horn without.*] O, shut the door, shut the door! is he come again?

*Enter* Cutbeard.

*Cut.* 'Tis I, sir, your barber.

*Mor.* O Cutbeard, Cutbeard, Cutbeard! here has been a cut-throat with me: help me in to my bed, and give me physic with thy counsel. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Sir John Daw's House.*

*Enter* Daw, Clerimont, Dauphine, and Epicœne.

*Daw.* Nay, an she will, let her refuse at her own charges; 'tis nothing to me, gentlemen; but she will not be invited to the like feasts or guests every day.

*Cler.* O, by no means, she may not refuse—to stay at home, if you love your reputation. 'Slight, you are invited thither o' purpose to be seen, and laughed at by the lady of the college, and her shadows. This trumpeter hath proclaimed you.

[*Aside to Epi.*]  
*Daup.* You shall not go; let him be laughed at in your stead, for not bringing you; and put him to his extemporal faculty of fooling and talking loud, to satisfy the company. [*Aside to Epi.*]

*Cler.* He will suspect us; talk aloud.

Pray, Mistress Epicœne, let's see your verses; we have Sir John Daw's leave; do not conceal your servant's merit, and your own glories.

*Epi.* They'll prove my servant's glories, if you have his leave so soon.

*Daup.* His vainglories, lady!

*Daw.* Shew them, shew them, mistress; I dare own them.

*Epi.* Judge you, what glories.

*Daw.* Nay, I'll read them myself, too: an author must recite his own works. It is a madrigal of Modesty.

"Modest and fair, for fair and good  
are near  
Neighbours, howe'er."

*Daup.* Very good.

*Cler.* Ay, is't not?

*Daw.* "No noble virtue ever was alone,  
But two in one."

*Daup.* Excellent!

*Cler.* That again, I pray, Sir John.

*Daup.* It has something in't like rare wit and sense.

*Cler.* Peace.

*Daw.*

"No noble virtue ever was alone,  
But two in one.

Then, when I praise sweet modesty,  
I praise

Bright beauty's rays:  
And having praised both beauty and  
modesty,

I have praised thee."

*Daup.* Admirable!

*Cler.* How it chimes, and cries tink in the close, divinely!

*Daup.* Ay, 'tis Seneca.

*Cler.* No, I think 'tis Plutarch.

*Daw.* The dor on Plutarch and Seneca! I hate it: they are mine own imaginations, by that light. I wonder those fellows have such credit with gentlemen.

*Cler.* They are very grave authors.

*Daw.* Grave asses! mere essayists: a few loose sentences, and that's all. A man would talk so his whole age. I do utter as good things every hour, if they were collected and observed, as either of them.

*Daup.* Indeed, Sir John!

*Cler.* He must needs; living among the wits and braveries too.

*Daup.* Ay, and being president of them, as he is.

*Daw.* There's Aristotle, a mere common-place fellow; Plato, a discourser;

Thucydides and Livy, tedious and dry; Tacitus an entire knot: sometimes worth the untying, very seldom.

*Cler.* What do you think of the poets, Sir John?

*Daw.* Not worthy to be named for authors. Homer, an old tedious, prolix ass,<sup>1</sup> talks of curriers, and chines of beef; Virgil, of dunging of land and bees; Horace, of I know not what.

*Cler.* I think so.

*Daw.* And so Pindarus, Lycophron, Anacreon, Catullus, Seneca the tragedian, Lucan, Propertius, Tibullus, Martial, Juvenal, Ausonius, Statius, Politian, Valerius Flaccus, and the rest—

*Cler.* What a sack full of their names he has got!

*Daw.* And how he pours them out! Politian with Valerius Flaccus!

*Cler.* Was not the character right of him?

*Daw.* As could be made, i' faith.

*Daw.* And Persius, a crabbed coxcomb, not to be endured.

*Daw.* Why, whom do you account for authors, Sir John Daw?

*Daw.* Syntagma juris civilis; Corpus juris civilis; Corpus juris canonici; the King of Spain's bible—

*Daup.* Is the King of Spain's bible an author?

*Cler.* Yes, and Syntagma.

*Daup.* What was that Syntagma, sir?

*Daw.* A civil lawyer, a Spaniard.

*Daw.* Sure, Corpus was a Dutchman.

*Cler.* Ay, both the Corpuses, I knew 'em: they were very corpulent authors.

*Daw.* And then there's Vatablus, Pomponatius, Symancha: the other are not to be received within the thought of a scholar.

*Daup.* 'Fore God, you have a simple learned servant, lady—in titles. [*Aside.*]

*Cler.* I wonder that he is not called to the helm, and made a counsellor.

*Daw.* He is one extraordinary.

*Cler.* Nay, but in ordinary: to say truth, the state wants such.

*Daup.* Why, that will follow.

*Cler.* I muse a mistress can be so silent to the dotes of such a servant.<sup>2</sup>

*Daw.* 'Tis her virtue, sir. I have written somewhat of her silence too.

*Daup.* In verse, Sir John?

*Cler.* What else?

*Daup.* Why, how can you justify your own being of a poet, that so slight all the old poets?

*Daw.* Why, every man that writes in verse is not a poet; you have of the wits that write verses, and yet are no poets: they are poets that live by it, the poor fellows that live by it.

*Daup.* Why, would not you live by your verses, Sir John?

*Cler.* No, 'twere pity he should. A knight live by his verses! he did not make them to that end, I hope.

*Daup.* And yet the noble Sidney lives by his, and the noble family not ashamed.

*Cler.* Ay, he profest himself; but Sir John Daw has more caution: he'll not hinder his own rising in the state so much. Do you think he will? Your verses, good Sir John, and no poems.

*Daw.* "Silence in woman, is like speech in man;

Deny 't who can."

*Daup.* Not I, believe it: your reason, sir.

*Daw.*

"Nor is 't a tale,

That female vice should be a virtue male,

Or masculine vice a female virtue be:

You shall it see

Proved with increase;

I know to speak, and she to hold her peace."

Do you conceive me, gentlemen?

*Daup.* No, faith; how mean you *with increase*, Sir John?

*Daw.* Why, with increase is, when I court her for the common cause of mankind, and she says nothing, but *consentire videtur*; and in time is *gravida*.

<sup>1</sup> *Homer, an old tedious, prolix ass, &c.*] Those brief and sententious criticisms on the principal writers of antiquity, which do so much honour to Sir John's taste and judgment, have been recently repeated with great applause. The author, however, has been unfairly dealt with by his copyists, who have illiberally conspired to suppress his name. Indeed, impudence and ingratitude go together in this prodigious age. Our new critics and philosophers steal the ab-

surdities of their forefathers without measure, and appropriate them without shame, or acknowledgment.

<sup>2</sup> *I muse a mistress can be so silent to the dotes of such a servant.*] To the endowments, or good qualities; the word is pure Latin.—WHAL.

It is not, however, peculiar to Jonson; nor was it first introduced into the language by him. I find it in many writers before his time.

*Daup.* Then this is a ballad of procreation?

*Cler.* A madrigal of procreation; you mistake.

*Epi.* Pray give me my verses again, servant.

*Daw.* If you'll ask them aloud, you shall. [*Walks aside with the papers.*]

*Enter Truewit with his horn.*

*Cler.* See, here's Truewit again! Where hast thou been, in the name of madness, thus accoutred with thy horn?

*True.* Where the sound of it might have pierced your senses with gladness, had you been in ear-reach of it. Dauphine, fall down and worship me; I have forbid the bans, lad: I have been with thy virtuous uncle, and have broke the match.

*Daup.* You have not, I hope.

*True.* Yes, faith; an thou should'st hope otherwise, I should repent me: this horn got me entrance; kiss it. I had no other way to get in, but by feigning to be a post; but when I got in once, I proved none, but rather the contrary, turned him into a post, or a stone, or what is stiffer, with thundering into him the incommodities of a wife, and the miseries of marriage. If ever Gorgon were seen in the shape of a woman, he hath seen her in my description: I have put him off o' that scent for ever. Why do you not applaud and adore me, sirs? why stand you mute? are you stupid? You are not worthy of the benefit.

*Daup.* Did not I tell you? Mischief!

*Cler.* I would you had placed this benefit somewhere else.

*True.* Why so?

*Cler.* 'Slight, you have done the most inconsiderate, rash, weak thing, that ever man did to his friend.

*Daup.* Friend! if the most malicious enemy I have, had studied to inflict an injury upon me, it could not be greater.

*True.* Wherein, for God's sake? Gentlemen, come to yourselves again.

*Daup.* But I presaged thus much afore to you.

*Cler.* Would my lips had been soldered when I spake on't! Slight, what moved you to be thus impertinent?

*True.* My masters, do not put on this strange face to pay my courtesy; off with this vizor. Have good turns done you, and thank 'em this way!

*Daup.* Fore heaven, you have undone

me. That which I have plotted for, and been maturing now these four months, you have blasted in a minute. Now I am lost, I may speak. This gentlewoman was lodged here by me o' purpose, and, to be put upon my uncle, hath profest this obstinate silence for my sake: being my entire friend, and one that for the requital of such a fortune as to marry him, would have made me very ample conditions; where now all my hopes are utterly miscarried by this unlucky accident.

*Cler.* Thus 'tis when a man will be ignorantly officious, do services, and not know his why. I wonder what courteous itch possess you. You never did absurder part in your life, nor a greater trespass to friendship or humanity.

*Daup.* Faith, you may forgive it best; 'twas your cause principally.

*Cler.* I know it; would it had not.

*Enter Cutbeard.*

*Daup.* How now, Cutbeard! what news?

*Cut.* The best, the happiest that ever was, sir. There has been a mad gentleman with your uncle this morning, [*seeing Truewit.*]—I think this be the gentleman—that has almost talked him out of his wits, with threatening him from marriage—

*Daup.* On, I prithee.

*Cut.* And your uncle, sir, he thinks 'twas done by your procurement; therefore he will see the party you wot of presently; and if he like her, he says, and that she be so inclining to dumb as I have told him, he swears he will marry her to-day, instantly, and not defer it a minute longer.

*Daup.* Excellent! beyond our expectation!

*True.* Beyond our expectation! By this light I knew it would be thus.

*Daup.* Nay, sweet Truewit, forgive me.

*True.* No, I was ignorantly officious, impertinent; this was the absurd, weak part.

*Cler.* Wilt thou ascribe that to merit now, was mere fortune?

*True.* Fortune! mere providence. Fortune had not a finger in't. I saw it must necessarily in nature fall out so: my genius is never false to me in these things. Show me how it could be otherwise.

*Daup.* Nay, gentlemen, contend not 'tis well now.

*True.* Alas, I let him go on with inconsiderate, and rash, and what he pleased.

*Cler.* Away, thou strange justifier of thyself, to be wiser than thou wert, by the event!

*True.* Event! by this light, thou shalt never persuade me but I foresaw it as well as the stars themselves.

*Daup.* Nay, gentlemen, 'tis well now. Do you two entertain Sir John Daw with discourse, while I send her away with instructions.

*True.* I'll be acquainted with her first, by your favour.

*Cler.* Master Truewit, lady, a friend of ours.

*True.* I am sorry I have not known you sooner, lady, to celebrate this rare virtue of your silence.

[*Exeunt* Daup. Epi. and Cutbeard.]

*Cler.* Faith, an you had come sooner, you should have seen and heard her well celebrated in Sir John Daw's madrigals.

*True.* [*advances to Daw.*] Jack Daw, God save you! when saw you La-Foole?

*Daw.* Not since last night, Master Truewit.

*True.* That's a miracle! I thought you two had been inseparable.

*Daw.* He's gone to invite his guests.

*True.* 'Odsó! 'tis true! What a false memory have I towards that man! I am one.<sup>1</sup> I met him even now, upon that he calls his delicate fine black horse, rid into foam, with posting from place to place, and person to person, to give them the cue—

*Cler.* Lest they should forget?

*True.* Yes: there was never poor captain took more pains at a muster to shew men, than he at this meal to shew friends.

*Daw.* It is his quarter-feast, sir.

*Cler.* What! do you say so, Sir John?

*True.* Nay, Jack Daw will not be out, at the best friends he has, to the talent of his wit. Where's his mistress, to hear and applaud him? is she gone?

*Daw.* Is Mistress Epícœne gone?

*Cler.* Gone afore, with Sir Dauphine, I warrant, to the place.

*True.* Gone afore! that were a manifest injury, a disgrace and a half; to refuse him at such a festival-time as this, being a bravery, and a wit too!

*Cler.* Tut, he'll swallow it like cream: he's better read in *Jure civili*, than to esteem anything a disgrace is offered him from a mistress.

*Daw.* Nay, let her e'en go; she shall sit alone, and be dumb in her chamber a week together, for John Daw, I warrant her. Does she refuse me?

*Cler.* No, sir, do not take it so to heart; she does not refuse you, but a little neglects you. Good faith, Truewit, you were to blame, to put it into his head, that she does refuse him.

*True.* Sir, she does refuse him palpably, however you mince it. An I were as he, I would swear to speak ne'er a word to her to-day for 't.

*Daw.* By this light, no more I will not.

*True.* Nor to anybody else, sir.

*Daw.* Nay, I will not say so, gentlemen.

*Cler.* It had been an excellent happy condition for the company, if you could have drawn him to it.

*Daw.* I'll be very melancholy, i' faith.

*Cler.* As a dog, if I were as you, Sir John.

*True.* Or a snail, or a hog-louse. I would roll myself up for this day; in troth, they should not unwind me.

*Daw.* By this picktooth, so I will.

*Cler.* 'Tis well done: he begins already to be angry with his teeth.

*Daw.* Will you go, gentlemen?

*Cler.* Nay, you must walk alone if you be right melancholy, Sir John.

*True.* Yes, sir, we'll dog you, we'll follow you afar off.

[*Exit* Daw.]

*Cler.* Was there ever such a two yards of knighthood measured out by time, to be sold to laughter?

*True.* A mere talking mole, hang him! no mushroom was ever so fresh.<sup>2</sup> A fellow so utterly nothing, as he knows not what he would be.

*Cler.* Let's follow him: but first let's go to Dauphine, he's hovering about the house to hear what news.

*True.* Content.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> *I am one.*] i.e., one of the guests. Whalley has strangely mistaken the sense of this simple passage; I am one, he says, is "elliptical for, I am such a one! and is used when a person forgets what he ought to remember."

<sup>2</sup> *No mushroom was ever so fresh.*] Taken, as Upton observes, from Plautus:

"*Jam nihil sapit, Nec sentit; tanti 'st, quanti est fungus putidus.*"

*Mole*, Upton "corrects" (why, it is impossible to guess) into *mule*. Animal for animal, the former was surely best adapted to represent the imbecility of this purblind knight.

SCENE III.—*A Room in Morose's House.*

*Enter Morose and Mute, followed by Cutbeard with Epicœne.*

*Mor.* Welcome, Cutbeard! draw near with your fair charge: and in her ear softly entreat her to unmask [*Epi. takes off her mask.*] So! Is the door shut? [*Mute makes a leg.*] Enough. Now, Cutbeard, with the same discipline I use to my family, I will question you. As I conceive, Cutbeard, this gentlewoman is she you have provided, and brought, in hope she will fit me in the place and person of a wife? Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise. [*Cut. makes a leg.*] Very well done, Cutbeard. I conceive besides, Cutbeard, you have been pre-acquainted with her birth, education, and qualities, or else you would not prefer her to my acceptance, in the weighty consequence of marriage. [*makes a leg.*] This I conceive, Cutbeard. Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise. [*bows again.*] Very well done, Cutbeard. Give aside now a little, and leave me to examine her condition and aptitude to my affection. [*goes about her and views her.*] She is exceeding fair, and of a special good favour; a sweet composition or harmony of limbs; her temper of beauty has the true height of my blood. The knave hath exceedingly well fitted me without: I will now try her within.—Come near, fair gentlewoman; let not my behaviour seem rude, though unto you, being rare, it may haply appear strange. [*Epicœne curtsies.*] Nay, lady, you may speak, though Cutbeard and my man might not; for of all sounds, only the sweet voice of a fair lady has the just length of mine ears. I beseech you, say, lady; out of the first fire of meeting eyes, they say, love is stricken: do you feel any

such motion suddenly shot into you, from any part you see in me? ha, lady? [*Epi. curtsies.*] Alas, lady, these answers by silent curtsies from you are too courtless and simple. I have ever had my breeding in court; and she that shall be my wife, must be accomplished with courtly and audacious ornaments.<sup>1</sup> Can you speak, lady?

*Epi.* [*softly.*] Judge you, forsooth.

*Mor.* What say you, lady? Speak out, I beseech you.

*Epi.* Judge you, forsooth.

*Mor.* On my judgment, a divine softness! But can you naturally, lady, as I enjoin these by doctrine and industry, refer yourself to the search of my judgment, and, not taking pleasure in your tongue, which is a woman's chiefest pleasure, think it plausible to answer me by silent gestures, so long as my speeches jump right with what you conceive? [*Epi. curtsies.*] Excellent! divine! if it were possible she should hold out thus! Peace, Cutbeard, thou art made for ever, as thou hast made me, if this felicity have lasting: but I will try her further. Dear lady, I am courtly, I tell you, and I must have mine ears banquetted with pleasant and witty conferences, pretty girds, scoffs, and dalliance in her that I mean to choose for my bed-phere.<sup>2</sup> The ladies in court think it a most desperate impair to their quickness of wit, and good carriage, if they cannot give occasion for a man to court 'em; and when an amorous discourse is set on foot, minister as good matter to continue it as himself. And do you alone so much differ from all them, that what they, with so much circumstance, affect and toil for, to seem learned, to seem judicious, to seem sharp and conceited, you can bury in yourself with silence, and rather trust your graces to the fair conscience of virtue, than to the world's or your own proclamation?

<sup>1</sup> *With courtly and audacious ornaments.* i.e., liberal, spirited. Audacious was not always used by our old writers in a bad sense. In *Love's Labour Lost*, we have, "Witty without affectation, audacious without impudency." One of the characters in the *Utopia* is, I think, named *Eutolmos*.

<sup>2</sup> *I must have mine ears banquetted with pleasant and witty conferences, pretty girds, scoffs, and dalliance in her I choose for my bed-phere.* "Very elegantly expressed from Plato, *de republ. ἐστιασας λογων κελων*. Hence Cicero, *Cogitationum bonarum epula*—*Discendi epulas*. For *bed-phere*, we must read *bedfere*, i.e., bed-

companion. *So fere* is used in our old poets: the word we had from the Danes."

These are Upton's remarks, on which it is only necessary to say that *phere* is quite as common in our old poets as *fere*, and that it comes to us from the Saxons. "Gird," he adds, "is derived from the Greek γυρος; and, indeed, it has one resemblance which our etymologists sometimes overlook, it begins with the same letter: but *gird* (and I mention it for the sake of the commentators) is a mere metathesis of *gride*, and means a thrust, a blow; the metaphorical use of the word for a smart stroke of wit, taunt, reproachful retort, &c., is justified by a similar application of kindred terms in all languages.

*Epi.* [*softly.*] I should be sorry else.

*Mor.* What say you, lady? good lady, speak out.

*Epi.* I should be sorry else.

*Mor.* That sorrow doth fill me with gladness. O Morose, thou art happy above mankind! pray that thou mayst contain thyself. I will only put her to it once more, and it shall be with the utmost touch and test of their sex. But hear me, fair lady; I do also love to see her whom I shall choose for my heifer,<sup>1</sup> to be the first and principal in all fashions, precede all the dames at court by a fortnight, have council of tailors, lineners, lace-women, embroiderers; and sit with them sometimes twice a day upon French intelligences, and then come forth varied like nature, or oftener than she, and better by the help of art, her emulous servant. This do I affect: and how will you be able, lady, with this frugality of speech, to give the manifold but necessary instructions, for that bodice, these sleeves, those skirts, this cut, that stitch, this embroidery, that lace, this wire, those knots, that ruff, those roses, this girdle, that fan, the t'other scarf, these gloves? Ha! what say you, lady?

*Epi.* [*softly.*] I'll leave it to you, sir.

*Mor.* How, lady? Pray you rise a note.

*Epi.* I leave it to wisdom and you, sir.

*Mor.* Admirable creature! I will trouble you no more. I will not sin against so sweet a simplicity. Let me now be bold to print on those divine lips the seal of being mine. Cutbeard, I give thee the lease of thy house free; thank me not but with thy leg. [*Cutbeard shakes his head.*] I know what thou wouldst say,<sup>2</sup> she's poor and her friends deceased. She has brought a wealthy dowry in her silence, Cutbeard;

and in respect of her poverty, Cutbeard, I shall have her more loving and obedient, Cutbeard. Go thy ways, and get me a minister presently, with a soft low voice, to marry us; and pray him he will not be impertinent, but brief as he can; away: softly, Cutbeard. [*Exit. Cut.*] Sirrah, conduct your mistress into the dining-room, your now mistress. [*Exit Mute, followed by Epi.*] O, my felicity! how shall I be revenged on my insolent kinsman, and his plots to fright me from marrying! This night I will get an heir, and thrust him out of my blood like a stranger. He would be knighted, forsooth, and thought by that means to reign over me; his title must do it. No, kinsman, I will now make you bring me the tenth lord's and the sixteenth lady's letter, kinsman; and it shall do you no good, kinsman. Your knighthood itself shall come on its knees, and it shall be rejected; it shall be sued for its fees to execution, and not be redeemed; it shall cheat at the twelve-penny ordinary, it knighthood, for its diet, all the term time, and tell tales for it in the vacation to the hostess; or it knighthood shall do worse, take sanctuary in Cole-harbour,<sup>3</sup> and fast. It shall fright all its friends with borrowing letters; and when one of the fourscore hath brought it knighthood ten shillings, it knighthood shall go to the Cranes, or the Bear at the Bridge-foot, and be drunk in fear; it shall not have money to discharge one tavern-reckoning, to invite the old creditors to forbear it knighthood, or the new, that should be, to trust it knighthood. It shall be the tenth name in the bond to take up the commodity of pipkins and stone-jugs: and the part thereof shall not furnish it knighthood forth for the attempting of a

<sup>1</sup> *My heifer,*] My yoke-mate. Morose is not over-delicate in his choice of terms for a wife: perhaps, he alludes to the proverbial expression, *Judges c. xiv. v. 18.*

<sup>2</sup> *I know what thou wouldst say, &c.*] This, as Upton observes, is taken from the *Aulularia* of Plautus:

"*Me. Ejus cupio filiam  
Virginem mihi desponderi—Verba ne facias,  
soror:  
quo quid dictura es, hanc esse pauperem.  
Hæc pauper placet.*"

At the break *Eunomia* (like *Cutbeard*) shakes her head, which *Megadorus* interprets as a sign of disapprobation, and proceeds to obviate. The passage is thus translated by Thornton:

"*Meg.* His daughter I would marry—*Nay, nay, sister,*

Speak not a word: I know what you would say, She has no fortune. What of that? I like her."

