

**Ben Jonson's**  
*Bartholomew Fair:*  
**A Retelling**

**David Bruce**

**DEDICATED TO MOM AND DAD**

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

### MALE CHARACTERS

JOHN LITTLEWIT, a Proctor. A proctor is a legal agent, an attorney in the ecclesiastical courts. LITTLEWIT is known for being jolly. “Wit” is intelligence.

ZEAL-OF-THE-LAND BUSY, Suitor to Dame PURECRAFT. He is a Banbury Man; many Puritans lived in Banbury. Zeal-of-the-land Busy worked previously as a baker. Puritans are opposed to gluttony and drunkenness, but Zeal-of-the-land Busy has a large waist and he occasionally grows faint and must be revived with medicinal alcohol.

NED WINWIFE, his rival, a Gentleman.

TOM QUARLOUS, companion to WINWIFE; a Gamester. A gamester is a gambler. “Quarulous” is a portmanteau name combining “quarrelous” and “parlous,” meaning dangerously quarrelsome. He is dangerously clever.

BARTHOLOMEW COKES, an Esquire of Harrow. A “cokes” is a silly, foolish fellow, aka dupe. An “esquire” is a member of the landed gentry. His sister is Mrs. OVERDO. He is nineteen years old and tall.

HUMPHREY “NUMPS” WASP, his Man, aka Servant. “Numps” is a nickname for Humphrey. A waspish man is an angry or grumpy man. Numps is a little old man.

ADAM OVERDO, a Justice of the Peace. He takes his duties and responsibilities seriously, but he overdoes it. At the beginning of the play, he does not know Mr. WINWIFE.

LANTERN LEATHERHEAD, a Hobbyhorse Seller (Toyman). He sells toys, including hobbyhorses. Among

other things, a hobbyhorse is a child's toy: a stick with the figure of a horse's head at the top.

EZEKIEL EDGWORTH, a Cutpurse.

NIGHTINGALE, a Ballad-Singer.

MOONCALF, Tapster to URSLA. A mooncalf is a monster, or a person with a deformity. A tapster is a bartender.

JORDAN KNOCKEM, a Horse-courser, and a Ranger of Turnbull. A horse-courser is a horse dealer who buys and sells broken-in horses. The word "knock" is slang for "have sex." A ranger is a gamekeeper of a park. The "park" here is Turnbull Street in London, and the "game" is the prostitutes who work there. The street was famous for its brothels. A jordan is a chamber pot. He is occasionally called Daniel.

VAL CUTTING, a Roarer. A famous highwayman was nicknamed "Cutting Dick." A roarer is a bully or roisterer or rowdy.

CAPTAIN WHIT, a Bawd. A bawd is a pimp. Whit speaks with an odd Irish accent. A "whit" is a very little thing: a very small amount, a bit, an iota, a jot.

TROUBLEALL, a bearded Madman.

OLIVER "DAVY" BRISTLE, a Watchman. Bristle may be Welsh and called "Davy" because St. David is the patron saint of Wales. Similarly, an Irishman may be called "Paddy" because St. Patrick is the patron saint of Ireland.

TOBY HAGGIS, a Watchman. A haggis is a sausage made of entrails.

POACHER, a Beadle; also a Watchman.

FILCHER, Doorkeeper to the puppet-play. To “filch” something means to steal something.

SHARKWELL, Doorkeeper to the puppet-play. To “shark” meant to victimize or to act like a “shark,” aka a swindler or sharper.

SOLOMON, JOHN LITTLEWIT’S Man.

NORDERN, a Clothier (a Northern Man). In the North, much wool was woven.

PUPPY, a Wrestler (a Western Man). A “puppy” is a man who is conceited, foolish, or impertinent. It can also mean a “naïve or inexperienced young man.”

MOUSETRAP-MAN, a seller of items such as mousetraps and tinderboxes.

### **FEMALE CHARACTERS**

WIN LITTLEWIT, JOHN LITTLEWIT’S Wife. “Win” is a nickname for her real name: Win-the-fight. She comes from a Puritan family, and she is pregnant.

DAME PURECRAFT, her Mother, and a Widow. “Craft” means deceit. “Pure” means 1) unadulterated or 2) virtuous.

DAME ALICE OVERDO, Justice OVERDO’S Wife. Her brother is BARTHOLOMEW COKES.

GRACE WELLBORN, Ward to Justice OVERDO.

JOAN TRASH, a Gingerbread-Woman.

URSLA, a Pig-Woman. Her name means “little she-bear.” She is obese. Her name is really Ursula, but she goes by the nickname “Ursla.”

PUNK ALICE, Mistress of the game. “A mistress of the game” is a prostitute. So is a punk. She works on Turnbull Street.

### **OTHER (MINOR) CHARACTERS**

Costardmonger. A costardmonger is a fruit seller. A costard is a kind of apple.

Corncutter. He cuts corns from people’s feet. A corn is thick, hardened skin.

Stagekeeper. He is a stagehand.

Bookholder. He is a prompter of actors, and he takes care of the playscripts.

Scrivener. He is a clerk or scribe.

Porters.

Puppets: Leander. Hero. Damon. Pythias. Cupid (disguised as Jonas, a bartender). Cole. Dionysius.

Passersby.

Mob.

Boys.

Etc.

### **NOTES**

The action of the play takes place in one day.

On this day, Quarlous meets Humphrey Wasp, Miss Grace Wellborn, and Troubleall for the first time.



## THE PROLOGUE TO THE KING'S MAJESTY

*Your Majesty is welcome to a Fair;  
 Such place, such men, such language, and such ware  
 You must expect: with these, the zealous noise  
 Of your land's Puritan faction, scandalized by trifles,  
 Such as dolls, hobbyhorses, puppet-plays,  
 And such-like, rage at, whereof the petulant ways  
 Yourself have known, and have been vexed with long.  
 These for your entertainment, without particular wrong,  
 Or just ground of complaint of any private man,  
 Who of himself either shall think well or can,*

[Anyone who thinks well of himself or can think well of himself will not be hurt by satire; self-esteem will prevent that. In other words, if you think well of yourself, then 1) you will not think that you are being satirized, or 2) if you do think you are being satirized, you will think it is a fair and just satire, or 3) if you do think you are being satirized, the satire will not bother you even if it is not a fair and just satire.]

*The maker [playwright] does present: and hopes, tonight  
 To give you for a fairing, true delight.*

Notes:

Ben Jonson wrote the Prologue for a performance at the court of King James I on 1 November 1614.

Particular wrongs are satire of a particular individual rather than a particular class or group of people. Mr. Jonson is a satirist.

Hobbyhorses are figures of a horse that are fastened around the waist of a Morris dancer. Fake legs are part of the costume so that it looks like the comic dancer is on horseback. Also, hobbyhorses are toy horses in general.

A fairing is a gift bought at a fair.

Both King James I and Ben Jonson had trouble with the Puritans. Mr. Jonson objected to the Puritans because they wanted the playhouses closed because they regarded plays as immoral.

This Prologue took the place of the Induction when the play was presented to King James I of England. The previous day, 31 October 1614, the world premiere was played at the Hope Theatre.

## THE INDUCTION ON THE STAGE

The Stagekeeper speaks directly to you, the audience:

“Gentlemen, have a little patience, the characters are coming and will be here almost instantly. The character who should begin the play, Mr. John Littlewit, the proctor, has a stitch newly fallen in his black silk stocking; his stocking will have a run in it if it is not repaired right away. Fortunately, his stocking will be mended before you can count to twenty. The character plays one of the Arches who dwell near the hospital, and he has a very pretty part.”

John Littlewit is a proctor; that is, he is a lawyer. In particular, he is a lawyer in the Court of Arches, which is at Bow Church on Cheapside Street in London. This church had stone bows, aka arches.

The Stagekeeper continued, “But as for the whole play, will you hear the truth about it?”

He looked around him and said, “I am looking lest the poet/playwright Ben Jonson should hear me, and lest his man, aka servant, Mr. Brome, should be hiding behind the arras, the wall hanging at the back of this stage.”

Ben Jonson’s servant and protégé, Richard Brome, became a successful playwright like Mr. Jonson.

The Stagekeeper continued, “This play is likely to be a very conceited scurvy one, in plain English.

“When the play once comes to Bartholomew Fair, you might just as well go to Virginia, for anything there is of Smithfield in this play.”

Bartholomew Fair was held at Smithfield.

The Stagekeeper continued, “The playwright has not hit the humors; he does not know them.”

“Humors” are characteristic behaviors. The stagehand was saying that Ben Jonson was not rendering the characters’ personalities and actions correctly. However, the Stagekeeper had in mind a particular set of characters. He wanted to see an old-fashioned kind of play with certain

stock characters, and Mr. Jonson, a noted satirist, was doing something different in his play.

The Stagekeeper continued, “The playwright has not conversed with the Bartholomew birds, as they say.”

Think of jailbirds. Bartholomew birds are people, many of whom do things that are against the law, who frequent Bartholomew Fair each year.

The Stagekeeper continued, “The playwright does not have a sword-and-buckler man in his Fair.”

Sword-and-buckler men were swashbucklers, aka swaggering men who fought with the old-fashioned sword and buckler, aka a small round shield. The modern weapons of the time were rapier and dagger. The Stagekeeper enjoyed old-fashioned plays with flamboyant characters such as Thomas Kyd’s *The Spanish Tragedy*.

The Stagekeeper continued, “Nor does the playwright have in his play a little Davy, to take toll of the bawds there, as in my time.”

Davy was a stereotype character who was a bully and would take a toll, aka payment, from the bawds who made their living selling female flesh.

The Stagekeeper continued, “Nor does the playwright have in his play a Kindheart, if anybody’s teeth should chance to ache in his play.”

Kindheart was an itinerant tooth puller; a stock character based on him appeared in some old-fashioned plays.

The Stagekeeper continued, “Nor does the playwright have in his play a juggler with a well-educated ape, to come over the chain for a King of England, and back again for the Prince, and sit still on his arse for the Pope and the King of Spain.”

The “well-educated ape” is a well-trained monkey or chimpanzee that obeys commands by people portraying English royalty but will not obey commands by people portraying the Pope or the King of Spain. At the time,

many English Protestants were anti-Catholic, and many English were anti-Spanish.

The Stagekeeper complained, “This play has none of these fine sights!”

He continued, “Nor does the playwright have the canvas-cut in the night, for a hobbyhorse man to creep in to his she-neighbor and take his leap there. Nothing! No!”

A canvas-cut is a cut in a canvas tent for someone to enter for purposes that someone does not want to be made public. “Cut” is also slang for “cunt.” “Canvas” or “canvass” means “solicit,” so a canvas-cut is a prostitute. A “hobbyhorse” is either a child’s imitation horse or a prostitute, so called because of the riding movement of sex. When horses have sex, it is called leaping. “To leap upon” means to spring upon the female for sex.

The Stagekeeper continued, “If some writer whom I know had had the penning of this matter, he would have made you such a jig-a-jog in the booths, you would have thought an earthquake had been in the fair!”

The “jig-a-jog” is the jiggling and jogging of such things as female breasts during sex. The “jig-a-jog” would occur in the booths of Bartholomew Fair.

The Stagekeeper continued, “But these master poets, they will have their own absurd courses; they will be informed of nothing. Ben Jonson has (I beg your pardon, Sir Reverence) kicked me three or four times around the attiring-house — the place where the actors dress. I thank him for that (I am being sarcastic), but all I did was to advise him with the benefit of my experience.

“I’ll be judged by you, gentlemen, now, but I’ll be judged for only one idea of mine. Would not a fine pump upon the stage have done well for a stage property now? The play could have a prostitute’s head set under the pump, and her stern — her butt — upward, and she would be soused by my witty young masters of the Inns of Court.”

Prostitutes were publicly humiliated; being drenched with water was one such punishment. The Stagekeeper believed that such a sight would be fine public entertainment. The young masters of the Inns of Court were supposedly law students, but many of them simply wanted to party.

The Stagekeeper continued, “What do you think of this idea for a show, now? But the playwright will not hear of this! He says that I am an ass! I! And yet I kept the stage in master Tarlton’s time, I thank my stars.”

Tarlton was a quick-witted comic actor who died in 1588, but who was fondly remembered long afterward.

The Stagekeeper continued, “Ha! If Tarlton had lived to have played in *Bartholomew Fair*, you would have seen him come in and be cozened, aka cheated, in the cloth-quarter, so finely!”

The cloth-quarter was located along the north wall of Saint Bartholomew’s Church. The fair had a commercial purpose: the buying and selling of cloth. In fact, one of Tarlton’s jests was telling about the time a thief stole his clothes.

The Stagekeeper continued, “And you would have seen John Adams, the rogue who was Tarlton’s fellow comic actor, leap and caper upon and around him, and have dealt his vermin about, as though they had cost him nothing!”

The vermin were fleas, which the Stagekeeper said would fall off John Adams’ clothing as he leaped and capered around.

The Stagekeeper continued, “And then you would have seen a big, substantial watchman steal in upon them, and then take them away, with mistaking words, as the fashion is in the stage-practice.”

“Mistaking words” are malapropisms. On the stage, watchmen were portrayed as constantly making mistakes in their choice of words.

The Bookholder and a Scrivener arrived. A Bookholder is a prompter, and a Scrivener is a clerk or scribe.

The Bookholder said to the Stagekeeper, “How are you? What splendid discourse are you speaking, hmm? Have you found any familiars here who make you so outspoken! What’s happening?”

The Stagekeeper replied, “Nothing, but the understanding gentlemen of the ground here asked my judgment.”

The “understanding gentlemen of the ground” were the spectators who stood in the pit, which was lower than stage level. These spectators were sometimes called groundlings.

The Bookholder said, “Your judgment, rascal! For what? Sweeping the stage, or gathering up the broken apples for the bears within?”

The play was being performed at the Hope Theatre, an outdoor theater in Bankside, Bear Garden. One day out of fourteen the Hope Theatre was used for bear-baitings. A bear would be tied to a stake, and dogs would bait — bite and attack — it.

The Bookholder continued, “Go away, rogue, it’s come to a fine degree in these spectacles when such a youth as you pretends to make a judgment.”

The Stagekeeper, who was not a youth, having worked with Tarlton many years ago, exited. Possibly, the Bookholder was referring to a second childhood.

The Bookholder continued, “And yet he may make a judgment concerning most of this matter, truly, for the author has written this play just to his meridian and the scale of the grounded judgments here, his playfellows in wit and intelligence.”

According to the Bookholder, Mr. Jonson had written *Bartholomew Fair* to the height of the Stagekeeper’s understanding, and on a scale that the groundlings would understand and enjoy. In other words, Mr. Jonson had written a play that most people could understand and enjoy.

The Bookholder came forward and said to the audience, “Gentlemen, not for lack of a prologue, but by way of a new one, I am sent out to you here, with a Scrivener and certain articles drawn out in haste between our author and you, which if you please to hear them, and if they appear reasonable to approve of, the play will follow immediately.”

Mr. Jonson had written a quasi-legal contract between himself as the playwright and the members of the audience. The purpose of the contract and the entire induction was to give the audience some idea of what they were to witness on the stage and how to react to it.

The Bookholder said, “Read, Scribe. Give me a copy of the contract.”

The Scrivener read out loud:

*“Articles of agreement, formal and legal, between the spectators or hearers, at the Hope Theatre on the Bankside in the county of Surry, on the one party; and the author of Bartholomew Fair, in the said place and county, on the other party: the one and thirtieth day of October, 1614, and in the twelfth year of the reign of our sovereign lord JAMES, by the grace of God, king of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith; and of Scotland the seven and fortieth.”*

In 1614, the King of England still claimed to be the legal King of France. This claim would not be given up until 1802.

The Scrivener continued:

*“Imprimis, aka first. It is covenanted and agreed, by and between the parties aforesaid, and the said spectators and hearers, the finicky and spiteful as well as the favoring and judicious, as also the grounded judgments and understandings, do for themselves individually covenant and agree to remain in the places their money or friends have put them in, with patience, for the space of two hours and an half, and somewhat more. In this time the author*



*promiseth to present them by us, with a new and sufficiently likeable play, called Bartholomew Fair, which is merry and as full of noise as it is of entertainment, and which is made to delight all and to offend none, provided they have either the wit or the honesty to think well of themselves.”*

Grounded judgments are those that are well grounded on good evidence and good principles; also, grounded judgments are the judgments of the groundlings.

Anyone who thinks well of himself or can think well of himself will not be hurt by satire; self-esteem will prevent that. In other words, if you think well of yourself, you will not think you are being satirized. Or, if you do think you are being satirized, then you will also think that the satire is fair and just. Or, if you do think you are being satirized, the satire will not bother you even if it is not a fair and just satire.

The Scrivener continued:

*“It is further agreed that every person here have his or their free will of judgment to like or dislike at their own charge, the author having now put his play forth among the public. It shall be lawful for any man to judge his six-pence worth, his twelve-pence worth, and so on up to the worth of his eighteen pence, two shillings, half a crown — all the way up to the value of his place — provided always his place does not get above his wit and intelligence. And if he has paid for half a dozen guests, he may make the judgment of the play’s worth for all of them, too, as long as he will undertake that they shall be silent. He shall put in for critical judgments here as they do for lots at the lottery. For example, if he pays but six pence at the door, and will censure a crown’s worth, we must agree that there is no conscience or justice in that.”*

The Scrivener was making a joke when he mentioned the prices paid for tickets — the prices he mentioned were higher than would normally be charged. Since the Hope Theatre stank on account of the bears and dogs used in

bear-baitings, some audience members might even hope for a discount rather than pay a higher price.

The Scrivener continued:

*“It is also agreed that every man here exercise his own judgment, and not form a judgment due to the contagious nature of other people’s opinions, or because he trusts the voice or face of another person who sits by him, even if that person is the most senior member of the Commission of Knowledgeable Theatre Critics.*

*“It is also agreed that every man here be fixed and settled in his judgment so that what he approves or does not approve today, he will do the same tomorrow; and if tomorrow, the next day, and so on the next week, if need be, and not to be brought to change his opinion of the play by any who sits on the bench with him, even if they indite and arraign and judge plays daily. He who will swear that Thomas Kyd’s The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo is Mad Again or William Shakespeare’s Titus Andronicus are the best plays yet shall pass unchallenged here as a man whose judgment shows that it is constant, and has stood still these twenty-five or thirty years. Though such constancy shows ignorance — these plays are old-fashioned, and much better plays are available now — it is a virtuous and staid, aka fixed, ignorance; and next to truth, a confirmed error does well; such a one the author knows where to find him.*

*“It is further covenanted, concluded, and agreed that how great soever the expectation be, no person here is to expect more than he knows, or better ware than a fair such as Bartholomew Fair will afford. Each spectator will not look back to the sword and buckler age of Smithfield, but instead content himself with the present.”*

Smithfield, the location of Bartholomew Fair, was known as a fighting ground back when people fought with the sword and buckler, aka a kind of small shield. The modern way of fighting was with a rapier and dagger.

The Scrivener continued:

*“Instead of a little Davy — a bully — to take toll of the bawds, the author promises that you will see on stage a strutting horse-courser with a sly and underhand drunkard, and two or three people to serve him, in as good a retinue as you would wish.*

*“And instead of Kindheart the tooth-puller, the author promises that you will see on stage a fine oily pig-woman with her tapster, aka bartender, to bid you welcome, and he promises that you will see on stage a consort of roarers — loud swaggerers — to provide the ‘music.’ The author also promises that you will see a wise Justice of the Peace meditant, instead of a juggler with an ape.*

*“You will also see a civil cutpurse searchant, you will see a sweet singer of new ballads allurant, and you will see as fresh a hypocrite, as ever was broached, rampant.”*

A civil cutpurse is a well-dressed pickpocket. Dressing and speaking like a gentleman helped a cutpurse to pick wealthier pockets.

A hypocrite is a Puritan, according to many people of the time.

The Scrivener continued:

*“If there be never a servant-monster in the fair, who can help it, the author says. He says the same thing about a nest, aka gang, of antics, aka grotesque dancers. The author is loath to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget tales, tempests, and such-like drolleries to mix his head with other men’s heels.”*

*Bartholomew Fair* will not have in it some things that appear in other plays such as William Shakespeare’s late romances. It will not have in it a servant-monster such as Caliban, the son of a witch, who appears in Shakespeare’s *Tempest*. It will not have in it grotesque dances such as the dance of the satyrs in *The Tempest*. In Shakespeare’s late romances, nature does not act naturally. The magician Prospero commands storms in *The Tempest*, and what is supposed to be a statue comes to life in *The Winter’s Tale*.

The Scrivener continued:

*“Let the concupiscence of jigs and dances reign as strong as it will amongst you, yet if the puppets will please any body, they shall be entreated to come in.”*

*Bartholomew Fair* will not have any jigs or dancers, as so many contemporary plays did, yet it will have a puppet-play. This may seem incongruous, but Mr. Jonson will use the puppet-play as part of his satire.

The Scrivener continued:

*“In consideration of all of these things, it is finally agreed by the aforesaid hearers and spectators that they neither in themselves conceal, nor suffer by them to be concealed, any state-decipherer, or politic pick-lock of the scene so solemnly ridiculous, as to search out who was meant by the gingerbread-woman, who by the hobbyhorse man, who by the costardmonger, and whoever else by their wares.*

*“Or who will pretend to affirm on his own inspired ignorance, what Mirror of Magistrates is meant by the justice, what great lady by the pig-woman, what concealed statesman by the seller of mouse-traps, and so of the rest.”*

Mr. Jonson was leery of being accused of satirizing particular individuals in *Bartholomew Fair*. He did not want anyone to look at the character of Justice Overdo, for example, and say, “Oh, that’s the Lord Mayor of London.” According to Mr. Jonson, he satirized types of people, not individual people.

He was also leery of being accused of sedition, as had happened to him in the past. If an accuser would identify one of Mr. Jonson’s characters with a VIP, Mr. Jonson could be in real trouble.

George Whetstone wrote *A Mirror of Magistrates of Cities* (1584). In it, he encouraged political leaders to go incognito to places where people congregated so they could find and eradicate vice. This is something Justice Overdo does in *Bartholomew Fair*.

The Scrivener continued:

*“But it is agreed that such person or persons, so found, be left revealed to the mercy of the author, as a forfeiture to the stage, and your laughter aforesaid.”*

If anyone were to insist that one of Mr. Jonson’s characters is based on a real person, that anyone should know that Mr. Jonson reserves the right to make fun of that anyone in his next play.

The Scrivener continued:

*“As also such as shall so desperately, or ambitiously play the fool by his place aforesaid, to challenge the author of scurrility, because the language somewhere savors of Smithfield, the booth, and the pigbroth, or of profaneness, because a madman cries, ‘God quit you, or bless you’!”*

Yet another thing that Mr. Jonson was leery of was being accused of scurrility. A playwright could be fined if his play were found to be blasphemous. Mr. Jonson believed that since lower-class people and criminals were to be found at the real Bartholomew Fair, he needed to be able to use their language in his play. However, he did have his character Troubleall say, “Save you” rather than “May God save you.”

The Scrivener continued:

*“In witness whereof, as you have preposterously used your seals already, which is your money, you will now add the other part of approval, your hands.”*

According to the Scrivener, the playgoers had already agreed to the terms of the contract by paying the admission price, which he likened to the seal on the contract. Coming soon would be the hands, aka applause. The Scrivener likened this to handwriting — signing the contract. So the playgoers had used first the seal and then the signature. This is preposterous — what ought to be done last is done first, and vice versa.

The Scrivener continued:

*“The play shall immediately begin. And though the fair is not kept in the same region that some here, perhaps, would have it; yet think that therein the author hath observed a special decorum, the place being as dirty as Smithfield, and every whit as stinking.”*

Smithfield, the site of Bartholomew Fair, could get muddy, overcrowded, and stinky because of the fair. Hope Theatre, like the site of Bartholomew Fair, could also get stinky on account of the bears used in bear-baitings — and, no doubt, on account of at least some members of the audience.

The Scrivener continued:

*“However, the author asks you to believe that his ware — this play — is still the same, else you will make him justly suspect that an audience member who is so loath to look on a baby or an hobbyhorse here would be glad to take up a commodity of them, at any laughter or loss in another place.”*

In other words, the play is a good play like the author’s other good plays, despite its being presented at Hope Theatre. Anyone who objects to the play on account of the theater where it is being performed could very well go elsewhere and be swindled by paying for a lesser play.

The word “commodity” may bring to mind the commodity swindle. Someone who needed money would get a loan, but if that person were desperate or foolish, he could be induced to accept part of the loan in the form of shoddy goods of various kinds, such as dolls and hobbyhorses. These would be sold at a loss. The swindle was a way to get around laws limiting the amount of interest that could be demanded for a loan. Often, the man being swindled was a young gallant who consorted with prostitutes.

A “baby” is a child’s doll, and a “doll” is a prostitute. A “hobbyhorse” is also a child’s toy, or a prostitute. The

entertainment being sought in preference to *Bartholomew Fair* need not be another play.

## CHAPTER 1

## — 1.1 —

John Littlewit stood alone in a room in his house.

He said to himself, “This is a pretty turn of phrase, and it is well worth the finding! I have the good fortune to always spin out these fine things, and, like a silkworm, I spin them out of myself. They are original with me.”

He looked at a marriage license as he said, “Here’s Mr. Bartholomew Cokes, of Harrow o’ the Hill, in the county of Middlesex, esquire, taking out his license to marry Miss Grace Wellborn, of the said place and county.”

He then said, “And when does he take out the marriage license? Today! The four and twentieth of August! Bartholomew Day! Bartholomew upon Bartholomew! Bartholomew Cokes takes out his marriage license upon Bartholomew Day!

“There’s the clever turn of phrase! Who other than me would have noticed such a leapfrog chance now!”

The leapfrog chance, aka occurrence, was “Bartholomew upon Bartholomew.”

He continued, “This truly had a less chance of occurring than getting snake eyes on two dice!

“Well, keep on keeping on, John Littlewit, proctor John Littlewit: You are one of the pretty wits of St. Paul’s Cathedral. You are one of the gallants who meet other gallants at St. Paul’s Cathedral. You are the Littlewit of London, so you are called, and something beside.”

Being called a Littlewit — little wit? — is not necessarily a good thing. Same with being called “something beside.”

Referring to himself as “you,” he continued, “When a quip or a pun does escape you, and you do not see and apprehend it, and bring it before the constable of conceit (even now, I speak with verbal agility), then let them carry you out of the Archdeacon’s Court — the Court of Arches,



where I work — into his kitchen, and make a Jack of you, instead of a John. There I go again!”

He was right; he was making a pun. “Jack” is a nickname for “John,” and a jack is a device for turning the spit on which meat is being roasted. A jack is also a rogue; punning is a roguish wit.