<sup>3</sup> *Take sanctuary in Cole-harbour,*] Cole, or more commonly *Cold-harbour*, was a very ancient building in the parish of *Allhallows the Less*, near the *Thames*. *Stow* gives a long account of the various hands through which it passed, till it came to the *Earl of Shrewsbury*, who, about the end of the sixteenth century, "took it down, and in place thereof builded a number of small tenements, now letten out for great rents to people of all sorts." It seems, at this time, to have been a place of retreat for debtors, gamblers, &c. There is considerable humour in this long monologue of *Morose*; but his ungenerous triumph over the imaginary distresses of his nephew cannot be justified; and fully warrants the plot meditated against him in return. This might possibly be what the poet intended by it.

baker's widow, a brown baker's widow. It shall give it knighthood's name for a stallion, to all gamesome citizens' wives, and be refused, when the master of a dancing-school, or how,<sup>1</sup> do you call him, the worst reveller in the town, is taken : it shall want clothes, and by reason of that, wit, to fool to lawyers. It shall not have hope to repair itself by Constantinople, Ireland, or Virginia;<sup>2</sup> but the best and last fortune to it knighthood, shall be to make Dol Tear-sheet or Kate Common a lady, and so it knighthood may eat. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*A Lane near Morose's House.*

Enter Truewit, Dauphine, and Clerimont.

True. Are you sure he has not gone by?

Daup. No, I staid in the shop ever since.

Cler. But he may take the other end of the lane.

Daup. No, I told him I would be here at this end : I appointed him hither.

True. What a barbarian it is to stay then !

Daup. Yonder he comes.

Cler. And his charge left behind him, which is a very good sign, Dauphine.

Enter Cutbeard.

Daup. How now, Cutbeard ! succeeds it or no ?

<sup>1</sup> Or how, do you call him, &c.] From the manner in which this is printed in the old copies, I should take it to be personal, and one *Howe* to be pointed at as the "worst reveller," &c.

<sup>2</sup> To repair itself by Constantinople, Ireland, or Virginia ;] This alludes probably to James's schemes for establishing order in *Ireland*, one of which was the grant of lands about this time to English settlers in the province of *Ulster* ; and to the revival of the colonies in *Virginia*, whither two bodies of planters had just been sent, one in 1608, the other in 1609. What is meant by *Constantinople* is not so easy to guess. Sir Puntarvolo, we know, (*Every Man out of his Humour*;) took five to one upon the return of himself, his dog, and cat, from thence ; but it is more likely that the poet refers to some circumstances respecting the Turkey company, established in the preceding reign.

<sup>3</sup> Slight ! get one of the silenced ministers :] Alluding, says Grey, to the nonconformist clergy silenced in the year 1604, after the Hampton Court conference. Calderwood observes, "That in the second year of King James, three hundred ministers were either silenced, or deprived of their benefices, or excommunicated, or cast into prison, or forced to leave their own country." But Dr. Heylin and Mr. Foulis, in answer, tell

Cut. Past imagination, sir, *omnia secunda* ; you could not have prayed to have had it so well. *Sallat senex*, as it is in the proverb ; he does triumph in his felicity, admires the party ! he has given me the lease of my house too ! and I am now going for a silent minister to marry them, and away.

True. Slight ! get one of the silenced ministers ;<sup>3</sup> a zealous brother would torment him purely.

Cut. *Cum privilegio*, sir.

Daup. O, by no means ; let's do nothing to hinder it now : when 'tis done and finished, I am for you, for any device of vexation.

Cut. And that shall be within this half hour, upon my dexterity, gentlemen. Contrive what you can in the mean time, *bonis avibus*. [Exit.

Cler. How the slave doth Latin it !<sup>4</sup>

True. It would be made a jest to posterity, sirs, this day's mirth, if ye will.

Cler. Beshrew his heart that will not, I pronounce.

Daup. And for my part. What is it ?

True. To translate all La-Foole's company and his feast thither to-day, to celebrate this bride-ale.<sup>5</sup>

Daup. Ay, marry ; but how will't be done ?

True. I'll undertake the directing of all the lady-guests thither, and then the meat must follow.

us, "that only forty-nine were deprived upon all occasions, as appears by the rolls brought in to Archbishop Bancroft before his death ; which in a realm containing nine thousand parishes, was no great matter."

This statement, which is abridged from a former note, though imperfect, and, I suspect, inaccurate, may yet suffice for a general view of Jonson's meaning. It may perhaps be added, that however great the number of silenced nonconformists might be, it was surpassed in a tenfold degree by that of the deprived ministers of the Church during the puritanical persecution which followed. Dissenters (of whatever denomination) have seldom "borne their faculties meekly" in the day of success, or thought it necessary to copy the moderation and forbearance which they experienced while yet the feeblener party.

<sup>4</sup> How the slave doth Latin it !] This is an artful preparation for the part which Cutbeard is destined to play in the last act. See also what is said of Captain Otter below.

<sup>5</sup> To celebrate this bride-ale.] This marriage festival. Our old writers frequently use *ale*, in composition, for a merry-meeting. Separately, it commonly stands for an *ale-house*.

*Cler.* For God's sake, let's effect it ; it will be an excellent comedy of affliction, so many several noises.

*Daup.* But are they not at the other place already, think you ?

*True.* I'll warrant you for the college-honours : one of their faces has not the priming colour laid on yet, nor the other her smock sleeked.

*Cler.* O, but they'll rise earlier than ordinary to a feast.

*True.* Best go see, and assure ourselves.

*Cler.* Who knows the house ?

*True.* I'll lead you. Were you never there yet ?

*Daup.* Not I.

*Cler.* Nor I.

*True.* Where have you lived then ? not know Tom Otter !

*Cler.* No : for God's sake, what is he ?

*True.* An excellent animal, equal with your Daw or La-Foole, if not transcendent ; and does Latin it as much as your barber. He is his wife's subject ; he calls her princess, and at such times as these follows her up and down the house like a page, with his hat off, partly for heat, partly for reverence. At this instant he is marshalling of his bull, bear, and horse.

*Daup.* What be those, in the name of Sphinx ?<sup>1</sup>

*True.* Why, sir, he has been a great man at the Bear-garden in his time ; and from that subtle sport has ta'en the witty denomination of his chief carousing cups. One he calls his bull, another his bear, another his horse. And then he has his lesser glasses, that he calls his deer and his ape ; and several degrees of them too ; and never is well, nor thinks any entertainment perfect till these be brought out, and set on the cupboard.

*Cler.* For God's love !—we should miss this if we should not go.

*True.* Nay, he has a thousand things as good, that will speak him all day. He will rail on his wife, with certain common-places, behind her back, and to her face—

*Daup.* No more of him. Let's go see him, I petition you. [Exit.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Room in Otter's House.

Enter Captain Otter with his cups, and Mistress Otter.

*Ott.* Nay, good princess, hear me *paucis verba*.

*Mrs. Ott.* By that light, I'll have you chained up, with your bull-dogs and bear-dogs, if you be not civil the sooner. I'll send you to kennel, i' faith. You were best bait me with your bull, bear, and horse. Never a time that the courtiers or collegiates come to the house, but you make it a Shrove Tuesday ! I would have you get your Whitsuntide velvet cap, and your staff in your hand, to entertain them : yes, in troth, do.

*Ott.* Not so, princess, neither ; but under correction, sweet princess, give me leave. These things I am known to the courtiers by. It is reported to them for my humour, and they receive it so, and do expect it. Tom Otter's bull, bear, and horse is known all over England, *in rerum natura*.

*Mrs. Ott.* Fie me, I will *na-ture* them over to Paris-garden, and *na-ture* you thither too if you pronounce them again. Is a bear a fit beast, or a bull, to mix in society with great ladies ? think in your discretion, in any good policy.

*Ott.* The horse then, good princess.

*Mrs. Ott.* Well, I am contented for the horse ; they love to be well horsed, I know : I love it myself.

*Ott.* And it is a delicate fine horse this : *Poetarum Pegasus*. Under correction, princess, Jupiter did turn himself into a—*taurus*, or bull, under correction, good princess.

Enter Truewit, Clerimont, and Dauphine, behind.

*Mrs. Ott.* By my integrity, I'll send you over to the Bank-side ; I'll commit you to the master of the Garden, if I hear but a syllable more. Must my house or my roof be polluted with the scent of bears and bulls, when it is perfumed for great ladies ? Is this according to the instrument when I

<sup>1</sup> *What be those in the name of Sphinx ?* In the name of *ignorance*, says Upton, who is followed, as usual, by Whalley. This is another instance of the inutility of learning without judgment. That Sphinx is sometimes typical of *ignorance* is certain, as Jonson himself has shown

in one of his Masques ; but she is here introduced in the character by which she is vulgarly known, as a dealer in riddles, merely. Why should Dauphine invoke ignorance, when he was in quest of information ?

married you? that I would be princess, and reign in mine own house; and you would be my subject, and obey me? What did you bring me, should make you thus peremptory? do I allow you your half-crown a day, to spend where you will, among your gamblers, to vex and torment me at such times as these? Who gives you your maintenance, I pray you? who allows you your horse-meat and man's-meat? your three suits of apparel a year? your four pair of stockings, one silk, three worsted? your clean linen, your bands and cuffs, when I can get you to wear them?—'tis marle you have them on now. Who graces you with courtiers or great personages, to speak to you out of their coaches, and come home to your house? Were you ever so much as looked upon by a lord or a lady before I married you, but on the Easter or Whitsun-holidays? and then out at the banqueting-house window, when Ned Whiting or George Stone were at the stake?<sup>1</sup>

*True.* For God's sake, let's go stave her off him.

*Mrs. Ott.* Answer me to that. And did not I take you up from thence, in an old greasy buff-doublet, with points, and green velvet sleeves, out at the elbows? you forget this.

*True.* She'll worry him, if we help not in time. [*They come forward.*]

*Mrs. Ott.* O, here are some of the galls. Go to, behave yourself distinctly, and with good morality; or, I protest, I'll take away your exhibition.<sup>2</sup>

*True.* By your leave, fair Mistress Otter, I'll be bold to enter these gentlemen in your acquaintance.

*Mrs. Ott.* It shall not be obnoxious, or difficult, sir.

*True.* How does my noble captain? is the bull, bear, and horse in *rerum natura* still?

*Ott.* Sir, *sic visum superis.*

*Mrs. Ott.* I would you would but inti-

mate them, do. Go your ways in, and get toasts and butter made for the woodcocks: that's a fit province for you.

[*Drives him off.*]

*Cler.* Alas, what a tyranny is this poor fellow married to.

*True.* O, but the sport will be anon, when we get him loose.

*Daup.* Dares he ever speak?

*True.* No Anabaptist ever railed<sup>3</sup> with the like licence: but mark her language in the meantime, I beseech you.

*Mrs. Ott.* Gentlemen, you are very aptly come. My cousin, Sir Amorous, will be here briefly.

*True.* In good time, lady. Was not Sir John Daw here, to ask for him, and the company?

*Mrs. Ott.* I cannot assure you, Master Truewit. Here was a very melancholy knight in a ruff, that demanded my subject for somebody, a gentleman, I think.

*Cler.* Ay, that was he, lady.

*Mrs. Ott.* But he departed straight, I can resolve you.

*Daup.* What an excellent choice phrase this lady expresses in!

*True.* O, sir, she is the only authentical courtier, that is not naturally bred one, in the city.

*Mrs. Ott.* You have taken that report upon trust, gentlemen.

*True.* No, I assure you, the court governs it so, lady, in your behalf.

*Mrs. Ott.* I am the servant of the court and courtiers, sir.

*True.* They are rather your idolaters.

*Mrs. Ott.* Not so, sir.

*Enter Cutbeard.*

*Daup.* How now, Cutbeard! any cross?

*Cut.* O no, sir, *omnia bene.* 'Twas never better on the hinges; all's sure. I have so pleased him with a curate, that he's gone to't almost with the delight he hopes for soon.

*Daup.* What is he for a vicar?<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> When Ned Whiting or George Stone were at the stake? Two noted bears of that age, who went by the names of their owners. So in the *Widow of Watling Street*, act iii., a fellow who has just escaped from the hands of the bailiffs, says, "How many dogs do you think I had upon me? almost as many as George Stone the bear."—WHAL.

Poor George! the dogs were too many for him at last. "A goodly bear" he is called by his keepers, who feelingly lament his loss, in their petition to the court for a renewal of their licence.

<sup>2</sup> I'll take away your exhibition.] i.e., your allowance for pocket-money; the "half-crown a day" mentioned above.

<sup>3</sup> No Anabaptist ever railed, &c.] It may be just worth observing that this sect, which has now been so long noted for its mild and decorous conduct, was, at its original formation, turbulent, frantic, and mischievous, above all others.

<sup>4</sup> What is he for a vicar? What vicar is he? This is pure German, or, as the authorized phrase seems to be, Saxon in its idiom, and is very common in our old writers. *Was ist das für ein.*—It is somewhat singular that E. K. the

*Cut.* One that has caught a cold, sir, and can scarce be heard six inches off; as if he spoke out of a bulrush that were not picked, or his throat were full of pith: a fine quick fellow, and an excellent barber of prayers.<sup>1</sup> I came to tell you, sir, that you might *omnem movere lapidem*, as they say, be ready with your vexation.

*Daup.* Gramercy, honest Cutbeard! be thereabouts with thy key, to let us in.

*Cut.* I will not fail you, sir; *ad manum*.  
[*Exit.*]

*True.* Well, I'll go watch my coaches.

*Cler.* Do; and we'll send Daw to you, if you meet him not. [*Exit* Truewit.

*Mrs. Ott.* Is Master Truewit gone?

*Daup.* Yes, lady, there is some unfortunate business fallen out.

*Mrs. Ott.* So I adjudged by the physiognomy of the fellow that came in; and I had a dream last night too of the new pageant, and my lady mayoress, which is always very ominous to me. I told it my Lady Haughty t'other day, when her honour came hither to see some China stuffs; and she expounded it out of Artemidorus, and I have found it since very true. It has done me many affronts.

*Cler.* Your dream, lady?

*Mrs. Ott.* Yes, sir, anything I do but dream of the city. It stained me a damask tablecloth, cost me eighteen pound, at one time; and burnt me a black satin gown, as I stood by the fire at my Lady Centaure's chamber in the college, another time. A third time, at the lords' masque, it dropt all my wire and my ruff with wax candle, that I could not go up to the banquet. A fourth time, as I was taking coach to go to Ware, to meet a friend, it dashed me a new suit all over (a crimson satin doublet and black velvet skirts) with a brewer's horse, that I was fain to go in and shift me, and kept my chamber a leash of days for the anguish of it.

*Daup.* These were dire mischances, lady.

*Cler.* I would not dwell in the city an 'twere so fatal to me.

*Mrs. Ott.* Yes, sir: but I do take advice of my doctor to dream of it as little as I can.

*Daup.* You do well, Mistress Otter.

*Enter* Sir John Daw, *and is taken aside*  
*by* Clerimont.

*Mrs. Ott.* Will it please you to enter the house farther, gentlemen?

*Daup.* And your favour, lady: but we stay to speak with a knight, Sir John Daw, who is here come. We shall follow you, lady.

*Mrs. Ott.* At your own time, sir. It is my cousin Sir Amorous his feast—

*Daup.* I know it, lady.

*Mrs. Ott.* And mine together. But it is for his honour, and therefore I take no name of it, more than of the place.

*Daup.* You are a bounteous kinswoman.

*Mrs. Ott.* Your servant, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Cler.* [coming forward with Daw.] Why, do not you know it, Sir John Daw?

*Daw.* No, I am a rook if I do.

*Cler.* I'll tell you then; she's married by this time. And whereas you were put in the head, that she was gone with Sir Dauphine, I assure you Sir Dauphine has been the noblest, honestest friend to you, that ever gentleman of your quality could boast of. He has discovered the whole plot, and made your mistress so acknowledging, and indeed so ashamed of her injury to you, that she desires you to forgive her, and but grace her wedding with your presence to-day. She is to be married to a very good fortune, she says, his uncle, old Morose; and she willed me in private to tell you, that she shall be able to do you more favours, and with more security now than before.

*Daw.* Did she say so, i' faith?

*Cler.* Why, what do you think of me, Sir John! ask Sir Dauphine.

*Daw.* Nay, I believe you. Good Sir Dauphine, did she desire me to forgive her?

*Daup.* I assure you, Sir John, she did.

*Daw.* Nay, then, I do with all my heart, and I'll be jovial.

*Cler.* Yes, for look you, sir, this was the injury to you. La-Foole intended this feast to honour her bridal day, and made you the property to invite the college ladies, and promise to bring her; and then at the time she would have appeared,

commentator on Spenser's *Pastorals*, should think it necessary to explain the expression in his time. On the line "What is he for a lad?" he subjoins, "a strange manner of speaking, q. d. What manner of lad is he?" What is he

for a creature, occurs in *Every Man out of his Humour*.

<sup>1</sup> An excellent barber of prayers. i. e., one who cuts them short, &c. Rabelais calls Friar John an excellent *estropier des Heures*; and the author perhaps had this expression in view.

as his friend, to have given you the dor.<sup>1</sup> Whereas now, Sir Dauphine has brought her to a feeling of it, with this kind of satisfaction, that you shall bring all the ladies to the place where she is, and be very jovial; and there she will have a dinner, which shall be in your name; and so disappoint La-Foole, to make you good again, and, as it were, a saver in the main.

*Daw.* As I am a knight, I honour her; and forgive her heartily.

*Cler.* About it then presently. Truewit is gone before to confront the coaches, and to acquaint you with so much, if he meet you. Join with him, and 'tis well.—

*Enter Sir Amorous La-Foole.*

See; here comes your antagonist; but take you no notice, but be very jovial.

*La-F.* Are the ladies come, Sir John Daw, and your mistress? [*Exit Daw.*] Sir Dauphine! you are exceeding welcome, and honest Master Clerimont. Where's my cousin? did you see no collegiates, gentlemen?

*Daup.* Collegiates! do you not hear, Sir Amorous, how you are abused?

*La-F.* How, sir!

*Cler.* Will you speak so kindly to Sir John Daw, that has done you such an affront?

*La-F.* Wherein, gentlemen? let me be a suitor to you to know, I beseech you.

*Cler.* Why, sir, his mistress is married to-day to Sir Dauphine's uncle, your cousin's neighbour, and he has diverted all the ladies, and all your company thither, to frustrate your provision, and stick a disgrace upon you. He was here now to have enticed us away from you too: but we told him his own, I think.

*La-F.* Has Sir John Daw wronged me so inhumanly?

*Daup.* He has done it, Sir Amorous, most maliciously and treacherously: but if

you'll be ruled by us, you shall quit him, i' faith.

*La-F.* Good gentlemen, I'll make one, believe it. How, I pray?

*Daup.* Marry, sir, get me your pheasants, and your godwits, and your best meat, and dish it in silver dishes of your cousin's presently; and say nothing, but clap me a clean towel about you, like a sewer; and, bareheaded, march afore it with a good confidence ('tis but over the way, hard by,) and we'll second you, where you shall set it on the board, and bid them welcome to 't, which shall show 'tis yours, and disgrace his preparation utterly: and for your cousin, whereas she should be troubled here at home with care of making and giving welcome, she shall transfer all that labour thither, and be a principal guest herself; sit ranked with the college honours, and be honoured, and have her health drunk as often, as bare, and as loud as the best of them.

*La-F.* I'll go tell her presently. It shall be done, that's resolved. [*Exit.*]

*Cler.* I thought he would not hear it out but 'twould take him.

*Daup.* Well, there be guests and meat now; how shall we do for music?

*Cler.* The smell of the venison, going through the street, will invite one noise of fiddlers or other.<sup>2</sup>

*Daup.* I would it would call the trumpeters thither!

*Cler.* Faith, there is hope; they have intelligence of all feasts. There's good correspondence betwixt them and the London cooks: 'tis twenty to one but we have them.

*Daup.* 'Twill be a most solemn day for my uncle, and an excellent fit of mirth for us.

*Cler.* Ay, if we can hold up the emulation betwixt Foole and Daw, and never bring them to expostulate.

*Daup.* Tut, flatter them both, as Truewit says, and you may take their understandings in a purse-net.<sup>3</sup> They'll believe

<sup>1</sup> To have given you the dor.] See p. 184 b.

<sup>2</sup> One noise of fiddlers or other.] This term, which occurs perpetually in our old dramatists, means a company or concert. In Jonson's days they sedulously attended taverns, ordinaries, &c., and seem to have been very importunate for admission to the guests. They usually consisted of three, and took their name from the leader of their little band. Thus we hear of "Mr. Sneak's noise," "Mr. Creak's noise," and, in Cartwright, of "Mr. Spindle's noise." These

names are probably the invention of Shakspeare, and the rest; but they prove the existence of the custom. When this term went out of use I cannot tell; but it was familiar in Dryden's time, who has it in his *Wild Gallant*, and elsewhere: "I hear him coming, and a whole noise of fiddlers at his heels."—*Maiden Queen.*

<sup>3</sup> In a purse-net.] A net, Johnson says, of which the mouth is drawn together by a string. It is mentioned by Decker: "These two comies will we ferret into our purse-net."—*Honest Whore.*

themselves to be just such men as we make them, neither more nor less. They have nothing, not the use of their senses, but by tradition.

*Re-enter La-Foole, like a sewer.*

*Cler.* See! Sir Amorous has his towel on already. Have you persuaded your cousin?

*La-F.* Yes, 'tis very feasible: she'll do anything, she says, rather than the La-Fooles shall be disgraced.

*Daup.* She is a noble kinswoman. It will be such a pestling device,<sup>1</sup> Sir Amorous; it will pound all your enemy's practices to powder, and blow him up with his own mine, his own train.

*La-F.* Nay, we'll give fire, I warrant you.

*Cler.* But you must carry it privately, without any noise, and take no notice by any means—

*Re-enter Captain Otter.*

*Ott.* Gentlemen, my princess says you shall have all her silver dishes, *festinate*: and she's gone to alter her tire a little, and go with you—

*Cler.* And yourself too, Captain Otter?

*Daup.* By any means, sir.

*Ott.* Yes, sir, I do mean it: but I would entreat my cousin Sir Amorous, and you, gentlemen, to be suitors to my princess, that I may carry my bull and my bear, as well as my horse.

*Cler.* That you shall do, Captain Otter.

*La-F.* My cousin will never consent, gentlemen.

*Daup.* She must consent, Sir Amorous, to reason.

*La-F.* Why, she says they are no decorum among ladies.

*Ott.* But they are *decora*, and that's better, sir.

*Cler.* Ay, she must hear argument. Did not Pasiphae, who was a queen, love

a bull? and was not Calisto, the mother of Arcas, turned into a bear, and made a star, Mistress Ursula, in the heavens?

*Ott.* O lord! that I could have said as much! I will have these stories painted in the Bear-garden, *ex Ovidii metamorphosi*.

*Daup.* Where is your princess, Captain? pray be our leader.

*Ott.* That I shall, sir.

*Cler.* Make haste, good Sir Amorous.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Morose's House.*

*Enter Morose, Epicœne, Parson, and Cutbeard.*

*Mor.* Sir, there's an angel for yourself, and a brace of angels for your cold. Muse not at this manage of my bounty. It is fit we should thank fortune, double to nature, for any benefit she confers upon us; besides, it is your imperfection, but my solace.

*Par.* [*speaks as having a cold.*] I thank your worship; so it is mine now.

*Mor.* What says he, Cutbeard?

*Cut.* He says *præsto*, sir, whensoever your worship needs him, he can be ready with the like. He got this cold with sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers.<sup>2</sup>

*Mor.* No more. I thank him.

*Par.* God keep your worship, and give you much joy with your fair spouse!—uh! uh! uh!

*Mor.* O, O! stay, Cutbeard! let him give me five shillings of my money back. As it is bounty to reward benefits, so it is equity to mulct injuries. I will have it. What says he?

*Cler.* He cannot change it, sir.

*Mor.* It must be changed.

*Cut.* Cough again. [*Aside to Parson.*]

*Mor.* What says he?

*Cut.* He will cough out the rest, sir.

*Par.* Uh, uh, uh!

<sup>1</sup> *It will be such a pestling device, &c.*] Whalley has a portentous note here. "*Pestling* is a colloquial corruption of pestilence, or pestilent, used by our old writers for a sign of the superlative degree." It is certain, as he says, that pestilent is frequently used as an augmentative; but if he had only read to the end of the line, before he undertook to comment on the beginning of it, he would have seen that *pestling* meant simply pounding with a *pestle*.

This over haste is a sore evil with the commentators.

<sup>2</sup> *He got this cold with sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers.*] The Protestants, who came from Flanders, and brought with them the woollen manufactory, were much given to singing at their work. To this Falstaff alludes. "I would I were a *weaver*; I could sing all manner of songs." These are the people whom our author here calls *cloth-workers*.—**WHAL.**

*Mor.* Away, away with him! stop his mouth! away! I forgive it.—

[*Exit Cut. thrusting out the Par.*

*Epi.* Fie, Master Morose, that you will use this violence to a man of the church.

*Mor.* How!

*Epi.* It does not become your gravity or breeding, as you pretend, in court, to have offered this outrage on a waterman, or any more boisterous creature, much less on a man of his civil coat.

*Mor.* You can speak then!

*Epi.* Yes, sir.

*Mor.* Speak out, I mean.

*Epi.* Ay, sir. Why, did you think you had married a statue, or a motion only? one of the French puppets, with the eyes turned with a wire? or some innocent out of the hospital,<sup>1</sup> that would stand with her hands thus, and a plaise mouth,<sup>2</sup> and look upon you?

*Mor.* O immodesty! a manifest woman! What, Cutbeard!

*Epi.* Nay, never quarrel with Cutbeard, sir; it is too late now. I confess it doth bate somewhat of the modesty I had, when I writ simply maid; but I hope I shall make it a stock still competent to the estate and dignity of your wife.

*Mor.* She can talk!

*Epi.* Yes, indeed, sir.

*Enter Mute.*

*Mor.* What, sirrah! None of my knaves there? where is this impostor Cutbeard?

[*Mute makes signs.*

<sup>1</sup> Or some innocent out of the hospital,] i.e., some natural fool. In the margin of Whalley's copy I find this extract from the register of some parish church, probably his own: "Thomas Sole, an innocent, about the age of fifty years and upward, buried 19th September, 1605." Enough has now been said of this very common expression.

<sup>2</sup> A plaise mouth,] A mouth drawn all on one side.—WHAL.

So in a satire by T. Lodge, reprinted in Beloe's *Anecdotes*, vol. ii. p. 115:

"This makes Amphidius welcome to good cheer,  
And spend his master fortie pounds a yeere,  
And keep his plaise-mouthed wife in welts and gardes."

"Plaise-mouthed, I presume," the editor says, "means foul-mouthed, or rather, perhaps, with a mouth as large as that of the plaise." But the plaise has a small mouth: and plaise-mouthed is used by our old writers for primness, affected prudery, or contempt. Thus Decker: "I should have made a wry mouth at the world like a playse."—*Honest Whore*. And Nashe, in his

*Epi.* Speak to him, fellow, speak to him! I'll have none of this coacted, unnatural dumbness in my house, in a family where I govern. [*Exit Mute.*

*Mor.* She is my regent already! I have married a Penthesilea, a Semiramis; sold my liberty to a distaff.

*Enter Truewit.*

*True.* Where's Master Morose?

*Mor.* Is he come again! Lord have mercy upon me!

*True.* I wish you all joy, Mistress Epiccene, with your grave and honourable match.

*Epi.* I return you the thanks, Master Truewit, so friendly a wish deserves.

*Mor.* She has acquaintance too!

*True.* God save you, sir, and give you all contentment in your fair choice, here! Before, I was the bird of night to you, the owl; but now I am the messenger of peace, a dove, and bring you the glad wishes of many friends to the celebration of this good hour.

*Mor.* What hour, sir?

*True.* Your marriage hour, sir. I commend your resolution, that, notwithstanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the voice of a night-crow, would yet go on, and be yourself. It shews you are a man constant to your own ends, and upright to your purposes, that would not be put off with left-handed cries.<sup>3</sup>

*Mor.* How should you arrive at the knowledge of so much?

*Lenten Stuff*, "None woone the day but the Herring, whom all their clamorous suffrages saluted with *Vive le roy*, save only the *playse* and the *butte*, that made *wry monthes* at him, and for their mocking have *wry mouths* ever since." The editor is not more fortunate in his explanation of *welts and gardes* in the same line. "Welts and gardes," he says, "are gowns and petticoats." Welts, it is well known, are broad hems, or facings; gardes are borderings of lace, fur, &c. It is better to leave our old terms alone, than to explain them at random.

<sup>3</sup> That would not be put off with left-handed cries.] Inauspicious or unlucky cries; alluding to Virgil:

"*Sape sinistra cauda prædixit ab ilice cornix;*" as he had called himself the *night-crow* before.—WHAL.

This is Upton's note, with the exception of the conclusion, which seems incorrect. Whatever the *night-crow* may be, it is not the *cornix* of Virgil. Jonson literally translates the Greek word *vukukopax*, a species of owl, with which we are not acquainted.

*True.* Why, did you ever hope, sir, committing the secrecy of it to a barber, that less than the whole town should know it? you might as well have told it the conduit, or the bake-house, or the infantry that follow the court,<sup>1</sup> and with more security. Could your gravity forget so old and noted a remnant as, *Lippis et tonsoribus notum*? Well, sir, forgive it yourself now, the fault, and be communicable with your friends. Here will be three or four fashionable ladies from the college to visit you presently, and their train of minions and followers.

*Mor.* Bar my doors! bar my doors! Where are all my eaters?<sup>2</sup> my mouths, now?—

*Enter Servants.*

Bar up my doors, you varlets!

<sup>1</sup> *The infantry that follow the court,*] Meaning perhaps the idle train that attended the Progresses, and found accommodation as they could. One of this description is mentioned by Webster: "A lousy knave, that within this twenty years rode with the *blackguards*, p. 125 b, in the duke's carriages, amongst spits and dripping-pans."—*White Devil*.

<sup>2</sup> *Where are all my eaters?*] Eaters, as I have already observed, p. 124 b, are servants. In *Antony and Cleopatra* a similar expression occurs—"by one that looks on feeders," i.e., says Dr. Johnson, "by one that looks on while others are eating." That Dr. Johnson should give a wrong interpretation of the word is not extraordinary, as he totally mistakes the whole drift of the passage. He is followed by Steevens, who, in a few plain words, sets everything right; and quotes the expression in the text, to justify his sense of the term. Mr. Malone throws aside the judicious interpretation of Steevens, and brings back the egregious blunder of Dr. Johnson. The opportunity of insulting the memory of our poet was not to be lost.—"So *fantastick* and *pedantic* a writer," he says, "as Ben Jonson, having in one passage made one of his characters call his attendants his *eaters*, appears to me a very slender ground for supposing *feeders* and *servants* to be synonymous." There can be no doubt of it; but Mr. Malone is so imperfectly acquainted with "Ben Jonson," that he constantly hazards his own character for accuracy, (to say nothing more,) whenever he attempts to speak of him on any specific grounds. Eaters, and its synonyms, are used in more than one place, and by more than one character, in Jonson, for servants. Nor does this sense of the word rest on his authority, as Mr. Malone supposes. I can produce him twenty instances of the same expressions, used in the same sense. Sir W. Davenant was not a *pedantic* writer, yet he has (*The Wits*, act iii.) "tall eaters in blue coats," the livery of servants, as Mr. Malone

*Epi.* He is a varlet that stirs to such an office. Let them stand open. I would see him that dares move his eyes toward it. Shall I have a barricado made against my friends, to be barred of any pleasure they can bring in to me with their honourable visitation?

[*Exeunt Ser.*

*Mor.* O Amazonian impudence!

*True.* Nay, faith, in this, sir, she speaks but reason; and, methinks, is more continent than you. Would you go to bed so presently, sir, afore noon? a man of your head and hair should owe more to that reverend ceremony, and not mount the marriage-bed like a town-bull, or a mountain-goat; but stay the due season; and ascend it then with religion and fear. Those delights are to be steeped in the humour and silence of the night; and give the day to

well knows; nor was Fletcher a *fantastic* one, yet we find in the *Nice Valour*, act iii. sc. 1, "*servants* he has, lusty tall feeders." And again—but these are so direct to the purpose, that more is unnecessary.

The passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, which gave rise to these remarks, is contained in the last scene of the third act. Antony enters unexpectedly, and finds Thyreus (Caesar's messenger) kissing Cleopatra's hand—upon which, after treating Thyreus with the utmost contempt, and ordering him to be whipt, like a slave—he exclaims,

"Ha!

Have I my pillow left unpressed in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,  
And by a gem of women, to be abused  
By one that looks on feeders!"

Both Dr. Johnson and Mr. Malone take the person by whom Antony is *abused* to be Thyreus. A stranger idea was never conceived. It is Cleopatra. To ask Thyreus, who, by the bye, is out of hearing, whether he had left his wife, &c., to be abused by him, would be an absurdity without a name; but to put the same question to Cleopatra, was perfectly just and natural. Have I abandoned Octavia, "a gem of women," to be abused by a woman so base as to look on servants!—and accordingly he harps on nothing through several speeches but the indiscriminate lewdness of Cleopatra, and the low and servile occupation of Thyreus.

It was not without surprise that I read Mr. Pye's criticism on this passage: "I think Malone and Johnson right," he says; "I do not see how it can be a reproach to look on servants."—*Comm. on Shak.* p. 268. Surely it cannot be necessary to remind Mr. Pye that to *look on* means to affect, to regard with kindness; and if he thinks this no reproach to a queen, and a declared mistress of "the triple pillar of the world," I can only say that he differs much from Shakspeare and Mark Antony.

other open pleasures,<sup>1</sup> and jollities of feasting, of music, of revels, of discourse: we'll have all, sir, that may make your Hymen high and happy.

*Mor.* O my torment, my torment!

*True.* Nay, if you endure the first half hour, sir, so tediously, and with this irksomeness; what comfort or hope can this fair gentlewoman make to herself hereafter, in the consideration of so many years as are to come—

*Mor.* Of my affliction. Good sir, depart, and let her do it alone.

*True.* I have done, sir.

*Mor.* That cursed barber!

*True.* Yes, faith, a cursed wretch indeed, sir.

*Mor.* I have married his cittern, that's common to all men.<sup>2</sup> Some plague above the plague—

*True.* All Egypt's ten plagues.

*Mor.* Revenge me on him!

*True.* 'Tis very well, sir. If you laid on a curse or two more, I'll assure you he'll bear them. As, that he may get the pox with seeking to cure it, sir; or, that while he is curling another man's hair, his own may drop off; or, for burning some male-bawd's lock, he may have his brain beat out with the curling-iron.

*Mor.* No, let the wretch live wretched. May he get the itch, and his shop so lousy,

as no man dare come at him, nor he come at no man!

*True.* Ay, and if he would swallow all his balls for pills, let not them purge him.

*Mor.* Let his warming-pan be ever cold.

*True.* A perpetual frost underneath it, sir.

*Mor.* Let him never hope to see fire again.

*True.* But in hell, sir.

*Mor.* His chairs be always empty, his scissors rust, and his combs mould in their cases.

*True.* Very dreadful that! And may he lose the invention, sir, of carving lanterns in paper.

*Mor.* Let there be no bawd carted that year, to employ a bason of his:<sup>3</sup> but let him be glad to eat his sponge for bread.

*True.* And drink lotium to it, and much good do him.

*Mor.* Or, for want of bread—

*True.* Eat ear-wax, sir. I'll help you. Or draw his own teeth, and add them to the lute-string.

*Mor.* No, beat the old ones to powder, and make bread of them.

*True.* Yes, make meal of the mill-stones.

*Mor.* May all the botches and burns that he has cured on others break out upon him.

<sup>1</sup> Give the day to open pleasures, &c.] These are the precise delights which attended the nuptials of poor Morose, in Libanius: *ἢ μὲν γὰρ οὐδ' ἐκεῖνα μετρία, κροτος πολὺς, γέλως σφοδρὸς, ὀρχηστὴς ἀσχημῶν, ὑμεναῖος νοῦν οὐκ ἔχων* κ. τ. λ. P. 303.

<sup>2</sup> I have married his cittern, that's common to all men.] On this expression much has been written which might easily be spared. It appears from innumerable passages in our old writers, that barbers' shops were furnished with some musical instrument, (commonly a cittern,\* or guitar,) for the amusement of such customers as chose to strum upon it while waiting for their turn to be shaved, &c.: and this point once established, no farther difficulty remains. It should be recollected that the patience of the customers, if the shop was at all popular, must, in those tedious days of lovelocks and beards of the most fantastic cuts, have been frequently put to very severe trials. Some kind of amusement, therefore, was necessary to beguile the time, and as newspapers had not then descended to the lower classes, a more innocent or effectual one than an instrument, in pretty general use, could not readily be found. However this may be, the practice is certain. Thus Middleton: "I gave that barber a fustian suit, and twice re-  
\* named his cittern."—*Mayor of Quinborough,*

act iii. sc. 3. And Decker, "A barber's cittern for every serving-man to play upon."—*Honest Whore.* Again: in the first edition of *Every Man in his Humour*: "I can compare him to nothing more happily than a barber's virginals,† for every man may play upon him," act iii. sc. 2. And finally, for enough perhaps has already been said on the subject, in a *Defence of the Female Sex*, published at a subsequent period, the writer observes of a virtuoso, that "his inventory can be no more compleat without two or three remarkable signatures, than an apothecarie's shop without a tortoise and a crocodile, or a barber's without a battered cittern."

<sup>3</sup> Let there be no bawd carted, to employ a bason of his:] To make the punishment of these and similar characters more notorious, beadles, and sometimes volunteers among the rabble, attended the progress of the cart, beating basons, brass kettles, &c. To this practice there are numerous allusions in our old writers. See the *New Inn.*

\* The cittern of Jonson's days differed little from the guitar, as to form. It was strung with wire instead of catgut, like the guitar, and seems to have been in great vogue.

† In the subsequent edition this is altered to "a drum."

*True.* And he now forget the cure of them in himself, sir; or, if he do remember it, let him have scraped all his linen into lint for 't, and have not a rag left him for to set up with.

*Mor.* Let him never set up again, but have the gout in his hands for ever! Now, no more, sir.

*True.* O, that last was too high set; you might go less with him, i' faith, and be revenged enough: as, that he be never able to new-paint his pole——

*Mor.* Good sir, no more, I forgot myself.<sup>1</sup>

*True.* Or, want credit to take up with a combmaker——

*Mor.* No more, sir.

*True.* Or, having broken his glass in a former despair, fall now into a much greater, of ever getting another——

*Mor.* I beseech you, no more.

*True.* Or, that he never be trusted with trimming of any but chimney-sweepers——

*Mor.* Sir——

*True.* Or, may he cut a collier's throat with his razor, by chance-medley, and yet be hanged for 't.

*Mor.* I will forgive him rather than hear any more. I beseech you, sir.

*Enter Daw, introducing Lady Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, and Trusty.*

*Daw.* This way, madam.

*Mor.* O, the sea breaks in upon me! another flood! an inundation! I shall be overwhelmed with noise. It beats already at my shores. I feel an earthquake in myself for 't.

*Daw.* 'Give you joy, mistress.

*Mor.* Has she servants too!<sup>2</sup>

*Daw.* I have brought some ladies here to see and know you. My Lady Haughty [as he presents them severally, *Epi.* kisses them.]—this my Lady Centaure—Mistress Dot Mavis—Mistress Trusty, my Lady Haughty's woman. Where's your husband? let's see him: can he endure no noise? let me come to him.

*Mor.* What nomenclator is this!

*True.* Sir John Daw, sir, your wife's servant, this.

*Mor.* A Daw, and her servant! O, 'tis decreed, 'tis decreed of me, an she have such servants. [Going.]

*True.* Nay, sir, you must kiss the ladies; you must not go away now; they come toward you to seek you out.

*Hau.* I' faith, Master Morose, would you steal a marriage thus, in the midst of so many friends, and not acquaint us? Well, I'll kiss you, notwithstanding the justice of my quarrel: you shall give me leave, mistress, to use a becoming familiarity with your husband.

*Epi.* Your ladyship does me an honour in it, to let me know he is so worthy your favour: as you have done both him and me grace to visit so unprepared a pair to entertain you.

*Mor.* Compliment! compliment!

*Epi.* But I must lay the burden of that upon my servant here.

*Hau.* It shall not need, Mistress Morose; we will all bear rather than one shall be oppress.

*Mor.* I know it: and you will teach her the faculty, if she be to learn it.

[Walks aside while the rest talk apart.]

*Hau.* Is this the Silent Woman?

*Cent.* Nay, she has found her tongue since she was married, Master Truewit says.

*Hau.* O, Master Truewit! 'save you. What kind of creature is your bride here? she speaks, methinks!

*True.* Yes, madam, believe it, she is a gentlewoman of very absolute behaviour, and of a good race.

*Hau.* And Jack Daw told us she could not speak!

*True.* So it was carried in plot, madam, to put her upon this old fellow, by Sir Dauphine, his nephew, and one or two more of us: but she is a woman of an excellent assurance, and an extraordinary happy wit and tongue. You shall see her make rare sport with Daw ere night.

<sup>1</sup> Good sir, no more, I forgot myself.] "This (as Upton observes) is a very fine instance of the suspense of character. Morose, through the impetuous desire of revenge, for a while acts out of his real character."—WHAL.

Notwithstanding this note is quoted by Whalley with approbation, it does not altogether satisfy me. "Suspense of character" is very fine, and has probably some meaning or other, though I am unable to discover it. I can see, however, that both Upton and Whalley have

mistaken the character of Morose: they suppose it to be a dislike of noise; whereas this is an accidental quality altogether dependent upon the master-passion, or "humour," a most inveterate and odious self-love. This will explain his conduct in many places where it has been taxed with inconsistency, and vindicate the deep discernment of the poet.

<sup>2</sup> Has she servants too? Author's and reviewers; see p. 38 b.

*Hau.* And he brought us to laugh at her!

*True.* That falls out often, madam, that he that thinks himself the master-wit, is the master-fool. I assure your ladyship, ye cannot laugh at her.

*Hau.* No, we'll have her to the college. An she have wit, she shall be one of us, shall she not, Centaure? we'll make her a collegiate.

*Gen.* Yes, faith, madam, and Mavis and she will set up a side.<sup>1</sup>

*True.* Believe it, madam, and Mistress Mavis she will sustain her part.

*Mav.* I'll tell you that, when I have talked with her, and tried her.

*Hau.* Use her very civilly, Mavis.

*Mav.* So I will, madam.

[*Whispers her.*

*Mor.* Blessed minute! that they would whisper thus ever!

[*Aside.*

*True.* In the mean time, madam, would but your ladyship help to vex him a little: you know his disease, talk to him about the wedding ceremonies, or call for your gloves, or—

*Hau.* Let me alone. Centaure, help me. Master bridegroom, where are you?

*Mor.* O, it was too miraculously good to last!

[*Aside:*

*Hau.* We see no ensigns of a wedding here; no character of a bride-ale: where be our scarves and our gloves? I pray you, give them us. Let us know your bride's colours, and yours at least.

*Gen.* Alas, madam, he has provided none.

*Mor.* Had I known your ladyship's painter, I would.

*Hau.* He has given it you, Centaure, i' faith. But do you hear, Master Morose? a jest will not absolve you in this manner. You that have sucked the milk of the court, and from thence have been brought up to the very strong meats and wine of it; been a courtier from the biggen to the night-cap,<sup>2</sup> as we may say, and you to offend in such a high point of ceremony as this, and let your nuptials want all marks of solemnity! How much plate have you lost to-day (if you had but regarded your profit), what gifts, what friends, through your mere rusticity!

*Gen. Yes, faith, madam, and Mavis and she will set up a side.*] Alluding to parties at cards. To set up a side was to become partners in the game. See Massinger, vol. i. p. 150, where several examples of this familiar expression will be found.

*Mor.* Madam—

*Hau.* Pardon me, sir, I must insinuate your errors to you; no gloves? no garters? no scarves? no epithalamium? no masque?

*Daw.* Yes, madam, I'll make an epithalamium, I promise my mistress; I have begun it already: will your ladyship hear it?

*Hau.* Ay, good Jack Daw.

*Mor.* Will it please your ladyship command a chamber, and be private with your friend? you shall have your choice of rooms to retire to after: my whole house is yours. I know it hath been your ladyship's errand into the city at other times, however now you have been unhappily diverted upon me; but I shall be loth to break any honourable custom of your ladyship's. And therefore, good madam—

*Epi.* Come, you are a rude bridegroom, to entertain ladies of honour in this fashion.

*Gen.* He is a rude groom indeed.

*True.* By that light you deserve to be grafted, and have your horns reach from one side of the island to the other. Do not mistake me, sir; I but speak this to give the ladies some heart again, not for any malice to you.

*Mor.* Is this your bravo, ladies?

*True.* As God [shall] help me, if you utter such another word, I'll take mistress bride in, and begin to you in a very sad cup; do you see? Go to, know your friends, and such as love you.

*Enter Clerimont, followed by a number of musicians.*

*Cler.* By your leave, ladies. Do you want any music? I have brought you variety of noises.<sup>3</sup> Play, sirs, all of you.

[*Aside to the musicians, who strike up all together.*

*Mor.* O, a plot, a plot, a plot, a plot upon me! this day I shall be their anvil to work on, they will grate me asunder. 'Tis worse than the noise of a saw.

*Cler.* No, they are hair, rosin, and guts: I can give you the receipt.

*True.* Peace, boys!

*Cler.* Play! I say.

<sup>2</sup> From the biggen to the night-cap, as we may say,] i.e., from infancy to age. See p. 394.

<sup>3</sup> I have brought you variety of noises.] i.e. several little bands of musicians. See above, p. 426.

*True.* Peace, rascals! You see who's your friend now, sir: take courage, put on a martyr's resolution. Mock down all their attemptings with patience: 'tis but a day, and I would suffer heroically. Should an ass exceed me in fortitude? no. You betray your infirmity with your hanging dull ears, and make them insult: bear up bravely, and constantly. [*La Foole passes over the stage as a sewer, followed by servants carrying dishes, and Mistress Otter.*] Look you here, sir, what honour is done you unexpected, by your nephew; a wedding-dinner come, and a knight-sewer before it, for the more reputation: and fine Mistress Otter, your neighbour, in the rump or tail of it.

*Mor.* Is that Gorgon, that Medusa come! hide me, hide me.

*True.* I warrant you, sir, she will not transform you. Look upon her with a good courage. Pray you entertain her, and conduct your guests in. No!—Mistress bride, will you entreat in the ladies? your bridegroom is so shamefaced here.