His wife, Mrs. Win Littlewit, entered the room. She was well dressed, especially for a Puritan.

He said, “Win, good morning, Win. Aye, marry, Win.”

Another pun, meaning both “I marry Win” and “Yes, indeed, Win.”

“Marry” was an oath meaning “By Saint Mary.” It was sometimes used to give emphasis to the words one spoke.

He continued, “Now you look finely indeed, Win! This hat is stunning! You would prefer not to have worn it, Win, nor to have had it made of velvet, for you would have preferred it to be made of a rough country beaver, with a copper band, like the hat worn by the woman of Budge Row who sells rabbit skins.”

His wife, Win, was a Puritan. She was wearing a small velvet hat. This hat was fashionable, but the wives of aldermen wore a larger version. Her husband was teasing her a little by saying that she would have preferred a hat made of beaver skin. Puritans preferred simplicity in dress, and beaver hats were expensive. Actually, Win would perhaps have preferred a hat less fine than the small velvet hat she was wearing. Or, possibly, she may have wanted a finer hat.

He said, “Sweet Win, let me kiss it!”

He may have been speaking baby talk to her. “Let me kiss it” could mean “Let me kiss you.” It could, however, mean that he wanted to kiss her hat.

Mr. John Littlewit continued, “And her fine high shoes, like the Spanish lady! Good Win, walk a little; I would like to see you pace, pretty Win. By this fine hat, I could never leave, aka stop, kissing on it.”

The Spanish lady was an English widow who had traveled to Spain and thereafter continued to wear Spanish clothing, even after returning to England.

“Kissing on it” may have been more baby talk. It could mean “kissing you.” It could, however, mean that he wanted to kiss her pace — one meaning of “pace” is “path,” and therefore he may have meant that he wanted to kiss the ground she walked on. And since the buttocks are used in pacing, he may have meant that he wanted to kiss her butt.

Mrs. Win Littlewit teased him, “Come off it; indeed, you are always such a fool!”

He replied, “No, I am only half a fool, Win, you are the other half: Man and wife make one fool, Win. That’s a good one!”

Yes, a man and a wife are needed to make one fool — a baby.

He continued, “Is there the proctor, or doctor indeed, in the diocese, who ever had the fortune to win him such a Win! There I go again! I feel witty turns of phrasing coming upon me, more than I am able to turn tongue to.”

He then began to criticize men whom he considered to have inferior wit: “A pox on these pretenders to wit! Your Three Cranes, Mitre, and Mermaid men!”

The Three Cranes, Mitre, and Mermaid are three inns. The Mermaid was located close to the theater district, and many actors and playwrights frequented it and engaged in battles of wit. Some of the “pretenders to wit” at the Mermaid whom Mr. John Littlewit was criticizing were Ben Jonson, William Shakespeare, Francis Beaumont (of Beaumont and Fletcher fame) and John Donne. Mr. Beaumont once wrote in a letter to Mr. Jonson, “... what things we have seen, / Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been / So nimble, and so full of subtil flame, / As if that everyone from whence they came, / Had meant to

put his whole wit in a jest, / And had resolved to live a fool  
the rest / Of his dull life.”

Mr. John Littlewit continued, “There is not a grain of true salt, not a grain of right mustard among them all. Their wit has no pungency. They may compete for places in anticipation of the next wit-fall, aka battle of wits, and pay two-pence in a quart more for their canary wine than other men. But give me the man who can start up a justice of wit out of six-shillings beer, and read the riot act to all the poets and poet-suckers in town.”

Beer was less expensive than wine.

A poet-sucker was a young poet. Many poets, however, were playwrights, and people paid money to attend plays, and so a poet-sucker was also a playwright who sucked money out of people’s pockets.

Thinking of the pride of the playwrights, Mr. John Littlewit said, “They are proud because they are the actors’ familiar friends! By God’s eyelid! Other men have wives as fine as the actors, and as well dressed.”

Actors frequently portrayed members of royalty, and acting companies sometimes bought used clothing from members of the upper class to use as costumes.

Mr. John Littlewit said, “Come here, Win!”

He kissed her.

— 1.2 —

Mr. Winwife entered the room. He was courting Dame Purecraft, Mrs. Win Littlewit’s mother and Mr. John Littlewit’s mother-in-law. Dame Purecraft was a widow.

Mr. Winwife said, “Why, what are you doing now, Mr. John Littlewit! Measuring of lips, or molding of kisses? Which is it?”

Mr. John Littlewit replied, “Truly, I am a little taken with my Win’s clothing here. Doesn’t she look fine, Mr.

Winwife? What do you think, sir? She would not have worn this clothing.”

As a Puritan, Mrs. Win Littlewit resisted — at least to some extent — wearing such fashionable clothing.

Mr. John Littlewit continued, “I challenge all Cheapside to show such another pretty sight as my wife in her outfit here. Can any woman in Moorfields, Pimlico-path, or the Exchange, in a summer evening, with a lace hemming on her clothing like my wife’s clothing, match the pretty sight that is my wife in her outfit?”

He then said, “Dear Win, let Mr. Winwife kiss you. He comes a wooing our mother and mother-in-law, Win, and he may become our stepfather perhaps, Win. There’s no harm in him, Win.”

Mr. Winwife said, “None in the earth, Mr. John Littlewit.”

He kissed Mrs. Win Littlewit.

Mr. John Littlewit said, “I grudge no man my delights and delicacies, sir.”

Mr. Winwife said, “Alas, you always have the garden where they grow! A wife here with a strawberry breath, cherry lips, apricot cheeks, and a soft velvet head, like a peach grafted onto a quince tree.”

Mr. John Littlewit said, “That’s a good one, in faith! Now dullness must be upon me, that I had not thought of that before him, that I should not light on it as well as he! Velvet head!”

Peach velvet is peach fuzz.

Young male deer do not have true antlers; they have velvet antlers that have not yet calcified and grown hard.

In this society, cuckolds — men with unfaithful wives — were said to have invisible horns growing on their foreheads. Mrs. Win Littlewit was faithful to her husband, and so he was not a full cuckold, but he was allowing another man to kiss his wife. This can be innocent, but this can also be dangerous.

Mr. Winwife said, "But my taste, Mr. John Littlewit, tends to fruit of a later kind: the sober matron, your wife's mother."

Dame Purecraft was Mrs. Win Littlewit's mother.

Mr. John Littlewit said, "Yes, we know you are a suitor, sir. Win and I both wish you well. By this marriage license here in my hand, I swear that I wish you had won her and that your two names were as securely written on this marriage license as are the names of another couple! Win would like to have a fine young father-in-law with a feather, so that her mother might hood it and chain it with Mrs. Overdo."

Feathers, hoods, and chains were all status symbols. A fashionable gentleman such as Mr. Winwife would wear a hat with a large feather in it. A fashionable, well-to-do woman would wear a hood. Some careers required the wearing of a chain of office. Mrs. Overdo wore a hood and her husband possessed a chain of office. If Dame Purecraft were to marry Mr. Winwife, her social status would increase.

Mr. John Littlewit continued, "But you do not take the right course in wooing Dame Purecraft, Mr. Winwife."

"I don't, Mr. John Littlewit? What am I doing wrong?"

"You are not mad enough."

"Mad" can mean insane, but it can also mean "madcap." It can also mean a zealot, such as a Puritan.

"What!" Mr. Winwife said. "Is being mad the right way to woo her?"

Mr. John Littlewit said, "I say nothing, but I wink at Win. You have a friend, a certain Mr. Quarulous, who comes here sometimes."

"Why, he doesn't woo her, does he?"

"Not a tokenworth that ever I saw, I assure you, but —"

A tokenworth is a very small amount.

Mr. Winwife asked, "But what?"

“He is the more madcap of you two,” Mr. John Littlewit said.

He looked at Mr. Winwife and said, “You don’t understand me.”

Mrs. Win Littlewit said, “You have a hot coal in your mouth, now; you cannot hold back from telling.”

She was misremembering this proverb: It is as hard to keep a secret in the mouth as to hold a burning coal in the hand.

Mr. John Littlewit requested, “Let me out with it, dear Win.”

“I’ll tell him myself,” she replied.

“Do, and take all the thanks, and may it do much good to your pretty heart, Win,” he said.

Mrs. Win Littlewit said to Mr. Winwife, “Sir, my mother has had her nativity-water cast lately by the cunning-men in Cow Lane, and they have told her fortune to her, and they do assure her that she shall never have a happy hour, unless she marry within this sen’night; and when she marries, it must be to a madman, they say.”

Mrs. Win Littlewit was mixing up two kinds of casting. Astrologers would cast nativities, aka horoscopes. Doctors would cast water; that is, they would look at a patient’s urine in an attempt to determine the health of the patient. Very dark urine is a sign of bad health, as is blood in the urine.

Some cunning-men are male witches. Cunning-men are supposed to have occult knowledge.

A sen-night is a seven-night, or week.

Mr. John Littlewit added, “Yes, but it must be a gentleman madman.”

Mrs. Win Littlewit said, “Yes, so the other man of Moorfields says.”

“But does she believe them?” Mr. Winwife asked.

Mr. John Littlewit replied, "Yes, and she has been at Bedlam twice since every day to inquire if any mad gentleman are there, or will come there mad."

Bedlam was a lunatic asylum.

"Why, this is a confederacy," Mr. Winwife said. "It is a complete piece of trickery played upon her by these impostors."

"I tell her that," Mr. John Littlewit said, "or else I say that the cunning-men mean some young madcap gentleman, for the Devil can equivocate as well as a shopkeeper, and therefore I advise you, Mr. Winwife, to be a little madder than Mr. Quarlous hereafter."

One meaning of "to equivocate" is "to deceive with equivocating language." Equivocating language is language that can be interpreted in more than one way.

Mr. Winwife asked, "Where is Dame Purecraft? Is she up and about yet?"

It was still early in the morning.

"Up and about?" Mr. John Littlewit said. "She is stirring! Yes, and studying an old elder come from Banbury, a suitor who puts in here at meal-tide, to praise the painful, aka pains-taking, brethren, or pray that the sweet singers may be restored."

One of Dame Purecraft's suitors was Zeal-of-the-land Busy, a Puritan from Banbury. As an elder, he was high in the local Puritan hierarchy. As a Puritan, he avoided the syllable "-mas" as being too similar to the Catholic word "mass." He referred to Christ-mas as Christ-tide; the word "tide" meant "time." Mr. John Littlewit was gently mocking this Puritan use of language by saying "meal-tide." Puritans referred to themselves as brethren and sweet singers. Some Puritans were not allowed to preach because they were opposed to the Church of England; Zeal-of-the-land Busy prayed that these Puritans would be restored to the pulpit.

Mr. John Littlewit continued, “He says a grace as long as his breath lasts him!”

Puritans were known for saying long prayers. Unfortunately, long prayers are often unwelcome right before meals.

Mr. John Littlewit continued, “Sometimes the spirit is so strong with him, it gets quite out of him, and then my mother, or Win, are fain to revive him again with malmsey or *aqua cœlestis*.”

Puritans frowned on drunkenness, but Zeal-of-the-land Busy occasionally needed some medicinal malmsey or *aqua cœlestis*. Malmsey is a strong sweet wine, and *aqua cœlestis* is brandy or distilled wine. Puritans also frowned on gluttony, but Zeal-of-the-land Busy had a big belly and may occasionally have eaten himself into a stupor, thereby necessitating the malmsey or *aqua cœlestis*.

Mrs. Win Littlewit said, “Yes, indeed, we have such a tedious life with him for his diet, and his clothes, too! He breaks his buttons and cracks his seams at every saying he sobs out.”

The breaking of the buttons may have been due to the spiritedness with which he talked about religion, or his buttons may have popped off his clothing and his seams may have split because of the spiritedness with which he wielded his fork.

Mr. John Littlewit said, “He cannot abide my vocation, he says.”

Mrs. Win Littlewit added, “No; he told my mother that a proctor was a claw of the beast, and that she had little less than committed abomination in marrying me the way she has done. Zeal-of-the-land Busy is totally against my being married to my husband.”

Puritans were totally against the Catholic Church, and they regarded the Church of England as being an English version of the Catholic Church. Mr. Littlefield, a proctor,



practiced in the Bishop's Court, an ecclesiastical court of the Church of England.

Mr. John Littlewit said, "Every line, Zeal-of-the-land Busy says, that a proctor writes, when it comes to be read in the Bishop's Court, is a long black hair combed out of the tail of the Antichrist."

Revelation 13 describes the Beast of the Apocalypse. According to the Puritans, the Beast is the Antichrist.

"When did this proselyte come here?" Mr. Winwife asked.

A proselyte is a convert.

"Some three days ago," Mr. John Littlewit answered.

— 1.3 —

Quarlous entered the room.

Seeing Mr. Winwife, he said, "Oh, sir, have you taken soil here?"

The phrase "take soil" is used when a closely hunted deer takes to water to escape hunting dogs. The word "soil" is also used to refer to mud and mire that a boar wallows in. "Night soil" is excrement deposited into a chamber pot at night.

Quarlous continued, "It's well a man may yet reach you after three hours' running! What an unmerciful companion you are, to leave your lodging at such ungentlemanly hours! None but a scattered covey of fiddlers, aka triflers and wasters of time, or one of these rag-rakers in dunghills, or some marrow-bone man at most, would have been up when you were gone abroad, by all description."

Quarlous was complaining because Mr. Winwife had gotten up early and left his home at a time when, according to Quarlous, only people who were triflers or whose work required them to be up early would be awake and working. Such people included street cleaners who raked the streets. They also included rag-rakers and marrow-bone men, aka

rag-and-bone men. Rag-rakers went through piles of rubbish and salvaged what they could. The bones of cattle were collected so that the marrow could be extracted from them and used in English meat pies and meat puddings.

Quarlous continued, "I ask you what is ailing you so that you cannot sleep? Do you have thorns in your eyelids, or thistles in your bed?"

"I cannot tell," Mr. Winwife said. "It seems that you had neither in your feet since you took this trouble to find me."

Quarlous said, "No, I have no thorns or thistles in my feet. If I had, instead of me coming after you, all the leased hunting hounds of the city would have come after you by following your scent."

He then said, "Mr. John Littlewit! May God save you, sir. It was a hot night with some of us last night, John. Shall we pluck a hair of the same wolf today, Proctor John?"

"Hair of the same wolf" is "hair of the same dog," which is short for "hair of the same dog that bit us." In other words, Quarlous was asking if they should have a drink in order to reduce some of the effects of a hangover.

Mr. John Littlewit asked, "Do you remember, Mr. Quarlous, what we talked about last night?"

"No, I don't, John," Quarlous said. "I remember nothing that I either talked about or did; at such times of drunkenness, I forfeit all to forgetfulness."

In other words, he was accustomed to getting blackout drunk.

"No!" Mr. John Littlewit said. "You don't remember what you said concerning Win, my wife? Look, there she is, and dressed as I told you she would be. Pay attention, sir."

He whispered to Quarlous, "Have you forgotten?"

Quarlous replied, "By this head of mine, I swear that I'll beware how I keep you company, John, when I drink, if you have this dangerous memory. That's for certain."

“Why, sir?” Mr. John Littlewit asked.

“Why!” Quarlous said.

He then said to the others, “We were all a little stained last night, sprinkled with a cup or two of alcoholic drinks, and I agreed with Proctor John here to come and do somewhat with Win (I don’t know what it was) today; and he puts me in mind of it now; he says he was coming to fetch me.”

Some of this language is close to having a risqué meaning: “To do someone” means “to have sex with that person.” That is close to “do somewhat with Win.”

He said to Mr. John Littlewit, “Before truth, I swear that if you have that fearful quality, John, to remember when you are sober, John, what you promise when you are drunk, John, I shall take heed of you, John. But for this once, I am content to wink at you and not notice your fault. Where’s your wife?”

He then said, “Come here, Win.”

He kissed her; she did not like his kissing her.

“Why, John!” Mrs. Win Littlewit said. “Do you see this, John? Look! Help me, John!”

Her husband replied, “Oh, Win, fiddlesticks! What do you mean, Win? Be womanly, Win. Will you like a little girl make an outcry to your mother, Win! Mr. Quarlous is an honest gentleman, and he is our worshipful good friend, Win, and he is Mr. Winwife’s friend, too, and Mr. Winwife comes as a suitor to your mother, Win, as I told you before, Win, and he may perhaps be our stepfather, Win.

“Mr. Quarlous and Mr. Winwife will do you no harm, Win. They are both our worshipful good friends. Mr. Quarlous! You must know Mr. Quarlous, Win; you must not quarrel with Mr. Quarlous, Win.”

Quarlous said, “No, we’ll kiss again, and fall in.”

Quarlous kissed her again.

“Fall in” had two meanings: 1) be reconciled, and 2) have sex. Two people would fall in bed.

Mr. John Littlewit said, “Yes, do, good Win.”

One meaning of the word “do” is “f\*\*k.”

“Truly, you are a fool, John,” she replied.

“A fool-John, she calls me,” Mr. John Littlewit said. “Did you hear that, gentlemen? Did you hear what the pretty Littlewit of velvet called me? A fool-John.”

He was taking the word “fool” as an endearment.

Quarlous thought, *She may call you an apple-John, if you use this.*

He was referring obliquely to the word “apple-squire,” which meant “pander.” The phrase “use this” meant “have sex with.” In this context, it meant “put your wife to work sexually.” Mr. John Littlewit was not protecting his wife.

“Use this” also meant “make a habit of this” — that is, make a habit of allowing other men to kiss your wife.

An “apple-john” is a type of apple that is eaten after it has been stored two years and is wrinkled and withered. Mr. John Littlewit was older than his wife.

Quarlous kissed Mrs. Win Littlewit again. This was his third kiss.

Mr. Winwife said, “Please stop this, for my sake, somewhat.”

Quarlous and Mr. Winwife spoke quietly together while Mr. John Littlewit and his wife talked a short distance away. It’s a good thing that Mrs. Win Littlewit could not hear them because Quarulous would say some negative things about old women such as Win’s mother.

“Hey-day!” Quarulous, who was surprised, said. “How concerned about good etiquette you have become all of a sudden! I fear this family will make you ‘reformed,’ too. I hope that you come around to my opinions again.

“Are you concerned about respectability because Mrs. Win Littlewit may possibly become your stepdaughter, and she may ask you for a customary blessing hereafter, when she acts like a courtier and goes to Tottenham to eat cakes and cream!

“Well, I will forbear, sir; but indeed, I wish thou would stop thy exercise of widow-hunting once and for all. Stop this drawing after an old reverend smock by the splay-foot!”

The words “thou” and “thy” and “thine” were informal and were used among friends, but they were also used when a superior spoke to an inferior.

A smock is a ladies’ undergarment, and so it is a term meaning “woman.” Quarlous was saying that Mr. Winwife continually chased reverend skirts. Actually, he was chasing old reverend, aka Puritan, skirts — old women who have splayed feet, which are feet turned outward. A cynical person might think that quite possibly, the feet are turned out because the old women’s legs are spread with the feet raised in the air. Quarlous’ cynicism took the opposite direction; he would say that the old women have lacked sex for forty years.

“By the splay-foot” was word-play on “hunting dry-foot,” which meant tracking by scent alone. “Drawing after” meant tracking by scent.

Quarlous continued, “There cannot be an ancient tripe or trillibub in the town, but thou are immediately nosing it.”

“Tripe” and “trillibub” are terms meaning “entrails” and are used to refer to fat people. The old women are fat bags of guts.

Quarlous continued, “And it is a fine occupation thou will confine thyself to, when thou have got one.”

The occupation was marriage to an old woman. By marrying an old woman, Mr. Winwife would gain control of her wealth. Such was the law in this sexist society.

Quarlous continued, “Thou will be scrubbing a piece of buff, as if thou had the perpetuity — tenure for life — of Pannier Alley to stink in, or perhaps worse, currying a carcass that thou have bound thyself to alive.”

Pannier Alley was a place where buff leather was sold. Treating leather can be a noisome — stinky — occupation.

According to Quarlous, Mr. Winwife would be rubbing the bare skin of an old woman for the rest of her life — bare skin that was like leather.

One meaning of “curry” is “to ride with haste.” A carcass is something from which the life or spirit has gone. As the old woman’s husband, Mr. Winwife would be currying her spiritless body in bed.

Quarlous continued, “I’ll be sworn, some of them whom thou are, or have been suitor to, are so old, as no chaste or married pleasure can ever come to them; the honest instrument of procreation has for forty years since ceased to belong to them.”

According to Quarlous, the women whom Mr. Winwife courted were so old that they hadn’t had the services of “the honest instrument of procreation” — a penis — for the past forty years.

Quarlous continued, “Thou must visit them as thou would visit a tomb, with a torch or three handfuls of link, flaming hot, and so thou may happen to make them feel thee and after come to inherit a fortune according to thy inches.”

The torch Quarlous was talking about had three handfuls of link — the tow and pitch that burned at the head of the torch. That is a very large head. To make the old woman feel anything in her vagina, Mr. Winwife would have to have a very large “flaming hot” penis. If he were fortunate enough to have a penis many inches long, he could very well acquire a sizeable fortune from the old woman.

Quarlous continued, “A sweet course for a man to waste the brand of life for, to be continually raking himself a fortune in an old woman’s embers!”

According to Quarlous, Mr. Winwife would be wasting his “brand of life” — his penis — in the embers of an old woman’s vagina.

One meaning of “rake” is to behave like a rake, aka morally dissolute man. Marrying an old woman just for her money is morally dissolute.

Quarlous continued, “We shall have thee, after thou have been but a month married to one of them, look like the quartan ague and the black jaundice met in a face, and walk as if thou had borrowed the legs of a spider and the voice of a cricket.”

The quartan ague was a fever that visited every four days. The black jaundice was an illness that turned the skin black.

Quarlous continued, “I would prefer to endure to hear fifteen sermons a week before I would endure her, and such coarse and loud sermons, as some of them must be! I would even beg of Fate that I might dwell in a drum, and take in my sustenance with an old broken tobacco-pipe and a straw.”

Anyone who dwelled in a drum would hear very loud drumming.

Quarlous continued, “Do thou ever think to bring thine ears or stomach to the patience of a dry grace as long as thy tablecloth; and droned out by thy potential stepson, Mr. John Littlewit here (who is so old that he might be thy father), until all the food on thy plate has forgotten it was that day in the kitchen?”

He had been criticizing old women and their wooers. Now he began to focus more on criticizing Puritans, who were known for saying very long prayers before meals.

Quarlous continued, “Or to endure the noise made in a question of predestination by the good laborers and painful — pains-taking — eaters assembled together, put to them by the matron your possible spouse, Dame Purecraft, who acts as a moderator with a cup of wine, always and immediately, and a moral maxim out of the writings of John Knox between?”

If Mr. Winwife were to marry Dame Purecraft, who was a Puritan, he would have to put up with listening to long-winded religious conversations during mealtimes. Dame Purecraft sometimes had Puritans such as Zeal-of-the-land Busy over for meals.

Quarlous continued, “Or the perpetual spitting before and after a sober-drawn exhortation of six hours, whose better part was the hum-ha-hum? Or to hear prayers groaned out over thy iron chests containing valuables, as if they were charms to break them? And to endure all this for the hope of two apostle-spoons! And a cup to eat a caudle — a warm medicinal drink — in! For that will be thy monetary legacy. She’ll have conveyed her state safe enough from thee, if she is a right widow.”

If Mr. Winwife were to marry Dame Purecraft, he would have to put up with listening to long-winded religious sermons and long-winded prayers in which the speaker frequently said “hum-ha-hum.” And what would he get for it? According to Quarlous, Mr. Winwife would get two apostle-spoons — two silver spoons with the figures of the apostles on the handles. That and a cup. Why wouldn’t he get all Dame Purecraft’s money? She would have conveyed her estate to a trustee — probably a Puritan — to keep it out of Mr. Winwife’s hands.

Hearing about the possible transfer of Dame Purecraft’s wealth to a trustee, Mr. Winwife said, “Alas, I am quite off that scent now. I have lost the scent of Dame Purecraft.”

“How so?” Quarlous asked.

“I have been put off her scent by a brother of Banbury, a Puritan, one who, they say, has come here and governs everything already,” Mr. Winwife said.

“What is his name?” Quarlous asked. “I knew many of those Banburians when I was in Oxford.”

“Mr. John Littlewit can tell us his name,” Mr. Winwife said loudly.

“Sir!” Mr. John Littlewit said to Mr. Winwife.



He then said, “Good Win, go in, and if Mr. Bartholomew Cokes’ servant comes for the marriage license (I mean the little old fellow), let him speak with me.”

Mrs. Win Littlewit exited.

“What are you talking about, gentlemen?” Mr. John Littlewit asked.

Mr. Winwife asked him, “What is the name of the reverend elder you told me of, your Banbury man the Puritan?”

Mr. John Littlewit said, “Rabbi Busy, sir; he is more than an elder, he is a prophet, sir.”

Matthew 23:8 states, “*But be not ye called Rabbi: for one is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren*” (King James Version).

Zeal-of-the-land Busy did not call himself a Rabbi.

“Oh, I know him!” Quarlous said. “He’s a baker, isn’t he?”

“He was a baker, sir, but he dreams now and see visions,” Mr. John Littlewit said. “He has given up his trade as a baker.”

Quarlous said, “I remember him giving up his business, too, out of a scruple he took in spiced conscience because those cakes he made were served at bride-ales, Maypole celebrations, Morris dances, and such profane feasts and meetings.”

An obsolete meaning of “spiced” is “over-scrupulous.”

Puritans felt that Maypole celebrations and Morris dances were based on pagan fertility rituals. At bride-ales, the bride served ale and people generously tipped her.

Quarlous continued, “His Christian name is Zeal-of-the-land.”

“Yes, sir,” Mr. John Little said. “Zeal-of-the-land Busy.”

Mr. Winwife said, “What! What kind of a name is that!”

“Oh, the Puritans all have such names, sir,” Mr. John Littlewit said. “He was witness for Win here — they will not be called godfathers and therefore call themselves witnesses — and named her Win-the-fight. You thought her name was Winifred, didn’t you?”

“Indeed, I did,” Mr. Winwife said.

“He would have thought himself a stark reprobate, if she had been named Winifred.”

“Yes, for there was a blue-starch woman of the name at the same time,” Quarlous said.

Many Puritans were against starch, considering it a sign of vanity. Blue starch was worse than regular starch because it was expensive — why pay lots of money to indulge the sin of vanity? — and because it was used on large ruffs, a vain fashion, according to the Puritans.

Quarlous continued, “He is a notable hypocritical vermin; I know him. He is one who stands upon his face, more than his faith, at all times.”