*Epi.* Will it please your ladyship, wadam?

*Hau.* With the benefit of your company, mistress.

*Epi.* Servant, pray you perform your duties.

*Daw.* And glad to be commanded, mistress.

*Gen.* How like you her wit, Mavis?

*Mav.* Very prettily, absolutely well.

*Mrs. Ott.* 'Tis my place.

*Mav.* You shall pardon me, Mistress Otter.

*Mrs. Ott.* Why, I am a collegiate.

*Mav.* But not in ordinary.

*Mrs. Ott.* But I am.

*Mav.* We'll dispute that within.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*  
*Cler.* Would this had lasted a little longer.

*True.* And that they had sent for the heralds.

*Enter Captain Otter.*

—Captain Otter! what news?

*Ott.* I have brought my bull, bear, and horse, in private, and yonder are the trumpeters without, and the drum, gentlemen. [*The drum and trumpets sound within.*

*Mor.* O, O, O!

*Ott.* And we will have a rouse in each of them,<sup>1</sup> anon, for bold Britons, i' faith.

[*They sound again.*

*Mor.* O, O, O!

[*Exit hastily.*

*Omnes.* Follow, follow, follow!

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Morose's House.*

*Enter Truewit and Clerimont.*

*True.* Was there ever poor bridegroom so tormented? or man, indeed?

*Cler.* I have not read of the like in the chronicles of the land.

*True.* Sure, he cannot but go to a place of rest, after all this purgatory.

*Cler.* He may presume it, I think.

*True.* The spitting, the coughing, the laughter, the sneezing, the farting, dancing, noise of the music, and her masculine and loud commanding, and urging the whole family, makes him think he has married a fury.<sup>2</sup>

*Cler.* And she carries it up bravely.

*True.* Ay, she takes any occasion to speak: that's the height on't.

*Cler.* And how soberly Dauphine labours to satisfy him, that it was none of his plot!

*True.* And has almost brought him to the faith, in the article. Here he comes.—

*Enter Sir Dauphine.*

Where is he now? what's become of him, Dauphine?

*Daup.* O, hold me up a little, I shall go away in the jest else.<sup>3</sup> He has got on his

<sup>1</sup> *And we will have a rouse in each of them,]* A rouse, it may be just necessary to observe, is a full glass, a bumper, and was usually drank to some toast. See more of this in *Massinger*, vol. i. 237. Whalley justly observes that this scene is conducted with consummate art and judgment: the gradual accumulation and swell of the several noises, from the speaking of *Epicæto* to the grand finale, or chorus of boisterous shouts, drums, and trumpets, which drives

Morose off the stage, is highly comic, and in action must be singularly amusing.

<sup>2</sup> *He has married a fury.]* This, with what precedes it, is from Libanius: ἀπαντα πανταχοθεν, ἡνικα ἡγουμένη ταυτην την εριυυυυ, κ. τ. λ. See p. 303.

<sup>3</sup> *Daup. O, hold me up a little, I shall go away in the jest else.]* I shall faint, or fall down with laughing.—*WHAL.*

Is it not rather, I shall expire in my fit, i.e., die with laughing?

whole nest of nightcaps, and locked himself up in the top of the house, as high as ever he can climb from the noise. I peeped in at a cranny, and saw him sitting over a cross-beam of the roof, like him on the saddler's horse in Fleet-street, upright: and he will sleep there.

*Cler.* But where are your collegiates?

*Daup.* Withdrawn with the bride in private.

*True.* O, they are instructing her in the college-grammar. If she have grace with them, she knows all their secrets instantly.

*Cler.* Methinks the Lady Haughty looks well to-day, for all my dispraise of her in the morning. I think I shall come about to thee again, Truewit.

*True.* Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the losses time and years have made in their features, with dressings.<sup>1</sup> And an intelligent woman, if she know by herself the least defect, will be most curious to hide it; and it becomes her. If she be short,<sup>2</sup> let her sit much, lest, when she stands, she be thought to sit. If she have an ill foot, let her wear her gown the longer, and her shoe the thinner. If a fat hand and scald nails, let

her carve the less, and act in gloves. If a sour breath, let her never discourse fasting, and always talk at her distance. If she have black and rugged teeth, let her offer the less at laughter, especially if she laugh wide and open.

*Cler.* O, you shall have some women,<sup>3</sup> when they laugh, you would think they brayed, it is so rude and—

*True.* Ay, and others, that will stalk in their gait like an estrich, and take huge strides.<sup>4</sup> I cannot endure such a sight. I love measure in the feet, and number in the voice: they are gentlenesses that oftentimes draw no less than the face.

*Daup.* How camest thou to study these creatures so exactly? I would thou wouldst make me a proficient.

*True.* Yes, but you must leave to live in your chamber, then, a month together upon Amadis de Gaul, or Don Quixote, as you are wont; and come abroad where the matter is frequent, to court, to tiltings, public shows and feasts, to plays, and church sometimes: thither they come to shew their new tires too, to see, and to be seen.<sup>5</sup> In these places a man shall find whom to love, whom to play with, whom

<sup>1</sup> *True.* Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the losses time and years have made in their features, with dressings. [Truewit, as Upton observes, here resumes the subject of ladies' dressings, &c. into which he had entered on his first meeting with Clerimont (p. 407 a), and which he continues to illustrate from Ovid. He certainly could not easily have had recourse to better authority; but the reader perhaps will be inclined to think that he has availed himself of it too freely. All that can be said is, that in Jonson's days the original was less familiarly known than at present; that it is copied with elegance and spirit, and adapted to the language and manners of the age with no inconsiderable degree of ingenuity. Upton (for Whalley, who merely copies him, is out of the question) had produced a few of the passages imitated, to which I have added such as readily occurred to me. More might unquestionably be found; but the subject is not of sufficient importance to justify a laborious research.

<sup>2</sup> *If she be short, &c.]*

<sup>3</sup> *Rara tamen mendo facies caret; occulte mendas,  
Quamque potes, vitium corporis abde tui.  
Si brevis es, sedeas, ne stans videre sedere,  
Inque tuo jaceas quantulacunque toro—  
Pes malus in nivea semper celetur aluta  
Arida nec vinculis crura resolvit suis.—  
Exiguo signet gestu quodcumque loquetur,  
Cui digiti pingues, et scaber unguis erunt.  
Cui gravis oris odor, nunquam sejuna loquatur,*

*Et semper spatio distet ab ore viri.  
Si niger, aut ingens, aut non erit ordinatus  
Dens tibi, ridendo maxima damna feres."*  
Art. Amand. lib. iii. 260.

<sup>3</sup> *O, you shall have some women, &c.]*

*"Illa sonat raucam, quiddam inamabile stridet,  
Ut rudit ad scabram turpis asella molam."*  
Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> *Ay, and others that will take huge strides, &c.]*

*"Est et in incessu pars non temnenda decoris:  
Allicit ignotos ille fugatque viros,  
Hæc movet arte latus, tunicisque fluentibus auræ  
Excipit; extensos fertque refertque pedes,  
&c.—Ibid. v. 300.*

<sup>5</sup> *Thither they come to shew their new tires, to see and be seen, &c.]*

*"Sic ruit ad celebres cultissima fœmina ludos,  
Copia judicium sæpe morata meum:  
Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ;  
Ille locus casti damna pudoris habet.—  
Sed tu præcipue curvis venare theatris;  
Hæc loca sunt voto fertiliora tuo.  
Illic invenies quod ames, quod ludere possis,  
Quodque semel tangas, quodque tenere velis."—Lib. i. 90.*

to touch once, whom to hold ever. The variety arrests his judgment. A wench to please a man comes not down dropping from the ceiling, as he lies on his back droning a tobacco-pipe.<sup>1</sup> He must go where she is.

*Daup.* Yes, and be never the nearer.

*True.* Out, heretic! That diffidence makes thee worthy it should be so.

*Cler.* He says true to you, Dauphine.

*Daup.* Why?

*True.* A man should not doubt to overcome any woman. Think he can vanquish them, and he shall: for though they deny, their desire is to be tempted. Penelope herself cannot hold out long. Ostend, you saw, was taken at last.<sup>2</sup> You must perséver, and hold to your purpose. They would solicit us, but that they are afraid. Howsoever, they wish in their hearts we should solicit them. Praise them, flatter

them, you shall never want eloquence or trust: even the chastest delight to feel themselves that way rubbed. With praises you must mix kisses too: if they take them they'll take more—though they strive, they would be overcome.

*Cler.* O, but a man must beware of force.

*True.* It is to them an acceptable violence,<sup>3</sup> and has oft-times the place of the greatest courtesy. She that might have been forced, and you let her go free without touching, though then she seem to thank you, will ever hate you after; and glad in the face, is assuredly sad at the heart.

*Cler.* But all women are not to be taken all ways.<sup>4</sup>

*True.* 'Tis true; no more than all birds, or all fishes. If you appear learned to an ignorant wench, or jocund to a sad, or witty to a foolish, why, she presently begins

<sup>1</sup> A wench to please a man comes not down dropping from the ceiling, as he lies on his back droning a tobacco-pipe.] When I first observed this passage quoted by Upton, I turned to it with some curiosity, in the hope of discovering the meaning of *droning a tobacco-pipe*, an expression which had puzzled me in a former play, p. 114 a, and was not a little confounded at meeting with the following note, which may perhaps amuse the reader: "A wench, *buella*: so the word was used formerly." Shakspeare is then quoted for the fact—and the critic proceeds: "The etymology of the word seems to me to come from *juvenca*, *juvencula*, *ber apheresin*; *uti* uncle *ab avunculus*, belly *ab umbilicus*, *pars pro toto*"! (p. 81). There was not a person in the kingdom who wanted any information concerning the meaning of *wench*; (which, by the way, is not given, after all); whereas many perhaps would have thanked him for an explanation of "droning a tobacco-pipe." Whether this alludes to inhaling the smoke with a monotonous sound, imitative of the sleepy hum of a drone; or simply to using the pipe with the characteristic indolence of this insect, or to both, as I have never met with the expression in any other writer, I cannot tell; but think the last not improbable. As to Upton's ridiculous derivation of *wench*, it is kept in excellent countenance by Horne Tooke, who brings it from the Saxon *pincian*, to *wink*: i. e., "one who may be had by a nod or *wink*!" To conclude a note already too long, *wench* (*wensch*) was used by the Saxons, as it is by their descendants at this day, for a young woman (generally for a domestic, or one of inferior degree), and the context, as in all similar cases, determines whether it means anything more. The idea is from Ovid:

"*Elige cui dicas, Tu mihi sola places;  
Hæc tibi non tennes venit delapsa per auras;  
Quærenda est oculis apta puella tuis.*"

Ib. v. 678.

[Jonson was evidently thinking of the drone of a bagpipe—its largest tube.—F. C.]

<sup>2</sup> Penelope herself cannot hold out long. Ostend, you saw, was taken at last.]

"*Penelopen ipsam, persta modo, tempore vinces,  
Capta vides sero Pergama, capta tamen,  
&c.*—Ibid. v. 477.

"Ostend, Upton says, was taken in 1604, by the Marquis Spmola, after a siege of three years, and the slaughter of a hundred and twenty thousand men on both sides."

<sup>3</sup> It is to them an acceptable violence, &c.]

"*Vim licet apelles, grata est vis ipsa puellis,  
Quod juvat, invita sæpe dedisse volunt,  
Quæcunque est subita Veneris violata rapina,  
Gaudet, et improbitas muneris instar habet.  
At quæ cum cogi posset, non tacta recessit,  
Ut simulet vultu gaudia, tristis erit.*"

Ibid. v. 678.

<sup>4</sup> But all women are not to be taken all ways.]

"*Finiturus eram—sed sunt diversa puellis  
Pectora; mille animos excipe mille modis.*"

What follows is from the same source:

"*Hi jaculo pisces, illi capiuntur ab hamis;  
Hos cava contento retia fune trahunt:  
Nec tibi conveniat cunctos modus unus ad  
annos;  
Longius insidias cauta videbit annis.  
Si doctus videre rudi, petulansve pudenti;  
Diffidet miseræ protinus illa sibi:  
Inde fit, ut, quæ se timuit committere honesto,  
Vilis in amplexus inferioris eat.*"

Ibid. i. 770.

The remainder is copied with somewhat more freedom; but the reader perhaps is already more than satisfied.

to mistrust herself. You must approach them in their own height, their own line; for the contrary makes many that fear to commit themselves to noble and worthy fellows, run into the embraces of a rascal. If she love wit, give verses, though you borrow them of a friend, or buy them, to have good. If valour, talk of your sword, and be frequent in the mention of quarrels, though you be staunch in fighting.<sup>1</sup> If activity, be seen on your barbary often, or leaping over stools, for the credit of your back. If she love good clothes or dressing, have your learned council about you every morning, your French tailor, barber, linener, &c. Let your powder, your glass, and your comb be your dearest acquaintance. Take more care for the ornament of your head, than the safety; and wish the commonwealth rather troubled, than a hair about you. That will take her. Then, if she be covetous and craving, do you promise anything, and perform sparingly; so shall you keep her in appetite still. Seem as you would give, but be like a barren field that yields little; or unlucky dice to foolish and hoping gamesters. Let your gifts be slight and dainty, rather than precious. Let cunning be above cost. Give cherries at time of year, or apricots; and say, they were sent you out of the country, though you bought them in Cheapside. Admire her tires; like her in all fashions; compare her in every habit to some deity; invent excellent dreams to flatter her, and riddles; or, if she be a great one, perform always the second parts to her: like what she likes, praise whom she praises, and fail not to make the household and servants yours, yea, the whole family, and salute

them by their names ('tis but light cost, if you can purchase them so), and make her physician your pensioner, and her chief woman. Nor will it be out of your gain to make love to her too, so she follow, not usher her lady's pleasure. All blabbing is taken away, when she comes to be a part of the crime.

*Daup.* On what courtly lap hast thou late slept, to come forth so sudden and absolute a courtling?

*True.* Good faith, I should rather question you, that are so hearkening after these mysteries. I begin to suspect your diligence, Dauphine. Speak, art thou in love in earnest?

*Daup.* Yes, by my troth, am I; 'twere ill dissembling before thee.

*True.* With which of them, I prithee?

*Daup.* With all the collegiates.

*Cler.* Out on thee! We'll keep you at home, believe it, in the stable, an you be such a stallion.

*True.* No; I like him well. Men should love wisely, and all women; some one for the face, and let her please the eye; another for the skin, and let her please the touch; a third for the voice, and let her please the ear; and where the objects mix, let the senses so too. Thou wouldst think it strange if I should make them all in love with thee afore night!

*Daup.* I would say, thou hadst the best philtre in the world, and couldst do more than Madam Medea, or Doctor Foreman.<sup>2</sup>

*True.* If I do not, let me play the mountebank for my meat while I live, and the bawd for my drink.

*Daup.* So be it I say.

<sup>1</sup> *Be frequent in the mention of quarrels, though you be staunch in fighting.*] The sense seems to be:—Though you should really be a brave man, and therefore not naturally inclined to boast of your valour; yet, to please your mistress, you may often make it the subject of your discourse.

<sup>2</sup> *Doctor Foreman.*] This was a poor stupid wretch who pretended to deal with spirits for the recovery of lost spoons, &c. Stupid as he was, however, he found employment in his profession, and had credit enough to be implicated in the infamous business of Sir Thomas Overbury. Luckily he died before the transaction became public, and thus escaped the halter. "He lived in Lambeth" (says Lilly, almost as great a knave as himself) "with a very good report of the neighbourhood, especially of the poor, unto whom he was charitable. He was a person that in horary questions, especially thefts,

was very judicious and fortunate, so also in sicknesses, which indeed was his masterpiece. In resolving questions about marriage he had good success; in other questions very moderate."—Lilly's *Hist.* p. 17. One of his books, written by the devil, fell into the historian's hands. Such things were then too common to excite any astonishment; and therefore Lilly contents himself with copying the doctor's memorandum, "This I made the devil write with his own hand" (should it not be claw?) "in Lambeth Fields, 1596, in June or July, as I now remember." This "worthy person" foretold his own death; and continued in good health so near the appointed period, that his wife became very uneasy, and "twitted him in the teeth." He saved his time, however, and died with more honesty than he had lived, according to his promise: "a most sad storm of wind immediately following."—*Ibid.* p. 23.

*Enter Otter, with his three cups, Daw, and La-Foole.*

*Ott.* O lord, gentlemen, how my knights and I have mist you here!

*Cler.* Why, Captain, what service, what service?

*Ott.* To see me bring up my bull, bear, and horse to fight.

*Daw.* Yes, faith, the Captain says we shall be his dogs to bait them.

*Daup.* A good employment.

*True.* Come on, let's see your course, then.

*La-F.* I am afraid my cousin will be offended, if she come.

*Ott.* Be afraid of nothing.—Gentlemen, I have placed the drum and the trumpets, and one to give them the sign when you are ready. Here's my bull for myself,<sup>1</sup> and my bear for Sir John Daw, and my horse for Sir Amorous. Now set your foot to mine, and yours to his, and—

*La-F.* Pray God my cousin come not.

*Ott.* St. George and St. Andrew, fear no cousins. Come, sound, sound! [*Drum and trumpets sound.*] *Et rauco streperunt cornua cantu.*

[*They drink.*]

*True.* Well said, Captain, i' faith; well fought at the bull.

*Cler.* Well held at the bear.

*True.* Low, low! Captain.

*Daup.* O, the horse has kicked off his dog already.

*La-F.* I cannot drink it, as I am a knight.

*True.* Ods so! off with his spurs, somebody.

*La-F.* It goes against my conscience. My cousin will be angry with it.

*Daw.* I have done mine.

*True.* You fought high and fair, Sir John.

*Cler.* At the head.

*Daup.* Like an excellent bear-dog.

*Cler.* You take no notice of the business, I hope?

*Daw.* Not a word, sir; you see we are jovial.

*Ott.* Sir Amorous, you must not equivocate. It must be pulled down, for all my cousin.

*Cler.* 'Sfoot, if you take not your drink they'll think you are discontented with something; you'll betray all, if you take the least notice.

*La-F.* Not I; I'll both drink and talk then.

*Ott.* You must pull the horse on his knees, Sir Amorous; fear no cousins. *Facta est alea.*

*True.* O, now he's in his vein, and bold. The least hint given him of his wife now will make him rail desperately.

*Cler.* Speak to him of her.

*True.* Do you, and I'll fetch her to the hearing of it. [*Exit.*]

*Daup.* Captain He-Otter, your She-Otter is coming, your wife.

*Ott.* Wife! buz! *titivilitium*<sup>2</sup> There's no such thing in nature. I confess, gentlemen, I have a cook, a laundress, a house-drudge, that serves my necessary turns, and goes under that title; but he's an ass that will be so uxorious to tie his affections to one circle. Come, the name dulls appetite. Here, replenish again; another bout. [*Fills the cups again.*] Wives are nasty, stultish animals.

*Daup.* O, Captain.

*Ott.* As ever the earth bare, *tribus verbis.* Where's Master Truewit.

*Daw.* He's slipt aside, sir.

*Cler.* But you must drink and be jovial.

*Daw.* Yes, give it me.

*La-F.* And me too.

*Daw.* Let's be jovial.

*La-F.* As jovial as you will.

*Ott.* Agreed. Now you shall have the bear, cousin, and Sir John Daw the horse, and I'll have the bull still. Sound, Tritons of the Thames! [*Drum and trumpets sound again.*] *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero*—

*Mor.* [*above.*] Villains, murderers, sons of the earth, and traitors, what do you there?

*Cler.* O, now the trumpets have waked him, we shall have his company.

*Ott.* A wife is a scurvy clogdogdo, an unlucky thing, a very foresaid bear-whelp, without any good fashion or breeding, *mala bestia.*

<sup>1</sup> *Here's my bull for myself, &c.*] These cups probably were distinguished, not only by their sizes and forms, but by some kind of representation of the different animals, on their covers. The bull was undoubtedly the largest, and therefore appropriated by the Captain to his own use.

<sup>2</sup> *Titivilitium*!] Not a "word of no signifi-

cation," as Whalley repeats from Upton, but a term strongly expressive of contempt:—"paltry, good for nothing," as Ainsworth says. It is used by Plautus, in a passage which Jonson evidently had in view:

"*Non ego istud verbum emissim titivilitio.*"

Cas. act II. sc. 5

*Re-enter Truewit behind, with Mistress Otter.*

*Daup.* Why did you marry one then, Captain?

*Ott.* A pox! I married with six thousand pound, I. I was in love with that. I have not kissed my Fury these forty weeks.

*Cler.* The more to blame you, Captain.

*True.* Nay, Mistress Otter, hear him a little first.

*Ott.* She has a breath worse than my grandmother's, *profecto*.

*Mrs. Ott.* O treacherous liar! kiss me, sweet Master Truewit, and prove him a slandering knave.

*True.* I'll rather believe you, lady.

*Ott.* And she has a peruke that's like a pound of hemp, made up in shoe-threads.

*Mrs. Ott.* O viper, mandrake!

*Ott.* A most vile face! and yet she spends me forty pound a year in mercury and hogs'-bones. All her teeth were made in the Blackfriars, both her eyebrows in the Strand, and her hair in Silver-street. Every part of the town owns a piece of her.

*Mrs. Ott.* [*comes forward.*] I cannot hold.

*Ott.* She takes herself asunder still when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great German clock:<sup>1</sup> and so comes forth, and rings a tedious larum to the whole house, and then is quiet again for an hour, but for her quarters.—Have you done me right, gentlemen?

*Mrs. Ott.* [*Falls upon him and beats him.*] No, sir, I'll do you right with my quarters, with my quarters!

<sup>1</sup> Like a great German clock:] These and similar allusions to the cumbrous and complicated machinery of the first clocks (which we received from Germany), are very frequent in our old dramatists. Thus Middleton:

“What is she took asunder from her clothes?  
Being ready, she consists of hundred pieces,  
Much like a German clock, and near allyed.”  
*A Mad World my Masters.*

And Shakspeare:

“A woman that is like a German clock,  
Still a repairing, ever out of frame!”  
*Love's Labour Lost.*

<sup>2</sup> Mistress Mary Ambree.] Of this celebrated Amazon, who “fought at the siege of Ghent,” 1584, Jonson makes frequent mention. In the

*Ott.* O, hold, good princess.

*True.* Sound, sound!

[*Drum and trumpets sound.*]

*Cler.* A battle, a battle!

*Mrs. Ott.* You notorious stinkardly bearward, does my breath smell?

*Ott.* Under correction, dear princess. Look to my bear and my horse, gentlemen.

*Mrs. Ott.* Do I want teeth and eyebrows, thou bull-dog?

*True.* Sound, sound still.

[*They sound again.*]

*Ott.* No, I protest, under correction—

*Mrs. Ott.* Ay, now you are under correction, you protest: but you did not protest before correction, sir. Thou Judas, to offer to betray thy princess! I'll make thee an example— [*Beats him.*]

*Enter Morose with his long sword.*

*Mor.* I will have no such examples in my house, Lady Otter.

*Mrs. Ott.* Ah!—

[*Mrs. Otter, Daw, and La-Foole run off.*]

*Mor.* Mistress Mary Ambree,<sup>2</sup> your examples are dangerous. Rogues, hell-hounds, Stentors! out of my doors, you sons of noise and tumult, begot on an ill May-day, or when the galley-foist is afloat to Westminster!<sup>3</sup> [*Drives out the Musicians.*] A trumpeter could not be conceived but then.

*Daup.* What ails you, sir?

*Mor.* They have rent my roof, walls, and all my windows asunder, with their brazen throats. [*Exit.*]

*True.* Best follow him, Dauphine.

*Daup.* So I will. [*Exit.*]

*Cler.* Where's Daw and La-Foole?

*Ott.* They are both run away, sir.

second vol. of Percy's *Antient Poetry* there is a ballad of her achievements, which must have been very popular, as it is often quoted by our old writers, who, like Jonson, “call any remarkable virago by her name.” See the *Fortunate Isle*.

<sup>3</sup> Sons of noise and tumuli, begot on an ill May-day, or when the galley-foist is afloat to Westminster!] Alluding to the sports which were anciently used on May-day: and particularly to the insurrection of the apprentices in London against foreigners and aliens upon May-day 1517; which on that account was afterwards called *Evil May-day*. The galley-foist is the city-barge, which was used upon the lord mayor's day, when he was sworn into his office at Westminster.—WHAL.

Good gentlemen, help to pacify my princess, and speak to the great ladies for me. Now must I go lie with the bears this fortnight, and keep out of the way, till my peace be made, for this scandal she has taken. Did you not see my bull-head, gentlemen?<sup>1</sup>

*Cler.* Is't not on, Captain?

*True.* No; but he may make a new one, by that is on.

*Ott.* O, here it is. An you come over, gentlemen, and ask for Tom Otter, we'll go down to Ratcliff, and have a course i' faith, for all these disasters. There is *bona spes* left.

*True.* Away, Captain, get off while you are well. [*Exit* Otter.]

*Cler.* I am glad we are rid of him.

*True.* You had never been unless we had put his wife upon him. His humour is as tedious at last as it was ridiculous at first.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A long open Gallery in the same.*

*Enter* Lady Haughty, Mistress Otter, Mavis, Daw, La-Foole, Centaure, and Epicœne.

*Hau.* We wondered why you shrieked so, Mistress Otter.

*Mrs. Ott.* O lord, madam, he came down with a huge long naked weapon in both his hands, and looked so dreadfully! sure he's beside himself.

*Mav.* Why, what made you there, Mistress Otter?

*Mrs. Ott.* Alas, Mistress Mavis, I was chastising my subject, and thought nothing of him.

*Daw.* Faith, mistress, you must do so too: learn to chastise. Mistress Otter corrects her husband so he dares not speak, but under correction.

<sup>1</sup> *Did you not see my bull-head, gentlemen?* This seems to confirm the conjecture (p. 437), that the animals which gave name to the Captain's cups were described on the respective covers. The answer of Clerimont evidently alludes to the bull's horns.

<sup>2</sup> *Is the Thames the less for the dyers' water, mistress?*

*La-F.* *Or a torch for lighting many torches?* The poet, as Upton says (for Whalley merely copies him), seems desirous of introducing the whole of Ovid's *Art of Love*:

"*Quid vetet adposito lumen de lumine sumi,  
Quisve cavo vastas in mare servet aquas?  
Det tamen ulla viro mulier non expedit,  
inquis;*

*La-F.* And with his hat off to her: 'twould do you good to see.

*Hau.* In sadness, 'tis good and mature counsel; practise it, Morose. I'll call you Morose still now, as I call Centaure and Mavis; we four will be all one.

*Sen.* And you'll come to the college, and live with us?

*Hau.* Make him give milk and honey.

*Mav.* Look how you manage him at first, you shall have him ever after.

*Sen.* Let him allow you your coach and four horses, your woman, your chambermaid, your page, your gentleman-usher, your French cook, and four grooms.

*Hau.* And go with us to Bedlam, to the china-houses, and to the Exchange.

*Sen.* It will open the gate to your fame.

*Hau.* Here's Centaure has immortalized herself with taming of her wild male.

*Mav.* Ay, she has done the miracle of the kingdom.

*Enter* Clerimont and Truewit.

*Epi.* But, ladies, do you count it lawful to have such plurality of servants, and do them all graces?

*Hau.* Why not? why should women deny their favours to men? are they the poorer or the worse?

*Daw.* Is the Thames the less for the dyers' water, mistress?

*La-F.* Or a torch for lighting many torches?<sup>2</sup>

*True.* Well said, La-Foole; what a new one he has got!

*Sen.* They are empty losses women fear in this kind.

*Hau.* Besides, ladies should be mindful of the approach of age, and let no time want his due use. The best of our days pass first.<sup>3</sup>

*Quid, nisi quam sumes, dic mihi, perdis aquam?*—Lib. iii. v. 96.

And again:

"*Tempus erit, quo tu, quæ nunc excludis amantes,  
Frigida desertâ nocte jacebis anus.*"

<sup>3</sup> *The best of our days pass first.*] This is humorously applied, or rather misapplied, from Virgil:

"*Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi  
Prima fugit.*"—Geor. lib. iii. v. 66.

The lady president's next speech (but one) is from Ovid.

*Mav.* We are rivers that cannot be called back, madam: she that now excludes her lovers may live to lie a forsaken beldam in a frozen bed.

*Gen.* 'Tis true, Mavis; and who will wait on us to coach then? or write, or tell us the news then, make anagrams of our names, and invite us to the Cockpit, and kiss our hands all the play-time, and draw their weapons for our honours?

*Hau.* Not one.

*Daw.* Nay, my mistress is not altogether unintelligent of these things; here be in presence have tasted of her favours.

*Cler.* What a neighing hobby-horse is this!

*Epi.* But not with intent to boast them again, servant. And have you those excellent receipts, madam, to keep yourselves from bearing of children?

*Hau.* O yes, Morose: how should we maintain our youth and beauty else? Many births of a woman make her old, as many crops make the earth barren.

<sup>1</sup> *O my cursed angel, that instructed me to this fate!* [i.e., designed, appointed me, &c. This harsh Latinism occurs also in *Sejanus*.

<sup>2</sup> *Nay, I would sit out a play,* &c.] This is the passage which has furnished the commentators with such abundant materials for convicting Jonson of "the most inveterate malignity to Shakspeare;" it may not therefore be improper to examine it. After recapitulating a variety of tumultuous noises, the poet adds—"Nay, I would sit out a play that were NOTHING but fights at sea:"—evidently meaning one of which these should form the principal or characteristic incidents.

It affords a melancholy picture of human nature to look upon the base drudgery to which men will stoop for the gratification of any vile propensity. After toiling to no purpose through nine huge volumes of the *Variorum Shakspeare*, the commentators fortunately stumble about the middle of the tenth on a *stage direction*, "Firing heard at sea."\* There is not a syllable more on the subject; for the dialogue immediately commences with a description of night! and thus it is fully proved that Jonson made it the chief business of his life "to tear the wreath from the brow of Shakspeare." It turns out, however, that the play in which these words appear was not written by Shakspeare, but by Christopher Marlowe: this untoward circumstance (which is prudently overlooked by Mr. Steevens) forces Mr. Malone, who had previously admitted the fact, to go further a-field for the object of Jonson's "malignity," which is now found to be *Antony and Cleopatra*. Here, as before, the attack is confined to a simple stage direction: "Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight:"—and on this admirable foundation is the poet accused—not in one or two—but in a hundred places, of "calumniating ALL the historic plays of Shak-

*Enter Morose and Dauphine.*

*Mor.* O my cursed angel, that instructed me to this fate!<sup>1</sup>

*Daup.* Why, sir?

*Mor.* That I should be seduced by so foolish a devil as a barber will make!

*Daup.* I would I had been worthy, sir, to have partaken your counsel; you should never have trusted it to such a minister.

*Mor.* Would I could redeem it with the loss of an eye, nephew, a hand, or any other member.

*Daup.* Marry, God forbid, sir, that you should geld yourself, to anger your wife.

*Mor.* So it would rid me of her! and that I did supererogatory penance in a belfry, at Westminster-hall, in the Cockpit, at the fall of a stag, the Tower-wharf—what place is there else?—London-bridge, Paris-garden, Billingsgate, when the noises are at their height, and loudest. Nay, I would sit out a play,<sup>2</sup> that were nothing

speare." No:—I am wrong; there is yet another word produced to substantiate the charge—namely, *target*: "fights at sea," it seems (which were merely made known to the audience by letting off a cracker behind the scenes), being solely carried on by this defensive implement.

Long before the *Silent Woman* was written, nay, before Shakspeare was known to the stage, the theatres were in possession of many rude pieces founded on the remarkable events of our history, of which battles, &c. always formed a prominent feature. The miserable attempts to represent these favourite scenes were often made a subject of mirth by succeeding writers; and it is not easy to discover why Jonson might not allude to them as freely as Sir Philip Sidney, Nash, Greene, and almost every author of the times; unless it be that the commentators are determined to accumulate upon Shakspeare's head every possible absurdity, for the mere gratification of venting their spleen on Jonson for exposing them.

I shall, as usual, be reprehended for enlarging too frequently on the subject: assuredly, I should not have entered upon the task of reprinting Jonson, unless I had been prepared for this and more. I know how much pleasanter it is for the gentle reader to listen to calumny than to a laborious investigation of facts; but I shall nevertheless pursue my course on every fitting occasion. If I cannot silence malice, I will at least shame it: if I cannot disencumber the pages of Shakspeare from the scurrility and falsehood with which they are disgraced, I will at all events show that nothing but the grossest stupidity can in future attend to them with decency or credit.

\* *Henry VI. Second Part, act iv. sc. 1.*

but fights at sea, drum, trumpet, and target.

*Daup.* I hope there shall be no such need, sir. Take patience, good uncle. This is but a day, and 'tis well worn too now.

*Mor.* O, 'twill be so for ever, nephew, I foresee it, for ever. Strife and tumult are the dowry that comes with a wife.<sup>1</sup>

*True.* I told you so, sir, and you would not believe me.

*Mor.* Alas, do not rub those wounds, Master Truewit, to blood again; 'twas my negligence. Add not affliction to affliction. I have perceived the effect of it too late 'a Madam Otter.

*Epi.* How do you, sir?

*Mor.* Did you ever hear a more unnecessary question? as if she did not see! Why, I do as you see, empress, empress.

*Epi.* You are not well, sir; you look very ill: something has distempered you.

*Mor.* O horrible, monstrous impertinencies! would not one of these have served, do you think, sir? would not one of these have served?

*True.* Yes, sir; but these are but notes of female kindness, sir;<sup>2</sup> certain tokens that she has a voice, sir.

*Mor.* O, is it so! Come, an't be no otherwise—What say you?

*Epi.* How do you feel yourself, sir?

*Mor.* Again that!

*True.* Nay, look you, sir, you would be friends with your wife upon unconscionable terms; her silence.

*Epi.* They say you are run mad, sir.

*Mor.* Not for love, I assure you, of you; do you see?

*Epi.* O lord, gentlemen! lay hold on him, for God's sake. What shall I do? who's his physician, can you tell, that

knows the state of his body best, that I might send for him? Good sir, speak; I'll send for one of my doctors else.

*Mor.* What, to poison me, that I might die intestate, and leave you possess of all!

*Epi.* Lord, how idly he talks, and how his eyes sparkle! he looks green about the temples! do you see what blue spots he has!<sup>3</sup>

*Cler.* Ay, 'tis melancholy.

*Epi.* Gentlemen, for heaven's sake, counsel me. Ladies—servant, you have read Pliny and Paracelsus; ne'er a word now to comfort a poor gentlewoman? Ah me, what fortune had I to marry a distracted man!

*Daw.* I'll tell you, mistress—

*True.* How rarely she holds it up!

[*Aside to Cler.*

*Mor.* What mean you, gentlemen?

*Epi.* What will you tell me, servant?

*Daw.* The disease in Greek is called *μανια*, in Latin *insania*, *furor*, *vel ecstasis melancholica*, that is, *egressio*, when a man *ex melancholico evadit fanaticus*.

*Mor.* Shall I have a lecture read upon me alive?

*Daw.* But he may be but *phreneticus* yet, mistress; and *phrenetis* is only *delirium*, or so.

*Epi.* Ay, that is for the disease, servant; but what is this to the cure? We are sure enough of the disease.

*Mor.* Let me go.

*True.* Why, we'll entreat her to hold her peace, sir.

*Mor.* O no, labour not to stop her. She is like a conduit-pipe,<sup>4</sup> that will gush out with more force when she opens again.

*Hau.* I'll tell you, Morose, you must talk divinity to him altogether, or moral philosophy.

<sup>1</sup> *Strife and tumult are the dowry that comes with a wife.*

"*Hoc decet uxores: dos est uxoria lites.*"

*Ibid.* l. ii. v. 155.

<sup>2</sup> *These are but notes of female kindness, sir, &c.* This is the consolation which Morose receives in Libanius: *αναστας απειμι παρα την προμηνηστριαν, και τι τουτο εστιν ερωτων' νυμφη ρηματα αφηισιν' ναι φησι, φιλτρον σημειον τουτο εστι, και αμα της φωνης επιδειξις.*—*Ibid.* p. 303.

<sup>3</sup> *He looks green about the temples! do you see what blue spots he has?* "A plain imitation (as Upton remarks) of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus:"

"*Mul. Viden' tu illi oculos virere? ut viridis exoritur color*

*Ex temporibus atque fronte, ut oculi scintillant, vide!*"

A passage, he adds, which Shakspeare had also in view in the *Comedy of Errors*; "though the imitation lies more concealed:"

"Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!"

Concealed indeed! The commentators surely imagine that Shakspeare was born without eyes.

<sup>4</sup> *She is like a conduit-pipe, &c.* This is improved from Libanius: *ωσπερ γαρ οι τους κρονουvs επισχοντες, ειτ' αφελοντες το κωλυον, σφοδροτεραν ειργασαντο την φοραν' ούτως εγω μικρον αναστειλας την φωνην μειζον επισπασαμην το ρειθρον.*—*Ibid.* p. 111.

*La-F.* Ay, and there's an excellent book<sup>1</sup> of moral philosophy, madam, of Reynard the Fox, and all the beasts, called Doni's Philosophy.

*Gen.* There is indeed, Sir Amorous La-Foole.

*Mor.* O misery!

*La-F.* I have read it, my Lady Centaure, all over, to my cousin here.

*Mrs. Ott. Ay,* and 'tis a very good book as any is, of the moderns.

*Daw.* Tut, he must have Seneca read to him, and Plutarch, and the ancients; the moderns are not for this disease.

*Cler.* Why, you discommended them too to-day, Sir John.

*Daw.* Ay, in some cases: but in these they are best, and Aristotle's ethics.

*Mav.* Say you so, Sir John? I think you are deceived: you took it upon trust.

*Hau.* Where's Trusty, my woman? I'll end this difference. I prithee, Otter, call her. Her father and mother were both mad, when they put her to me.

*Mor.* I think so. Nay, gentlemen, I am tame. This is but an exercise, I know, a marriage ceremony, which I must endure.

*Hau.* And one of them, I know not which, was cured with the Sick Man's Salve,<sup>2</sup> and the other with Green's Groat's-worth of Wit.<sup>3</sup>

*True.* A very cheap cure, madam.

*Enter Trusty.*

*Hau.* Ay, 'tis very feasible.

*Mrs. Ott.* My lady called for you, Mistress Trusty: you must decide a controversy.

*Hau.* O, Trusty, which was it you said, your father, or your mother, that was cured with the Sick Man's Salve?

*Trus.* My mother, madam, with the Salve.

*True.* Then it was the sick woman's salve?

*Trus.* And my father with the Groat's-worth of Wit. But there was other means used: we had a preacher that would preach folk asleep still; and so they were prescribed to go to church by an old woman that was their physician, thrice a week—

*Epi.* To sleep!

*Trus.* Yes, forsooth: and every night they read themselves asleep on those books.

*Epi.* Good faith, it stands with great reason. I would I knew where to procure those books.

*Mor.* Oh!

*La-F.* I can help you with one of them, Mistress Morose, the Groat's-worth of Wit.

*Epi.* But I shall disfurnish you, Sir Amorous: can you spare it?

*La-F.* O yes, for a week or so; I'll read it myself to him.

<sup>1</sup> *There's an excellent book, &c.*] There was a very old collection of Oriental apologues, called *Calilah u Dumnah* (better known as the *Fables of Pilpay*), which was translated about the middle of the 11th century out of the Persian or Arabic into Greek by Simeon Seth: it was afterwards turned into Latin, and subsequently into Italian, by one Doni. This last was rendered into English by Sir Thomas North, 1605, under the title of *Doni's Moral Philosophy*: and to this Sir Amorous alludes, though he ignorantly confounds it with the popular history of *Reynard the Fox*. We have now the good fortune to possess a very complete and elegant translation of this curious work from the original language, by Sir William Jones.

<sup>2</sup> *One was cured with the Sick Man's Salve,*] This was a devotional tract, written by Thomas Becon, an old Calvinistical divine, and published about 1591. From the quaintness of its title (which yet was not uncommon), or some other cause, it was a frequent subject of ridicule with the wits of those days. The repentant Quick-silver, in *Eastward Hoe*, could "speak it all without book;" as could many others. The *Sick Man's Salve* is in the list of suspected

books found in the library of Lord Cobham; which, if it does nothing else, will at least prove that our old dramatists were not apt to be turned out of their way by an anachronism more or less. In this catalogue the *Bible* is with some humour set down as "a book of heresie." *First Part of Sir John Oldcastle*, act iv. sc. 2.

<sup>3</sup> *And the other with Green's Groat's-worth of Wit.*] This was one of the last works of this popular writer; and was published after his death under the title of Robert Greene's *Groat's-worth of witte, bought with a million of repentance*. To judge from some of the titles of his numerous works, Greene must have experienced many checks of conscience in his profligate career. He has the *Repentance*, the *Last Vision*, the *Farewell to Folie*, &c. &c. His "witte" was indeed dearly bought, for Greene served a hard taskmaster. Health, credit, and excellent talents were miserably prostituted to purchase nothing but beggary, contempt, and an early grave. His contrition, however, was very bitter; and his last moments, it is just to hope, were neither unprofitable to himself nor others.

*Epi.* No, I must do that, sir; that must be my office.

*Mor.* Oh, oh.

*Epi.* Sure he would do well enough if he could sleep.

*Mor.* No, I should do well enough if you could sleep. Have I no friend that will make her drunk,<sup>1</sup> or give her a little laudanum, or opium?

*True.* Why, sir, she talks ten times worse in her sleep.

*Mor.* How!

*Cler.* Do you not know that, sir? Never ceases all night.

*True.* And snores like a porpoise.

*Mor.* O redeem me, fate; redeem me, fate! For how many causes may a man be divorced, nephew?

*Daup.* I know not, truly, sir.

*True.* Some divine must resolve you in that, sir, or canon lawyer.

*Mor.* I will not rest, I will not think of any other hope or comfort, till I know.

[*Exit with Dauphine.*]

*Cler.* Alas, poor man!

*True.* You'll make him mad indeed, ladies, if you pursue this.

*Hau.* No, we'll let him breathe now, a quarter of an hour, or so.

*Cler.* By my faith, a large truce!

*Hau.* Is that his keeper, that is gone with him?

*Daw.* It is his nephew, madam.

*La-F.* Sir Dauphine Eugenie.

*Cen.* He looks like a very pitiful knight—

*Daw.* As can be. This marriage has put him out of all.

*La-F.* He has not a penny in his purse, madam.

*Daw.* He is ready to cry all this day.

*La-F.* A very shark; he set me in the nick t'other night at Primero.

*True.* How these swabbers talk!

*Cler.* Ay, Otter's wine has swelled their humours above a spring-tide.

*Hau.* Good Morose, let's go in again. I like your couches exceeding well; we'll go lie and talk there.

[*Exeunt Hau, Cen, Mav, Trus, La-Foole, and Daw.*]

*Epi.* [*following them.*] I wait on you, madam.

*True.* [*stopping her.*] 'Slight, I will have them as silent as signs, and their post too, ere I have done. Do you hear, lady-*bride*? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble wench, continue this discourse of Dauphine within; but praise him exceedingly: magnify him with all the height of affection thou canst;—I have some purpose in't:—and but beat off these two rooks, Jack Daw and his fellow, with any discontentment, hither, and I'll honour thee for ever.

*Epi.* I was about it here. It angered me to the soul, to hear them begin to talk so malepert.

*True.* Pray thee perform it, and thou winn'st me an idolater to thee everlasting.

*Epi.* Will you go in and hear me do't?

*True.* No, I'll stay here. Drive them out of your company, 'tis all I ask; which cannot be any way better done than by extolling Dauphine, whom they have so slighted.

*Epi.* I warrant you; you shall expect one of them presently. [*Exit.*]

*Cler.* What a cast of kestrels are these,<sup>2</sup> to hawk after ladies, thus!

*True.* Ay, and strike at such an eagle as Dauphine.

*Cler.* He will be mad when we tell him. Here he comes.

*Re-enter Dauphine.*

*Cler.* O, sir, you are welcome.

*True.* Where's thine uncle?

*Daup.* Run out of doors in his night-caps, to talk with a casuist about his divorce. It works admirably.

*True.* Thou wouldst have said so, an thou hadst been here! The ladies have laughed at thee most comically, since thou went'st, Dauphine.

*Cler.* And asked if thou wert thine uncle's keeper.

*True.* And the brace of baboons answered, Yes; and said thou wert a pitiful poor fellow, and didst live upon posts, and hadst nothing but three suits of apparel, and some few benevolences that the lords gave thee to fool to them, and swagger.

*Daup.* Let me not live, I'll beat them: I'll bind them both to grand-madam's bed-posts, and have them baited with monkies.

<sup>1</sup> Have I no friend that will make her drunk, &c.] From Libanius: οὐκ ἐστὶν ἡ γυνὴ μοι μεθύσας· τούτο γὰρ ἐστὶ τὸ δεινόν; εἰ γὰρ μεθύσεν, ἐκαθεύδεν· εἰ δὲ ἐκαθεύδεν, ἴσως ἐσιγα. *Ibid.* 308.

<sup>2</sup> What a cast of kestrels are these, &c.] A kestrel (see p. 41 *b*) is a base, degenerate hawk. It occurs in all our old writers as an expression of strong contempt. *Cast*, I scarcely need inform the reader is the fowler's term for a couple.

*True.* Thou shalt not need, they shall be beaten to thy hand, Dauphine. I have an execution to serve upon them, I warrant thee, shall serve; trust my plot.

*Daup.* Ay, you have many plots! so you had one to make all the wenches in love with me.

*True.* Why, if I do it not yet afore night, as near as 'tis, and that they do not every one invite thee, and be ready to scratch for thee, take the mortgage of my wit.

*Cler.* Fore God, I'll be his witness thou shalt have it, Dauphine: thou shalt be his fool for ever, if thou dost not.

*True.* Agreed. Perhaps 'twill be the better estate. Do you observe this gallery, or rather lobby indeed? Here are a couple of studies, at each end one: here will I act such a tragi-comedy between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines,<sup>1</sup> Daw and La-Foole—which of them comes out first, will I seize on;—you two shall be the chorus behind the arras,<sup>2</sup> and whip out between the acts and speak—If I do not make them keep the peace for this remnant of the day, if not of the year, I have failed once—I hear Daw coming: hide [*they withdraw*], and do not laugh, for God's sake.