“Stands upon his face” means “relies on his effrontery.”

Quarlous continued, “He is always in seditious political agitation, and criticizing others as being guilty of vainglory; he is of a most lunatic conscience and spleen, and he practices the violence of singularity in everything he does.”

Puritans felt that King James I should be subordinate to the church when it came to religious matters. King James I objected, and some Puritans were accused of sedition.

“Singularity” means “deviating from the norm.” Here, it means deviating from the social norms concerning ethical behavior. Religious people who believe that they are divinely inspired may believe that they need not follow the standards of ethical conduct that other people obey.

Quarlous continued, “Zeal-of-the-land Busy has ruined a grocer here in Newgate Market, who did business with him and trusted him with currants, as arrant a zeal as he, that’s by the way.”

Apparently, Zeal-of-the-land Busy never paid the grocer for the currants, which were used in baking cakes.

According to Quarlous, Zeal-of-the-land Busy's zeal is arrant. A religious person ought to be zealous in doing the work of God, but Zeal-of-the-land Busy's zeal is arrant, which calls to mind the phrase "arrant thief," aka an "out-and-out thief."

The phrase "that's by the way" meant either "this is a parenthetical anecdote" or "Zeal-of-the-land Busy put his religious zeal aside" when he ruined the trusting grocer, or both.

Quarlous continued, "By his profession he will always be in the state of innocence, though, and childhood."

Some religious people can believe that by converting to a certain religion they will be cleansed of sin forever.

Quarlous continued, "He derides all the knowledge of antiquity because it is pagan, and he defies any other learning than inspiration; and what discretion his however many years of age should afford him, it is all forestalled by his original ignorance."

Some religious people believe that all the knowledge they need is religious knowledge.

Quarlous continued, "Have nothing to do with him, for he is a fellow of a most arrogant and invincible dullness, I assure you."

He saw someone coming into the room and asked, "Who is this?"

— 1.4 —

Mrs. Win Littlewit escorted Humphrey Wasp into the room. He was the servant of Bartholomew Cokes, and he had come to get the marriage license that Mr. John Littlewit had prepared.

Humphrey Wasp was a waspish — an irritable — man.

“By your leave, gentlemen, with all my heart to you,” Humphrey Wasp said, “and may God give you a good morning!”

He then said, “Mr. John Littlewit, my business is with you. Is this license ready?”

“I have it for you here in my hand, Mr. Humphrey,” Mr. John Littlewit replied.

Humphrey Wasp said, “That’s well. No, you don’t need to open it or read it to me — it’s labor in vain, you know. I am no clerk or scribe. I scorn to be saved by my book, indeed. I’ll hang first.”

At the time, people could avoid being hung for a crime if they could prove that they could read Latin. This was called “benefit of clergy” because when the law was first made, it was mainly clergy who could read Latin.

The verse that usually was translated was Psalm 51:1: *“Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions”* (King James Version).

Humphrey Wasp continued, “Fold it up on your word, and give it to me. What amount of money must you have for it?”

“We’ll talk about that later, Mr. Humphrey,” Mr. John Littlewit said.

Humphrey Wasp said, “We’ll talk about it now, or not at all, good Mr. Proctor. I am for no later, I assure you.”

Mr. John Littlewit said to his wife, “Sweet Win, tell my clerk Solomon to send me the little black box in my study.”

Legal documents were carried in black boxes.

Humphrey Wasp said, “Yes, and do it quickly, Win, I ask you, for I have both eggs on the spit and iron in the fire.”

This meant that he was in a hurry to return home. Eggs on spits have to be carefully watched to ensure they are cooked correctly. Iron in a blacksmith’s fire must be

carefully watched to ensure it is taken out at the right time and hammered.

Mrs. Win Littlewit exited.

Humphrey Wasp said, "Say what amount of money you must have, good Mr. Littlewit."

"Why, you know the price, Mr. Numps," Mr. John Littlewit replied.

"Numps" is a nickname for "Humphrey."

Humphrey Wasp said, "I know! I know nothing, I."

Someone could hear that last sentence as "I know nothing, aye," aka "I know nothing, yes."

He continued, "Why are you talking to me about knowing? Now I am in haste, sir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I scorn to know, and yet, now I think about it, I will and do know as well as another: You must have a mark, aka thirteen shillings and four pence, for your thing here, and eight-pence for the box. I could have saved two-pence on that, if I had bought a black box ahead of time and brought it, but here's fourteen shillings for you."

He gave Mr. John Littlewit the money and said, "Good Lord, how long your little wife stays! I hope to God that Solomon, your clerk, is not looking in the wrong box, Mr. Proctor."

The wrong box would be Mrs. Win Littlewit's box, aka vagina.

"In good faith, no, he isn't," Mr. John Littlewit said. "I assure you that Solomon is wiser than to do that, sir."

He was not upset by the reference to his wife's "box"; instead, he appreciated the opportunity to make a joke about Solomon.

Humphrey Wasp said, "Fie, fie, fie, by your leave, Mr. Littlewit, I say that this is scurvy, idle, foolish, and abominable. I do not like it."

He walked aside.

Mr. Winwife, who had been listening, said to Quarlous, "Did you hear that!"

He then asked, “Jack Littlewit, what business does your pretty head think this fellow may have, that he is making such a fuss?”

Quarlous asked, “Is his business more than buying of gingerbread in the cloister here (for that we allow him) or a gilt pouch in the fair?”

During Bartholomew Fair, the cloister was used to house merchants’ stalls, so Humphrey Wasp could, if he wanted, buy gingerbread or a gilt pouch there.

Mr. John Littlewit said, “Mr. Quarulous, do not be mistaken about him; he is his master’s both-hands, I assure you.”

He meant that Humphrey Wasp was his master’s right-hand man *and* left-hand man.

Quarlous asked, “What does he do? Pulls on his master’s boots in the mornings, or his stockings, does he?”

Mr. John Littlewit said, “Sir, if you have a mind to mock him, mock him quietly, and look the other way, for if he once realizes that you are mocking him, he will fly at you immediately. He is a terrible, testy old fellow, and his name is Humphrey Wasp, too.”

“He is a pretty insect!” Quarulous said. “Pamper him as if he were a child.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “A plague on this box, and the pox, on it, too, and on him who made it, and her who went for it, and everyone who should have sought it, sent it, or brought it! Do you understand, sir?”

“No, good Mr. Humphrey Wasp,” Mr. John Littlewit said.

“Good Mr. Hornet, turd in your teeth, hold your tongue,” Humphrey Wasp said.

The word “hornet” hinted that Mr. John Littlewit had horns and was a cuckold.

The word “turd” meant then what it does now.

Humphrey Wasp continued, “Don’t I know you? Your father was an apothecary, and he sold enemas, more than he gave, indeed, and turd in your little wife’s teeth, too.”

He then said, “Here comes your wife.”

Mrs. Win Littlewit, carrying the black box, entered the room.

He continued, “The turd will make her spit, as fine as she is, for all her velvet custard on her head, sir.”

A “custard” is a kind of pie. “Velvet custard” referred to the pie-shaped velvet hat she was wearing.

Mr. John Littlewit requested, “Oh, be civil, Mr. Numps.”

“Why, let’s say I have an inclination not to be civil,” Humphrey Wasp said. “What then? Who shall compel me to be civil? You?”

“Here is the black box now,” Mr. John Littlewit said.

“Why, a pox on your box, once again! Let your little wife piss in it, if she will,” Humphrey Wasp said. “Sir, I would have you to understand, and these gentlemen, too, if they please —”

“With all our hearts, sir,” Mr. Winwife said.

“— that I have a charge, a responsibility, gentlemen,” Humphrey Wasp said.

“Sir, they apprehend — they understand,” Mr. John Littlewit said.

Humphrey Wasp replied, “Pardon me, sir, neither they nor you can apprehend me yet. You are an ass.

“I have a young master. He is now upon his making and marring, aka coming of age; the whole care of his well-doing is now mine. His foolish schoolmasters have done nothing but run up and down the country with him to beg sausages and cake from his tenants, and they have almost spoiled him; he has learned nothing but to sing catches and snatches of songs, and repeat ‘Rattle bladder rattle’ and ‘O Madge!’”

“Rattle bladder rattle” was a tongue-twister: “Three blue beans in a blue bladder, rattle bladder rattle.”

“O Madge” was a ballad.

Humphrey Wasp continued, “I dare not let him walk alone, for fear that he will learn vile tunes that he will sing at supper, and during sermons! If he should meet a cartman in the street, and if I don’t talk to him to keep him away from the cartman, he will whistle all the cartman’s tunes at night in his sleep! He has a head full of bees! He has bees in his bonnet!

“I am obliged now, for this little time I am absent, to leave him in charge of a gentlewoman. It is true she is a Justice of the Peace’s wife, and a gentlewoman who wears a fashionable hood, and his natural sister, but what may happen under a woman’s government, there’s the doubt and the worry.

“Gentlemen, you do not know him; he is a different kind of individual than you think him to be. He is only nineteen years old, and yet he is taller than either of you by a head, God bless him!”

“Well, I think this is a fine fellow,” Quarlous said.

Mr. Winwife said, “Humphrey Wasp has made his master a finer man by this description, I should think.”

“Indeed, they are about the same. It’s a toss-up: either heads or tails. There’s not a farthing’s worth of difference between them.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “I’ll tell you, gentlemen —”

Mr. John Littlewit asked, “Will it please you to have a drink, Mr. Humphrey Wasp?”

It was customary to give a departing visitor a drink.

Humphrey Wasp replied, “Why, I have not talked so long as to be dry, sir. You see no dust or cobwebs come out of my mouth, do you? You’d have me gone, would you?”

“No, but you were in a hurry to leave just now, Mr. Numps.”



“What if I were! I still am, and yet I will stay, too. Meddle with your match, your equal, your Win there; she has as little wit as her husband, it seems. I have others to talk to.”

Mr. John Littlewit said, “She’s my match indeed, and as Littlewit as I, myself!”

It was hard to insult Mr. John Littlewit because he could turn insults into jokes.

Humphrey Wasp said, “We have been only a day and a half in town, gentlemen, it is true, and yesterday in the afternoon we walked around London to show the city to the gentlewoman he shall marry, Miss Grace Wellborn, but before I will endure such another half day with him, I’ll be drawn with a good tomcat through the great pond at home, as his uncle Hodge was.”

A rural practical joke was to bet someone that a cat could drag him across a pond. One end of a rope would be tied to the victim, and the other end taken across the pond and tied with a string to a cat. Some strong men would be appointed to guide the cat, but they and not the cat would drag the victim across the pond.

“Hodge” is a name for a rustic; it is related to the name “Roger.”

Humphrey Wasp continued, “Why, we could not meet any heathen thing all the day, but he would stop; he would look at the pictures on the signs everywhere, as he went, and describe them out loud, and wherever he spied a parrot or a monkey, there he was pitched with all the little longcoats male and female around him; there was no getting him away!”

Children, both males and females, wore longcoats, aka petticoats.

He continued, “I thought he would have run mad on account of the black boy in Bucklersbury who takes the scurvy, roguey tobacco there.”

Because of illiteracy, signs displayed pictures that advertised what was being sold in the shops. A store that sold tobacco could have a sign with a picture of a black youth smoking tobacco. At this time, many people regarded tobacco as being good for one's health.

Mr. John Littlewit said, "You say the truth, Mr. Numps; there's such a sign there indeed."

"It doesn't matter whether there is such a sign there or not," Humphrey Wasp said. "What's it to you?"

Quarlous said to Mr. Winwife, "He will not allow John Littlewit to make a comment on anything or on any account."

— 1.5 —

Bartholomew Cokes, Mrs. Overdo, and Miss Grace Wellborn entered the room.

The wedding license that Mr. John Littlewit had drawn up was for Bartholomew Cokes and Miss Grace Wellborn, who was the ward of Justice Overdo.

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Oh, Numps! Are you here, Numps? Look where I am, Numps, and Miss Grace Wellborn, too! No, do not look angrily, Numps. My sister — Mrs. Overdo — is here and all; I have not come without her."

Humphrey Wasp said, "Why the mischief have you come with her, or she with you?"

Bartholomew Cokes replied, "We all came to seek you, Numps."

"To seek me!" Humphrey Wasp said. "Why, did you all think I was lost, or run away with your fourteen shillings' worth of small items — the marriage contract and black box — here? Or that I had exchanged your fourteen shillings at the fair for hobbyhorses?"

A hobbyhorse is a toy horse, or a prostitute.

He continued, “By God’s precious blood — to seek me!”

Mrs. Overdo, the sister of Bartholomew Cokes, said, “Now, good Mr. Numps, show some discretion, even though my brother’s behavior is outrageous, as Mr. Overdo says. Show some discretion even if it is just for the preservation of the peace.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “By marry gip, goody She-justice, Mrs. French-hood! Turd in your teeth, and turd in your French hood’s teeth, too, to do you service, do you see!”

He was certainly in a bad mood. “By marry gip” was the oath “By Mary the Gypsy,” referring to St. Mary of Egypt. Gypsies tended to be dark-skinned, and this society valued light skin. “Goody” was short for “Goodwife,” a term used to refer to a wife in humbler circumstances than those of Mrs. Overdo. A French hood was an item of dress. Apparently, Humphrey Wasp disliked French hoods because he was putting Mrs. Overdo down in his address to her.

He continued, “Must you quote your Adam to me!”

“Adam” was her husband, Mr. Adam Overdo; he was a Justice of the Peace.

Humphrey Wasp continued, “You think you are Madam Regent still, Mrs. Overdo, when I am in place, but my being in place doesn’t matter to you. I assure you, your reign is out when I am in, Dame Overdo.”

A regent rules when the real ruler is unable to.

Mrs. Overdo said, “I am content to be out of power for a while, sir, and to be governed by you — so should young Bartholomew Cokes, too, if he did well, but it is also expected of you that you should govern your passions.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “You want me to be civil, forsooth!”

“Forsooth” was a trivial oath, often made by ladies. Humphrey Wasp was continuing to mock Mrs. Overdo.

He added, “Good Lord, how sharp you are from visiting Bedlam yesterday! Whetstone has set an edge upon you, has he?”

Bedlam was a hospital for the insane. Citizens sometimes visited it to be entertained by the antics of the inmates, one of whom was William Whetstone. In part, Humphrey Wasp was punning on Whetstone’s name. A proverb stated, “A whetstone, though it cannot itself cut, makes tools cut.” Another proverb stated, “The dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.”

Mrs. Overdo said, “If you don’t know what belongs to your dignity, I still know what belongs to mine.”

“Very well then,” Humphrey Wasp said.

“Is this the marriage license, Numps?” Bartholomew Cokes said. “For love’s sake let me see it. I have never seen a marriage license.”

“Haven’t you?” Humphrey Wasp said. “Why, in that case you shall not see it.”

“If you respect me, good Numps, let me see it,” Bartholomew Cokes requested.

“Sir, I respect you, and yet I do not respect you when you engage in these fooleries of yours,” Humphrey Wasp said. “Set your heart at rest, there’s no reply forthcoming to your request except hard words — and for what reason would you see the marriage license?”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “I want to see the length and the breadth of it, that’s all, and I will see it now, so I will.”

“You shall not see it here,” Humphrey Wasp said.

Bartholomew Cokes replied, “Then I’ll see it at home, and I’ll look upon the case — the black box — here.”

“Why, do so,” Humphrey Wasp said.

He then said to the others present, “A man must give way to him a little in trifles, gentlemen. These are errors, diseases of youth, which he will mend when he comes to judgment and knowledge of matters. I hope that you think

so, and I thank you, and I ask you to pardon him, and I thank you again.”

Referring to Humphrey Wasp, Quarlous said quietly and sarcastically to Mr. Winwife, “Well, this dry nurse, I still say, is a delicate man.”

A wet nurse breastfeeds an infant. A dry nurse serves as a nanny for a child.

Mr. Winwife replied quietly, “And I am for the cosset who is his charge.”

A “cosset” is a lamb that has been raised by hand; it is also a term for a spoiled child.

Quarlous and Mr. Winwife were trying to decide who was the greater fool: Humphrey Wasp or Bartholomew Cokes.

Mr. Winwife continued talking about Bartholomew Cokes, “Did you ever see a fellow’s face more accuse him of being an ass?”

“Accuse him!” Quarlous said. “It confesses that he is one without his having been accused. What a pity it is that yonder wench — Miss Grace Wellborn — should marry such a Bartholomew Cokes!”

The word “wench” meant “young woman” and was often used affectionately; it was not always a negative term.

“That’s true,” Mr. Winwife said.

Quarlous said, “She seems to be discreet, and as sober as she is attractive.”

“Yes,” Mr. Winwife said, “and if you closely watch her, what a restrained scorn she casts upon all Bartholomew Cokes’ behavior and speeches!”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Well, Numps, I am now for another piece of business more — the fair, Numps. And then —”

Humphrey Wasp interrupted, “Bless me! Deliver me from my pain and tribulation! Help me! Hold me up! The fair!”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “No, don’t pace nervously up and down, Numps, and vex yourself. I am resolute Bartholomew in this; I’ll make no request to you about going to the fair. It was the entire purpose of my journey indeed, to show Miss Grace Wellborn my fair. I call it my fair, because of Bartholomew: You know my name is Bartholomew, and the name of the fair is Bartholomew Fair.”

Mr. John Littlewit said, “That was a joke I invented previously, gentlemen — just this morning. I invented that joke, indeed, when I was working on his marriage license. Believe me, he is making this joke after I made it.”

Quarlous said, “Come on, John, this ambitious wit of yours, I am afraid, will do you no good in the end.”

“No!” Mr. John Littlewit said. “Why not, sir?”

Quarlous said, “You grow so insolent, so beyond the bounds of propriety, with it, and over-doing it, John, that if you look not to it, and tie it up, in time it will bring you to some obscure place, and there it will leave you.”

In other words, someday Mr. John Littlewit’s making of jokes would get him in trouble.

Mr. Winwife said, “Do not trust it too much, John. Be more sparing in your use of wit, and use it only now and then. A wit is a dangerous thing to have in this age; do not overbuy it.”

Mr. John Littlewit would pay for his wit by getting in trouble; he needed to be careful not to overpay for his wit, or to buy too much wit.

“Do you think so, gentlemen?” Mr. John Littlewit said. “I’ll take heed and be careful hereafter.”

“Yes, do, John,” Mrs. Win Littlewit said.

Bartholomew Cokes said, “She is a pretty little soul, this Mrs. Win Littlewit. I wish that I could marry her!”

Miss Grace Wellborn said to herself, “I also wish you could marry her, or anybody else, as long as I wouldn’t have to marry you!”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Numps, I will see it, Numps. It is decreed, so don’t be melancholy about the matter.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “Why, see it, sir, see it, do, see it. Who is stopping you? Why don’t you go and see it? By God’s eyelid, see it.”

“The fair, Numps. The fair is what I want to see,” Bartholomew Cokes said.

Humphrey Wasp said, “I wish the fair, and all the drums and rattles in it, were in your belly, as far as I’m concerned! They are already in your brain. He who had the means to travel in your head now would see finer sights than any that are in the fair, and he would make a finer voyage of it. He would see your head all hung with cockle shells, pebbles, fine wheat straws, and here and there a chicken’s feather, and a cobweb.”

Yes, Bartholomew Cokes’ head was filled with trivial things, including cobwebs.

Quarlous said quietly to Mr. Winwife, “Indeed, Bartholomew Cokes looks, I think, if you look closely at him, like someone who was made to catch flies, with his Sir-Cranion legs.”

A cranion is a long-legged spider. Apparently, Sir-Cranion legs are very long legs, indeed. *Cranion* is Greek for “skull,” and so apparently Bartholomew Cokes also had bony knees.

Mr. Winwife said quietly to Quarlous, “And his Numps was made to flap the flies away.”

Humphrey Wasp said to Bartholomew Cokes, “May God be with you, sir, there’s your bee in a box, and much good may it do you.”

“May God be with you” meant “goodbye.”

Humphrey Wasp handed Bartholomew Cokes the box containing the bee, aka trouble: the marriage license.

Bartholomew Cokes replied, “Why, ‘Your friend,’ and ‘Bartholomew,’ if you be so contumacious.”

“‘Your friend,’ and ‘Bartholomew’” was another way of saying “goodbye.” It was a complimentary close of a letter.

The word “contumacious” means “willfully disobedient to an authority figure.”

Quarlous asked, “What do you mean, Numps?”

He took Humphrey Wasp aside as Numps was going out. He wanted to know why Humphrey Wasp was going to let Bartholomew Cokes go to the fair without him.

Humphrey Wasp said, “I’ll not be guilty, I, gentlemen.”

Mrs. Overdo asked her brother, “You will not let him go, brother, and lose him?”

Bartholomew Cokes replied, “Who can hold back someone who is determined to go away? I had rather lose him than the fair, indeed.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “You do not know the inconvenience, gentlemen, you are trying to persuade me to endure, nor what trouble I have with him when he is in this kind of mood. If he goes to the fair, he will buy everything up to and including a doll there, and he will buy household things for the doll, too. If a leg or an arm did not grow on him, he would lose it in the press of the crowd.

“Pray to Heaven that I bring him away from the fair with one stone! And then he is such a ravener after fruit! — you will not believe what a fuss I had the other day to compound, aka settle, a business between a Catherine-pear woman and him about snatching. It is intolerable, gentlemen.”

Much of what he said had a bawdy meaning. “Stone” can mean “testicle.” “Ravener after fruit” can mean “being hungry for doing the deed that can lead to the birth of a child.” “Compound” can mean “beget.” “Business” can mean the “act of sex.” “Pear” can mean “vulva,” or “penis and scrotum.” “Snatching” can mean “shoplifting” or “fast f\*\*king.”



Mr. Winwife said, "Oh, but you must not leave him now to these hazards, Numps."

Humphrey Wasp replied, "No, he knows too well I will not leave him, and that makes him presume."

He then said to Bartholomew Cokes, "Well, sir, will you go now? If you have such an itch in your feet to foot it to the fair, why do you stop — am I one of your tarriers? Am I stopping you? Go, will you go, sir? Why do you not go?"

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Oh, Numps, have I brought you round to my point of view? Come, Miss Grace, and sister, I am resolute Bat, indeed, still."

Nicknames for Bartholomew include Bat.

Miss Grace Wellborn said, "Truly, I have no such desire as to go to the fair, nor any ambition to see it. No one who goes there is of any quality or fashion."

By "quality," she meant "high birth," and by "fashion," she meant "good breeding."

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Oh, Lord, sir! You shall pardon me, Miss Grace, we ourselves are enough to make it a fashion, and as for qualities, leave it to Numps alone — he'll find qualities."

By "fashion," he meant "trend," and by "qualities," he meant "aspects of character."

Bartholomew Cokes, Humphrey Wasp, Mrs. Overdo, and Miss Grace Wellborn exited to go to Bartholomew Fair.

Quarlous said, "What a rogue in comprehension is this man who understands her language no better than that!"

Mr. Winwife said, "Yes, and he wants to marry her! Well, I will leave the chase of my widow for today, and go directly to the fair. These flies cannot, this hot season, but engender us excellent creeping entertainment."

The flies were Humphrey Wasp and Bartholomew Cokes. In this society, flies were thought to generate spontaneously in hot weather without the need of such

things as parents and eggs. These two particular “flies” would engender — create — entertainment for whoever would follow them and observe them.

“Any man who has even a spoonful of brain would agree with you,” Quarlous said.

He then said to Mr. John Littlewit, “Farewell, John.”

Quarlous and Mr. Winwife exited to go to Bartholomew Fair.

Alone with his wife, Mr. John Littlewit said, “Win, you see it is in fashion to go to the fair, Win; we must go to the fair, too, you and I, Win. I have an affair in the fair, Win, a puppet-play of my own creation — say nothing! — that I wrote for the puppet-show man, which you must see, Win.”

Mrs. Win Littlewit said, “I wish I could, John, but my mother will never consent to such a profane puppet-play and proposal, as she will call it.”

Mr. John Littlewit said, “Tut, we’ll have a device, a plot, a dainty one, to get you there. Now, Wit, help at a pinch, good Wit, come, come, good Wit, if it be thy will!

“I have it, Win, I have it indeed, and it is a fine plot. Win, fake a craving to eat the meat of a suckling pig, sweet Win, in the fair, do you see, in the heart of the fair, not at Pie Corner.”

Pie Corner, with its many food shops, was located near Bartholomew Fair, which was known for its suckling pig.

He continued, “Your mother will do anything, Win, to satisfy your craving for food, you know, because you are pregnant. Please fake a craving for suckling-pig meat immediately, and be sick all of a sudden, good Win. I’ll go in and tell her; cut thy laces in the meantime, and play the hypocrite, sweet Win.”

Women at this time wore bodices with laces. When the woman was faint, the laces would be loosened or untied to enable her to breathe more easily.

Mrs. Win Littlewit said, “No, I’ll not make myself unready — undressed — for the fair. I can be hypocrite enough even though I were never so strait-laced.”

She was punning. “Strait-laced” could refer to a bodice with tightly fastened laces, or to a person with strict morality.

The word “hypocrite” is interesting. It can mean “actor,” as in a theatrical actor. A hypocrite pretends to be someone else. It can also refer to someone who only pretends to be morally strict.

Mr. John Littlewit said, “You say the truth, you have been bred in the family, and brought up to it. Your mother — my mother-in-law — is a most elect hypocrite, and she has maintained us all these seven years with it, like gentlefolks.”

In other words, Win was brought up in her family to be a hypocrite. That is a good thing for theatrical families, but maybe not so good for religious families.

The “elect” are those people who have been predestined to go to Heaven after they die. Some of the “elect” can be so sure that they will go to Heaven after they die that they feel they have no need to avoid committing sins in this life.

Mrs. Win Littlewit said, “Yes, she has supported us well, so let her alone, John. She is not a wise willful widow for nothing; nor is she a sanctified sister for a song.”

The word “willful” means “obstinately determined to do what one wants to do.”

She added, “And let me alone, too. I have somewhat of the mother in me, as you shall see.”

She was punning again. “I have somewhat of the mother in me” meant both 1) She had some of her mother in her; that is, in some ways, she took after her mother, and 2) She had some of the mother, which was a medical condition also known as hysteria. It was called the “mother” because it was believed to originate in the womb.

She then said, “Fetch her, fetch my mother.”

Her husband exited to get Dame Purecraft.  
She then moaned and pretended to faint.

— 1.6 —

Her husband returned with her mother.

Dame Purecraft said, “Now may the blaze of the beauteous discipline frighten away this evil from our house!”

The “beauteous discipline” was Puritanism.