*Re-enter Daw.*

*Daw.* Which is the way into the garden, trow?

*True.* O, Jack Daw! I am glad I have met with you. In good faith, I must have this matter go no further between you: I must have it taken up.

<sup>1</sup> *The Guelphs and the Ghibellines.*] Two factions that, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, harassed Italy with great animosity and violence; the former taking part with the Pope, and the latter with the Emperor. The origin of their names is uncertain.—*WHAL.*

<sup>2</sup> *You two shall be the chorus behind the arras, and whip out between the acts, and speak.*] This passage also is brought forward with great exultation by the commentators on Shakspeare, as a manifest sneer at two of his best plays; and by Mr. Malone, in particular, to show that Jonson viewed "our great poet with scornful yet with jealous eyes." The fact itself is proved in the established mode, wherever our author is concerned. There is a piece of *arras* in *Hamlet*, and there is a *chorus* in *Henry V.* Can anything be plainer? But the *arras* in *Hamlet* is without a chorus, and the chorus in *Henry V.* is without an *arras*. No matter: if, as Lord Peter says, the accusation cannot be proved *totidem verbis*, it must be made out *totidem literis*; and so the reputation of Jonson is judged away! How long will the reader's good sense

*Daw.* What matter, sir? between whom?

*True.* Come, you disguise it: Sir Amorous and you. If you love me, Jack, you shall make use of your philosophy now, for this once, and deliver me your sword. This is not the wedding the Centaurs were at, though there be a she one here. [*takes his sword.*] The bride has entreated me I will see no blood shed at her bridal: you saw her whisper me erewhile.

*Daw.* As I hope to finish Tacitus, I intend no murder.

*True.* Do you not wait for Sir Amorous?

*Daw.* Not I, by my knighthood.

*True.* And your scholarship too?

*Daw.* And my scholarship too.

*True.* Go to, then I return you your sword, and ask your mercy; but put it not up, for you will be assaulted. I understood that you had apprehended it, and walked here to brave him; and that you had held your life contemptible in regard of your honour.<sup>3</sup>

*Daw.* No, no; no such thing, I assure you. He and I parted now as good friends as could be.

*True.* Trust not you to that visor. I saw him since dinner with another face: I have known many men in my time vexed with losses, with deaths, and with abuses; but so offended a wight as Sir Amorous did I never see or read of. For taking away his guests, sir, to-day, that's the cause; and he declares it behind your back with such threatenings and contempts—He said to Dauphine you were the arrant'st ass—

be imposed upon by such deplorable stupidity? How long will his candour be warped by such grovelling malice? What is there in the use of these words that can lead to a suspicion of a sneer at anything? *Arras* was then the constant furniture of the stage, and formed a screen or hiding-place in almost every drama in existence. A *chorus* was by no means unfrequent; and, indeed, appears in the greater number of Jonson's own plays. Did he ridicule himself; or was he debarred the use of the words because they were found in Shakspeare? Had the expression in the text been used by any one but Jonson, it would be termed, as it really is, an application of a familiar phrase, with the speaker's characteristic sprightliness and good humour.

<sup>3</sup> *That you had held your life contemptible in regard of your honour.*] This application of Virgil's fine lines to poor Sir John is highly humorous:

"*Est hic, est animus lucis contemptor, et istum Qui vita bene credat emi, quo tendis, honorem!*"

*Daw.* Ay, he may say his pleasure.

*True.* And swears you are so protested a coward, that he knows you will never do him any manly or single right; and therefore he will take his course.

*Daw.* I'll give him any satisfaction, sir—but fighting—

*True.* Ay, sir; but who knows what satisfaction he'll take: blood he thirsts for, and blood he will have; and whereabouts on you he will have it, who knows but himself?

*Daw.* I pray you, Master Truewit, be you a mediator.

*True.* Well, sir, conceal yourself then in this study till I return. [*Puts him into the study.*] Nay, you must be content to be locked in; for, for mine own reputation, I would not have you seen to receive a public disgrace, while I have the matter in managing. Ods so, here he comes; keep your breath close, that he do not hear you sigh.—In good faith, Sir Amorous, he is not this way; I pray you be merciful, do not murder him; he is a Christian, as good as you: you are armed as if you sought revenge on all his race. Good Dauphine, get him away from this place. I never knew a man's choler so high, but he would speak to his friends, he would hear reason.—Jack Daw, Jack! asleep!

*Daw.* [*within.*] Is he gone, Master Truewit?

*True.* Ay; did you hear him?

*Daw.* O lord! yes.

*True.* What a quick ear fear has!

<sup>1</sup> *Did you ever see a fellow set out to take possession?* When estates were litigated, or, as was too frequently the case formerly, transferred to a hungry favourite, this was a service of some danger; and the new owner set forth with his attendants and friends well armed. This is not an uncommon case in Ireland at this day; in this country the practice has happily been long obsolete.

<sup>2</sup> *Petronels and calivers.* These weapons seem to answer to our blunderbusses or horse pistols, and fowling-pieces respectively. Whalley says that the caliver was a larger kind of musquet; but this is contrary to the description given of it in the *Soldier's Accident*, and other books of the time.

<sup>3</sup> *If he could but victual himself for half a year in his breeches, &c.* Thus Butler:

“With a huge pair of round trunk hose,  
In which he carried as much meat  
As he and all his knights could eat.”

This is not the only idea which the author of *Hudibras* has taken from this play. What is more to Jonson's honour, Shakspeare himself has condescended to be obliged to it; for there

*Daw.* [*Comes out of the closet.*] But is he so armed as you say?

*True.* Armed! did you ever see a fellow set out to take possession?<sup>1</sup>

*Daw.* Ay, sir.

*True.* That may give you some light to conceive of him; but 'tis nothing to the principal. Some false brother in the house has furnished him strangely; or, if it were out of the house, it was Tom Otter.

*Daw.* Indeed he's a captain, and his wife is his kinswoman.

*True.* He has got somebody's old two-hand sword, to mow you off at the knees: and that sword hath spawned such a dagger!—But then he is so hung with pikes, halberds, petronels, calivers,<sup>2</sup> and muskets, that he looks like a justice-of-peace's hall: a man of two thousand a year is not cessed at so many weapons as he has on. There was never fencer challenged at so many several foils. You would think he meant to murder all St. Pulchre's parish. If he could but victual himself for half a year in his breeches,<sup>3</sup> he is sufficiently armed to overrun a country.

*Daw.* Good lord! what means he, sir? I pray you, Master Truewit, be you a mediator.

*True.* Well, I'll try if he will be appeased with a leg or an arm; if not—you must die once.

*Daw.* I would be loth to lose my right arm, for writing madrigals.

*True.* Why, if he will be satisfied with a

can be no doubt but that the attempt of Sir Toby and Fabian to bring on a quarrel between Ague-cheek and Viola, is imitated from this scene. It is really edifying to see the complacency with which Mr. Malone resigns his best arguments to his friend. He first proves, beyond the reach of cavil, that *Twelfth Night* could not be written before 1614; yet because Steevens, with equal folly and malignity, asserts that Jonson “took every opportunity to find fault with Shakspeare, and ridiculed the conduct of that comedy in *Every Man out of his Humour*,” which, as I have already shown, p. 104 *b*, preceded it by a dozen years or more, Mr. Malone calmly subjoins to this contemptible trash, “I had supposed this play (*Twelfth Night*) to be written in 1614, if, however, the foregoing passage from *Every Man, &c.*, be levelled at it, my speculation falls to the ground.” Condescension worthy of all praise. To renounce a rational certainty—to embrace a senseless impossibility—and for what?—for nothing higher or better than the hopeless chance of heaping another absurd calumny on the memory of Jonson. So much can prejudice do—

“*Tantum potuit suadere malorum!*”

thumb or a little finger, all's one to me. You must think, I'll do my best.

[*Shuts him up again.*]

*Daw.* Good sir, do.

[*Clerimont and Dauphine come forward.*]

*Cler.* What hast thou done?

*True.* He will let me do nothing; he does all afore; he offers his left arm.

*Cler.* His left wing, for a Jack Daw.

*Daup.* Take it by all means.

*True.* How! maim a man for ever, for a jest? What a conscience hast thou!

*Daup.* 'Tis no loss to him; he has no employment for his arms but to eat spoon-meat. Beside, as good maim his body as his reputation.

*True.* He is a scholar and a wit, and yet he does not think so. But he loses no reputation with us; for we all resolved him an ass before. To your places again.

*Cler.* I pray thee, let me be in at the other a little.

*True.* Look, you'll spoil all; these be ever your tricks.

*Cler.* No, but I could hit of some things that thou wilt miss, and thou wilt say are good ones.

*True.* I warrant you. I pray, forbear, I'll leave it off else.

*Daup.* Come away, Clerimont.

[*Daup. and Cler. withdraw as before.*]

*Enter La-Foole.*

*True.* Sir Amorous!

*La-F.* Master Truewit.

*True.* Whither were you going?

*La-F.* Down into the court to make water.

*True.* By no means, sir; you shall rather tempt your breeches.

*La-F.* Why, sir?

*True.* Enter here, if you love your life.

[*Opening the door of the other study.*]

*La-F.* Why?—why?

*True.* Question till your throat be cut, do: dally till the enraged soul find you.

*La-F.* Who is that?

*True.* Daw it is: will you in?

*La-F.* Ay, ay, I'll in: what's the matter?

*True.* Nay, if he had been cool enough to tell us that, there had been some hope to atone you;<sup>1</sup> but he seems so implacably enraged!

*La-F.* 'Slight, let him rage! I'll hide myself.

*True.* Do, good sir. But what have you done to him within that should provoke him thus? You have broke some jest upon him afore the ladies.

*La-F.* Not I, never in my life broke jest upon any man. The bride was praising Sir Dauphine, and he went away in snuff,<sup>2</sup> and I followed him; unless he took offence at me in his drink erewhile, that I would not pledge all the horse full.

*True.* By my faith, and that may be; you remember well: but he walks the round up and down,<sup>3</sup> through every room o' the house, with a towel in his hand, crying, *Where's La-Foole? Who saw La-Foole?* And when Dauphine and I demanded the cause, we can force no answer from him, but—*O revenge, how sweet art thou! I will strangle him in this towel*—which leads us to conjecture that the main cause of his fury is for bringing your meat to-day with a towel about you, to his discredit.

*La-F.* Like enough. Why, an he be angry for that I'll stay here till his anger be blown over.

*True.* A good becoming resolution, sir; if you can put it on o' the sudden.

*La-F.* Yes, I can put it on: or, I'll away into the country presently.

*True.* How will you go out of the house, sir? He knows you are in the house, and he'll watch this se'ennight but he'll have you: he'll outwait a serjeant for you.<sup>4</sup>

*La-F.* Why, then I'll stay here.

*True.* You must think how to victual yourself in time then.

*La-F.* Why, sweet Master Truewit, will you entreat my cousin Otter to send me a cold venison pasty, a bottle or two of wine, and a chamber-pot.

<sup>1</sup> *There had been some hope to atone you.]* To make you friends, to set you at one again.—**WHAL.**

<sup>2</sup> *Went away in snuff,] i.e., in anger: alluding, I presume, to the offensive manner in which a candle goes out. The word is frequent in our old writers, and furnishes Shakspeare with many playful opportunities of confounding it with the dust of tobacco.*

<sup>3</sup> *But he walks the round up and down ] A*

phrase taken from the army; where it was the business of certain inferior officers to go round to the sentinels and outguards, who from thence were called *gentlemen of the round*.—**WHAL.**

To watch, in short. See p. 32 a.

<sup>4</sup> *He'll outwait a serjeant for you.]* The perseverance of *serjeants* (sheriffs' officers) in watching their prey, is well known. Our old poets, who had but too many proofs of it, mention it, either in mirth or anger, upon all occasions.

*True.* A stool were better, sir, of Sir Ajax his invention.<sup>1</sup>

*La-F.* Ay, that will be better indeed ; and a pallet to lie on.

*True.* O, I would not advise you to sleep by any means.

*La-F.* Would you not, sir? Why, then I will not.

*True.* Yet there's another fear—

*La-F.* Is there! What is't?

*True.* No, he cannot break open this door with his foot, sure.

*La-F.* I'll set my back against it, sir. I have a good back.

*True.* But then if he should batter.

*La-F.* Batter! if he dare, I'll have an action of battery against him.

*True.* Cast you the worst. He has sent for powder already, and what he will do with it no man knows: perhaps blow up the corner of the house where he suspects you are. Here he comes; in quickly.

[*Thrusts in La-Foole and shuts the door.*]—I protest, Sir John Daw, he is not this way: what will you do? Before God, you shall hang no petard here: I'll die rather. Will you not take my word? I never knew one but would be satisfied.—Sir Amorous, [*speaks through the key-hole,*] there's no standing out: he has made a petard of an old brass pot, to force your door. Think upon some satisfaction, or terms to offer him.

*La-F.* [*within.*] Sir, I'll give him any satisfaction: I dare give any terms.

*True.* You'll leave it to me then?

*La-F.* Ay, sir: I'll stand to any conditions.

*True.* [*beckoning forward Cler. and Dauph.*] How now—what think you, sirs? Were't not a difficult thing to determine which of these two feared most?

*Cler.* Yes, but this fears the bravest: the other a whimling dastard, Jack Daw! But La-Foole, a brave heroic coward! and is afraid in a great look and a stout accent; I like him rarely.

*True.* Had it not been pity these two should have been concealed?

*Cler.* Shall I make a motion?

*True.* Briefly: for I must strike while 'tis hot.

*Cler.* Shall I go fetch the ladies to the catastrophe?

*True.* Umph! ay, by my troth.

*Daup.* By no mortal means. Let them continue in the state of ignorance, and err still; think them wits and fine fellows, as they have done. 'Twere sin to reform them.

*True.* Well, I will have them fetched, now I think on't, for a private purpose of mine: do, Clerimont, fetch them, and discourse to them all that's past, and bring them into the gallery here.

*Daup.* This is thy extreme vanity, now! thou think'st thou wert undone if every jest thou mak'st were not published.

*True.* Thou shalt see how unjust thou art presently. Clerimont, say it was Dauphine's plot. [*Exit Clerimont.*] Trust me not if the whole drift be not for thy good. There is a carpet<sup>2</sup> in the next room, put it on, with this scarf over thy face, and a cushion on thy head, and be ready when I call Amorous. Away! [*Exit Daup.*]—John Daw! [*Goes to Daw's closet, and brings him out.*]

*Daw.* What good news, sir?

*True.* Faith, I have followed and argued with him hard for you. I told him you were a knight, and a scholar, and that you knew fortitude did consist *magis patiendo quam faciendo, magis ferendo quam ferendo.*

<sup>1</sup> A stool were better, sir, of Sir Ajax his invention.] Sir Ajax seems to have been a title familiarly imposed on Sir John Harrington, for a very meritorious attempt to introduce cleanliness into our dwellings, at a period when the sweetest of them would have offended the duller nose of modern times. In 1596 he published, under the name of Misacmos, a little treatise called, *A New Discourse of a Stale Subject, or the Metamorphosis of Ajax*, of which the object was to point out the propriety of adopting something like the water-closets of the present day, in the place of the wretched utensils which were then common in every house. As the nature of his subject led him to lay open the interior of our palaces and great houses, offence was taken at his freedom: he lost, at least for a time, the favour of Elizabeth (his godmother,) and

was banished from court. His gains, from his well-timed labours, were apparently confined to the honour of contributing to the merriment of the wits, Shakspeare, Jonson, Nabbes, and many others, who took advantage of his own pun, (a-jakes,) and dubbed him a knight of the stool; under which title he frequently appears in their pages. Even the grave Camden condescends to be facetious at his expense—but enough on the subject.

<sup>2</sup> There is a carpet, &c.] i.e., a table-cover. Formerly these ornamental pieces of tapestry furnished employment for the ladies in the long nights of winter. I have seen several of them in our old mansion-houses. Carpets were not at this period laid on the floor; except occasionally to kneel on, or for purposes of state.

*Daw.* It doth so indeed, sir.

*True.* And that you would suffer, I told him : so at first he demanded by my troth, in my conceit, too much.

*Daw.* What was it, sir ?

*True.* Your upper lip and six of your fore-teeth.

*Daw.* 'Twas unreasonable.

*True.* Nay, I told him plainly, you could not spare them all. So after long argument *pro et con*, as you know, I brought him down to your two butter-teeth, and them he would have.

*Daw.* O, did you so? Why, he shall have them.

*True.* But he shall not, sir, by your leave. The conclusion is this, sir : because you shall be very good friends hereafter, and this never to be remembered or up-braided ; besides, that he may not boast he has done any such thing to you in his own person ; he is to come here in disguise, give you five kicks in private, sir, take your sword from you, and lock you up in that study during pleasure : which will be but a little while, we'll get it released presently.

*Daw.* Five kicks ! he shall have six, sir, to be friends.

*True.* Believe me, you shall not overshoot yourself, to send him that word by me.

*Daw.* Deliver it, sir ; he shall have it with all my heart, to be friends.

*True.* Friends ! Nay, an he should not be so, and heartily too, upon these terms, he shall have me to enemy while I live. Come, sir, bear it bravely.

*Daw.* O lord, sir, 'tis nothing.

*True.* True ! what's six kicks to a man that reads Seneca ?

*Daw.* I have had a hundred, sir.

*True.* Sir Amorous !

*Re-enter Dauphine, disguised.*

No speaking one to another, or rehearsing old matters.

*Daw.* [as Daup. kicks him.] One, two, three, four, five. I protest, Sir Amorous, you shall have six.

*True.* Nay, I told you you should not talk. Come, give him six, an he will needs. [Dauphine kicks him again.] Your sword [takes his sword.] Now return to your safe custody ; you shall presently meet afore the ladies, and be the dearest friends one to another. [Puts Daw into the study.] Give me the scarf now, thou shalt beat the other barefaced. Stand by :

[Dauphine retires, and Truewit goes to the other closet, and releases La-Foole.] Sir Amorous !

*La-F.* What's here ! A sword ?

*True.* I cannot help it, without I should take the quarrel upon myself. Here he has sent you his sword—

*La-F.* I'll receive none on't.

*True.* And he wills you to fasten it against a wall, and break your head in some few several places against the hilts.

*La-F.* I will not : tell him roundly. I cannot endure to shed my own blood.

*True.* Will you not ?

*La-F.* No. I'll beat it against a fair flat wall, if that will satisfy him : if not, he shall beat it himself, for Amorous.

*True.* Why, this is strange starting off, when a man undertakes for you ! I offered him another condition ; will you stand to that ?

*La-F.* Ay, what is't ?

*True.* That you will be beaten in private.

*La-F.* Yes, I am content, at the blunt.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter, above, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mistress Otter, Epiccene, and Trusty.*

*True.* Then you must submit yourself to be hoodwinked in this scarf, and be led to him, where he will take your sword from you, and make you bear a blow over the mouth *gules*, and tweaks by the nose *sans nombre*.

*La-F.* I am content. But why must I be blinded ?

*True.* That's for your good, sir ; because if he should grow insolent upon this, and publish it hereafter to your disgrace (which I hope he will not do), you might swear safely, and protest he never beat you to your knowledge.

*La-F.* O, I conceive.

*True.* I do not doubt but you'll be perfect good friends upon't, and not dare to utter an ill thought one of another in future.

*La-F.* Not I, as God help me, of him.

*True.* Nor he of you, sir. If he should, [binds his eyes.]—Come, sir. [leads him forward.] All hid, Sir John !

*Enter Dauphine, and tweaks him by the nose.*

*La-F.* Oh, Sir John, Sir John ! Oh, o-o-o-o-Oh—

<sup>1</sup> *At the blunt,* i.e., with the flat side of the sword.

*True.* Good Sir John, leave tweaking, you'll blow his nose off. 'Tis Sir John's pleasure you should retire into the study. [*Puts him up again.*] Why, now you are friends. All bitterness between you I hope is buried; you shall come forth by and by Damon and Pythias upon 't, and embrace with all the rankness of friendship that can be. I trust we shall have them tamer in their language hereafter. Dauphine, I worship thee. God's will, the ladies have surprised us!

*Enter* Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mistress Otter, Epicœne, and Trusty *behind.*

*Hau.* Centaure, how our judgments were imposed on by these adulterate knights!

*Cen.* Nay, madam, Mavis was more deceived than we; 'twas her commendation uttered them in the college.

*Mav.* I commended but their wits, madam, and their braveries. I never looked toward their valours.

*Hau.* Sir Dauphine is valiant, and a wit too, it seems.

*Mav.* And a bravery too.

*Hau.* Was this his project?

*Mrs. Ott.* So Master Clerimont intimates, madam.

*Hau.* Good Morose, when you come to the college, will you bring him with you? he seems a very perfect gentleman.

<sup>1</sup> *Not so superlatively neat as some that have their faces set in a brake.*] A *brake*, amongst other appellations, is a sort of bridle, which they made use of to young horses, in order to make them carry their heads steady, and in a proper place.—*WHAL.*

A *brake* is a powerful iron curb, by which the tongue and jaws of restive horses are so compressed as to prevent their *taking the bit*: but the *brake* which seems to be meant here is a strong wooden frame in which the feet of young and vicious horses are frequently confined by farriers, preparatory to their being shod. Jonson uses the word again in his beautiful poem to Charis, and in a similar sense:

"Drest, you still for man should take him;  
And not think he'd eat a stake,  
Or were set up in a *brake*."

<sup>2</sup> *A very good lock.*] A favourite *lock* of hair, which it was the fashion of those times to nourish.—*WHAL.*

To make it more conspicuous, a rose or knot of ribands was sometimes attached to it. Thus Shirley:

"Who knows but he  
May lose the riband by it, in his *lock*?"  
*Coronation.*

*Epi.* He is so, madam, believe it.

*Cen.* But when will you come, Morose?

*Epi.* Three or four days hence, madam, when I have got me a coach and horses.

*Hau.* No, to-morrow, good Morose; Centaure shall send you her coach.

*Mav.* Yes, faith, do, and bring Sir Dauphine with you.

*Hau.* She has promised that, Mavis.

*Mav.* He is a very worthy gentleman in his exteriors, madam.

*Hau.* Ay, he shews he is judicial in his clothes.

*Cen.* And yet not so superlatively neat as some, madam, that have their faces set in a brake.<sup>1</sup>

*Hau.* Ay, and have every hair in form.

*Mav.* That wear purer linen than ourselves, and profess more neatness than the French hermaphrodite.

*Epi.* Ay, ladies, they, what they tell one of us, have told a thousand; and are the only thieves of our fame, that think to take us with that perfume, or with that lace, and laugh at us unconscionably when they have done.

*Hau.* But Sir Dauphine's carelessness becomes him.

*Cen.* I could love a man for such a nose.

*Mav.* Or such a leg.

*Cen.* He has an exceeding good eye, madam.