She then said, “How are you, Win-the-fight, child? How are you? Sweet child, speak to me!”

Mrs. Win Littlewit said, “Yes, indeed.”

Dame Purecraft said, “Look up, sweet Win-the-fight, and do not allow the enemy to enter you at this door.”

The “door” was the craving to eat the meat of a suckling pig, but there was a suggestion of the enemy entering her vagina. Witches sometimes testified at trials that an incubus or demon had seduced them.

She continued, “Remember that your education has been with the purest. Which polluted one was it that mentioned first the unclean beast to you, child?”

The unclean beast was the pig. The Puritans took the Old Testament seriously.

Leviticus 5:2 states, “*Or if a soul touch any unclean thing, whether it be a carcase of an unclean beast, or a carcase of unclean cattle, or the carcase of unclean creeping things, and if it be hidden from him; he also shall be unclean, and guilty*” (King James Version).

Deuteronomy 14:8 states, “*And the swine, because it divideth the hoof, yet cheweth not the cud, it is unclean unto you: ye shall not eat of their flesh, nor touch their dead carcase*” (King James Version).

Mrs. Win Littlewit moaned.

Mr. John Littlewit said, “I didn’t mention the unclean beast to her, not I, I swear on my sincerity, mother-in-law!

She craved pig meat for over three hours before she would let me know it.”

He then asked, “Who was it, Win?”

She replied, “A profane black thing with a beard, John.”

This was a description of an incubus or a demon.

Dame Purecraft said, “Oh, resist it, Win-the-fight, it is the tempter, the wicked tempter, you may know it by the fleshly desire for pig; be strong against it, and its foul temptations, in these assaults, whereby it pierces flesh and blood, as it were on the weaker side. Pray against its carnal provocations. Good child, sweet child, pray.”

Mr. John Littlewit said, “Good mother-in-law, I beg you to allow her to eat some pig, and her bellyful, too. Do not cast away your own child, and perhaps one of mine, with your tale of the tempter.”

His wording was ambiguous: “perhaps one [a child] of mine” made it sound as if he were not the man responsible for his wife’s pregnancy. Possibly, he meant that his wife’s pregnancy was so far advanced that even if she died there was a chance the baby would live.

He then asked, “How do you do, Win? Are you very sick?”

“Yes, a great deal, John,” Mrs. Win Littlewit replied, and she moaned.

Dame Purecraft said, “What shall we do? Call our zealous brother Zeal-of-the-land Busy. He will be a faithful fortification against this charge of the adversary.”

“Brother” meant “brother in Christ,” not biological or legal brother.

Mr. John Littlewit exited to get Zeal-of-the-land Busy.

Dame Purecraft said, “Child, my dear child, you shall eat pig. Be comforted, my sweet child.”

“Yes, but in the fair, mother,” Mrs. Win Littlewit said.

Dame Purecraft said, “Yes, I mean in the fair, if it can be in any way made or found lawful.”

A religious person — such as Zeal-of-the-land Busy — was needed to make a ruling that the Puritan religion permitted Win to go to Bartholomew Fair and eat suckling pig.

Mr. John Littlewit returned.

Dame Purecraft asked, “Where is our brother Busy? Won’t he come?”

She then said to her daughter, “Look up, child.”

Mr. John Littlewit said, “He will come right away, mother-in-law, as soon as he has cleaned his beard. I found him fastened by the teeth to the cold turkey-pie in the cupboard, with a great white loaf of bread on his left, and a glass of malmsey wine on his right.”

Dame Purecraft said, “Don’t slander the brethren, wicked one.”

Mr. John Littlewit replied, “Here he is now, purified, mother-in-law.”

“Purified” meant “cleansed of sin” and “with his beard wiped.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy entered the room.

Dame Purecraft said, “Oh, brother Busy! Your help is needed here to edify and raise us up in a scruple of conscience. My daughter, Win-the-fight, has been visited with a natural disease of women, called a longing to eat pig.”

“Yes, sir, a Bartholomew pig,” Mr. John Littlewit said, “and at Bartholomew Fair.”

Dame Purecraft said, “And I would be satisfied from you, religiously wise, whether a widow of the sanctified assembly, or a widow’s daughter, may commit the act of eating pig without offence to the weaker sisters.”

Jewish Rabbis would allow such things as eating during fast days if it were necessary to save the person’s life.

Someone could argue that if a pregnant woman — Mrs. Win Littlewit — had a craving for a certain food, it might be because that food had nutrients that the baby she was

carrying needed and that therefore the pregnant woman ought to be allowed to eat that food. That reasoning applied to pregnant women, but Dame Purecraft was not pregnant. She just wanted to eat the meat of a suckling pig and so she wanted a ruling that it was OK for her, as well as her daughter, to eat pig.

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, “Verily, for the disease of longing, it is a disease, a carnal disease, or appetite, incident to women; and as it is carnal and incident, it is natural, very natural. Now pig, it is a meat, and a meat that is nourishing and may be longed for, and so consequently eaten; it may be eaten; it may be very exceedingly well eaten. But in the fair, and as a Bartholomew pig, it cannot be eaten, for the very calling it a Bartholomew pig, and to eat it so, is a kind of idolatry, and you make the fair no better than one of the high places. This, I take it, is the state of the question: a high place.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy believed that calling a roasted suckling pig a Bartholomew pig was idolatrous because Bartholomew was the name of a Catholic saint.

The Bible refers to high places that were the locations of idolatry. For example, Leviticus 26:30 states, “*And I will destroy your high places, and cut down your images, and cast your carcasses upon the carcasses of your idols, and my soul shall abhor you*” (King James Version).

“Yes, but in state of necessity,” Mr. John Littlewit said, “place should give place, Mr. Zeal-of-the-land Busy.”

He was punning on “place,” which can mean 1) a physical location, and 2) social standing.

He thought, *I can still make a pun.*

Dame Purecraft said, “Good brother Zeal-of-the-land, think to make it as lawful as you can.”

“Yes, do that, sir,” Mr. John Littlewit said, “and as soon as you can, for the eating of pig must be permitted, sir — you see the danger my little wife is in, sir.”

Dame Purecraft said, "Truly, I do love my child dearly, and I would not have her miscarry, or hazard her first-fruits, if it might be otherwise."

The "first-fruits" were the firstborn children.

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, "Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subject to construction, subject, and has a face — an appearance — of offence with the weak, a great face, a foul face; but that face may have a veil put over it, and be shadowed as it were; it may be eaten, and in the fair, I take it, in a booth, the tents of the wicked: the place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in the midst of the profane, so long as the pig is eaten with a reformed mouth, with sobriety and humbleness, and not gorged in with gluttony or greediness — there's the danger: For, should she go there, as taking pride in the place, or delight in the unclean dressing, to feed the vanity of the eye, or lust of the palate, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good."

The Bible may say not to eat swine because it is an unclean animal, but according to Zeal-of-the-land Busy, swine can be eaten with a "reformed" mouth — that is, a Puritan mouth. In other words, he wanted to eat the meat of a suckling pig.

Mr. John Littlewit said, "I knew that before, and I told Win that — but take courage, Win, we'll be humble enough, we'll seek out the homeliest booth in the fair, that's for certain; rather than fail to eat pig, we'll eat it on the ground."

Dame Purecraft said, "Yes, and I'll go with you myself, Win-the-fight, and my brother Zeal-of-the-land shall go with us, too, for our better consolation."

This was good consolation for Zeal-of-the-land Busy because he wanted to eat pig.

Mrs. Win Littlewit moaned.

Mr. John Littlewit said, "Yes, and Solomon shall go, too, Win — the more the merrier."



He whispered to her, “Win, we’ll leave Rabbi Busy in a booth.”

He then said loudly, “Solomon! Bring me my cloak.”

Solomon entered the room, carrying Mr. John Littlewit’s cloak.

“Here it is, sir,” Solomon said.

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, “In the way of comfort to the weak, I will go and eat. I will eat exceedingly, and prophesy; there may be a good use made of eating pig, too, now I think about it. By the public eating of swine’s flesh, I will profess the Puritans’ hatred and loathing of Judaism, whereof the brethren stand accused of favoring too much. I will therefore eat, yes, I will eat exceedingly.”

Casuistry is reasoning applied to solving religious and ethical problems. It can be done either well or badly. When done badly, it can be used to justify incorrect decisions and be used as a basis to do what one wants to do rather than what one ought to do.

Zeal-of-the-land Busy was saying that he would go to the fair and pig out on pig as a way to provide comfort to the weak and as a way to show that Puritans such as himself were not overly sympathetic to the Jews although both religious groups took the Old Testament seriously.

Mr. John Littlewit said, “Good, indeed, I will eat heartily, too, because I will be no Jew. I could never abide that stiff-necked generation that rejects Jesus as the Christ, and truly, I hope my little one will be like me, my little one who cries for pig so in the mother’s belly.”

“That is very likely, exceeding likely, very exceeding likely,” Zeal-of-the-land Busy said.

## CHAPTER 2

## — 2.1 —

At Bartholomew Fair, a number of booths were set up. Lantern Leatherhead, Joan Trash, and others were sitting by the wares they had for sale. Lantern Leatherhead sold toys such as hobbyhorses, and Joan Trash sold gingerbread.

Justice Adam Overdo, disguised as mad Arthur of Bradley, talked to himself. He was dressed like a Fool, aka professional jester.

He said, “Well, in justice’s name, and King James I’s, and for the commonwealth, aka public welfare, defy all the world, Adam Overdo, to see you in this disguise, and to see you through your fictional backstory, for you have furnished yourself with an excellent disguise, I swear.

“I would like to meet a Linceus now, that eagle’s eye, that piercing Epidaurian serpent (as my Quintus Horace calls him) who could discover a Justice of the Peace (and lately of the quorum) under this covering.”

Linceus was one of the Argonauts of Jason and the Argonauts fame. He was reputed to have such excellent eyesight that he could see what lay beneath grass. The serpents of Aesculapius, the god of medicine who was worshipped at Epidaurus, also had excellent eyesight.

Horace had criticized in a satire those who search for the faults of their friends with eyesight like that of an Epidaurian serpent; of course, such people are not so vigilant when searching for their own faults.

This is C. Smart’s 1863 translation of the passage: “When you look over your own vices, winking at them, as it were, with sore eyes; why are you with regard to those of your friends as sharp-sighted as an eagle, or the Epidaurian serpent?”

Adam Overdo was a Justice of the Peace, and he had recently been one of those experienced justices who were needed to make up a quorum.

Justice Overdo continued, “They may have seen many a Fool in the clothing of a justice; but never until now, a justice in the clothing of a Fool. Thus must we do, though, who stay awake and are on guard for the public good; and thus has the wise magistrate done in all ages.

“There is a doing of right out of wrong, if the way be found. Never shall I enough commend a worthy worshipful man who was once a leading member of this city, London, for his high wisdom in this point, who would wear now the distinctive clothing of a porter, now of a cartman, now of the dog-killer in this month of August, and in the winter the distinctive clothing of a seller of tinderboxes.”

Dogs were killed during times of plague because people thought animals carried the plague. Many dogs were killed during the dog days — the hot days following the rise of the star Sirius, aka the Dog Star, in Europe — of August. Traditionally, August was associated with the spread of rabies.

Justice Overdo continued, “And what would he do in all these shapes? Indeed, go into every alehouse, and down into every cellar; measure the length of sausages; calculate the volume of black pots and cans, yes, and of custards, with a measuring stick; and measure their circumference with a thread; weigh the loaves of bread on his middle finger.”

One of the most common offenses at Bartholomew Fair was selling underweight foodstuffs. Many verses of the Old Testament are very much concerned with giving proper weights. Not giving proper weight is a form of stealing.

Justice Overdo continued, “And if he found that the foodstuffs were underweight, then he would directly collect them and give the sausages to the poor, the bread to the hungry, the custards to his children, and he would break the pots and burn the cans himself. He would not trust his corrupt officers; instead, he would do it himself.

“I wish that all men in authority would follow this worthy precedent! For unfortunately, as we are public persons, what do we know? Indeed, what can we know? We hear with other men’s ears, and we see with other men’s eyes. A foolish constable or a sleepy watchman is the source of all our information. If he slanders a gentleman by the authority of his place, as he calls his office, then we, by the vice of ours, must believe him.

“Just a while ago, they made me — yes, me! — incorrectly take an honest zealous pursuivant, aka an officer with the power to search and to make arrests, to be a seminary, aka a Catholic priest who was educated in a seminary abroad. A constable, because of his position, can feel that he is able to slander a person of high position. And they made me incorrectly take a proper young bachelor of music to be a bawd — a pimp!

“We who have a high place in society are subject to this. All of our information is worthless, and most of those who provide information to us are knaves; and, by your leave, we ourselves are thought to be little better than, if not complete, fools for believing them.

“I, Adam Overdo, am resolved therefore not to pay money to informers hereafter, and instead to make my own discoveries. Many are the yearly enormities of this fair, in whose Pie-Powders Courts I have had the honor, during the three days, sometimes to sit as judge.”

“Enormities” was his word for “crimes.”

When people are assembled in large numbers, almost certainly some of those people are going to break the law. The Pie-Powders Court assembled at Bartholomew Fair in order to quickly judge those accused of offenses. The name was a corruption of the French *pied-poudreux*, which means “dusty feet.” Many people walked long distances to get to the fair.

Justice Overdo continued, “But this is the special day for detection of those foresaid enormities. Here is my black

book for the purpose; this is the cloud that hides me; under this covert disguise I shall see and not be seen.”

He intended to write the names of offenders in his black book. In ancient epics, a god or goddess would hide a hero in a cloud so that other people would not notice him.

Justice Overdo continued, “On, Junius Brutus. And as I began, so I’ll end: in justice’s name, and the King’s, and for the commonwealth!”

Lucius Junius Brutus pretended to be a fool in order to deceive Lucius Tarquinius Superbus, the last of the Roman Kings. He was able to banish King Lucius Tarquinius Superbus, thereby establishing the Roman Republic. He then became a judge and acquired a reputation for being a very strict judge after sentencing his own sons to death when they were discovered plotting to reestablish Tarquinius as King.

Justice Overdo went close to the booths and stood near enough to eavesdrop on Lantern Leatherhead and Joan Trash.

## — 2.2 —

Lantern Leatherhead complained to Joan Trash, “The fair’s as dead as if the plague were abroad, I think. People are not coming abroad to the fair today, whatever the matter is.

“Do you hear me, sister Trash, lady of the basket? Sit farther away with your gingerbread progeny there, and don’t block the sightline of my shop, or I’ll have it proclaimed in the fair what ingredients your gingerbread men are made of.”

The gingerbread progeny consisted of gingerbread men.

Joan Trash said, “Why, what ingredients they are made of, brother Leatherhead? Nothing but what’s wholesome, I assure you.”

The word “brother” can mean simply “male fellow human being,” as it does here.

Lantern Leatherhead said, “Yes, stale bread, rotten eggs, musty ginger, and dead honey, you know.”

Honey has so much sugar that it won’t go bad, but it can crystalize, although that is not necessarily bad.

Justice Overdo wrote in his black book while saying quietly to himself, “Have I met with enormity so soon?”

“I shall mar your market, old Joan,” Lantern Leatherhead said.

Joan Trash said, “Mar my market, thou too-proud peddler! Do thy worst, I defy thee, I, and thy stable of hobbyhorses. I pay for my ground as well as thou do. If thou wrong me, for all thou are parcel-poet and an engineer, I’ll find a friend who shall right me, and make a ballad about thee, and thy cattle all over.”

Lantern Leatherhead was aggressive, but he had been using the respectful pronouns “you” and “your”; still, he had gotten Joan Trash angry, and she was using the pronouns “thou” and “thy” and “thee” when referring to him. A person of higher class would use these pronouns when talking to a person of lower class. Friends, however, could use the pronouns “thou” and “thy” and “thee” when talking to each other.

The word “cattle” referred to the hobbyhorses.

She called Lantern Leatherhead a parcel-poet, aka a part-poet, and an engineer, aka an inventor or devisor. In addition to selling toys, he did such things as devise puppet-plays.

The two had to pay money to rent land on which to place their booths.

One way to get revenge on someone was to write a scurrilous ballad about that person.

She added, “Are you puffed up with the pride of your wares? Your arsedine?”

Arsedine was imitation gold leaf used to decorate toys.

Lantern Leatherhead said, “Ha, old Joan, I’ll talk with you soon, and humble you and take you down, too, before Justice Overdo: He is the man who must charm — subdue — you. I’ll have you in the Pie-Powders Court.”

Joan Trash said, “Charm me! I’ll meet thee face to face, before his worship, when thou dare, and although I am a little crooked in my body, I shall be found as upright in my business dealings as any woman in Smithfield, I will — charm me!”

Justice Overdo said quietly to himself, “I am glad to hear my name is their terror yet; this is the doing of justice.”

A number of fairgoers showed up and walked by them.

Lantern Leatherhead shouted, “What do you lack? What is it you are buying? What do you lack? Rattles, drums, toy halberds, toy horses, the best dolls, the finest fiddles!”

A halberd is a weapon: a spear combined with a battleax.

Costardmonger, followed by Nightingale, arrived. Costardmonger sold fruit, and Nightingale sold and sang ballads.

Costardmonger shouted, “Buy pears, pears, fine, very fine pears!”

Joan Trash shouted, “Buy gingerbread, gilt gingerbread!”

Gingerbread was decorated with fake gold gilt made with copper and zinc.

Nightingale shouted, “Hey,” to draw attention to himself.

Then he sang this song:

*“Now the fair’s a filling!*

*“Oh, for a tune to startle*

*“The birds o’ the booths here billing [courting],*

*“Yearly with old Saint Bartle [Bartholomew]!”*

*“The drunkards they are wading [staggering, half seas over — aka half-drunk],*

*“The punks [prostitutes] and chapmen [merchants] trading;*

*“Who’d see the fair without his lading [without buying something]?”*

*“Buy any ballads, new ballads?”*

Ursla the pig-woman came out from her booth. She was one of those who served pig at the fair.

“Damn it,” she said. “Who would wear out their youth and prime like this, in the roasting of pigs, who had any cooler vocation? Hell’s a kind of cold cellar to this, a very fine cool vault, I swear on my conscience!”

She shouted, “Mooncalf!”

A mooncalf is a born fool or a person with a deformed body. Mooncalf was also the name of her employee.

Mooncalf said, “Here I am, boss.”

Nightingale asked, “How are you now, Ursla? In a heat, in a heat? In a temper?”

Ursla said to Mooncalf, “Bring me my chair, you false faucet, you; and my morning’s draught, quickly, a bottle of ale, to quench me, rascal.”

A faucet is used to drain beer from a barrel, but Ursla was using the word to refer to Mooncalf, who served her as a bartender and server.

She then said, “I am all fire and fat, Nightingale. I shall quite melt away to the first woman, and be only a rib again, I am afraid. I water the ground in knots, as I go, like a large garden watering pot; you may follow me by the S’s I make.”

“Knots” are intricate designs. When she talked about watering the ground, she could have meant with her sweat or with her urine.

Nightingale said, “That’s a pity, good Urse!”

He then asked, “Was Ezekiel here this morning?”

“Ezekiel?” Ursla asked. “Who’s Ezekiel?”



“Ezekiel Edgworth, the civil cutpurse, you know him well enough,” Nightingale said. “He is the one who always talks bawdy to you. I call him my secretary, aka keeper of secrets.”

A civil cutpurse is a well-dressed, seemingly gentlemanly pickpocket.

“He promised to be here this morning, I remember,” Ursula said.

Nightingale said, “When he comes, ask him to stay here. I’ll be back again quickly.”

“Best take your morning’s dew and due in your belly, Nightingale,” Ursula said.

By “morning’s dew and due,” she meant the first drink of the day.

Mooncalf came back with a chair and a bottle of ale for Ursula.

“Come, sir, set it here,” Ursula said. “Didn’t I say you should get a chair let out on the sides for me so that my hips might have room to move? You’ll never think of anything until your boss — me — has a chafed rump. You think this is a good chair, changeling, because it can accommodate your skinny grasshopper’s thighs — you care for nothing more than your own comfort.”

A “changeling” is an ugly or foolish fairy baby the fairies have left in exchange for an attractive human baby.

Ursula continued, “Now, you look as if you had been in the corner of the booth, burning the fleas in your breeches with a candle’s end, and accidentally set fire to the fair.”

In other words, perhaps, he looked as if he had set his fart on fire and thereby accidentally set the fair on fire.

She continued, “Fill my glass, Stote, fill it.”

“Stote” is an obsolete form of “stoat,” the name of an animal of the weasel family. It is thin.

Mooncalf poured her some ale, which she drank.

The disguised Justice Overdo wrote and said quietly to himself, “I know this pig-woman, and I will put her name

in my black book, for my second enormity. She has been before me, punk, pinnacle, and bawd, any time these two and twenty years upon record in the Pie-Powders.”

Ursla was an enormity because of both her great size and her criminality. A “punk” is a prostitute, and a “pinnacle” is a go-between — the pinnacle goes between the prostitute and the customer.

Ursla ordered Mooncalf, “Fill my glass again, you unlucky vermin!”

Mooncalf said, “Please don’t be angry, mistress. I’ll have the chair widened soon.”

Ursla said, “No, no, I shall steadily dwindle in weight until I fit in the chair. That will happen before the fair is over, as you may think, now you have heated me with anger. I am a poor vexed thing. I feel myself dropping in weight already as fast as I can; two stones of suet a day is my estimate of what I am losing.”

A “stone” is a measure of weight: fourteen pounds. “Suet” is fat.

She continued, “I can hold life and soul together only with this.”

She lifted her glass and said, “Here’s to you, Nightingale.”

She drank and then continued, “And with a whiff of tobacco at most. Where’s my tobacco pipe now? Not filled!”

She said to Mooncalf, “You arrant incubee.”

An “incubee” is the child of a woman and the night-demon known as the incubus.

Nightingale said, “Careful, Ursla, or you’ll chafe between the tongue and the teeth with fretting, now.”

Ursla complained about Mooncalf, “How can I hope that he’ll ever discharge his place of trust as a tapster, a man of reckoning under me, who remembers nothing I say to him?”

A “man of reckoning” is 1) “a VIP,” or 2) “a man who reckons.” Mooncalf reckoned up the bills of people at Ursula’s booth.

“Under me” meant “my employee,” but it could also mean “under me sexually.”

Nightingale exited.

Ursula said to Mooncalf, “But look to it, sirrah. It is best for you to look after doing your job right.”

She then thought out loud about money, “Three-pence a pipe-full, I will have made, of all my whole half-pound of tobacco, and a quarter of a pound of the weed known as colt’s-foot mixed with it, too, to adulterate and eke it out. I, who have dealt so long in the fire, will not be at a loss in smoke, now.

“Then six and twenty shillings a barrel I will raise from my beer, and fifty shillings a hundred on my bottle-ale.”

This was more than a barrel of beer was normally worth, but she had tricks to use to get more money from her beer and to sell more beer.

She continued talking to Mooncalf, ‘I have told you the ways how to raise the amount of money we get for our alcohol. Froth your mugs well in the filling, at length, rogue.”

By holding the beer mugs well below the faucet while filling them, she and Mooncalf would be selling more froth and less beer.

She added, “And jog your bottles on the buttocks, sirrah.”

Hitting the bottles of ale on the buttocks would cause the ale to froth up. Some would be spilled, causing the drinker to buy more and thus increase Ursula’s profits.

She continued, “Then always pour out the first glass, and drink with all companies, although you will be sure to be drunk; you’ll misreckon the better, and be less ashamed of it.”

Pouring out the first drink for a customer was good service and a chance to get friendly with the customer so the bartender could drink with him. When bills were misreckoned, they were always misreckoned in Ursula's favor and never in the customer's.

She continued, "But your true trick, rascal, must be, to be always busy, and mis-take away the bottles and mugs, in haste, before they are half drunk off, and never hear any body call (if they should chance to see you) until you have brought fresh drinks, and be able to forswear them. Give me a drink of ale."

Justice Overdo said quietly while writing, "This is the very womb and bed of enormity! It is as gross as she herself is! This must all be written down for enormity, all of it, every whit of it."

He then knocked on her booth.

Ursula said, "Look who's there, sirrah. Five shillings a pig is my price, at least. If it is a sow pig, sixpence more. If the customer is a great-bellied, pregnant wife, and she longs for it, then sixpence more for that."

Justice Overdo said to himself, "*Oh, tempora! Oh, mores!*"

He was quoting Cicero's *First Oration Against Catiline*. The Latin meant, "Oh, the times! Oh, the customs!" Cicero was saying that the age and society that would produce a rebel such as Catiline was bad.

Justice Overdo then said to himself, "I would not have lost my discovery of this one grievance, for my honorable position on the judicial bench. How the poor customer is abused here! Well, I will fall in with her, and with her Mooncalf, and seek out wonders of enormity."

He came forward so that Ursula could see him and said, "I walk in here by your leave, goodly woman, and the fatness of the fair, as oily as the King's constable's lamp, and as shining as his shoeing-horn!"

Horn, when sliced thinly, is transparent and is used in lanterns. Because of this, horn became associated with brightness, and proverbially a drunkard's nose was as bright as a shoeing-horn.

The disguised Justice Overdo asked, "Does your ale have virtue, or your beer strength, so that the tongue of man may be tickled, and his palate pleased in the morning? Let your pretty nephew here go search and see."

The pretty nephew was Mooncalf. At the time, "pretty" meant "clever" as well as its usual meaning.

Ursula and Mooncalf were not necessarily biologically related.

"What new roarer — roisterer — is this?" Ursula asked.

Mooncalf said, "Oh, Lord! Don't you know him, boss? He is mad Arthur of Bradley, who makes orations."

He then said, "Excellent mister, old Arthur of Bradley, how are you? Welcome to the fair! When shall we hear you again talk about your concerns with your back against a booth, hmm? I have been one of your little disciples, in my days. I have heard your orations before."

The disguised Justice Overdo said, "Let me drink, boy, with my love, your aunt, here, so that I may be eloquent. But let me drink of your best, lest it be bitter in my mouth, and my words fall foul on people attending the fair."

Ursula asked Mooncalf, "Why don't you fetch him something to drink, and ask him to sit?"

"Is it ale or beer you want, Mr. Arthur?" Mooncalf asked.

The disguised Justice Overdo said, "I want your best, pretty stripling, your best. I want the same that your turtledove drinks and that you pour on religious holy days."

Ursula said, "Bring him a sixpenny bottle of ale. They say that a Fool's handsel is lucky."

A "handsel" is the first money taken in for the day.

The disguised Justice Overdo said, "Bring both, child."

He sat down and said, "Ale for Arthur, and Beer for Bradley. And bring ale for your aunt, boy."

Mooncalf exited.

The disguised Justice Overdo thought, *My disguise is working to the full extent of my desires. I shall, by the benefit of this, discover enough, and more, evidence of wrongdoing, and yet get off with the reputation of what I am pretending to be: a certain middling thing in between a Fool and a madman.*

— 2.3 —

Jordan Knockem arrived. He was a horse-courser who bought and sold horses.

He said to Ursula, "What! My little lean Ursula! My she-bear! Are you still alive with your litter of pigs to grunt out another Bartholomew Fair? Ha!"

*Ursula* is a feminine derivative from the Latin *ursus*, which means "bear."

Jordan Knockem's humor, like the humor of other Bartholomew Fair lowlifes, was low and vulgar. Pregnant women were said to grunt out a baby; here, he was saying that Ursula would grunt out another Bartholomew Fair. Grunting is also done in defecation.

Ursula said, "Yes, and to amble a foot, when the fair is done, to hear you groan out of a cart going up the heavy hill —"

A heavy hill is a sorrowful hill. Ursula was referring to Holborn Hill, which criminals would travel as they were taken from Newgate prison to Tyburn gallows to be hung.

Jordan Knockem said, "I suppose you mean Holborn, Ursula. For what, for what, pretty Urse, would I be hung?"

"For cutting halfpenny purses, or for stealing little pennyworth toy dogs out of the fair," she replied.

A criminal could be hung for petty thief. At the time men carried what they called purses, although we would

probably call them moneybags. They were bags of money tied to the person with a string. A cutpurse would cut the string and steal the purse and its contents.

Jordan Knockem said, “Oh! Say good words, not those words, Urse.”

Justice Overdo thought, *Another special enormity. He is a cutpurse of the sword, the boot, and the feather! Those are his marks.*

Gentlemen often wore a sword and boots, and they often wore a feather in their hat.

Mooncalf returned with the ale and beer.

Ursula said to Jordan Knockem, “Are you one of those horse-leeches who spread the rumor that I was dead, in Turnbull Street, of a surfeit of bottle-ale and tripes?”

A horse-leech is either a veterinarian or a bloodsucker.

Prostitutes populated Turnbull Street.

Jordan Knockem said, “No, it was better food, Urse. It was cow’s udders — cow’s udders!”

Ursula said, “Well, I shall get even with your mumbling mouth one day.”

Jordan Knockem said, “What! You’ll poison me with a newt in a bottle of ale, will you? Or with a spider in a tobacco-pipe, Urse? Come, there’s no malice in these fat folks. I shall never fear fat people like you, as long as I can escape your lean Mooncalf here. Let’s drink our quarrel away, good Urse, and no vapors!”

“Vapors” was a favorite word of his, and it meant basically whatever he wanted it to mean. Often, it referred to quarrels, and often it referred to a person’s mood, especially a bad mood (unless qualified by the adjective “good”).

Ursula exited. She had to keep an eye on the roasting meat.

The disguised Justice Overdo said quietly to Mooncalf so that Jordan Knockem could not hear him, “Did you hear that, boy?”

He gave Mooncalf some money and said, “There’s for your ale, and the remnant is a tip for you.”

He then said, “Speak in your faith as a faucet, aka a bartender, now. Is this goodly person before us here, this ‘vapors,’ a knight of the knife?”

Mooncalf asked, “What do you mean by that, Mr. Arthur?”

The disguised Justice Overdo replied, “I mean a child of the horn-thumb, a babe of booty, boy, a cutpurse.”

Cutpurses wore a thimble made of horn over their thumb so they would not cut themselves while cutting the string of a purse.

Mooncalf said, “Oh, Lord, sir! He is far from it. This is Mr. Daniel Knockem: Jordan the ranger of Turnbull. He is a horse-courser, sir.”

He ranged over Turnbull Street and bought and sold horses.

The disguised Justice Overdo said, “Your dainty dame, Ursla, though, called him a cutpurse.”

Mooncalf replied, “Likely enough, sir, she’ll say forty such things in an hour (if you listen to her and keep count) for her recreation, if the whim takes residence in the greasy kerchief she wears on her head. Such language makes her fat, you see; she battens and grows fat with it.”

The disguised Justice Overdo thought, *Here I might have been deceived now and have put a fool’s blot upon myself, if I had not played an after-game of discretion!*

An after-game is a second game played in an attempt to recover losses from the first game.

Ursla returned, dripping with sweat.

Jordan Knockem said, “Alas, poor Urse! This is an ill season for you.”

“Go and hang yourself, hackney-man!” Ursla said.

A hackney-man kept horses to rent out. Prostitutes were sometimes called hackneys because they were ridden, and so a hackney-man could be a pimp.



Jordan Knockem said, “What! What! Urse! Vapors? Has exertion bred vapors in you?”

Ursla said, “Vapors! Don’t tusk, nor twirl your dibble, good Jordan. Don’t sneer at me and show your fangs, nor twirl the end of your beard.”

The word “tusk” as a verb meant to beat the bushes to scare out game. By sneering at Ursla, Jordan Knockem was trying to bait her into a quarrel.

She continued, “I know what you’ll take to the drop.”

In other words, she knew what he was capable of to the smallest quantity.

She continued, “Although you are Captain of the roarers, and fight well at the case of piss-pots, you shall not frighten me with your lion-jaws, sir, nor your fangs. You think you are angry, but you are hungry. Come, a pig’s head will stop your mouth, and stay your hunger at all times.”

The roarers are roisterers, aka rowdies. A case of pistols is a pair of pistols, but Ursla punned on his name — a jordan is a chamber pot — by saying “case of piss-pots.”

Jordan Knockem replied, “You are such another mad, merry Urse, still! Truly I feel guilty for vexing you, now in the dog-days, in this hot weather, for fear of foundering you in the body, and melting down a pillar of the fair.”

As a dealer of horses, he frequently used the terms of his trade. A foundering horse was an ill horse.

He continued, “Please take your chair again, and keep state like a Queen on a throne, and let’s have a fresh bottle of ale, and a pipe of tobacco, and no vapors: I’ll have this belly of yours taken up, and your grass scoured, wench.”

A horse’s belly could be taken up — reduced — through diet, including scouring — purging — its grass.

## — 2.4 —

Ezekiel Edgworth, who was a gentleman-resembling cutpurse, walked toward them.

Jordan Knockem saw him and said, “Look, here’s Ezekiel Edgworth; he is as fine a boy of his inches as any boy is in the fair! He always has money in his purse, and he will pay for everything with a kind heart and with good vapors.”

Ezekiel Edgworth was a young and small man, but a man who was willing to pick up the check. Of course, as a cutpurse, he paid the check with other people’s money.

He said, “That I will indeed, willingly, Mr. Knockem.”

He then ordered, “Fetch some ale and tobacco.”

Mooncalf exited to fill the order.

Things were picking up at the fair. More customers were arriving.

Lantern Leatherhead shouted, “What do you lack, gentlemen? Maiden, look at this fine hobbyhorse for the young boy you look after; it will cost you only a token amount per week for his provender.”

This was a joke. Toy horses don’t need provender, and of course, small boys don’t eat much.

Nightingale, a singer and seller of ballads, came back. Arriving at the same time were Corncutter, a man who cut people’s corns from their feet; and the mousetrap-man, who also sold tinderboxes.

Corncutter shouted, “Have you any corns on your feet and toes?”

The mousetrap-man shouted, “Buy a mousetrap, a mousetrap, or a trap for fleas?”

Joan Trash shouted, “Buy some gingerbread!”

Nightingale shouted, “Ballads, ballads! Fine new ballads!”

He then shouted, “Hear for your love, and buy for your money.”

In other words, “Hear ballads for your love, and buy ballads in exchange for your money.”

The ballads were here and could be heard — Nightingale sometimes sang the ballads he had for sale — and young gallants would, of course, want to buy ballads for the ladies they loved, and to do that took money.

Nightingale shouted, “I have a delicate ballad about the ferret and the coney.”

Literally, ferrets and coneys are animals. A coney is a rabbit. In criminals’ language, however, a ferret is a criminal and a coney is a sucker, but many obscene ballads used “ferret” to mean “penis” and “coney” to mean “lady.” For example:

*“I put it in again.*

*“It found her out at last.*

*“The coney then between her legs*

*“Held my ferret fast.”*

Nightingale shouted, “I have ‘A Preservative Against the Punk’s Evil.’”

A punk is a prostitute, and the punk’s evil is venereal disease. “A Preservative Against the Punk’s Evil” is a strange name for a song. Perhaps Nightingale meant that his ballads were a preservative against the punk’s evil. Singing instead of f\*\*king is a way to avoid the punk’s evil.

He added, “Another ballad is about goose-green starch and the Devil.”

In this song, a vain woman was dissatisfied with the way her ruffs were starched and she vowed to go to the Devil before she wore one of those ruffs again. The Devil appeared to her in the guise of a handsome young man and starched her ruffs to perfection. She wore one of the ruffs, and he strangled her.

“Goose-green” is often called “goose-turd-green.” It is a yellowish-green color.

Nightingale shouted more titles:

“‘A Dozen of Divine Points.’

“‘The Godly Garters.’”

“‘A Dozen of Divine Points’ is a song containing twelve moral maxims.

“‘The Godly Garters’ is a song about garters that religiously inclined young men could wear to keep their socks from falling down. Some items of clothing such as vestments are thought to be godly, so why not garters?

Nightingale shouted, “The fairing of good counsel, of an ell and three-quarters.”

Possibly, this was the title of a song: “The Fairing of Good Counsel.” A fairing is a gift bought at a fair.

Some of Nightingale’s ballads were moral in nature and contained good counsel, and the paper on which they were printed was long. An ell is forty-five inches.

Nightingale shouted, “What is it you want to buy?

“‘The Windmill Blown Down by the Witch’s Fart’?

“Or ‘Saint George, Who — Oh! — did Break the Dragon’s Heart’?”

One way to break a dragon’s heart is to pull it out of the dragon’s body, as St. George did in one song.

Mooncalf returned with ale and tobacco.

Ezekiel Edgworth said, “Mr. Nightingale, come here, leave your selling for a little while.”

Nightingale went over to him and said, “Oh, my secretary — my keeper of secrets! What does my secretary want to say to me?”

They began to talk quietly.

The disguised Justice Overdo asked, “Child of the bottles, who is he? Who is he?”

He pointed to Ezekiel Edgworth.

Mooncalf replied, “Mr. Arthur of Bradley, he is a civil young gentleman who keeps company with the roarers and always disburses money to all of them. He always has money in his purse; he pays for them, and they roar for him. One does good offices for the other. They call him the

secretary, but he serves nobody. He is a great friend of the ballad-man's; they are never asunder."

The roarers assisted Ezekiel Edgworth. They created a distraction for him as he cut purses, and they served as bodyguards to him.

The disguised Justice Overdo said, "What a pity it is that so civil a young man should haunt this debauched company! Here's the bane of the youth of our time apparent. He is a proper penman. I see it in his countenance that he has a good clerk's look, and I warrant that he has a quick hand."

The disguised Justice Overdo meant that Ezekiel Edgworth could write quickly.

Mooncalf said, "He has a very quick hand, sir."

He meant that Ezekiel Edgworth could cut purse strings quickly.

Mooncalf exited.

Ezekiel Edgworth, Nightingale, and Ursula were whispering together. Justice Overdo could not hear them.

Ezekiel Edgworth said, "All the purses, and purchase, aka profit and booty, I give you today by conveyance, bring here to Ursula's immediately. Here we will meet at night in her lodge, and share. Look that you choose good places for your standing in the fair, when you sing, Nightingale."

They would work together at stealing. Nightingale would draw a crowd with his singing. Ezekiel Edgworth would cut the purse strings and stealthily give the purses to Nightingale, who would immediately take them to Ursula, who would hide them until everybody met that night and divided up the booty.

Ursula said, "Yes, sing near the most crowded passageways; and often change where you sing."

Ezekiel Edgworth said, "And in your singing, you must use your hawk's eye nimbly, and always fly the purse to a mark, where it is worn, and on which side. That

information you may give me by making a sign with your beak, or hang your head that way in the tune.”

“Use your hawk’s eye nimbly, and always fly the purse to a mark” meant “always watch where people put away their purse on their person and communicate that information to me.” He was using the language of hunting. A trained hawk would indicate to a hunter where the quarry had gone; it would fly after the quarry and mark, aka notice and show, where the quarry was hidden.

Ursla said, “Enough, talk no more about it. Your friendship, masters, is not now to begin: You have worked together before. Drink your draught of indenture, your sup of covenant, and leave.”

The “draught of indenture” and the “sup of covenant” meant drinking a draught — draft beer — to an agreement, a business contract. “Covenant” is a religious term that many people would say ought not to be used in this particular context.

Ursla continued, “The fair fills quickly, customers begin to come in, and I haven’t a pig ready yet.”

“Well said!” Jordan Knockem exclaimed. “Fill the cups, and light the tobacco. Let’s give fire in the works, and noble vapors.”

Ezekiel Edgworth asked, “And shall we have smocks, Ursla, and good whimsies!”

“Whimsies” are found between the legs of prostitutes.

“Come, you are in your bawdy vein!” Ursla said. “You will have the best the fair will afford, Ezekiel, if Captain Whit the bawd keeps his word.”

Mooncalf returned.

“How are the pigs doing, Mooncalf?” Ursla asked.

“They are very passionate, boss,” Mooncalf replied. “One of them has wept out an eye.”

This indicated that the meat was close to being completely roasted.

“Master Arthur of Bradley is melancholy here,” Mooncalf said. “Nobody talks to him. Will you have some tobacco, Mr. Arthur?”

“No, boy,” the disguised Justice Overdo replied. “Let my meditations alone.”

Mooncalf said, “He’s preparing so he can make an oration, now.”

The disguised Justice Overdo said to himself, “If I can with this day’s travail, and all my policy, only rescue this youth here out of the hands of the lewd man and the strange woman, I will sit down at night, and say with my friend Ovid, *‘Iamque opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira nec ignis / nec poterit ferrum nec edax abolere vetustas.’*”

This is a public-domain translation by Frank Justus Miller of Ovid’s passage: “And now my work is done, which neither the wrath of Jove, nor fire, nor sword, nor the gnawing tooth of time shall ever be able to undo.” The work was Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, which was first published in 8 C.E.

Justice Overdo wanted to rescue Ezekiel Edgworth, whose conversation with the others he had heard. A “strange woman” is a harlot.

Jordan Knockem, who was not in on the conversation, said, “Here, Ezekiel, here’s a health to Ursla, and a kind vapor; you always have money in your purse, and abundance! How do you come by it? I beg you to vapor your friends some in a courteous vapor.”

Ezekiel Edgworth said, “Half of what I have, Mr. Daniel Knockem, is always at your service.”

The disguised Justice Overdo said to himself, “He has a sweet nature! What hawk would prey upon such a lamb?”

Jordan Knockem said, “Let’s see what half comes to, Ezekiel. Count it.”

He said to Mooncalf, “Come, fill his glass so he can drink a toast with me.”

## — 2.5 —

Mr. Winwife and Quarlous arrived.

Mr. Winwife said, “We have gotten here before Bartholomew Cokes and the others, I think.”

“That’s all the better,” Quarlous said. “We shall see them come into the fair, now.”

Lantern Leatherhead shouted in order to sell his toys, “What do you lack, gentlemen? What is it you lack? A fine horse? A lion? A bull? A bear? A dog? Or a cat? An excellent fine Bartholomew-bird? Or a musical instrument? What is it you lack?”

He had toy birds and fiddles for sale.

Quarlous said, “By God’s lid! Here’s Orpheus among the beasts, with his fiddle and all!”

Orpheus was a famous musician from mythological times who was reputed to be able to charm people, beasts, and even stones with his musical ability. His wife died, and he made his way to the Land of the Dead in order to convince Hades, King of the Dead, to release her. His music charmed Hades, who agreed to let her return to the Land of the Living on one condition: Orpheus could not look at her until after she had stepped into the Land of the Living. If Orpheus looked at her before then, she would return to the Land of the Dead. Orpheus agreed, and they made their way back toward the Land of the Living. Orpheus stepped into the Land of the Living and turned to face his wife, but she had one more step to go to reach the Land of the Living. She said, “Farewell,” and returned to the Land of the Dead.

Joan Trash shouted, “Will you buy any comfortable bread, gentlemen?”

Gingerbread is a comfort food.

Quarlous said, “And here Ceres is selling her daughter’s picture in gingerwork.”



Ceres was the mother of Proserpina, who was kidnapped by Hades. Ceres mourned, and since she was the goddess of agriculture, when she mourned nothing would grow. She was able to make an arrangement in which her daughter would spend six months of the year with her and be Queen of the Land of the Dead the other six months.

Proserpina and Ceres are Roman names. Proserpina's Greek name is Persephone, and Ceres' Greek name is Demeter.

Bartholomew Fair was something like Hell, with Ursula's hot fire for roasting pigs the center of Hell. People such as Orpheus and goddesses such as Ceres could grapple with Hades, but they could win at best only partial victories.

Mr. Winwife said, "I can't believe that these people are so ignorant as to think us customers for them! Do we look as if we would buy gingerbread or hobbyhorses?"

Quarlous replied insightfully, "Why, they know no better wares than they have, nor better customers than come to the fair, and our very being here makes us fit to be asked to buy their wares, as well as others. I wish that Bartholomew Cokes would come! He would be a true customer for them."

Jordan Knockem said to Ezekiel Edgworth, "How much is it? What's half of what you have? Thirty shillings?"

He looked up and said, "Who's yonder! Ned Winwife and Tom Quarulous, I think! Yes."

He said to Ezekiel Edgworth, "Give it all to me! Give it all to me!"

Jordan Knockem shouted, "Mr. Winwife! Mr. Quarulous! Will you take a pipe of tobacco with us?"

He said to Ezekiel Edgworth, "Do not discredit me now, Ezekiel."

Ezekiel Edgworth handed him the money.

Mr. Winwife said to Quarlous, "Pretend not to see him. He is the roaring horse-courser. I plead to you: Let's avoid him. Let's turn and go down this way."

Quarlous said, "By God's blood, I'll see him, and roar with him, too, even if he should roar as loud as Neptune. Please go with me."

Neptune, god of the ocean, roars loudly during hurricanes and other sea-storms.

Mr. Winwife said, "You may draw me to as likely an inconvenience, when you please, as this."

In other words: If you want to inconvenience me as much as you can do now, you can do so at another time when you please. So don't inconvenience me now, but do so at a later time.

Quarlous said, "Bah, come along; we have nothing to do, man, but to see the sights now."

Mr. Winwife didn't want to see Jordan Knockem, but he also didn't want to lose Quarlous' company. They had plans to enjoy watching Bartholomew Cokes make a fool of himself at the fair.

Mr. Winwife and Quarlous went to the booth where Jordan Knockem was sitting.

Jordan Knockem greeted them: "Welcome, Mr. Quarlous and Mr. Winwife. Will you take any froth and smoke with us?"

Quarlous said, "Yes, sir, but you'll pardon us if we knew not of so much familiarity between us before."

Quarlous and Mr. Winwife were higher up in society than Jordan Knockem.

Jordan Knockem asked, "So much familiarity as what, sir?"

Quarlous replied, "To be so lightly invited to smoke and froth."

"A 'good' vapor!" Jordan Knockem said. "Will you sit down, sir? This is old Ursla's 'mansion'; how do you like her bower?"

It wasn't a mansion, but tree boughs shaded it, so it was a bower.

Jordan Knockem continued, "Here you may have your punk and your pig in state, sir, both piping hot."

A punk is a prostitute. He wanted a sexually hot prostitute.

Quarlous said, "I had rather have my punk cold, sir."

He wanted a prostitute who was not feverish as a result of being infected with venereal disease.

The disguised Justice Overdo said to himself, "There's information for me: Punk! And pig!"

From inside, where the pigs were roasting, Ursula called, "Mooncalf, you rogue!"

Mooncalf shouted back, "Coming! The bottle is almost empty, boss."

He poured some ale and said, "Here, Mr. Arthur."

Ursula shouted, "I'll part you and your playfellow there in the braid-trimmed coat, if you don't sunder yourself from him damn quickly."

The disguised Justice Overdo was not wearing the Fool's old-fashioned motley costume, but instead a newer fashion for Fools: a long coat with braid trimming and embroidery.

Jordan Knockem said, "Mr. Winwife, you are proud, I think. You are not talking, nor are you drinking. Are you proud?"

"Not of the company I am in, sir, nor of the place, I assure you," Mr. Winwife replied.

"You do not take exception to the company, do you!" Jordan Knockem asked. "Are you in vapors, sir?"

Mooncalf said, "Now, good Mr. Daniel Knockem, respect my mistress's bower, as you call it. For the honor of our booth, let's have none of your vapors here."

Ursula appeared, carrying a firebrand.

She said to Mooncalf, "Why, you thin, lean polecat you! If they have a mind to be in their vapors, must you

hinder them? How would you know, vermin, if they would have lost a cloak, or such another ‘trifle’?”

Losing a cloak was not a trifling matter; fine clothing is and was expensive.

She continued, “Must you be breathing the air of pacification here, while I am tormented within by the fire, you weasel?”

Mooncalf said, “Good boss, it was in behalf of your booth’s credit and reputation that I spoke.”

Ursla said, “Why, would my booth have broken, if they had fallen out in it, sir? Or would their heat have set it on fire? Go in, you rogue, and baste the pigs, and tend the fire, so that the pigs won’t fail, or I’ll both baste and roast you until your eyes drop out like those of the pigs. Leave the bottle behind you, and be curst awhile!”

One then-current meaning of the word “baste” was “beat.”

Since Ursla’s fire was the center of the “Hell” of Bartholomew Fair, Mooncalf would be cursed for a while as he tended the fire.

Mooncalf exited.

Quarlous said, “Body of the fair! What’s this? Who is she? Mother of the bawds?”

Jordan Knockem said, “No, she’s mother of the pigs, sir, mother of the pigs.”

Mr. Winwife said, “Mother of the Furies, I think, judging by her firebrand.”

The Furies were avenging goddesses with snakes for hair. They punished wrongdoers in ancient Greece.

Quarlous said, “No, she is too fat to be a Fury.”

Fat people are supposed to be jolly. The Furies were thin.

He continued, “She is surely some walking sow made of tallow!”

Mr. Winwife said, “She is an inspired vessel of kitchen stuff!”

An “inspired vessel” is a religiously inspired person who is filled with religious spirit.

Quarlous said, “She’ll make excellent stuff for the coach-makers here in Smithfield; they can use her tallow to anoint wheels and axletrees.”

“To anoint” means “to rub with oil as part of a religious ritual.”

While they were insulting her, Ursla had been drinking and listening. Now she spoke up and said, “Aye, aye, funsters, mock a plain plump soft wench of the suburbs, do, because she’s juicy and wholesome.”

The suburbs had less onerous laws than London, and so disreputable businesses congregated in the suburbs. Brothels and theaters were located in the suburbs.

She continued, “You must have your thin pinched ware, pent up in the compass of a dog-collar (or it will not do), that looks like a long striped conger eel, set upright and displaying a green feather, like fennel in the mouth of the eel.”

In other words, these men preferred thin ware, aka thin prostitutes.

Jordan Knockem said, “Well said, Urse, my good Urse! Go after them, Urse!”

Quarlous asked, “Is she your quagmire, Daniel Knockem? Is this your bog?”

“Quagmire” and “bog” in this context meant “vagina.”

Nightingale said, “We shall have a quarrel soon.”

Jordan Knockem said, “What! Bog! Quagmire? Foul vapors! Humph!”

“Foul vapors” in this context unintentionally meant “stinky crotch.”

Quarlous said, “Yes, he who would venture for her bog, I assure him, might sink into her and be drowned for a week before any friend he had could find out where he had disappeared.”

Mr. Winwife said, "And then he would be a fortnight raising him up again."

"Raising him up again" meant both 1) lifting him out of her vagina, and 2) giving him another erection.

Quarlous said, "It would be like falling into a whole shire of butter; it would take a team of Dutchmen to draw him out."

A stereotype of Dutchmen was that they loved butter.

Jordan Knockem said, "Answer them, Urse. Where's your Bartholomew wit now, Urse? Where's your Bartholomew wit?"

Ursula said, "Hang them, the rotten, roguey cheaters, I hope to see them plagued one day (poxed with venereal disease they are already, I am sure) with lean playhouse poultry that has the bony rump, sticking out like the ace of spades, or the point of a partisan, so that every rib of them is like the tooth of a saw; and will so grate them with their hips and shoulders, as (take them altogether) they might as well lie with and have sex with a rake."

"Lean playhouse poultry" referred to the thin prostitutes who picked up customers in and around the theaters.

A partisan is a long-handled (and therefore skinny) spear.

Quarlous said, "Damn her, look at how she drips with sweat! She's able to give a man the sweating sickness if he just looks at her."

Ursula said, "By Saint Mary, you had better look off since you have a patch on your face, and a dozen in your breeches, although they are made of scarlet, sir."

Quarlous' breeches were dyed scarlet, which was an expensive dye used on expensive clothing. In this society, patches were used to cover the sores of venereal disease. Ursula was saying that although Quarulous and Mr. Winwife were well-to-do, they were also well infected with venereal disease.

She continued, "I have seen people with as fine outsides as either of yours bring lousy linings to the brokers, before now, twice a week."

"Bring lousy linings to the brokers" had two meanings:  
 1) Bring lice-infected underwear to the pawnbrokers, and  
 2) Bring venereal disease-infected genitals to the bawds.

Quarlous said, "Do you think there may be a fine new cucking-stool in the fair, to be purchased: one large enough, I mean? I know there is a pond big enough for her."

The cucking-stool was a ducking-stool. Scolding women were publicly humiliated by being dunked into a pond.

Ursula said, "Use it for your mother, you rascal! Get out, you rogue, you hedge-bird, you pimp, you pannier-man's bastard, you!"

A hedge-bird was either someone born under a hedge, and therefore lower-class, or someone who stood near a hedge, such as a vagrant or a highwayman who robbed while on foot.

Quarlous laughed mockingly.

Ursula said to him, "Do you sneer, you dog's-head, you trundle-tail!"

A trundle-tail is a mongrel with a curly tail.

She continued, "You look as if you were begotten on top of a cart in harvest time, when the whelp — the bitch — was hot and eager. Go and sniff after your brother's bitch, Mistress Commodity."

A commodity can be many things, including female flesh. "Mistress Commodity" can mean "whore." The reference to "brother" was to Mr. Winwife, who had also insulted her and whom she did not know was single.

She continued, "That's the livery you wear; it will be out at the elbows shortly. It's time you went to it for the other remnant."