*Mav.* And a very good lock.<sup>2</sup>

And Davenant:

"A *lock* on the left side, so rarely hung  
With ribanding."—*Love and Honour.*

This practice was so rooted, that it flourished for near a century, in spite of all the ridicule of the stage, and all the thunder of the press. From the following curious passage in *Mydas*, it appears that the form of these love-locks was as various and capricious as that of the beards, already noticed: "How will you be trimmed, sir? Will you have your beard like a spade or a bodkin? A penthouse on your upper lip or an alley on your chin? A low curl on your heade like a ball, or dangling locks like a spaniell? Your mustachoes sharp at the ends like shoemakers' aules, or hanging downe to your mouth like goates' flakes? Your *love-locks* wreathed with a silken twist, or shaggie to fall on your shoulders?" act iii. sc. 2. Certainly an assemblage of "braveries" at this time must have presented a very amusing spectacle, as far as the head was concerned. From the prints of the unfortunate Charles, it appears that he and his courtiers wore love-locks. The king, it is said, cut off his in 1646. His favourites probably followed his example. Business of higher import than considering whether their "*locks*

*Cen.* Good Morose, bring him to my chamber first.

*Mrs. Ott.* Please your honours to meet at my house, madam.

*True.* See how they eye thee, man! they are taken, I warrant thee.

[*Haughty comes forward.*

*Hau.* You have unbraced our brace of knights here, Master Truewit.

*True.* Not I, madam; it was Sir Dauphine's ingine: who, if he have dis-furnished your ladyship of any guard or service by it, is able to make the place good again in himself.

*Hau.* There is no suspicion of that, sir.

*Cen.* God so, Mavis, Haughty is kissing.

*Mav.* Let us go too, and take part.

[*They come forward.*

*Hau.* But I am glad of the fortune (beside the discovery of two such empty caskets) to gain the knowledge of so rich a mine of virtue as Sir Dauphine.

*Cen.* We would be all glad to style him of our friendship, and see him at the college.

*Mav.* He cannot mix with a sweeter society, I'll prophesy; and I hope he himself will think so.

*Daup.* I should be rude to imagine otherwise, lady.

*True.* Did not I tell thee, Dauphine! Why, all their actions are governed by crude opinion, without reason or cause; they know not why they do anything; but as they are informed, believe, judge, praise, condemn, love, hate, and in emulation one of another, do all these things alike. Only they have a natural inclination sways them generally to the worst, when they are left to themselves. But pursue it, now thou hast them.

*Hau.* Shall we go in again, Morose?

*Epi.* Yes, madam.

*Cen.* We'll entreat Sir Dauphine's company.

*True.* Stay, good madam, the interview of the two friends, Pylades and Orestes: I'll fetch them out to you straight.

*Hau.* Will you, Master Truewit?

*Daup.* Ay; but, noble ladies, do not confess in your countenance, or outward bearing to them, any discovery of their follies,

that we may see how they will bear up again, with what assurance and erection.

*Hau.* We will not, Sir Dauphine.

*Cen. Mav.* Upon our honours, Sir Dauphine.

*True.* [*goes to the first closet.*] Sir Amorous, Sir Amorous! The ladies are here.

*La-F.* [*within.*] Are they?

*True.* Yes; but slip out by and by, as their backs are turned, and meet Sir John here, as by chance when I call you. [*Goes to the other.*]—Jack Daw!

*Daw.* [*within.*] What say you, sir?

*True.* Whip out behind me suddenly, and no anger in your looks to your adversary. Now, now!

[*La-Foole and Daw slip out of their respective closets, and salute each other.*

*La-F.* Noble Sir John Daw! where have you been?

*Daw.* To seek you, Sir Amorous.

*La-F.* Me! I honour you.

*Daw.* I prevent you, sir.

*Cler.* They have forgot their rapiers.

*True.* O, they meet in peace, man.

*Daup.* Where's your sword, Sir John?

*Cler.* And yours, Sir Amorous?

*Daw.* Mine! my boy had it forth to mend the handle, e'en now.

*La-F.* And my gold handle was broke too, and my boy had it forth.

*Daup.* Indeed, sir!—How their excuses meet!

*Cler.* What a consent there is in the handles!

*True.* Nay, there is so in the points too, I warrant you.

*Enter Morose, with the two swords, drawn, in his hands.*

*Mrs. Ott.* O me! madam, he comes again, the madman! Away!

[*Ladies, Daw, and La-Foole run off.*

*Mor.* What make these naked weapons here, gentlemen?

*True.* O, sir! here hath like to have been murder since you went; a couple of knights fallen out about the bride's favours! We were fain to take away their weapons; your house had been begged by this time else.<sup>1</sup>

should be wreathed with silk, or left shaggy to fall on the shoulders," now occupied their attention; and in the hateful times which immediately succeeded, the fashion went to decay with a thousand better things.

<sup>1</sup> *Your house had been begged by this time*

*else.*] For a riot, &c., for which it would have fallen, as a deadend, to the crown. The quick-scented rapacity of James's courtiers is well marked by this expression, which, though used in jest, contains little more than the simple fact.

*Mor.* For what?

*Cler.* For manslaughter, sir, as being accessory.

*Mor.* And for her favours?

*True.* Ay, sir, heretofore, not present.— Clerimont, carry them their swords now. They have done all the hurt they will do.

[*Exit Cler. with the two swords.*]

*Daup.* Have you spoke with the lawyer, sir?

*Mor.* O no! there is such a noise in the court,<sup>1</sup> that they have frightened me home with more violence than I went! such speaking and counter-speaking, with their several voices of citations, appellations, allegations, certificates, attachments, interrogatories, references, convictions, and afflictions indeed, among the doctors and proctors, that the noise here is silence to't, a kind of calm midnight!

*True.* Why, sir, if you would be resolved indeed, I can bring you hither a very sufficient lawyer, and a learned divine, that shall enquire into every least scruple for you.

*Mor.* Can you, Master Truewit?

*True.* Yes, and are very sober, grave persons, that will dispatch it in a chamber, with a whisper or two.

*Mor.* Good sir, shall I hope this benefit from you, and trust myself into your hands?

*True.* Alas, sir! your nephew and I have been ashamed and oft-times mad, since you went, to think how you are abused. Go in, good sir, and lock yourself up till we call you; we'll tell you more anon, sir.

*Mor.* Do your pleasure with me, gentlemen. I believe in you, and that deserves no delusion.

[*Exit.*]

*True.* You shall find none, sir;—but heaped, heaped plenty of vexation.

*Daup.* What wilt thou do now, Wit?

*True.* Recover me hither Otter and the barber, if you can, by any means, presently.

*Daup.* Why? to what purpose?

*True.* O, I'll make the deepest divine and gravest lawyer out of them two, for him—

*Daup.* Thou canst not, man; these are waking dreams.

*True.* Do not fear me. Clap but a civil gown with a welt<sup>2</sup> on the one, and a canonical cloke with sleeves on the other, and give them a few terms in their mouths, if there come not forth as able a doctor and complete a parson, for this turn, as may be wished, trust not my election: and I hope, without wronging the dignity of either profession, since they are but persons put on, and for mirth's sake, to torment him. The barber smatters Latin, I remember.

*Daup.* Yes, and Otter too.

*True.* Well then, if I make them not wrangle out this case to his no comfort, let me be thought a Jack Daw or La-Foole, or anything worse. Go you to your ladies, but first send for them.

*Daup.* I will.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Room in Morose's House.

*Enter* La-Foole, Clerimont, and Daw.

*La-F.* Where had you our swords, Master Clerimont?

*Cler.* Why, Dauphine took them from the madman.

*La-F.* And he took them from our boys, I warrant you.

*Cler.* Very like, sir.

*La-F.* Thank you, good Master Clerimont. Sir John Daw and I are both be holden to you.

*Cler.* Would I knew how to make you so, gentlemen!

*Daw.* Sir Amorous and I are your servants, sir.

*Enter* Mavis.

*Mav.* Gentlemen, have any of you a pen and ink? I would fain write out a riddle in Italian, for Sir Dauphine to translate.

*Cler.* Not I, in troth, lady; I am no scrivener.

*Daw.* I can furnish you, I think, lady.

[*Exeunt* Daw and Mavis.]

<sup>1</sup> O no! there is such a noise in the court, &c.] This, with the legal terms which follow, is adapted, with considerable humour, from Libanius: των εκκλησιων ου μαλα κοιρωνων, ου δια το των κοινη συμφεροντων αμελειν, αλλα δια τας των ου δυναμενων σιγησαι βοας ρητορων. εις αγοραν ου σφοδρα εμβαλλων, δια τα πολλα ταυτα των δικων ονοματα, φασις, ενδειξις, απαγωγη, διαδικασια, παραγραφη, α και οις ουδεν

εστι πραγμα φιλουσιν ονομασειν. Ibid. p. 301-2.

<sup>2</sup> Clap but a civil gown with a welt, &c.] A civil gown is the gown of a civilian: a welt, as I have already observed, is a hem or border of fur, &c. In the conclusion of this speech, Jonson shews himself yet sore of the censure passed on him for his alleged reflection on the law, in the *Poetaster*.

*Cler.* He has it in the haft of a knife, I believe.

*La-F.* No, he has his box of instruments.

*Cler.* Like a surgeon!

*La-F.* For the mathematics: his square, his compasses, his brass pens, and black-lead, to draw maps of every place and person where he comes.

*Cler.* How, maps of persons!

*La-F.* Yes, sir, of Nomentack, when he was here,<sup>1</sup> and of the Prince of Moldavia, and of his mistress, Mistress Epicœne.

*Re-enter Daw.*

*Cler.* Away! he hath not found out her latitude, I hope.

*La-F.* You are a pleasant gentleman, sir.

*Cler.* Faith, now we are in private, let's

<sup>1</sup> Yes, sir, of Nomentack, when he was here, &c.] Nomentack was an Indian chief, from Virginia, who was brought to England some years before this was written. Of the Prince of Moldavia, I can give no account.

<sup>2</sup> Nay, I believe that they do withal—] I quote these words, merely because the collocation of them recalls to my mind an expression in Shakspeare, on which I have something to say. In one of the prettiest speeches surely that ever was penned, that of Portia (*Merchant of Venice*, act iii. sc. 4), to Nerissa, she describes the appearance she shall make, and the language she shall hold when "accoutred like a man:"

"I'll speak of frays

Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,  
How honourable ladies sought my love,  
Which I denying, they fell sick, and died;  
I could not do withal:"

The last line, or rather a corruption of it, the commentators, who are always routing in the mire of impurity, explain in the most indecent manner. I will not say of Portia, as of Desdemona, that her "motion blushed at herself," yet she was assuredly a woman of modesty, and therefore little likely to use the language of a brothel, or to attribute the manners of one to the "honourable ladies who sought her love." The fact is, that the phrase so shamelessly misinterpreted is in itself perfectly innocent, and means neither more nor less than I COULD NOT HELP IT. In *Morte Arthur*—where Guinever is accused of poisoning one of the knights of the round table, the king says to her, "None of them will say well of you, nor none of them will doe battle for you, and that shall be great slaunder for you in this court. Alas! said the queen, I cannot doe withal," (I cannot help it,) "and now I miss Sir Launcelot," part iii. c. 108. In the trial of Udall, Lord Anderson says: "You had as good say you were the author." Udall. "That will not follow, my lord: but if you think so, I cannot do withal," (I cannot help it.)—

wanton it a little, and talk waggishly.— Sir John, I am telling Sir Amorous here that you two govern the ladies wherever you come; you carry the feminine gender afore you.

*Daw.* They shall rather carry us afore them, if they will, sir.

*Cler.* Nay, I believe that they do withal<sup>2</sup>—but that you are the prime men in their affections, and direct all their actions—

*Daw.* Not I; Sir Amorous is.

*La-F.* I protest Sir John is.

*Daw.* As I hope to rise in the state, Sir Amorous, you have the person.

*La-F.* Sir John, you have the person, and the discourse too.

*Daw.* Not I, sir. I have no discourse—and then you have activity beside.

*La-F.* I protest, Sir John, you come as high from Tripoly as I do, every whit:<sup>3</sup>

*State Trials*, fol. vol. i. p. 162. And in that excellent old play, the *Little French Lawyer*, Dinant, who is reproached by Clerimont for not silencing the music, which endangered his safety, replies:

"I cannot do withal; (I cannot help it):

I have spoke and spoke: I am betrayed and lost too."

I make no apology for this long note, irrelevant as it will perhaps be thought. Shakspeare is in every hand; and it is therefore incumbent on all those who feel a due respect for youth and innocence, to take every opportunity of removing the impurities with which his pages are wantonly overcharged. As the sense of the words is now fully ascertained, we have a right to expect that the stupid and indecent comments of Collins and others on it shall be henceforth omitted. "Withal, the reading of the old copies," Mr. Malone tells us, "was corrected (corrected, with a vengeance!) "to with all, (as it stands in his and Steevens' editions) by Mr. Pope." Notwithstanding this cheering assurance, the future editors of Shakspeare will do well to let him speak his own language, and to print the line as it stands above, and as it ought always to have stood: "I could not do withal." *Withal* in Jonson, is a mere expletive.

<sup>3</sup> I protest, Sir John, you come as high from Tripoly as I do, every whit:] "A phrase, (Upton says), to signify feats of activity, vaulting, leaping, &c. Jonson has it again in his Epigrams, (cxv.)

"Can come from Tripoly, leap stools, and wink."

And so likewise his contemporaries:

"Get up to the window there, and presently,

Like a most compleat gentleman come from Tripoly."—*Monsieur Thomas*, act iv. sc. 2.

*Tripoly*, Whalley subjoins, "was famous for the jousts and tournaments held there in the days of

and lift as many joined stools, and leap over them, if you would use it.

*Cler.* Well, agree on't together, knights; for between you, you divide the kingdom or commonwealth of ladies' affections. I see it, and can perceive a little how they observe you, and fear you indeed. You could tell strange stories, my masters, if you would, I know.

*Daw.* Faith, we have seen somewhat, sir.

*La-F.* That we have—velvet petticoats, and wrought smocks, or so.

*Daw.* Ay, and—

*Cler.* Nay, out with it, Sir John; do not envy your friend the pleasure of hearing, when you have had the delight of tasting.

*Daw.* Why—a—Do you speak, Sir Amorous.

*La-F.* No, do you, Sir John Daw.

*Daw.* I' faith, you shall.

*La-F.* I' faith, you shall.

*Daw.* Why, we have been—

*La-F.* In the great bed at Ware together in our time. On, Sir John.

*Daw.* Nay, do you, Sir Amorous.

*Cler.* And these ladies with you, knights?

*La-F.* No, excuse us, sir.

*Daw.* We must not wound reputation.

*La-F.* No matter—they were these, or others. Our bath cost us fifteen pound when we came home.

*Cler.* Do you hear, Sir John? You shall tell me but one thing truly, as you love me.

*Daw.* If I can, I will, sir.

*Cler.* You lay in the same house with the bride here?

*Daw.* Yes, and conversed with her hourly, sir.

*Cler.* And what humour is she of? Is she coming and open, free?

*Daw.* O, exceeding open, sir. I was her servant, and Sir Amorous was to be.

*Cler.* Come, you have both had favours from her: I know, and have heard so much.

*Daw.* O no, sir.

*La-F.* You shall excuse us, sir; we must not wound reputation.

*Cler.* Tut, she is married now, and you cannot hurt her with any report; and there-

fore speak plainly: how many times, i' faith? which of you led first? ha!

*La-F.* Sir John had her maidenhead, indeed.

*Daw.* O, it pleases him to say so, sir; but Sir Amorous knows what's what as well.

*Cler.* Dost thou, i' faith, Amorous?

*La-F.* In a manner, sir.

*Cler.* Why, I commend you, lads. Little knows Don Bridegroom of this; nor shall he for me.

*Daw.* Hang him, mad ox!

*Cler.* Speak softly; here comes his nephew, with the Lady Haughty: he'll get the ladies from you, sirs, if you look not to him in time.

*La-F.* Why, if he do, we'll fetch them home again, I warrant you.

[*Exit with Daw. Cler. walks aside.*]

*Enter Dauphine and Haughty.*

*Hau.* I assure you, Sir Dauphine, it is the price and estimation of your virtue only that hath embarked me to this adventure; and I could not but make out to tell you so: nor can I repent me of the act, since it is always an argument of some virtue in ourselves, that we love and affect it so in others.

*Daup.* Your ladyship sets too high a price on my weakness.

*Hau.* Sir, I can distinguish gems from pebbles—

*Daup.* Are you so skilful in stones?

[*Aside.*]

*Hau.* And howsoever I may suffer in such a judgment as yours, by admitting equality of rank or society with Centaure or Mavis—

*Daup.* You do not, madam; I perceive they are your mere foils.

*Hau.* Then are you a friend to truth, sir; it makes me love you the more. It is not the outward but the inward man that I affect. They are not apprehensive of an eminent perfection, but love flat and dully.

*Gen.* [*within.*] Where are you, my Lady Haughty?

*Hau.* I come presently, Centaure.—My chamber, sir, my page shall shew you; and

chivalry, and from those feats perhaps the phrase was derived." I think not: "justs and tournaments," wherever held, were grave and serious amusements, and could scarcely give name to such apish tricks as leaping over sticks, &c. It seems far more probable that the phrase

grew out of one of those *jestes nominal*, (as Owen Feltham calls them,) of which our ancestors were so fond; and that the sole claim which Tripoly has to the honour conferred upon it, lies in the first part of its name.

Trusty, my woman, shall be ever awake for you: you need not fear to communicate anything with her, for she is a Fidelia. I pray you wear this jewel for my sake, Sir Dauphine.—

*Enter Centaure.*

Where's Mavis, Centaure?

*Cen.* Within, madam, a writing. I'll follow you presently. [*Exit Hau.*] I'll but speak a word with Sir Dauphine.

*Daup.* With me, madam?

*Cen.* Good Sir Dauphine, do not trust Haughty, nor make any credit to her<sup>1</sup> whatever you do besides. Sir Dauphine, I give you this caution, she is a perfect courtier, and loves nobody but for her uses; and for her uses she loves all. Besides, her physicians give her out to be none o' the clearest, whether she pay them or no, heaven knows; and she's above fifty too, and pargets!<sup>2</sup> See her in a forenoon. Here comes Mavis, a worse face than she! you would not like this by candle-light.

*Re-enter Mavis.*

If you'll come to my chamber one o' these mornings early, or late in an evening, I'll tell you more. Where's Haughty, Mavis?

*Mav.* Within, Centaure.

*Cen.* What have you there?

*Mav.* An Italian riddle for Sir Dauphine, —you shall not see it, i' faith, Centaure.— [*Exit Cen.*] Good Sir Dauphine, solve it for me: I'll call for it anon. [*Exit.*]

*Cler.* [*coming forward.*] How now, Dauphine! how dost thou quit thy self of these females?

*Daup.* 'Slight, they haunt me like fairies, and give me jewels here; I cannot be rid of them.

*Cler.* O, you must not tell though.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Do not trust Haughty, nor make any credit to her.*] i.e., nor give her any credit; from the Latin idiom, *fidem facere*. Jonson is too bold in introducing phrases from the learned languages.—WHAL.

It was the vice, or rather the fashion of the times. Shakspeare has as many words, if not phrases, as Jonson. I do not recollect to have yet marked a Latinism in him which is not to be found in his contemporaries, except perhaps in *Sejanus*.

<sup>2</sup> *She's above fifty too, and pargets!*] i.e., daubs, or plasters her face: see p. 204 b.

<sup>3</sup> *O, you must not tell, though.*] It was the received opinion, that it was extremely dangerous to betray the confidence of the fairies: the loss of all future favour from them was the least

*Daup.* Mass, I forgot that: I was never so assaulted. One loves for virtue, and bribes me with this [*shews the jewel*]—another loves me with caution, and so would possess me; a third brings me a riddle here: and all are jealous, and rail each at other.

*Cler.* A riddle! pray let me see it. [*Reads.*]

“Sir Dauphine, I chose this way of intimation for privacy. The ladies here, I know, have both hope and purpose to make a collegiate and servant of you. If I might be so honoured as to appear at any end of so noble a work, I would enter into a fame of taking physic to-morrow, and continue it four or five days, or longer, for your visitation. MAVIS.”

By my faith, a subtle one! Call you this a riddle? what's their plain-dealing, trow?

*Daup.* We lack 'Truewit to tell us that.

*Cler.* We lack her for somewhat else too: his knights reformadoes are wound up as high and insolent as ever they were.

*Daup.* You jest.

*Cler.* No drunkards, either with wine or vanity, ever confessed such stories of themselves. I would not give a fly's leg in balance against all the women's reputations here, if they could be but thought to speak truth: and for the bride, they have made their affidavit against her directly—

*Daup.* What, that they have lain with her?

*Cler.* Yes; and tell times and circumstances, with the cause why, and the place where. I had almost brought them to affirm that they had done it to-day.

*Daup.* Not both of them?

*Cler.* Yes, faith; with a sooth or two more I had effected it. They would have set it down under their hands.

part of the evil; personal or family misfortune usually followed the indiscretion. To this the old Clown in the *Winter's Tale* cunningly alludes: “'Tis *fairy gold*, boy, and will prove so. Up with it; *keep it close.*” And so in the *Honest Man's Fortune*:

“*Mont.* Your ladyship cannot tell me when I kissed her.

*Lady.* But she can, sir.

*Mont.* But she will not, madam;

For when they talk once, 'tis 'like *fairy money*, They get no more close kisses.”

And again:

“A prince's secrets are like *fairy favours*; Wholesome if kept; but poison if discovered.”

*Daup.* Why, they will be our sport, I see, still, whether we will or no.

*Enter Truewit.*

*True.* O, are you here? Come, Dauphine; go call your uncle presently; I have fitted my divine and my canonist, dyed their beards and all. The knaves do not know themselves, they are so exalted and altered. Preferment changes any man. Thou shalt keep one door and I another, and then Clerimont in the midst, that he may have no means of escape from their cavilling, when they grow hot once again. And then the women, as I have given the bride her instructions, to break in upon him in the l'envoy.<sup>1</sup> O, 'twill be full and twanging! Away! fetch him.

[*Exit Dauphine.*]

*Enter Otter, disguised as a divine, and Cut-beard as a canon lawyer.*

Come, master doctor, and master parson, look to your parts now, and discharge them bravely; you are well set forth, perform it as well. If you chance to be out, do not confess it with standing still, or humming, or gaping one at another; but go on, and talk aloud and eagerly; use vehement action, and only remember your terms, and you are safe. Let the matter go where it will: you have many will do so. But at first be very solemn and grave, like your garments, though you loose yourselves after, and skip out like a brace of jugglers on a table. Here he comes: set your faces, and look superciliously while I present you.

*Re-enter Dauphine with Morose.*

*Mor.* Are these the two learned men?

*True.* Yes, sir; please you salute them.

*Mor.* Salute them! I had rather do anything than wear out time so unfruitfully, sir. I wonder how these common forms,<sup>2</sup> as *God save you*, and *You are welcome*, are come to be a habit in our lives: or, *I am*

*glad to see you!* When I cannot see what the profit can be of these words, so long as it is no whit better with him whose affairs are sad and grievous, that he hears this salutation.

*True.* 'Tis true, sir; we'll go to the matter then.—Gentlemen, master doctor, and master parson, I have acquainted you sufficiently with the business for which you are come hither; and you are not now to inform yourselves in the state of the question, I know. This is the gentleman who expects your resolution, and therefore, when you please, begin.

*Ott.* Please you, master doctor.

*Cut.* Please you, good master parson.

*Ott.* I would hear the canon-lawspeak first.

*Cut.* It must give place to positive divinity, sir.