“Livery” is the clothing of a servant. She meant that Quarlous served a whore, perhaps as pimp, perhaps as servant. If as pimp, he needed to go back to work and make money off the whore so that he could replace his fine clothing when it wore out at the elbows. If as customer, his satiety would soon be worn out and he needed to go back and make use of the whore before she was completely shagged out.

Jordan Knockem said, “Peace, Urse. Peace, Urse.”

He whispered to Nightingale and Ezekiel Edgworth, “They’ll kill the poor whale, and make oil of her.”

He then said to Ursla, “Please, go inside your booth.”

Ursla said, “I’ll see them poxed first, and piled, and double piled.”

“Poxed” meant infected with syphilis.

“Piled” meant bald as a result of treatment for venereal disease.

“Double-piled” referred to layers of cloth. They would have two layers: 1) their regular breeches, and 2) cloth bandages for their venereal sores.

Mr. Winwife said to Quarlous, “Let’s go away now. Her language grows greasier than her pigs.”

Ursla said, “Does it now, Snotty-nose? Good lord! Are you sniveling? You were engendered on a she-beggar in a barn when the bald thrasher, your sire, was scarcely warm.”

According to Ursla, the thrasher — Mr. Winwife’s father — was bald, meaning in this context that he lacked any kind of vital force. That is, he was scarcely warm while having sex. This was an insult to Mr. Winwife as well as to his father. Being begotten by a sire who is hot at the planting of his semen is much better than having a sire who is scarcely warm at the planting of his semen.

Mr. Winwife said to Quarlous, “Please, let’s go now.”

Quarlous said, “No, indeed. I’ll stay for the end of her ranting now. I know she cannot last much longer. I find by her similes she is waning quickly.”



Ursla said, “Am I now? I’ll get you gone. Let me get my pig-pan here in a little bit, and I’ll scald you away from here, if you will not go.”

She exited to get a dripping-pan that was used to catch the hot fat dripping from the roasting pigs.

Jordan Knockem said, “Gentlemen, these are very strange vapors, and very idle vapors, I assure you.”

Quarlous said, “You are a very serious ass, we assure you.”

Jordan Knockem said, “Humph, ‘ass’! And you are serious! Well, then pardon me my vapor. I have a foolish vapor, gentlemen. Any man who does vapor me the ass, Mr. Quarlous —”

Quarlous interrupted, “What then, Mr. Jordan?”

Jordan Knockem said, “I do vapor him the lie.”

To say that a man is lying is a serious insult — one serious enough to lead to a duel.

Quarlous said, “Indeed, and to any man who vapors me the lie, I do vapor that.”

Quarlous hit Jordan Knockem.

Jordan Knockem said, “Now then, vapors upon vapors.”

They fought.

Ursla returned, carrying a dripping-pan full of hot pig-fat.

Ezekiel Edgworth shouted, “Beware of the pan, the pan, the pan!”

Nightingale shouted, “Here she comes with the pan, gentlemen!”

In the midst of all the fighting and confusion, Ursla fell with the pan, the contents of which splashed on her.

Ezekiel Edgworth shouted, “God bless the woman!”

Ursla screamed in pain.

Quarlous and Mr. Winwife ran away.

Joan Trash ran over and asked, “What’s the matter?”

The disguised Justice Overdo said, “Good woman!”

Mooncalf said, "Boss!"

Ursula shouted, "Curse of Hell! That ever I saw these fiends! Oh! I have scalded my leg, my leg, my leg, my leg! I have lost a limb in the service! Run for some cream and salad oil, quickly."

They would be used to treat the burn.

Mooncalf knelt to look at the burn.

Ursula said, "Are you looking up my skirt, you baboon?"

She then said, "Rip off my hose, if you are men, men, men."

Her stockings needed to be taken off so that her burn could be treated.

Mooncalf said to Joan Trash, "Run for some cream, good mother Joan. I'll look after your basket of gingerbread."

Joan Trash exited to get the cream.

Lantern Leatherhead said, "Best sit up in your chair, Ursula."

He then requested, "Help, gentlemen."

They lifted her into the chair.

Jordan Knockem said, "Be of good cheer, Urse; you have hindered me the currying of a couple of stallions here, that abused the good race-bawd of Smithfield; it was time for them to go."

"The currying of a couple of stallions here" meant "my beating Quarlous and Mr. Winwife." "Race bawd" meant that she was "the breeder of bawds." Bartholomew Fair was located at Smithfield.

Nightingale said quietly to Ezekiel Edgworth, "Indeed, when the pan came — they would have made Jordan Knockem run if not for that."

He added quietly, "This would have been a fine time for cutting purses, if you had ventured to try it."

Ezekiel Edgworth, an experienced cutpurse, replied, "Not a whit — these fellows were too fine to carry money."

Many wealthy people carry little money; wealthy people can usually get credit when they want it. A wealthy person who bought cloth at the fair, for example, would probably buy a lot of expensive cloth on credit and have it delivered.

Jordan Knockem said, "Nightingale, get some help to carry her leg out of the air. Take off her shoes."

He looked at her legs and said, "Body of me! She has the mallanders, the scratches, the crown scab, and the quitter bone in the other leg."

All these terms referred to horse diseases of the legs and hooves.

Ursla said, "Oh, damn it! Why do you remind of my leg like that? It makes it prick and shoot with pain! Would you have me in the hospital before my time?"

Going to the hospital meant having a very serious, life-threatening injury or sickness. Many people died in the hospital.

Jordan Knockem said, "Patience, Urse, be calm and have a good heart. It is only a blister as big as a windgall."

A windgall is another horse's illness: a soft tumor on a leg.

He added, "I'll treat it with the white of an egg, a little honey and hog's grease, and I'll have your pasterns well rolled, and you shall walk again by tomorrow."

"Pasterns" referred to part of a horse's leg.

He added, "I'll tend your booth, and look after your affairs all the while. You shall sit in your chair, and give orders, and shine like *Ursa Major*."

*Ursa Major* is the constellation that is known as the Big Bear.

Jordan Knockem and Mooncalf exited, carrying Ursla in her chair.

## — 2.6 —

Bartholomew Cokes, who was carrying his box with the marriage license in it, arrived at the fair with Humphrey Wasp, Mistress Overdo, and Grace Wellborn.

The disguised Justice Overdo stood up and began to deliver an oration against vice: “These are the fruits of bottle-ale and tobacco! The foam of the one, and the fumes of the other! Wait, young man, and despise not the wisdom of these few hairs that are grown grey in the care of you.”

Ezekiel Edgworth said, “Nightingale, wait a little while. Indeed, I’ll hear some of this!”

Bartholomew Cokes said to Humphrey Wasp, “Come, Numps, come, where are you?”

He then said, “Welcome to the fair, Miss Grace.”

Ezekiel Edgworth said, “By God’s light, he will call an audience to hear his oration, you shall see, and give us an opportunity to ply our illegal trade in a moment.”

The disguised Justice Overdo orated, “Thirst not after that frothy liquor, ale; for who knows when he opens the stopple, what may be in the bottle? Has not a snail, a spider, and yes, a newt, been found there? Thirst not after it, youth; thirst not after it.”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “This is a brave fellow, Numps, so let’s hear him.”

By “brave,” he meant “splendid.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “By God’s blood! How brave is he? He is wearing a coat trimmed with braid!”

By “brave,” he sarcastically meant “finely dressed.” The disguised Justice Overdo was wearing a coat that Fools of his time wore.

Humphrey Wasp continued, “You had best do a swap with him. Go ahead and strip quickly, and trade clothing with him — it will become you.”

He continued, “Why will you listen to him? Because he is an ass, and may be akin to the Bartholomew Cokeses?”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Oh, good Numps.”

The disguised Justice Overdo orated, “Neither should you lust after that tawny weed tobacco —”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “These are brave — splendid — words!”

The disguised Justice Overdo continued, “— whose complexion is like the Indian’s who sells it.”

Tobacco shops often had a sign with an illustration of a Native American on it.

Bartholomew Cokes asked, “Are they not brave words, sister?”

The disguised Justice Overdo orated, “And who can tell, if before the gathering and making up thereof, the alligator has not pissed on the tobacco?”

Humphrey Wasp said to Bartholomew Cokes, “By God’s heart, let them be brave words, as brave as they will! If they were all the brave words in a country, what then? Will you go away now? Have you had enough of him?”

He then said, “Miss Grace, leave now; please don’t be an accessory to this foolishness.”

He then said to Bartholomew Cokes, “If you lose your license, or something else, sir, by listening to his fables, say that Numps is a witch; with all my heart, do say so.”

He would be called a male witch because he had correctly predicted the future: He had said that Bartholomew Cokes would be robbed.

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Avoid in your satin doublet, Numps.”

“Avoid” meant “get lost” and was used to order the Devil to leave, as in “Avoid, Satan!”

The disguised Justice Overdo orated, “The creeping venom of which subtle serpent — the alligator — as some recent writers affirm, neither the cutting of the perilous plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting or burning, can any way lessen or assuage. The venom is still present in all its power.”

Bartholomew Cokes said, "This is good, indeed! Isn't it, sister?"

The disguised Justice Overdo orated, "Hence it is that the lungs of the tobacconist are rotted, the liver spotted, the brain smoked like the backside of the pig-woman's booth here, and the whole body within as black as the outside of her pan that you saw just now."

Bartholomew Cokes said to Ezekiel Edgworth, "That was a fine comparison, that was, sir! Did you see the pan?"

Smoke from the fire that roasted the pigs blackened the outside of the pan.

Ezekiel Edgworth replied, "Yes, sir."

The disguised Justice Overdo orated, "Indeed, the hole in the nose here of some tobacco-smokers, or the third nostril, if I may so call it, which makes it possible that they can vent the tobacco out, like the ace of clubs, or rather the flower-de-lis, is caused from the tobacco, just by tobacco!"

The ace of clubs and the flower-de-lis (*fleur-de-lis*) have curves like swirls of tobacco smoke.

He continued, "The poor innocent pox, which has nothing to do with the third nostril, is miserably and most unconscionably slandered and blamed for what the tobacco does."

He was wrong about the cause of the third nostril. It was the pox (and its treatment), not tobacco, which caused the bridge of the nose to collapse. The pox is syphilis.

Bartholomew Cokes asked, "Who would have missed this, sister?"

Mrs. Overdo said, "No one except for Numps."

Bartholomew Cokes said, "He does not understand."

Ezekiel Edgworth, who was picking Bartholomew Cokes' pocket and stealing one of the purses he was carrying, thought, *Nor do you feel.*

Bartholomew Cokes said, "What would you have, sister, of a fellow who knows nothing but a basket-hilt, and an old fox on it?"

He was referring to Humphrey Wasp and saying that he was old-fashioned. The basket-hilt was part of an old-fashioned sword; the basket-hilt was shaped like a basket and protected the hand. Some old-fashioned swords had foxes engraved on the hilt. Over time, the word “fox” became a name for these old-fashioned swords.

Bartholomew Cokes continued, “The best music in the fair will not move a log.”

The “log” was Humphrey Wasp.

Ezekiel Edgworth gave the purse to Nightingale and said, “Go in the booth to Ursla, Nightingale, and give her the comfort of this purse. Make sure the money in it is counted. This fellow was sent to us by Lady Fortune to be our first fairing.”

A “fairing” is something acquired at a fair.

As a cutpurse, Ezekiel Edgworth was competent. It is good to have accomplices such as Nightingale and Ursla to carry away and hide the purse. That way, when the purse was missed, it would not be found on the cutpurse. It is also good to have the money counted so that later Ursla could not claim that a lesser amount was in the purse.

Nightingale exited.

The disguised Justice Overdo orated, “But why do I speak about the diseases of the body, children of the fair?”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “‘Children of the fair.’ That means us, sister. This is splendid, indeed!”

The disguised Justice Overdo orated, “Listen, oh, you sons and daughters of Smithfield! And hear what maladies tobacco causes the mind. It causes swearing, it causes swaggering, it causes sniffing with contempt and snarling, and now and then it causes an injury.”

Mrs. Overdo said, “He has something of my husband, Justice Overdo, in him, I think, brother.”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “I thought the same thing, sister. He has very much of Justice Overdo, my brother-in-law, in him, and it is noticeable when he speaks.”

The disguised Justice Overdo orated, "Look into any out-of-the-way corner of the town, the Straits, or the Bermudas, where the quarrelling lesson is read, and how do they pass the time, but with bottle-ale and tobacco? The lecturer is on one side, and his pupils on the other; but the seconds — the assistants — are still bottle-ale and tobacco, for which the lecturer reads, and the novices pay. Thirty pounds a week in bottle-ale! Forty pounds in tobacco! And ten more pounds in ale again. Then for a suit to drink in, so much, and, that being slobbered on, so much for another suit, and then a third suit, and a fourth suit! And still the bottle-ale gets slobbered on the suits, and the tobacco stinks it up."

Fashionable, well-to-do young men could study dueling, although Justice Overdo's description of the study was exaggerated, especially in the costs. The lecturer would die from so much alcohol and tobacco.

Humphrey Wasp said to Bartholomew Cokes, "Heart of a madman! Are you rooted here? Will you never leave? What can any man find in this bawling, orating fellow that makes it worthwhile to stay here and grow here?"

He said to Mrs. Overdo, "Your brother is a few inches taller; he has grown that much in the very long time he has spent listening to the orator."

He then asked Bartholomew Cokes, "Will you fix and root yourself here, and set up a booth, sir?"

The disguised Justice Overdo orated, "I will conclude briefly —"

Humphrey Wasp said, "Hold your peace and be quiet, you roaring rascal, or I'll stick my head in between your jaws to shut you up."

He then said to Bartholomew Cokes, "It would be best for you to build a booth, and hire him; if you say the word, you can make your will and make him your heir! Dear friend, I never knew anyone to be so taken with a two-



gallon mouth before. By this light, I swear I'll carry you away on my back, if you will not go away willingly."

He got Bartholomew Cokes up on his back in piggyback style.

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Wait, Numps, wait, set me down. I have lost my purse, Numps. My purse! One of my fine purses is gone!"

Mrs. Overdo asked, "Is it gone indeed, brother?"

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Yes, as I am an honest man, I say it is true. If I am lying, I wish I would be an arrant rogue! A plague on all damned roguey cutpurses — that's how I feel about them."

He examined his pockets.

Humphrey Wasp said sarcastically, "Bless them with all my heart, with all my heart, do you see! Now, as I am no unbelieving infidel as far as I know, I am glad about it. Yes, I am — here's my testimony — do you see, sir? I did not tell you about pickpockets' tricks! No, no, I am a dull dray horse, I am. I know nothing. Are you not justly served, in your conscience, now? Answer in accordance with your conscience. I say much good may it do you with all my heart, and much good may it do the good heart of him who has your purse, I say with all my heart again."

Ezekiel Edgworth thought, *This fellow is very "charitable." I wish he had a purse, too! But I must not be too bold all at one time. I need to refrain from being greedy and taking excessive risks.*

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Numps, it is not my best purse."

Humphrey Wasp said, "Not your best! Death! Why should it be your worst? Why should it be any, indeed, at all? Give me an answer to that. Give me a reason: Why should it be any? Why should you have any purse stolen?"

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Nor was it my gold, Numps. I still have that."

He took out his other purse, which had gold in it, and showed it to his sister, saying, "Look here, sister."

Humphrey Wasp said, "Why, so there's all the feeling he has!"

Bartholomew Cokes had been only briefly upset at finding out his pocket had been picked. Now he was calm again.

Mrs. Overdo said, "Please take better care of that purse, brother."

Bartholomew Cokes said, "So I will, I promise you. Let him catch this who can catch it. I would like to see him get this — look here!"

He waved his purse in the air.

Humphrey Wasp said, "So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so! Very good."

Bartholomew Cokes said, "I would like to have him come again now, and just try to steal this purse. Sister, will you take notice of a good jest? I will put this purse just where the other purse was, and if we have good luck, you shall see a delicate, fine trap to catch the cutpurse nibbling."

Ezekiel Edgworth thought, *Indeed, the cutpurse will try to steal it before you are out of the fair.*

He had the advantage of knowing exactly where the purse was located on Bartholomew Cokes' body.

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Come, Miss Grace, please don't be melancholy for my misfortune; sorrow will not bring my purse back, sweetheart."

Grace Wellborn replied, "I don't think about your stolen purse, sir."

Bartholomew Cokes said, "It was just a little scurvy white money, hang it! It may hang the cutpurse one day."

White money means silver coins.

The cutpurse could definitely hang one day because his crime was a capital one.

Bartholomew Cokes said to Grace Wellborn, “I have gold left to give you a fairing yet, as hard as the world goes. Nothing angers me but that nobody here looked like a cutpurse, unless it were Numps.”

“What!” Humphrey Wasp said. “I? I look like a cutpurse? Death! Your sister’s a cutpurse! And your mother and father, and all your kin were cutpurses! And here is a rogue who is the bawd of the cutpurses, whom I will beat to begin with.”

Confusion broke out with everybody speaking at the same time and with Humphrey Wasp beating the disguised Justice Overdo.

The disguised Justice Overdo said, “Restrain your hand, child of wrath, and heir of anger, make it not Childermass Day in your fury, or the feast of the French Bartholomew, parent of the massacre.”

Childermass was the feast of the Innocents, held on December 28 in memory of the young children whom Herod had ordered to be killed in an attempt to kill the young Jesus. This was known as the Massacre of the Innocents.

Matthew 2:16 (King James Version) states this:

*“Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the wise men.”*

The French Bartholomew was the massacre of thousands of French Protestants — Huguenots — by Catholics in France on Saint Bartholomew’s Day in 1572.

Bartholomew Cokes shouted, “Numps! Numps!”

Mrs. Overdo shouted, “Good Mr. Humphrey!”

Humphrey Wasp shouted at the disguised Justice Overdo, “You are the Patrico, are you? The patriarch of the cutpurses? You share, sir, they say; let them share this with

you. Are you in your hot fit of preaching again? I'll cool you."

The Patrico was a hedge-priest who married vagabonds.

Humphrey Wasp beat the disguised Justice Overdo again.

The disguised Justice Overdo ran away, shouting, "Murder! Murder! Murder!"

Humphrey Wasp ran after the disguised Justice Overdo. Bartholomew Cokes and Mrs. Overdo ran after Humphrey Wasp.

## CHAPTER 3

## — 3.1 —

Lantern Leatherhead, Joan Trash, and others were sitting by their wares.

Whit, Haggis, and Bristle arrived and began to talk together. Whit was a pimp who made extra money by being an informer. Haggis and Bristle were watchmen. Whit would inform these watchmen about troublemakers at the fair, the watchmen would accept a bribe from the troublemakers who wanted to stay out of trouble, and Whit would get a cut of the bribe.

Whit spoke with an odd Irish accent:

G sometimes became SH. GENTLEMEN became SHENTLEMEN.

S sometimes became SH. 'TIS became 'TISH. SUFFICIENT became SHUFFISHIENT.

TH sometimes became D. THIS became DISH. OTHER became ODER.

TH sometimes became T. THOU became TOU.

W sometimes became V. WISE WATCHMAN became Vishe Vatchman.

WH sometimes became PH. WHEN became PHEN.

Whit frequently said, “an’t be,” which seems to have a number of meanings: indeed, really, to be sure, if that’s what you want, if that’s how things are, and be it as it may be.

Whit was complaining about the watchmen, aka officers, being hard to find when he wanted to report a disturbance. They were supposed to be at Ursula’s but had been occupied elsewhere when he wanted to report a noisy disturbance involving gallants with money — money that the gallants would have paid out in bribes to avoid additional trouble. The gallants may have been Quarlous and Mr. Winwife, and/or Bartholomew Cokes.

Whit said, "Nay, 'tish all gone, now! Dish 'tish, phen tou wilt not be phitin call, master offisher, phat ish a man te better to lishen out noyshes for tee, an tou art in an oder 'orld, being very shuffishient noyshes and gallantsh too? one o' their brabblesh would have fed ush all dish fortnight, but tou art so bushy about beggersh still, tou hast no leshure to intend shentlemen, an 't be."

[Whit said, "It is all gone, now! That is what happens when you will not be within calling distance, mister officers. What good does it do a man to listen out for noisy disturbances for you, if you are in another world, and these are very sufficient noisy disturbances and with gallants, too? One of their noisy brabbles would have fed us all for this fortnight, but you are always so busy about beggars that you have no leisure to attend to gentlemen, if they are involved."]

Haggis said, "Why, I told you, Davy Bristle."

Bristle replied, "Come, come, you told me a pudding, Toby Haggis; you told me a matter of nothing; I am sure it came to nothing."

A pudding is partially made of tripe. He was engaging in wordplay on the food called haggis, which is one kind of pudding.

Bristle continued, "You said, 'Let's go to Ursla's,' indeed. But then you met the man with the monsters, and I could not get you from him. You are an old fool who has not stopped looking at monsters such as five-legged cattle yet!"

Haggis said, "Why, who would have thought anybody would have been quarrelling so early; or that the ale of the fair would have been up so soon?"

Excessive drinking of ale leads to quarrels.

Whit said, "Phy, phat a clock tost tou tink it ish, man?"

[Whit said, "Why, what time do you think it is, man?"]

Haggis said, "I don't know."

Whit said, “Tou art a vishe vatchman, i’ te mean teeme.”

[Whit said, “You are a wise watchman, in the meantime.”]

Haggis said, “Why, should the watch go by the clock, or the clock by the watch, I ask?”

Bristle said, “One should go by another, if they did well.”

He meant that the watchman and the clock should agree about the time.

Whit said, “Tou art right now! Phen didst tou ever know or hear of a shuffishient vatchman, but he did tell the clock, phat bushiness soever he had?”

[Whit said, “You are right now! When did you ever know or hear of a sufficient — competent — watchman, but he did tell the clock, whatsoever business he had?”]

One meaning of “tell the clock” is “count the hours” until he could go home.

Bristle said, “That’s most true: A sufficient watchman knows what time it is.”

Whit said, “Shleeping or vaking: ash well as te clock himshelf, or te Jack dat shtrikes him.”

[Whit said, “Sleeping or waking, the watchman knows the time as well as the clock himself, or the Jack that strikes him.”]

The jack was a figure — a mechanical man — that would strike the clock to toll the hours. Awake, the watchman would know the time as well as the clock. Asleep, the watchman would know the time as well as the Jack — a real man — who struck him: It’s time to wake up!

Bristle said, “Let’s inquire for information from Mr. Leatherhead or Joan Trash here.”

He said, “Mr. Leatherhead, do you hear me, Mr. Leatherhead?”

Whit said, “If it be a Ledderhead, ’tish a very tick Ledderhead, tat sho mush noish vill not piersh him.”

[Whit said, “If it is a leather head, it is a very thick leather head, if so much noise will not pierce it.”]

Lantern Leatherhead said, “I’m a little busy now, good friends, so do not trouble me.”

Whit said, “Phat, because o’ ty wrought neetcap, and ty phelvet sherkin, man? Phy, I have sheene tee in ty ledder sherkin, ere now, mashter o’ de hobbyhorses, as bushy and stately as tou sheemest to be.”

[Whit said, “What, you don’t want to be bothered because of your embroidered nightcap, and your velvet jerkin, aka jacket, man? Why, I have seen you in your leather jerkin, before now, master of the hobbyhorses, as busy and stately as you seem to be.”]

Whit was basically saying, “Are you too proud to talk to us because of your fancy clothing? I have seen you wear plain clothing before.”

Lantern Leatherhead was wearing an expensive velvet jacket. His hat was embroidered, so it was fancy, but he was somewhat eccentric in his choice of clothing because it was a nightcap of the kind that well-to-do people would wear at home. (They tended to wear plain nightcaps in bed.)

Joan Trash said, “Why, what if you have seen him in a plain leather jacket, Captain Whit? He has his choice of jackets, as you may see by that, and his choice of caps, too, I assure you, when he pleases to be either sick or employed.”

Lantern Leatherhead said, “God-a-mercy, Joan, answer for me. Answer their questions so I won’t have to.”

Whit looked up and saw Quarlous and Mr. Winwife coming, so he said to the watchmen, “Away, be not sheen in my company, here be shentlemen, and men of vorship.”

[Whit looked up and saw Quarlous and Mr. Winwife coming, so he said to the watchmen, “Leave, don’t be seen



in my company; here come gentlemen, and men of worship.”]

“Men of worship” are “well-to-do men.”

Haggis and Bristle exited.

— 3.2 —

Quarlous and Mr. Winwife arrived.

Quarlous said, “We have had wonderfully bad luck to miss this prologue of the purse, but the best thing is that we shall have five acts of him before night. He’ll be spectacle enough, I am sure.”

He and Mr. Winwife had not been present when Bartholomew Cokes had had his first purse stolen, but Quarlous was sure that the theft was only the prologue to a metaphorical five acts’ worth of foolishness.

Recognizing him, Whit said, “O Creesh, duke Quarlous, how dosht tou? Tou dosht not know me, I fear: I am te vishesht man, but justish Overdo, in all Bartholomew Fair now. Give me twelve-pence from tee, I vill help tee to a wife vorth forty marks for’t, and’t be.”

[Recognizing him, Whit said, “Oh, Christ, Duke Quarlous, how are you? You don’t recognize me, I fear: I am the wisest man, except for Justice Overdo, in all Bartholomew Fair now. Give me twelve-pence from yourself, and I will help you to a wife worth forty marks for it, be it as it may be.”]

“Duke” was an honorary, flattering title for Quarlous.

The “wife” was a temporary one — a prostitute.

Quarlous said roughly, “Go away, rogue; pimp, go away.”

Whit said to Mr. Winwife, “And she shall shew tee as fine cut orke for’t in her shmock too as tou cansht vish i’faith; vilt tou have her, vorshipful Vinwife? I vill help tee to her here, be an’t be, into pig-quarter, gi’ me ty twelve-pence from tee.”

[Whit said to Mr. Winwife, “And she shall show you as fine cut work for it in her smock, too, as you can wish indeed; will you have her, worshipful Winwife? I will help you to her here, be it as it may be, in the pig-quarter. Give me your twelve-pence from yourself.”]

Mr. Winwife gave him the money and said, “Why, there’s twelve-pence. Please, won’t you be gone?”

The money was a bribe for Whit to let Quarlous and Mr. Winwife alone. Neither man wanted to recognize Whit in public.

Whit said, “Tou art a vorthy man, and a vorshipful man still.”

[Whit said, “You are a worthy man, and a worshipful man always.”]

Quarlous said, “Get you gone, rascal. Leave!”

Whit said, “I do mean it, man. Prinsh Quarlous, if tou hasht need on me, tou shalt find me here at Ursla’s, I will see phat ale and punque ish i’ te pigsty for tee, bless ty good vorship.”

[Whit said, “I do mean it, man. Prince Quarlous, if you have need of me, you shall find me here at Ursla’s. I will see that ale and punk, aka a prostitute, are in the pigsty for you, bless your good worship.”]

Whit exited into Ursla’s booth.

Quarlous looked up and said, “Look and see who is coming here: John Littlewit!”

Mr. Winwife said, “And his wife and her mother, who is my widow: The whole family is coming here.”

Quarlous said, “By God’s light, you must give them all fairings — gifts from the fair — now.”

“Not I,” Mr. Winwife said. “I’ll pretend not to see them.”

“They are going afeasting,” Quarlous said. “What schoolmaster is that who is with them?”

Mr. Winwife said, “That’s my rival for the widow, I believe: the baker.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy, Dame Purecraft, John Littlewit, and Mrs. Win Littlewit came toward Ursla's booth.

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, "So, walk on in the middle way, straight away, turn neither to the right hand nor to the left; let not your eyes be drawn aside with vanity, nor your ear with noises."

Quarlous said, "Oh, I know him by that start."

He meant that he recognized him from the way he had begun to speak. Possibly, Zeal-of-the-land Busy also had a peculiar way of walking that Quarlous also recognized.

Lantern Leatherhead shouted, "What do you need? What are you buying, Mrs.? A fine hobbyhorse, to make your son a tilter, aka jousting? A drum to make him a soldier? A fiddle to make him a reveler? What is it you lack? Little dogs for your daughters? Or baby dolls, male or female?"

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, "Don't look toward them. Don't listen to them. The place is Smithfield, or the field of smiths, the grove of hobbyhorses and trinkets. The wares are the wares of Devils, and the whole fair is the shop of Satan. There are hooks and baits — definitely baits — that are hung out on every side, to catch you, and to hold you, as it were, by the gills, and by the nostrils, as the fisher does; therefore, you must not look nor turn toward them."

Normally, we think of fishers of men as a good thing, but Zeal-of-the-land Busy was thinking of Devils fishing for men's souls by using the baits available at Bartholomew Fair.

Matthew 4:19 states, "*And he [Jesus] saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men*" (King James Version).

Zeal-of-the-land Busy continued, "The heathen man could stop his ears with wax against the harlot of the sea; do you the like with your fingers against the bells of the beast."

Many Puritans disliked bells because they were sometimes used in Catholic masses.

The heathen man is Odysseus, whom Circe told to plug the ears of his men with wax so they would not hear the Sirens' song. Odysseus had the option of doing this, but he wanted to hear the song of the Sirens, so he had his men tie him to the mast so he could hear the song and yet be unable to jump overboard and swim to the Sirens, who would destroy him.

Mr. Winwife said, "What flashes come from him!"

He was referring to flashes of inspiration, but he was being sarcastic: He knew that there were more than one Siren.

Quarlous said, "Oh, he has those flashes from his oven; he was a notably hot baker when he plied the peel; he is leading his flock into the fair now."

The peel is a baker's long-handled shovel for removing loaves of bread and other baked items from the oven. Each time the oven door is opened, the baker is hit with a flash of heat.

Mr. Winwife said, "Rather, he is driving them to the pens, for he will let them look upon nothing."

Jordan Knockem and Whit came out of Ursla's booth.

Jordan Knockem said to Dame Purecraft and Mrs. Win Littlewit, "Gentlewomen, the weather's hot; where are you walking? Take care of your fine velvet caps, for the fair is dusty. Take a sweet, delicate, delightful booth, with boughs, here in the way, and cool yourselves in the shade, you and your friends."

He said to Mr. John Littlewit, "Here is the best pig and bottle-ale in the fair, sir. Old Ursla is the cook. There you may read it."

He pointed to a sign that had an illustration of a pig's head with writing in large letters under it.

He continued, "The pig's head says it. Poor soul, old Ursula has had an injury called the maryhinchco, but she's prettily amended. She is healing."

The maryhinchco was a horse's illness affecting the legs.

Whit said, "A delicate show-pig, little mistress, with shweet sauce, and crackling, like de bay-leaf i' de fire, la! tou shalt ha' de clean side o' de table-clot, and di glass vash'd with phatersh of dame Annesh Cleare."

[Whit said, "A delicate, delightful sow, little mistress, with sweet sauce, and crackling, like the bay leaf in the fire, la! You shall have the clean side of the tablecloth, and your glass washed with the spring waters of Dame Agnes Clare."]

Dame Agnes Clare was a wealthy widow who married a courtier who wasted all her wealth, leaving her destitute. She committed suicide by drowning in the waters of a spring that was then named after her.

Mr. John Littlewit looked at the sign and said, "This is truly fine. Here are the best pigs, and she does roast them as well as ever she did, the pig's head says."

Jordan Knockem said to Mrs. Win Littlewit, "Excellent, excellent, Mrs. She roasts them with a fire made of aromatic juniper and rosemary branches!"

He then said to Mr. John Littlewit, "That shows the oracle of the pig's head is true, sir."

Dame Purecraft said to Mr. John Littlewit, "Son-in-law, weren't you warned of the vanity of the eye? Have you forgotten that wholesome admonition so soon?"

Mr. John Littlewit said, "Good mother-in-law, how shall we find a pig, if we do not look around for it? Will it run off of the spit and into our mouths, do you think, as in Lubberland, and cry, 'Wee, wee'?"

Lubberland was a fantasyland in which roasted pigs ran around asking people to eat them.

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, "No, the pig won't do that, but your mother-in-law, who is religiously wise, understands that the pig may offer itself by other means to the senses, as by way of smell-carrying steam, which I think it does here in this place" — sniff, sniff — "yes, it does."

He was sniffing the air like a hound.

He continued, "And it would be a sin of obstinacy, great obstinacy, high and horrible obstinacy, to decline or resist the good titillation of the famelic — hunger-inducing — sense, which is the smell. Therefore, be bold" — sniff, sniff, sniff — "and follow the scent. Enter the tents of the unclean, for just this once, and satisfy your wife's frailty. Let your frail wife be satisfied; your zealous mother and my suffering self will also be satisfied."

A suffering Puritan is one who suffers hardship for the sake of religion. Zeal-of-the-land Busy was going to suffer the "hardship" of pigging out on roast pig so that he could show that Puritans were not partial to Jews.

Mr. John Littlewit said, "Come, Win, we might as well winny here as to go farther and see nothing."

"Winny" meant "stay."

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, "We escape so much of the other vanities by our early entering into this booth and eating pig."

Dame Purecraft said, "It is an edifying consideration."

Mrs. Win Littlewit said quietly to her husband, "This is scurvy — that we must come into the fair, and not look around and enjoy ourselves."

"Win, have patience, Win," her husband replied quietly. "I'll tell you more soon."

He wanted to ditch the others so that he and his wife could enjoy the fair together.

Mr. John Littlewit, Mrs. Win Littlewit, Zeal-of-the-land Busy, and Dame Purecraft went into Ursla's booth.

Jordan Knockem called to Mooncalf, who was inside the booth, “Mooncalf, entertain within there. Give them the best pig in the booth, a pork-like pig — one with a lot of meat on it. These are Banbury-bloods, of the sincere, genuine breed, come a pig-hunting.”

Banbury-bloods were Puritans.

He then said, “Whit, wait, Whit, look after your business.”

Whit’s business was informing on others to the police and prostituting women. Possibly, Jordan Knockem was telling him to go inside the booth and keep an eye on Dame Purecraft and Mrs. Win Littlewit, who could be made prostitutes if separated from the others. Or he may have simply meant for Whit to help Ursla and Mooncalf by serving food and drink.

Whit went into Ursla’s booth.

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said from the booth, “Prepare a pig immediately; let a pig be prepared for us.”

Mooncalf and Ursla came out from inside the booth.

Mooncalf asked Jordan Knockem, “By God’s light, who are these people you sent in to us?”

Ursla asked, “Is this the good service, Jordan, you’d do me?”

Jordan Knockem said, “What, Urse? What, Urse? You’ll have vapors in your leg again soon, so please go in, or else your injury may become the scratches.”

The scratches is a horse disease of the ankle.

Ursla said, “Hang your vapors, they are stale, and they stink like you! Are these the guests of the game you promised to fill my pit with today?”

The “game” is prostitution. Ursla sold roast pigs and helped sell the services of prostitutes, and Jordan Knockem’s job was to send both kinds of customers to her.

Jordan Knockem asked, “Yes, what is wrong with them, Urse? Do they ail?”

Ursla said, “Do they ail? They are all sippers, sippers of the city; they look as though they would not drink off two pennyworths of bottle-ale amongst them.”

The city is London, home of many Puritans. People of the suburbs were much more likely to drink much more. Ursla was worried that these Puritans would sip ale rather than guzzle it, thus lessening her profits.

Mooncalf said, “A body may read that in their small printed, aka precisely folded, ruffs.”

Puritans frowned on vain things such as large starched ruffs, and so they wore small, precisely folded ruffs without starch.

Jordan Knockem said, “Go away, you are a fool, Urse, and your Mooncalf is a fool, too. You are in your ignorant vapors now! Leave! They are good guests, I say; they are complete hypocrites and good gluttons. Go in, and set a couple of pigs on the board, and half a dozen of the biggest ale-bottles in front of them, and tell Whit to come to me.”

Mooncalf exited.

Jordan Knockem continued, “I do not love to hear innocents abused; these are fine ambling hypocrites! And one of them is a stone Puritan with a sorrel head and beard!”

A stone Puritan is a male Puritan; the word “stone” was slang for “testicle” in this society. Jordan Knockem was saying that Ursla would not only make money from the guests’ gluttony, but also from Zeal-of-the-land Busy’s lechery.

The word “sorrel” means “chestnut” and is used to refer to the coloring of horses.

He continued, “They are good-mouthed gluttons; two of them eat up one pig, so go and serve them.”

Ursla asked, “Are you sure they are such gluttons?”

Jordan Knockem said, “They are of the right breed — you shall see that by looking at their teeth, Urse.”

He then called, “Where’s this Whit?”



Whit came out of Ursula's booth. He was in a good mood and sang this song:

*"Behold, man, and see,*

*"What a worthy man am ee! [me!]"*

*"With the fury of my sword,*

*"And the shaking of my beard,*

*"I will make ten thousand men afeard [afraid]."*

Jordan Knockem said, "Well said, brave Whit! Go in, and fear, aka frighten, the ale out of the bottles and into the bellies of the brethren and the sisters. Drink to the cause of Puritanism and pure vapors."

Jordan Knockem, Whit, and Ursula went into her booth.

Quarlous said, "My roarer — Jordan Knockem — has turned bartender, I think. Now would be a fine time for you, Winwife, to lay aboard your widow. Get right up next to her and prepare to board her. You shall never be master of a better time or place; a woman who will venture herself into the fair and into a pig-booth will admit any assault, be assured of that."

Mr. Winwife said, "I don't care for enterprises of that suddenness, though."

Quarlous said, "I'll promise you, then, no wife out of the hundred of widows."

A man unwilling to take action to court a widow will not get even one widow out of a hundred available widows.

Another meaning of "hundred" was "a district that had its own law court" and therefore was sizable. Again, Quarulous' meaning was that a man who is unwilling to take action to court a widow will not get even one widow out of many available widows.

Quarlous said, "If I had only as much title to her as to have breathed once on that straight stomacher of hers, I would now be assured that I could carry her, yet, before she went out of Smithfield; or she should carry me, which were the fitter sight, I confess."

The stomacher was a piece of women's clothing that covered part of her torso: her stomach and part of her chest. Quarlous meant that if he had talked previously to her, he could now carry her — that is, be successful at courting her.

In part, he was being bawdy. If she would carry him, she would carry — bear — his weight during sex.

Quarlous continued, “But you are a modest undertaker, by circumstances and degrees.”

In other words: You, Mr. Winwife, are an unadventurous wooer, going about your wooing circuitously and little by little.

Quarlous continued, “Come, it is a real disease in you, not a subjective judgment I am making about you. If I were in your position, I would make an all-out attempt at winning the widow.”

The disguised Justice Overdo showed up.

Seeing him, Quarlous said, “Look, here's the poor fool again, the fool who was stung by the Humphrey Wasp just a while ago.”

### — 3.3 —

The disguised Justice Overdo talked to himself:

“I will make no more orations that shall draw on these tragic conclusions.”

Wisely, he wanted to avoid making orations that would get him beaten. Immediately, he began to make an oration, but only to himself. Mr. Winwife and Quarlous could see but not hear him.

The disguised Justice Overdo continued, “And I begin now to think that by a kind of collateral justice, I, Adam Overdo, deserved this beating, for I, the said Adam, was one cause (but only a by-cause) why the purse was lost — and it was my wife's brother's purse, too, but they don't

know yet that I was a partial cause of the purse's being stolen.

“But I shall make very good mirth with it at supper. The story of my being beaten will be some entertainment, and it will put my little friend, Mr. Humphrey Wasp, quite out of countenance when he hears what he did in his anger.

“He will be nonplussed when, sitting at the upper end of my table, as I am accustomed, and drinking to my brother-in-law Bartholomew Cokes, and Mrs. Alice Overdo, my wife, as I will, for their good affection to old Bradley, I will relate the story to them and tell them that it was I who was cudgelled, and show them the marks.”

Justice Overdo had disguised himself as old mad Arthur of Bradley, England.

He continued, “To see what bad events may peep out of the tail of good purposes!”

This is a poor image. “To peep out of the tail” sounds like “peep out of the ass.”

He continued, referring to Ezekiel Edgworth, “The concern I had for that civil young man I took a liking to this morning (and have not left it yet) drew me to that exhortation, which indeed drew a company of people, which drew the cutpurse, who withdrew the money from the purse, which drew my brother Bartholomew Cokes' loss, which drew on Humphrey Wasp's anger, which drew on my beating: a pretty series of causes and conclusions!

“And they shall have my story in their dish, indeed, at night for fruit; it shall make a nice dessert. I love to be merry at my table.

“I had thought once, at one special blow he gave me, to have revealed my real identity, but then (I thank you, fortitude) I remembered that a wise man, one who is always so great a part of the commonwealth in himself — and I am one such man because I am a Justice — ought not, on account of a particular, personal disaster, to abandon a public good design and plan.

“The husbandman, aka farmer, ought not, on account of one unthankful year, to forsake the plow. The shepherd ought not, for one scabbed sheep, to throw away his tar-box.”

The tar-box was filled with tar that was used to treat some diseases of sheep.

He continued, “The pilot ought not, for one leak in the poop of the ship, to quit the helm. Nor ought the alderman, for one custard more at a meal, to give up his cloak, the badge of his office.”

A part of the alderman’s job was to be hospitable and entertain and feed people such foods as custards. A custard is an open pie in which such ingredients as meat, fish, fruit, nuts, beaten eggs, milk, cream, and broth are baked.

He continued, “The constable ought not to break his staff, and forswear the watch, for one roaring night, nor ought the piper of the parish, *ut parvis componere magna solebam*, to put up his pipes for one rainy Sunday.”

“*Ut parvis componere magna solebam*” is Latin for “For I was accustomed to compare great things to small.”

Virgil’s *Eclogues* 1:23 has the same Latin words except that Virgil used *sic* (thus) instead of *ut* (for).

He continued, “These are certain decisive conclusions, out of which I am resolved, come what can come — come beating, come imprisonment, come infamy, come banishment, indeed, come the rack, come the hurdle (I welcome all) — I will not reveal who I am until the due and right time; and yet still all shall be, as I said, always in the name of justice and the King and for the commonwealth.”

The rack is an instrument of torture. The hurdle is a frame or sled used to take a criminal to the place of execution.

The disguised Justice Overdo exited.

Mr. Winwife asked, “Why does he talk to himself, and act so seriously, poor fool!”

Seeing some people coming, Quarlous said, "It doesn't matter. Here's fresher matter for debate coming. Attend to that."

— 3.4 —

Bartholomew Cokes, Mrs. Overdo, and Grace Wellborn arrived. Following them was Humphrey Wasp, who was carrying an armload of toys that Bartholomew Cokes had purchased.

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Come, Miss Grace. Come, sister. Here's more fine sights yet, indeed. By God's eyelid, where's Numps?"

Lantern Leatherhead shouted, "What do you lack, gentlemen? What is it you buy? Fine rattles, drums, babies, little dogs, and birds for ladies? What do you lack?"

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Good honest Numps, keep in front of me. I am so afraid that you will lose something; my heart was at my mouth when I missed you just now."

Humphrey Wasp said, "You had better buy a whip and have it in your hand to drive me."

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Don't be disagreeable, Numps. You are so apt to take what I say the wrong way! I would simply watch out for the goods you are carrying. You see, just now the treble fiddle you are carrying was almost lost."

Humphrey Wasp replied, "Please be careful not to lose yourself. Your best way to do that is to get up on my back and ride on me for more safety. Buy a farthing's worth of great pins so you can fasten yourself to my shoulder."

Lantern Leatherhead shouted, "What do you lack, gentlemen? Fine purses, pouches, pin cases, pipes? What is it you lack? A pair of smiths to wake you in the morning? Or a fine whistling bird?"

The pair of smiths would be jacks in the form of blacksmith figures that would make the alarm clock sound in the morning.

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Numps, here are finer things by some extent than any we have bought! And more delicate hobbyhorses, a great deal more delicate. Good Numps, wait, and come over here.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “Will you deal with him? You are in Smithfield, where you may outfit yourself with a fine easy-going street-nag, for your saddle horse, in preparation for the upcoming Michaelmas term of the high Court of Justice.”

Smithfield had plenty of places where Bartholomew Cokes could buy a real horse that he could really use; he need not buy another toy horse.

Humphrey Wasp continued, “Has he also a little odd cart for you to make a luxury carriage of so you can ride in the country with four dappled hobbyhorses? Why the measles should you stand here, with your train of fellows, bargaining for toy dogs, birds, and babies? You have no children to bestow them on, have you?”

Bartholomew Cokes replied, “No, not yet, but someday I shall have children, Numps, so your objection doesn’t hold up.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “Do, do, do, do.”

One meaning of “do” is “f\*\*k.”

He continued, “How many children shall you have, do you think? If I were like you, I’d buy for all my tenants, too; they are a kind of savages living in a civilized country, and they will part with their children for trifles such as rattles, pipes, and knives. You had best buy a hatchet or two and barter with them.”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Good Numps, hold that little tongue of yours, and save it such labor. I am a resolute Bat — you know that.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “You are a resolute fool, I know, and you are a very sufficient coxcomb — I say that I know this with all my heart.”

Professional Fools sometimes wore hats resembling coxcombs.

Humphrey Wasp continued, “There you have it, sir. You have my opinion of you, and if you are angry, then I say ‘turd in your teeth’ twice, if I have not said it once before, and much good may it do you.”

Mr. Winwife and Quarlous had been watching and listening.

Mr. Winwife said to Quarlous about Humphrey Wasp, “Was there ever such a self-affliction, and so impertinent?”

Quarlous said, “Alas, the person he is supposed to be taking care of — Bartholomew Cokes — is getting close to making him crazy. Let’s go over and comfort him.”

Mr. Winwife and Quarlous came forward.

Humphrey Wasp said, “I wish that I had been set in the ground, all except my head, and then had my brains bowled at, or threshed out, when first I underwent this plague of a charge! I would rather be dead than try to take care of Bartholomew Cokes!”

Humphrey Wasp had a kind of protectorship of Bartholomew Cokes; he was supposed to look out for the young man and keep him from doing foolish things.

Quarlous said, “How are you now, Numps? Almost tired in your protectorship? Overparted? Are you overparted?”

A part is a role in a play. Quarlous was asking if Humphrey Wasp had taken on too big of a role — one he was unsuited for — in real life.

Humphrey Wasp said, “Why, I cannot tell, sir; it may be that I have. Does it grieve you?”

Quarlous said, “No, I swear it does not, Numps. That is the answer to your question.”

“Numps” is a familiar nickname; it should not be used by a mere acquaintance.

Humphrey Wasp said, “‘Numps’! By God’s blood, you are very familiar. How long have we been acquainted, I ask you?”

Quarlous replied, “I think that may be remembered, Numps. We have been acquainted since this morning, I am sure.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “Why, I hope I know it well enough, sir; I did not ask to be told.”

He had asked a rhetorical question that did not need to be answered.

Quarlous said, “No! Why did you ask me, then?”

Humphrey Wasp said, “It does not matter why.”

He added, “You see with your eyes now what I said to you earlier today. Will you believe what I say at another time?”

Earlier, he had complained about the childishness of Bartholomew Cokes. Quarlous could see for himself that what Humphrey Wasp had said was true.

Quarlous said, “Are you removing the fair, Numps?”

He was punning. His question meant two things: 1) Are you leaving the fair, Numps? And (referring to the large load of toys Humphrey Wasp was carrying) 2) Are you carrying away the entire fair on your back?

Humphrey Wasp said, “That is a pretty question, and a civil one! Yes, indeed, I have my lading, aka load, you see, or shall have a complete load soon; you may know whose beast I am by my burden. If the pannier-man’s jack were ever better known by his loins of mutton, I’ll be flayed, and feed dogs in place of him — the jack — when his time comes.”

A pannier is a waiter; a jack is a jackass. At Bartholomew Fair were many people serving food. Jackasses carried food such as mutton-loins to the fair. The mutton-loins were a more valuable load than toys, and so



when the time came for one of the beasts of burden to be killed, flayed, and fed to the dogs, Humphrey Wasp would be killed before the pannier-man's jackass — according to Humphrey Wasp.

Actually, he was punning. A pannier is 1) a waiter in the Inns of Court; he blew the horn to announce the meal and also brought in provisions, 2) a basket that could be used for carrying food such as mutton-loins, and 3) a server in general, such as could be at Bartholomew Fair. A jack is 1) a jackass, 2) a mechanism for roasting meat such as mutton-loins, 3) a representative common man of the working class, and so one who could be an assistant, and 4) a figure that would strike a bell on a clock and so one who was metaphorically a workingman.

Mr. Winwife said, "How melancholy Miss Grace is yonder! I say, let's go enter ourselves in grace with her."

"In grace" meant "in favor," but there is a bawdy meaning to "enter ourselves in Grace."

Standing in front of Lantern Leatherhead's booth, Bartholomew Cokes said, "I'll have those six hobbyhorses, friend —"

Humphrey Wasp said, "What!"

Bartholomew Cokes continued, "And the three Jew's-harps, and half a dozen of toy birds, and that drum (I have one drum already) and your smiths; I like that device of your smiths, very prettily done; and four toy halberts — and, let me see, that fine painted great lady, and her three women for state, aka to make her appear stately, I'll buy."

Humphrey Wasp said sarcastically, "No, the shop; buy the whole shop, it will be best, the shop, the shop!"

Out to make a profit, Lantern Leatherhead said, "Yes, if his worship pleases to do so."

Humphrey Wasp said to Lantern Leatherhead, "Yes, and he will keep it during the fair, bobchin."

A bobchin is a kind of fool whose chin bobs up and down as he says something unwanted and unwonted.

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Peace, Numps. Don't be angry."

He then said to Lantern Leatherhead, "Friend, do not meddle with him, if you are wise and want to show your head openly and freely. He will sting you through your fancy nightcap, believe me.

"A set of these violins I would buy, too, for a delicate young noise I have in the country, who are every one a size less than another, just like your fiddles."

The violins were toys, and the delicate young noise was a group of children who would play with the toy violins. A "noise" of musicians is a band of musicians.

Bartholomew Cokes continued, "I would like to have a fine young masque at my marriage, now I think about it."

By "young," he meant "new" or "recently created," or possibly a masque whose entertainers are children and young people. A masque is an entertainment with music, dancing, and costumes.

He continued, "But I want such a number of things! And Numps will not help me now, and I dare not speak to him."

Joan Trash said, "Will your worship buy any gingerbread, very good bread, comfort-food bread?"

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Gingerbread! Yes, let's see it!"

He ran to her shop.

Humphrey Wasp said, "There's the other springe."

Literally, a springe is a trap for birds, some species of which are reputed to be bird-brained. Metaphorically, it is a trap for fools.

Lantern Leatherhead said, "Is this good behavior, Goody Joan, to interrupt my market in the midst of my making a sale, and call away my customers? Can you defend this behavior at the Pie-Powders Court?"

"Goody" is short for "Goodwife," a way to address a female head of a household. The equivalent for men is

“Goodman,” which is used to address a male head of a household below the rank of gentleman.

Joan Trash replied, “Why, if his mastership has a mind to buy, I hope my ware lies as open as another’s; I may show my ware as well as you may show yours.”

By “ware,” she meant gingerbread, which was the thing she had for sale.

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Be at peace; I’ll make both of you happy. I’ll buy up his shop of toys, and your basket of gingerbread.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “Will you, indeed?”

Lantern Leatherhead asked, “Why should you stop him from doing it, friend?”

Humphrey Wasp said, “I beg your mercy! You’d be sold too, would you? What’s the price of you, jacket and all, as you stand?”

The word “sold” meant “cheated,” as in “persuaded to buy goods of low quality at a higher price than ought to be set,” and it meant “bought by someone.”

Humphrey Wasp asked Lantern Leatherhead, “Have you any accomplishments?”

Joan Trash replied for him, “Yes, good man, angry man, you shall find he has accomplishments if you ask the price for — the worth of — him.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “By God’s soul, you are in charge of selling him! What are his accomplishments? Will they be bought for love or money?”

Joan Trash replied, “For love or money? No, indeed, sir.”

Humphrey Wasp asked, “For what then? Food?”

Joan Trash said, “He scorns food, sir; he has bread and butter at home, thanks be to God! And yet he will do more for a good meal, if the fancy takes him in the belly. Indeed, then they must not set him at the lower end of the table; if they do, he’ll go away, although he does not eat and will

fast. But put him a-top o' the table, where his place is, and he'll do you forty fine things."

The less important guests were at the lower end of the table, and the more important guests, including the jester, aka Professional Fool, were at the higher end of the table, where the jester entertained the guests.

She continued, "He has not been sent for, and sought out for nothing, at your great city-suppers, to put down Coriat and Cokely, and been laughed at for his labor; he'll play you all the puppets in the town over, and the players, every company, and his own company, too; he spares nobody."

Coriat and Cokely were famous clowns. According to Joan Trash, Lantern Leatherhead was much sought-after and was funnier than them. Lantern Leatherhead's accomplishments included providing the voices for the puppets and acting.

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Indeed? Is that true?"

Joan Trash said, "He was the first, sir, who ever baited the fellow in the bear's skin, if it please your worship. No dog has ever come near him since."