*Mor.* Nay, good gentlemen, do not throw me into circumstances. Let your comforts arrive quickly at me, those that are. Be swift in affording me my peace, if so I shall hope any. I love not your disputations, or your court-tumults. And that it be not strange to you, I will tell you: My father, in my education, was wont to advise me,<sup>3</sup> that I should always collect and contain my mind, not suffering it to flow loosely; that I should look to what things were necessary to the carriage of my life, and what not; embracing the one and eschewing the other: in short, that I should endear myself to rest, and avoid turmoil; which now is grown to be another nature to me. So that I come not to your public pleadings, or your places of noise; not that I neglect those things that make for the dignity of the commonwealth; but for the mere avoiding of clamours and impertinences of orators, that know not how to be silent. And for the cause of noise, am I now a suitor to you. You do not know in what a misery I have been exercised this day, what a torrent of evil! my very house turns round with the tumult! I dwell in a windmill: the perpetual motion is here, and not at Eltham.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *In the l'envoy.*] i.e., in the conclusion. See Massinger, vol. iv. p. 417.

<sup>2</sup> *I wonder how these common forms, &c.*] From Libanius: *Και μην εκεινο δειχ εξελασαι της αγορας, το της προσρησεως, ουκ οιδ' οθεν εις τον βιον επελθον, τον δεινα χαιρειν' ου γαρ εγωγε μα τους θεους ορω του ρηματος το κερδος' ου γαρ ψυε λυπης αξιως εχει τα πραγματα, βελτιω παρα το χαιρειν ακουσαι γιγνεται.* *Ibid.* p. 302.

<sup>3</sup> *My father, in my education, was wont to advise me, &c.*] This also is from Libanius.

Εμοι δ' ο πατηρ, ω βουλη, παρηκει, τον νουν αιε συναγειν και συνεχειν, και μη συγχωρειν διαχεισθαι' διοραη των εν τω βιω τα τε αναγκαια και τα μη, και των μεν εχεσθαι, των δ' απεχεσθαι' τιμαη την ησυχιαν, φευγειν τας ταραχας' α και ποιων, ω βουλη, διατελω' των εκκλησιων ου μαλα κοιωνων, ου δια των κοινη συμφεροντων εμελειν, αλλα δια τας των ου δυναμενων σιγησαι βοας ρητορων.—*Ibid.* p. 301.

<sup>4</sup> *The perpetual motion is here, and not at Eltham.*] Here was a puppet-show of great

*True.* Well, good master doctor, will you break the ice? master parson will wade after.

*Cut.* Sir, though unworthy, and the weaker, I will presume.

*Ott.* 'Tis no presumption, *domine* doctor.

*Mor.* Yet again!

*Cut.* Your question is, For how many causes a man may have *divortium legitimum*, a lawful divorce? First, you must understand the nature of the word, divorce, à *divertendo*—

*Mor.* No excursions upon words, good doctor; to the question briefly.

*Cut.* I answer then, the canon-law affords divorce but in few cases; and the principal is in the common case, the adulterous case. But there are *duodecim impedimenta*, twelve impediments, as we call them, all which do not *dirimere contractum*, but *irritum reddere matrimonium*, as we say in the canon law, *not take away the bond, but cause a nullity therein.*

*Mor.* I understood you before: good sir, avoid your impertinency of translation.

*Ott.* He cannot open this too much, sir, by your favour.

*Mor.* Yet more!

*True.* O, you must give the learned men leave, sir.—To your impediments, master doctor.

*Cut.* The first is *impedimentum erroris.*

*Ott.* Of which there are several species.

*Cut.* Ay, as *error personæ.*

*Ott.* If you contract yourself to one person, thinking her another.

*Cut.* Then, *error fortunæ.*

*Ott.* If she be a beggar, and you thought her rich.

*Cut.* Then, *error qualitatis.*

*Ott.* If she prove stubborn or headstrong, that you thought obedient.

*Mor.* How! is that, sir, a lawful impediment? One at once, I pray you, gentlemen.

*Ott.* Ay, *ante copulam*, but not *post copulam*, sir.

*Cut.* Master parson says right. *Nec post nuptiarum benedictionem.* It doth indeed but *irrita reddere sponsalia*, annul

the contract; after marriage it is of no ob-  
stancy.

*True.* Alas, sir, what a hope are we fallen from<sup>1</sup> by this time!

*Cut.* The next is *conditio*: if you thought her free born and she prove a bond-  
woman, there is impediment of estate and condition.

*Ott.* Ay, but, master doctor, those ser-  
vitudes are *sublatæ* now, among us Chris-  
tians.

*Cut.* By your favour, master parson—

*Ott.* You shall give me leave, master  
doctor.

*Mor.* Nay, gentlemen, quarrel not in  
that question; it concerns not my case: pass to the third.

*Cut.* Well then, the third is *votum*: if  
either party have made a vow of chastity.  
But that practice, as master parson said of  
the other, is taken away among us, thanks  
be to discipline.<sup>2</sup> The fourth is *cognatio*;  
if the persons be of kin within the de-  
grees.

*Ott.* Ay: do you know what the degrees  
are, sir?

*Mor.* No, nor I care not, sir; they offer  
me no comfort in the question, I am sure.

*Cut.* But there is a branch of this im-  
pediment may, which is *cognatio spiritu-  
alis*: if you were her godfather, sir, then  
the marriage is incestuous.

*Ott.* That comment is absurd and super-  
stitious, master doctor: I cannot endure  
it. Are we not all brothers and sisters, and  
as much akin in that as godfathers and  
god-daughters?

*Mor.* O me! to end the controversy, I  
never was a godfather, I never was a god-  
father in my life, sir. Pass to the next.

*Cut.* The fifth is *crimen adulterii*; the  
known case. The sixth, *cultus disparitas*,  
difference of religion. Have you ever ex-  
amined her, what religion she is of?

*Mor.* No, I would rather she were of  
none than be put to the trouble of it.

*Ott.* You may have it done for you, sir.

*Mor.* By no means, good sir; on to the  
rest: shall you ever come to an end, think  
you?

celebrity in our author's time. It is called, in  
Peacham's verses to Coryat, "that *divine motion*  
at Eltham;" so that it was probably some  
piece of scripture history. Jonson introduces it  
again in his Epigrams, and in very bad company:

"See you yon motion? not the old Fa-ding,  
Nor Captain Pod, nor yet the *Eltham* thing,"  
&c.

<sup>1</sup> *What a hope are we fallen from!* Literally from Terence: *Quanta de spe decidi!*—  
WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> *Thanks be to discipline.*] This was a term  
much affected by the Puritans, when they spoke  
of the reformation of the Church. In *Bartholo-  
mew Fair* it is termed the *beauceous disci-  
pline.*

*True.* Yes, he has done half, sir. On to the rest.—Be patient, and expect, sir.

*Cut.* The seventh is, *vis*: if it were upon compulsion or force.

*Mor.* O no, it was too voluntary, mine; too voluntary.

*Cut.* The eighth is, *ordo*; if ever she have taken holy orders.

*Ott.* That's superstitious too.

*Mor.* No matter, master parson; would she would go into a nunnery yet.

*Cut.* The ninth is, *ligamen*; if you were bound, sir, to any other before.

*Mor.* I thrust myself too soon into these fetters.

*Cut.* The tenth is, *publica honestas*; which is *inchoata quædam affinitas*.

*Ott.* Ay, or *affinitas orta ex sponsalibus*; and is but *leve impedimentum*.

*Mor.* I feel no air of comfort blowing to me in all this.

*Cut.* The eleventh is, *affinitas ex fornicatione*.

*Ott.* Which is no less *vera affinitas* than the other, master doctor.

*Cut.* True, *quæ oritur ex legitimo matrimonio*.

*Ott.* You say right, venerable doctor; and, *nascitur ex eo, quod per conjugium duæ personæ efficiuntur una caro*—

*True.* Hey-day, now they begin!

*Cut.* I conceive you, master parson: *Ita per fornicationem æque est verus pater, qui sic generat*—

*Ott.* *Et vere filius qui sic generatur*—

*Mor.* What's all this to me?

*Cler.* Now it grows warm.

*Cut.* The twelfth and last is, *si forte coire nequibus*.

*Ott.* Ay, that is *impedimentum gravissimum*: it doth utterly annul and annihilate,

that. If you have *manifestam frigiditatem*, you are well, sir.

*True.* Why, there is comfort come at length, sir. Confess yourself but a man unable, and she will sue to be divorced first.

*Ott.* Ay, or if there be *morbis perpetuus, et insanabilis*; as *paralysis, elephantiasis*, or so—

*Daup.* O, but *frigiditas* is the fairer way, gentlemen.

*Ott.* You say troth, sir, and as it is in the canon, master doctor—

*Cut.* I conceive you, sir.

*Cler.* Before he speaks!

*Ott.* That a boy, or child, under years, is not fit for marriage, because he cannot *reddere debitum*. So your *omnipotentes*—

*True.* Your *impotentes*, your whoreson lobster! [*Aside to Ott.*]

*Ott.* Your *impotentes*, I should say, are *minime apti ad contrahenda matrimonium*.

*True.* *Matrimonium!* we shall have most unmatrimonial Latin with you: *matrimonia*, and be hanged.

*Daup.* You put them out, man.

*Cut.* But then there will arise a doubt, master parson, in our case, *post matrimonium*: that *frigiditate præditus*—do you conceive me, sir?

*Ott.* Very well, sir.

*Cut.* Who cannot *uti uxore pro uxore*, may *habere eam pro sorore*.

*Ott.* Absurd, absurd, absurd, and merely apostatical!

*Cut.* You shall pardon me, master parson, I can prove it.

*Ott.* You can prove a will, master doctor, you can prove nothing else. Does not the verse of your own canon say:

*Hæc socianda vetant connubia, facta retractant*!

<sup>1</sup> Does not the verse of your own canon say, "*Hæc socianda vetant connubia, facta retractant!*"

"The following (as Upton observes) are the verses alluded to:

I            2            3            4            5  
 Error, conditio, votum, cognatio, crimen,  
                   6            7            8            9  
 Cultus disparitas, vis, ordo, ligamen,

TO  
 honestas,

II            12

*Si sis affinis, si forte coire nequibus;*  
*Si parochi et duplicis desit præsentia testis,*  
*Raptave sit mulier, nec parti reddita tuta.*  
*Hæc facienda vetant connubia, facta retractant.*

The canon law allows fourteen impediments,

which are comprehended in the verses above, though only twelve of them are enumerated by our author's casuists."

It is scarcely possible to read this humorous discussion without adverting to one of a serious kind, which took place on the divorce of Lord Essex. If it were not ascertained beyond a doubt that the *Silent Woman* appeared on the stage in 1609, four years at least prior to the date of that most infamous transaction, it would be difficult to persuade the reader that a strong burlesque of it was not here intended. The bishops Neal and Andrews are the very counterparts of Otter and Cutbeard; nor does Morose himself display more anxiety for the fortunate termination of his extraordinary suit than the credulous and ever-meddling James exhibited on that occasion for the success of his unworthy favourite.

*Cut.* I grant you ; but how do they retractare, master parson ?

*Mor.* O, this was it I feared.

*Ott.* In aeternum, sir.

*Cut.* That's false in divinity, by your favour.

*Ott.* 'Tis false in humanity to say so. Is he not *prorsus inutilis ad thorum* ? Can he *prestare fidem datam* ? I would fain know.

*Cut.* Yes ; how if he do *convalescere* ?

*Ott.* He cannot *convalescere*, it is impossible.

*True.* Nay, good sir, attend the learned men ; they'll think you neglect them else.

*Cut.* Or if he do *simulare* himself *frigidum, odio uxoris*, or so ?

*Ott.* I say he is *adulter manifestus* then.

*Daup.* They dispute it very learnedly, i' faith.

*Ott.* And *prostitutor uxoris* ; and this is positive.

*Mor.* Good sir, let me escape.

*True.* You will not do me that wrong, sir ?

*Ott.* And, therefore, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, sir—

*Cut.* Ay, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, I grant you—

*Ott.* Why, that was my conclusion.

*Cut.* And mine too.

*True.* Nay, hear the conclusion, sir.

*Ott.* Then, *frigiditatis causa*—

*Cut.* Yes, *causa frigiditatis*—

*Mor.* O, mine ears !

*Ott.* She may have *libellum divortii* against you.

*Cut.* Ay, *divortii libellum* she will sure have.

*Mor.* Good echoes, forbear.

*Ott.* If you confess it.—

*Cut.* Which I would do, sir—

*Mor.* I will do anything.

*Ott.* And clear myself in *foro conscientie*—

*Cut.* Because you want indeed—

*Mor.* Yet more !

*Ott.* *Exercendi potestate*.

*Epiccene rushes in, followed by* Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mistress Otter, Daw, and La-Foole.

*Epi.* I will not endure it any longer. Ladies, I beseech you help me. This is such a wrong as never was offered to poor bride before : upon her marriage-day to have her husband conspire against her, and a couple of mercenary companions to be brought in for form's sake, to persuade a separation ! If you had blood or virtue in you, gentlemen, you would not suffer such earwigs about a husband, or scorpions to creep between man and wife.

*Mor.* O the variety and changes of my torment !

*Hau.* Let them be cudgelled out of doors by our grooms.

*Gen.* I'll lend you my footman.

*Mav.* We'll have our men blanket them in the hall.

*Mrs. Ott.* As there was one at our house, madam, for peeping in at the door.

*Daw.* Content, i' faith.

*True.* Stay, ladies and gentlemen ; you'll hear before you proceed ?

*Mav.* I'd have the bridegroom blanketed too.

*Gen.* Begin with him first.

*Hau.* Yes, by my troth.

*Mor.* O mankind generation !<sup>1</sup>

*Daup.* Ladies, for my sake forbear.

*Hau.* Yes, for Sir Dauphine's sake.

*Gen.* He shall command us.

*La-F.* He is as fine a gentleman of his inches, madam, as any is about the town, and wears as good colours when he lists.

*True.* Be brief, sir, and confess your infirmity ; she'll be a-fire to be quit of you, if she but hear that named once, you shall not entreat her to stay : she'll fly you like one that had the marks upon him.<sup>2</sup>

*Mor.* Ladies, I must crave all your pardons—

*True.* Silence, ladies.

*Mor.* For a wrong I have done to your whole sex, in marrying this fair and virtuous gentlewoman—

*Cler.* Hear him, good ladies.

*Mor.* Being guilty of an infirmity which,

<sup>1</sup> O mankind generation !] i.e., simply masculine, always a term of reproach, when applied to a female. Upton quotes several passages to prove that it means *wicked*, in every one of which it means *mannish*. That the word, however, is sometimes used in an ill sense as an augmentative, for violent, outrageous, &c., is certain :

Cotgrave calls some fierce animal "a *mankind* wild beast ;" and Hall (Mass. vol. iv. p. 53) speaks of "stripes for the correction of a *mankind* ass."

<sup>2</sup> She'll fly you like one that had the marks upon him.] Of the plague or some contagious distemper.—WHAL.

before I conferred with these learned men, I thought I might have concealed—

*Truc.* But now being better informed in his conscience by them, he is to declare it, and give satisfaction by asking your public forgiveness.

*Mor.* I am no man, ladies.

*All.* How!

*Mor.* Utterly unable in nature, by reason of frigidity, to perform the duties or any the least office of a husband.

*Mav.* Now out upon him, prodigious creature!

*Gen.* Bridegroom uncarnate!

*Hau.* And would you offer it to a young gentlewoman?

*Mrs. Ott.* A lady of her longings?

*Epi.* Tut, a device, a device, this! it smells rankly, ladies. A mere comment of his own.

*True.* Why, if you suspect that, ladies, you may have him searched—

*Daw.* As the custom is, by a jury of physicians.

*La-F.* Yes, faith, 'twill be brave.

*Mor.* O me, must I undergo that?

*Mrs. Ott.* No, let women search him, madam: we can do it ourselves.

*Mor.* Out on me! worse.

*Epi.* No, ladies, you shall not need, I'll take him with all his faults.

*Mor.* Worst of all!

*Cler.* Why then, 'tis no divorce, doctor, if she consent not?

*Cut.* No, if the man be *frigidus*, it is *de parte uxoris*, that we grant *libellum divortii*, in the law.

*Ott.* Ay, it is the same in theology.

*Mor.* Worse, worse than worst!

*True.* Nay, sir, be not utterly disheartened; we have yet a small relick of hope left, as near as our comfort is blown out. Clerimont, produce your brace of knights. What was that, master parson, you told me *in errore qualitatis*, e'en now?—Dauphine, whisper the bride, that she carry it as if she were guilty and ashamed.

[*Aside.*]

*Ott.* Marry, sir, *in errore qualitatis* (which master doctor did forbear to urge), if she be found *corrupta*, that is, vitiated or broken up, that was *pro virgine desponsa*, espoused for a maid—

*Mor.* What then, sir?

*Ott.* It doth *dirimere contractum*, and *irritum reddere* too.

*True.* If this be true, we are happy again, sir, once more. Here are an

honourable brace of knights that shall affirm so much.

*Daw.* Pardon us, good Master Clerimont.

*La-F.* You shall excuse us, Master Clerimont.

*Cler.* Nay, you must make it good now, knights, there is no remedy; I'll eat no words for you, nor no men: you know you spoke it to me.

*Daw.* Is this gentleman-like, sir?

*True.* Jack Daw, he's worse than Sir Amorous; fiercer a great deal. [*Aside to Daw.*—Sir Amorous, beware, there be ten Daws in this Clerimont.

[*Aside to La-Foole.*

*La-F.* I'll confess it, sir.

*Daw.* Will you, Sir Amorous, will you wound reputation?

*La-F.* I am resolved.

*True.* So should you be too, Jack Daw: what should keep you off? she's but a woman, and in disgrace: he'll be glad on't.

*Daw.* Will he? I thought he would have been angry.

*Cler.* You will dispatch, knights; it must be done, i' faith.

*True.* Why, an it must, it shall, sir, they say: they'll ne'er go back.—Do not tempt his patience.

[*Aside to them.*

*Daw.* It is true indeed, sir.

*La-F.* Yes, I assure you, sir.

*Mor.* What is true, gentlemen? what do you assure me?

*Daw.* That we have known your bride, sir—

*La-F.* In good fashion. She was our mistress, or so—

*Cler.* Nay, you must be plain, knights, as you were to me.

*Ott.* Ay, the question is, if you have *carnaliter*, or no?

*La-F.* *Carnaliter!* what else, sir?

*Ott.* It is enough; a plain nullity.

*Epi.* I am undone, I am undone!

*Mor.* O let me worship and adore you, gentlemen!

*Epi.* I am undone!

[*Weeps.*

*Mor.* Yes, to my hand, I thank these knights. Master parson, let me thank you otherwise.

[*Gives him money.*

*Gen.* And have they confessed?

*Mav.* Now out upon them, informers!

*True.* You see what creatures you may bestow your favours on, madams.

*Hau.* I would except<sup>1</sup> against them as

<sup>1</sup> I would except against them as beaten knights, wench, and not good witnesses in law.]

beaten knights, wench, and not good witness in law.

*Mrs. Ott.* Poor gentlewoman, how she takes it!

*Hau.* Be comforted, Morose, I love you the better for 't.

*Gen.* So do I, I protest.

*Cut.* But, gentlemen, you have not known her since *matrimonium*?

*Daw.* Not to-day, master doctor.

*La-F.* No, sir, not to-day.

*Cut.* Why, then I say, for any act before, the *matrimonium* is good and perfect; unless the worshipful bridegroom did precisely, before witness, demand, if she were *virgo ante nuptias*.

*Epi.* No, that he did not, I assure you, master doctor.

*Cut.* If he cannot prove that, it is *ratum conjugium*, notwithstanding the premisses; and they do no way *impedire*. And this is my sentence, this I pronounce.

*Ott.* I am of master doctor's resolution too, sir; if you made not that demand *ante nuptias*.

*Mor.* O my heart! wilt thou break? wilt thou break? this is worst of all worsts that hell could have devised! Marry a whore, and so much noise!

*Daup.* Come, I see now plain confederacy in this doctor and this parson, to abuse a gentleman. You study his affliction. I pray be gone, companions.—And, gentlemen, I begin to suspect you for having parts with them.—Sir, will it please you hear me?

*Mor.* O do not talk to me; take not from me the pleasure of dying in silence, nephew.<sup>1</sup>

*Daup.* Sir, I must speak to you. I have been long your poor despised kinsman, and many a hard thought has strengthened you against me; but now it shall appear

if either I love you or your peace, and prefer them to all the world beside. I will not be long or grievous to you, sir. If I free you of this unhappy match absolutely and instantly, after all this trouble, and almost in your despair, now—

*Mor.* It cannot be.

*Daup.* Sir, that you be never troubled with a murmur of it more, what shall I hope for, or deserve of you?

*Mor.* O, what thou wilt, nephew! thou shalt deserve me, and have me.

*Daup.* Shall I have your favour perfect to me, and love hereafter?

*Mor.* That, and anything beside. Make thine own conditions. My whole estate is thine; manage it, I will become thy ward.

*Daup.* Nay, sir, I will not be so unreasonable.

*Epi.* Will Sir Dauphine be mine enemy too?

*Daup.* You know I have been long a suitor to you, uncle, that out of your estate, which is fifteen hundred a year, you would allow me but five hundred during life, and assure the rest upon me after; to which I have often, by myself and friends, tendered you a writing to sign, which you would never consent or incline to. If you please but to effect it now—

*Mor.* Thou shalt have it, nephew; I will do it, and more.

*Daup.* If I quit you not presently, and for ever, of this cumber, you shall have power instantly, afore all these, to revoke your act, and I will become whose slave you will give me to for ever.

*Mor.* Where is the writing? I will seal to it, that, or to a blank, and write thine own conditions.

*Epi.* O me, most unfortunate, wretched gentlewoman!

*Hau.* Will Sir Dauphine do this?

When the method of determining causes by *wager*, or *trial* of battle, subsisted, either on a writ of right, or in an appeal, or an approvement, if either of the combatants, and particularly the appellants, became *recrants*, and pronounced the horrible word *craven*, he became infamous, and was no longer accounted *liber et legalis homo*; and being by the event supposed to be forsworn, he was never put upon a jury, or admitted as a witness in any cause. It is to this custom that our poet alludes. See *Blackstone's Commentaries*, vol. iii. p. 337, and vol. iv. p. 340, with Mr. Reed's note on Ford's '*Tis Pity she's a Whore*, act i.—WHAL.

<sup>1</sup> *Take not from me the pleasure of dying in silence, nephew.* Thus Morose in Libanius:

Δοτε δη, δοτε την χαριν, ω βουλη, πεμψατε με ταχως εις την τελειαν ησυχιαν. Ibid. 312.

In conclusion he meditates an escape from the loquacity of his wife by a dose of hemlock, though somewhat alarmed at the tales which he has heard of law suits, and other clamorous affairs among the ghosts. Upon the whole, however, he resolves, in opposition to Hamlet, that it is better to venture on an uncertain evil than to bear a certain one; and he winds up his long harangue with a supplication which, for a sophist, must be allowed to possess a considerable degree of humour: Ω θεοι παντες και πασαι, ει λογου μεταστι τοι; απελθουσι, δοιητε τη γυναικι προς εσχατον γηρωσ ελθειν, ως τε με τυχειν εν αδου τελειονος αναπαυσεως. Ibid. p. 314.