In a bear-baiting, a bear would be tied to a stake, and dogs would be set on the bear to torment it. Recently, a man had put on a bearskin and then been "baited" by other men costumed as dogs. Lantern Leatherhead had been the first of the "dogs" to "bait" the "bear" and had been so good at it that he was better than real dogs. In fact, according to Joan Trash, according to Joan Trash, he had been so good at it that real dogs left him alone.

Joan Trash added, "And he is renowned for fine motions!"

One of Lantern Leatherhead's accomplishments was putting on puppet-plays, aka motions.

Bartholomew Cokes asked, "Is he good at those, too? Can he produce a masque, do you suppose?"

Joan Trash replied, "Oh, lord, Mr.! He is sought far and near for his inventions, and he monopolizes it all — he makes all the puppets in the fair."

The inventions are devices — toys and puppets — and also shows as a whole.

Bartholomew Cokes said to Lantern Leatherhead, "Do you do all that? Truly? Do you, you in the old velvet jerkin? Give me your hand."

Joan Trash said, "Sir, you shall see him in his velvet jerkin, and a scarf, too, at night, when you hear him put on Mr. Littlewit's puppet-play."

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Speak no more, but shut up shop immediately, friend. I'll buy both it and you, too, to carry the contents away with me, and I will buy her hamper of gingerbread beside. Your shop shall furnish out the masque, and her shop shall furnish the dessert. I cannot do any less, if I want to provide entertainment that will suit the occasion well.

"What's the price, at a word, of your whole shop, case and all, as it stands?"

Lantern Leatherhead said, "Sir, it stands me in — costs, and is worth to me — six and twenty shillings seven-pence halfpenny, besides three shillings to rent the ground on which my booth stands."

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Well, thirty shillings will pay for all, then!"

He gave him the money.

He then asked Joan Trash, "And what does yours come to?"

Joan Trash replied, "Four shillings and eleven-pence, sir, ground and all, if it pleases your worship."

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Yes, it does please my worship very well, poor woman: That's five shillings more, rounded up."

He gave her the money, and then he added, "What a masque shall I furnish, for forty shillings, which is twenty

Scotch pounds — and a dessert of gingerbread! There’s a stately thing!

“Numps? Sister?”

“And my wedding gloves, too! I never thought of that before!”

Gloves were an expensive traditional gift for wedding guests.

He continued, “All my wedding gloves will be made of gingerbread! Oh, me! What a joke will that be — my guests will eat their fingers’ ends!”

In other words, they will eat the gingerbread and then lick their fingers.

He continued, “And delicate brooches for the bridemen — male attendants for the bride — and all!”

A fashion had been for men to wear ornaments on their hats — Bartholomew Cokes wanted the ornaments to be gingerbread.

He continued, “And then I’ll have this poesy put to them, ‘For the best grace,’ meaning Miss Grace — that will be my wedding poesy.”

A poesy is a brief poetic expression. He would have it written on the gingerbread.

Grace said, “I am beholden to you, sir, and to your Bartholomew wit.”

“Bartholomew wit” is not a good thing. Bartholomew Cokes was a fool, and Miss Grace did not approve of his plans for celebrating their wedding. Giving guests cheap gingerbread instead of the expensive traditional gloves seemed cheap.

Humphrey Wasp also disapproved of Bartholomew Cokes’ plans: “You do not mean this, do you? Is this your first purchase?”

A “purchase” is “an attempt to bring about something.” This was Bartholomew Cokes’ first attempt at planning a big social event.

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Yes, indeed, and I do not think, Numps, but you shall say that it was the wisest act that I ever did in my wardship.”

He was young and still in his wardship. And he probably thought that he was being economical and therefore wise, but both Humphrey Wasp and Miss Grace probably thought that he was wasting money on toys he did not need and skimping on things that he ought to pay money for, such as wedding gloves.

Humphrey Wasp said sarcastically, “That is likely enough! I shall say anything at all, I shall!”

— 3.5 —

Ezekiel Edgworth, Nightingale, and some fairgoers arrived, followed at a distance by the disguised Justice Overdo.

The disguised Justice Overdo said quietly to himself, “I cannot beget a project, even with all my shrewd, political brain, yet. My project is how to fetch off this proper young man from his debauched company.”

He was referring to Ezekiel Edgworth, who of course he did not know was a cutpurse.

The disguised Justice Overdo continued, “I have followed him all over Bartholomew Fair, and always I find him with this songster, and I begin shrewdly to suspect their familiarity.”

The songster was Nightingale.

He continued, “And I suspect the young man of a terrible taint — poetry! If he is infected with that idle disease, there’s no hope of him ever enjoying a political career. *Actum est* of him for a commonwealth’s-man, if he even once goes to it in rhyme.”

*Actum est* is Latin for “It is over” or “He is finished.” If people should ever hear him sing even one song, he has no chance of a career in politics.

Ezekiel Edgworth said to Nightingale about Bartholomew Cokes, “Yonder he is buying gingerbread. Move in quickly, before he parts with too much of his money.”

Nightingale advanced and sang, “*My masters, and friends, and good people, draw near —*”

Bartholomew Cokes ran to Nightingale and exclaimed, “Ballads! Listen! Listen! Please, fellow, stay a little while here.

“Good Numps, look after the goods I have purchased.

“What ballads do you have? Let me see! Let me see for myself!”

Humphrey Wasp said to Quarlous and Mr. Winwife, “Why! He’s flown to another lime-bush. There he will flutter as long as it takes for him to have not even one feather left. Is there a vexation like this, gentlemen? Will you believe me now, hereafter? Shall I have credit with you?”

Bushes were coated with sticky birdlime to catch foolish birds.

Quarlous said, “Yes, indeed, you shall have credit with us, Numps. We will believe you, for you are worthy of being believed — you are sweating for it.”

He said quietly to Mr. Winwife, “I never saw a young pimp-errant and his squire better matched.”

The obsolete verb “pimper” meant “pamper and coddle,” so a “pimp-errant” is a wandering spoiled child, and Humphrey Wasp is a squire — someone subordinate to him but also someone who is supposed to take care of him.

Mr. Winwife said, “Indeed, the sister comes after them well, too.”

The sister is Bartholomew Cokes’ sister: Mrs. Overdo.

Miss Grace Wellborn said, “Indeed, if you saw Justice Overdo, her husband and my guardian, you would have a group of four well-matched to sit together for a meal — he is such a ‘wise’ one in his way —”



Mr. Winwife said, "I wonder why we don't see him here."

Miss Grace Wellborn said, "Oh, he is too serious for this place, and yet he is better entertainment when he is serious than the other three are, I assure you, gentlemen. This is true wherever he is, even if it is on the judicial bench."

Bartholomew Cokes said to Nightingale, "What do you call this song? 'A Caveat Against Cutpurses!'"

The word "caveat" means "warning."

He continued, "A good jest, indeed. I would like to see that demon, that cutpurse you talk of, that delicate-handed Devil. They say he walks hereabouts. I would like to see him walk now."

He then said to his sister, "Look, sister, look here, here" — he showed her his remaining purse, the one with the gold — "let him come, sister, and welcome."

He then said to Nightingale, "Balladman, do any cutpurses haunt hereabout? I ask you to conjure up and raise one or two for me. Begin, and show me a cutpurse."

Nightingale said, "Sir, this song is a spell against them. It is spick and span new, and it is made as if it were in and for my own person, and I sing it in my own defense against cutpurses. But it will cost you a penny for this ballad alone, if you buy it."

Bartholomew Cokes said, "The price doesn't matter. You don't know me, I see. I am an odd Bartholomew."

Mrs. Overdo asked, "Has it a fine picture, brother?"

The lyrics of ballads were printed on paper that was also illustrated with a picture of some kind.

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Oh, sister, do you remember the ballads over the nursery chimney at home? I myself did the pasting up."

Ballads were often pasted up on walls or chimneys in alehouses and sometimes in private residences.

He said to Nightingale, “Those are splendid pictures; they are a different kind of pictures than these, friend.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “Yet these will serve to pick the pictures out of your pockets, you shall see.”

Coins had pictures of Kings on them. Humphrey Wasp’s words could be applied to a pickpocket picking the pictures — and the coins on which the pictures were printed — out of someone’s pocket.

Bartholomew Cokes said, “So I heard them say!”

He then said to Nightingale, “Please don’t mind him, fellow; he’ll have an oar — and stick his nose — in everything.”

Ballad-singers were sometimes thought to be in league with cutpurses: The ballad-singer would draw a crowd and the cutpurse would pick pockets. Nightingale, who really was in league with a cutpurse, was leery of Humphrey Wasp’s words.

Nightingale said, “This song was intended, sir, as a protection against a purse’s being cut in my presence now. I may be held blameless, though, as by the sequel will more plainly appear.”

One sequel was the singing of the song, which was clearly an admonition against cutpurses. Another sequel, as would soon become apparent, was the picking of a purse.

Bartholomew Cokes said, “We shall find that in the sequel. Please begin.”

Nightingale said, “To the tune of ‘Paggington’s Pound,’ sir.”

“Paggington’s Pound” was a well-known tune. Most copies of ballads had the lyrics and a woodcut picture on them. As far as music was concerned, a note would indicate the tune, as here: “To the tune of ‘Paggington’s Pound.’”

Bartholomew Cokes knew the tune and began singing, “*Fa, la la la, la la la, fa, la la la!*”

He then said to Nightingale, “I’ll put you in tune and all; this will be my own country dance! Please begin.”

Nightingale replied, "It is a gentle admonition, you must know, sir, both to the purse-cutter and the purse-bearer."

He may have said this in part as a warning to Ezekiel Edgworth. Humphrey Wasp's words may have caused Nightingale to be wary, and he perhaps thought that maybe now was not the time to cut Bartholomew Cokes' purse.

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Not a word more that is not part of the tune, if you respect me. *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa, la la la.*"

Growing impatient, he said, "Come on! When will you begin to sing?"

Nightingale began to sing, and as he sang, Bartholomew Cokes provided his own commentary.

Nightingale sang:

*"My masters, and friends, and good people, draw near,  
"And look to your purses, because of what I do say."*

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Ha, ha, this chimes! This rings true. This is good counsel right from the start."

Nightingale sang:

*"And though little money in them you do bear,  
"It costs more to get, than to lose in a day."*

Bartholomew Cokes said, "This is good!"

Nightingale sang:

*"You oft [often] have been told,  
"Both the young and the old,  
"And bidden [advised to] beware of the cutpurse so bold."*

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Well said! He would be to blame who would not beware of cutpurses, to be sure!"

Nightingale sang:

*"Then if you take heed not, free me from the curse,  
"Who give you both warning, for [you] and the cutpurse."*

*"Youth, youth, you had better been starved by your nurse,*

*“Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.”*

Bartholomew Cokes said, “This is good, indeed. What do you say, Numps? Is there any harm in this?”

Nightingale sang:

*“It has been upbraided to men of my trade,*

*“That oftentimes we are the cause of this crime.”*

Bartholomew Cokes said, “The more coxcombs are they who did it, certainly.”

Nightingale sang:

*“Alack and for pity, why should it be said?*

*“As if they regarded or [either] places or time!*

*“Examples have been*

*“Of some that [who] were seen*

*“In Westminster Hall, yea the pleaders between;*

*“Then why should the judges be free from this curse,*

*“More than my poor self, for cutting the purse?”*

Westminster Hall was a site where several law courts met, so a cutpurse could very well regard as a challenge the picking of a pocket there.

Bartholomew Cokes said, “God-a-mercy for that! Why should they be more free indeed?”

The archaic phrase “God-a-mercy” expresses gratitude or thanks.

Nightingale sang the chorus again:

*“Youth, youth, you had better been starved by your nurse,*

*“Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.”*

Bartholomew Cokes requested, “Sing that again, good ballad-man, sing that again.”

Nightingale and Bartholomew Cokes sang the chorus together:

*“Youth, youth, you had better been starved by your nurse,*

*“Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.”*

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Oh, splendid! I would like to rub my elbow now, but I dare not pull out my hand.”

To rub elbows meant to hug oneself with delight. Bartholomew Cokes would have liked to do that, but he was keeping his hand tightly closed around his purse.

He continued, "Sing on, please; he who made this ballad shall be the poet-playwright of my masque."

Nightingale sang:

*"At Worcester, it is known well, and even in the jail,*

*"A knight of good worship did there show his face,*

*"Against the foul sinners, in zeal for to rail,*

*"And lost ipso facto his purse in the place."*

The Latin phrase *ipso facto* means "for that very reason" or "inevitably."

Some cutpurses have been known to cut purses on the day before they were to be hung for cutting purses.

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Is it possible?"

Nightingale sang:

*"Once from the seat*

*"Of judgment so great,*

*"A judge there did lose a fair pouch of velvete."*

"Velvete" is velvet.

Bartholomew Cokes asked, "Is that true?"

According to one story, Sir Thomas More was annoyed by a judge who criticized the victims of cutpurses, saying that the victims ought to have been more careful, so Sir Thomas More persuaded a cutpurse to steal the judge's purse during the cutpurse's trial. When the judge noticed that his purse was missing, Sir Thomas More gave it back to him along with the advice to not blame the victims of cutpurses.

Nightingale sang:

*"Oh, Lord, for your mercy, how wicked or worse,*

*"Are those who so venture their necks for a purse!*

*"Youth, youth, you had better been starved by your nurse,*

*"Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse."*

Bartholomew Cokes sang the refrain after Nightingale had sang it, and then he said to Nightingale, "Please, stay a little while, friend."

He then asked, "Yet on your conscience, Numps, speak, is there any harm in this?"

Humphrey Wasp replied, "To tell you the truth, the song is too good for you, unless you have the grace to follow the song's advice."

The disguised Justice Overdo said to himself, "It does reveal the enormity of the sin of purse-cutting. I'll listen to it some more. I have not liked a paltry piece of poetry as well for a good long while."

Bartholomew Cokes sang the refrain again:

*"Youth, youth, you had better been starved by your nurse,*

*"Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse."*

He then said, "Where's now this youth who became a cutpurse? A man must call upon him for his own good, and yet he will not appear. Look here, here's for him" — he displayed his purse and tossed it from hand to hand — "handy dandy, which hand will he have?"

Handy-dandy is a game in which children guess which hand an item is in.

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Sing on, please. Sing the rest of the song. I do hear of him, but I cannot see him. I do not see this master youth, the cutpurse."

Nightingale sang:

*"At plays, and at sermons, and at the [law] sessions,*

*"It is daily their practice such booty to make.*

*"Yes, under the gallows at executions,*

*"They stick not the stare-about's purses to take."*

In other words, they even steal the purses of people who are watching the executions of such people as cutpurses.

*"Nay, one without grace,*

*"At a [far] better place,*

*“At court, and in Christmas, before the King’s face.”*

On Christmas Day of 1611, John Selman cut a purse in the King’s Chapel at Whitehall. He did this while King James I was going forward to celebrate the sacrament of communion. John Selman was executed on 7 January 1612.

Bartholomew Cokes said, “That was a fine fellow! I would like to have him here now.”

Nightingale sang:

*“Alack then for pity must I bear the curse,*

*“That only belongs to the cunning cutpurse?”*

Bartholomew Cokes said, “But where’s the cutpurses’ cunning now, when they should use it? They are all chained up in prison now, I promise you.”

He sang the refrain again:

*“Youth, youth, you had better been starved by your nurse,*

*“Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.”*

He then sang extempore, *“The rat-catchers’ charme, are all fools and asses to this.”*

The comma showed where he paused briefly while singing.

The word “charme” is an obsolete spelling of “charm.” The context shows that the word is plural. We would use the word “charms” today.

His sentence means this: “The rat-catchers’ charmed ones are all fools and asses compared to this cutpurse I am trying to trap.”

The word “charme” as used in this sentence is a noun. By metonymy, it means “charmed ones.” The phrase “to this” means “compared to this.” “This” refers to the cutpurse whom Bartholomew Cokes was trying to entice to steal his purse.

Rat-charmers were supposed to be able to charm rats with enchanted songs that would kill them. In Ireland, rat-catchers were said to rhyme rats to death. Sometimes, the charms were said to drive rats out of the country.

One meaning of “charm” as a verb is “subdue.”

Because the rat-catchers were able to kill rats or to drive them out of the country, the rats were fools and asses compared to this cutpurse, who was staying safe by staying hidden.

The word “charm” has other meanings that come into play here. As a verb, “to charm” means “to enchant” or “to bewitch,” and so as a noun, “a charm” means “an enchantment” or “a bewitchment.” Also as a noun, “a charm” is “a blending of voices” (possibly a choir) or “a song,” and “charm” means “singing.”

Bartholomew Cokes continued, “I hope that the cutpurses will suffer from the pox because they will not come here! It’s a shame that a man should have such a desire for a thing, and lack that thing!”

He wanted to see a cutpurse, but so far no cutpurse was forthcoming.

Quarlous said to Mr. Winwife, “Before God I say that I’d give half the fair, if it were mine, for a cutpurse for him, to satisfy his longing. I’d give half of Bartholomew Fair for a cutpurse to go to him and cut his purse.”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Look, sister.”

He showed her his purse, and then quickly put it in one pocket and then another, saying, “Here it is. Here it is. Where is it now? Which pocket is it in? Do you want to make a wager?”

Humphrey Wasp said to him, “I ask you to leave your wagers, and let the singer end his song, if that is possible.”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Oh, are you edified by the song, Numps? Have you gained moral enlightenment from hearing it?”

The disguised Justice Overdo said to himself, “Indeed, Bartholomew Cokes interrupts the singer too much. There Numps spoke to good purpose.”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Sister, I am an ass. I cannot keep my purse!”



He showed his purse to his sister, and then he put it away and said to Nightingale, "Go on. Continue, please, friend."

Nightingale sang the refrain again:

*"Youth, youth, you had better been starved by your nurse,*

*"Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse."*

Mr. Winwife said to Quarlous, "Will you see something entertaining? Look, there's a fellow going over to Bartholomew Cokes, see."

As Nightingale sang, Ezekiel Edgworth went over to Bartholomew Cokes and tickled him in the ear with a straw twice to draw his hand out of his pocket.

Ezekiel Edgworth then put his hand in one of Bartholomew Cokes' pockets.

Quarlous said, "Good, indeed! Oh, he has lighted on the wrong pocket."

Ezekiel Edgworth then put his hand in Bartholomew Cokes' other pocket.

Mr. Winwife said, "He has it! He has the purse. Before God, I say that he is a brave, splendid fellow. It would be a pity if he were detected and handed over to the police."

Nightingale sang:

*"But oh, you vile nation of cutpurses all,*

*"Relent [cease your sinning] and repent, and amend and be sound,*

*"And know that you ought not, by honest men's fall,*

*"Advance your own fortunes, to die above ground;"*

People who are hung die above ground.

*"And though you go [about] gay*

*"In silks, as you may,*

*"It is not the highway to heaven (as they say).*

*"Repent then, repent you, for better, for worse,*

*"And kiss not the gallows for cutting a purse.*

*"Youth, youth, you had better been starved by your nurse,*

*“Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.”*

All cried, “An excellent ballad! An excellent ballad!”

Ezekiel Edgworth said to Nightingale, “Friend, let me buy the first copy of the ballad! Let me have the first, please.”

As Nightingale handed him a copy of the ballad, Ezekiel Edgworth slipped the purse into his hand.

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Pardon me, sir. First come, first served — and I’ll buy the whole bundle of ballads, too.”

Mr. Winwife said to Quarlous, “That conveyance of the purse to the ballad-singer was better than even the theft. Did you see it? He has given the purse to the ballad-singer.”

Quarlous said, “Has he!”

Ezekiel Edgworth said to Bartholomew Cokes, “Sir, I beg your pardon. I’ll not hinder the poor man’s profit; please, don’t think I would stop you from buying his ballads. Don’t mis-take me.”

Bartholomew Cokes replied, “Sir, I take you for an honest gentleman, and I don’t think that is mis-taking you. I met you earlier today.”

He reached into his pocket and shouted, “Oh, Lord! My purse is gone, my purse, my purse, my purse!”

Humphrey Wasp said, “Come, do not cry and make a stir and make yourself an ass throughout Bartholomew Fair before your time.”

He did not believe that the purse was missing.

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Why, do you have it, Numps? Good Numps, how did you come to get it, I wonder?”

Humphrey Wasp said, “Please seek some other gamester to play the fool with. You may lose your purse soon enough, despite all your Bartholomew Fair wit.”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “By this good hand, glove and all, I have lost it already if you don’t have it. Feel my

pocket, and I have lost Miss Grace's handkerchief, too, out of the other pocket."

The handkerchief was an expensive embroidered gift that Miss Grace had given to him.

Humphrey Wasp said sarcastically, "Why, this is good, very good, exceedingly pretty and good."

Ezekiel Edgworth asked, "Are you sure you have lost it, sir?"

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Oh, Lord! Yes, as I am an honest man, I had it but just now, as I was singing 'Youth, youth.'"

Nightingale asked, "I hope you don't suspect me, sir?"

Ezekiel Edgworth said, "You! That's very funny, indeed! Do you think that the gentleman is foolish? Where did you have your hands, I ask you? Nowhere near his pockets. Go away, ass, go away!"

Nightingale exited to give the stolen purse to Ursla.

The disguised Justice Overdo said, "I shall be beaten again, if I am seen."

He attempted to slip away without being noticed.

Ezekiel Edgworth said to Bartholomew Cokes, "Sir, I suspect an odd fellow, yonder, who is stealing away."

Mrs. Overdo said, "Brother, it is the preaching fellow we saw and heard earlier. You must suspect him. He was present when your other purse was stolen, you know!"

She said to the disguised Justice Overdo, who was actually her husband, "No, stay, sir, and view the work you have done; if you are given a position at the gallows, and preach there, thank your own handiwork."

Criminals on the gallows were allowed to make a speech of repentance before they were hung.

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Sir, you shall take no pride in your preferment; you shall be silenced quickly."

The preferment was being given a position on the gallows. Bartholomew Cokes was saying that the disguised

Justice Overdo, who he supposed was the cutpurse, would be quickly hung.

The men present seized the disguised Justice Overdo, who asked, "What do you mean, sweet buds of gentility?"

By "buds," he meant "young folks."

Bartholomew Cokes said, "To have my pennyworth's out of you, bud."

He wanted his money back, or if it was not forthcoming, he wanted his money's worth of revenge.

He continued, "No less than two purses a day will serve you! I thought you were a simple fellow, when my man Numps beat you this morning, and I pitied you."

Mrs. Overdo said, "So did I. I'll be sworn that I did, brother, but now I see he is a lewd and pernicious enormity, as Justice Overdo would call him."

The disguised Justice Overdo thought, *My own words are being turned upon me like swords!*

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Can't you let a man's purse lie quietly in the owner's pocket? Instead, you must entice it out of the pocket, and debauch it!"

Men carried away the disguised Justice Overdo.

Humphrey Wasp said to Bartholomew Cokes, "Sir, sir, keep your 'debauch,' and your other fine Bartholomew terms to yourself, and make as much of them as you please. But give me this from you in the meantime. Please, let's see if I can look after this."

He attempted to get the black box containing the marriage license from Bartholomew Cokes, who asked, "Why, Numps?"

Humphrey Wasp replied, "Why? Because you are an ass, sir, there's the reason expressed in the shortest and most direct way I can tell you, if you must know the reason.

"Now that you have got the trick of losing things, you'd lose your pants if they were loose. I know you, sir, come, deliver the box to me."

He took the box from him.

He continued, “You’ll go and crack the vermin you breed now, will you?”

This meant that Bartholomew Cokes wanted to catch and strike the cutpurses whom he had created by daring people to steal his purse. Another meaning was “speak contemptuously about someone or something.” Yet another meaning of the word “crack” was “break wind,” a meaning that can be associated with pants. Unfortunately, vermin can also be associated with pants; for some people in this society, the seams of pants were breeding grounds for lice.

Humphrey Wasp continued, “That’s very fine in theory, but will you have the truth of it? The cutpurses are reckless flies just like you, who breed cutpurses abroad in every corner. Your foolish handling of money creates cutpurses. If there were here no one wiser than I am, sir — that is, if I could have my way — the trade would lie open for you, sir, it would, indeed, sir.”

The word “trade” meant “path” at this time. If it were up to Humphrey Wasp, the path out of Bartholomew Fair would lie open for Bartholomew Cokes. Humphrey Wasp wanted Bartholomew Cokes to go home.

He continued, “I would teach your wit to come to your head, sir, as well as your land to come into your hand, I assure you, sir.”

He meant that he would teach him to have a well-regulated life that would bring him wealth.

Mr. Winwife said, “This is a pity, good Numps!”

Humphrey Wasp said, “No, gentlemen, don’t pity me. I am not worth it. If the Lord ever sends me home to Harrow o’ the Hill, again, then if I travel any more, call me Coriat with all my heart.”

Harrow on the Hill was a town northwest of London.

Coriat was a Fool who traveled extensively.

Humphrey Wasp, Bartholomew Cokes, and Mrs. Overdo exited. Humphrey Wasp was carrying the box. Still

remaining were Ezekiel Edgworth, Quarlous, Mr. Winwife, and Miss Grace Wellborn.

Ezekiel Edgworth started to exit, but Quarlous stopped him and said, “Stay, sir, I must have a word with you in private. Do you hear me?”

“A word with me, sir?” Ezekiel Edgworth replied. “What do you want, good sir?”

Quarlous said, “Do not deny it: You are a cutpurse, sir. This gentleman here and I saw you. But we do not mean to reveal to the authorities what you have done, although we can sufficiently inform ourselves about the danger of concealing you, thereby becoming accessories after the fact — but you must do us a piece of service.”

Ezekiel Edgworth said, “Good gentlemen, do not ruin me. I am a civil young man, and indeed I am only a beginner at this work.”

Quarlous replied, “Sir, your beginning shall bring on your ending as far as we are concerned. You can continue to do what you have begun to do. We are neither catchpoles nor constables.”

Catchpoles are sheriff’s officers.

Quarlous continued, “The piece of service that you are to undertake for us is this. Do you see the old fellow with the black box here?”

Ezekiel Edgworth replied, “The little old governor, sir?”

Quarlous replied, “The same. I see you have marked him as a possible mark already. I would have you get that box away from him, and bring it to us.”

Ezekiel Edgworth said, “Would you have the box and all, sir, or only that which is inside it? I’ll get you that, and leave him the box to play with still, which will be the harder of the two services, because I would gain your worship’s good opinion of me.”

Mr. Winwife said, “He speaks well. Getting the document and leaving the box will take a greater mastery of

the art of thievery, and we will have the greater entertainment when what is in the box is missed.”

Ezekiel Edgworth said, “Yes, and it will take longer to discover that it is missing, which will lengthen the entertainment.”

Quarlous said, “But look you do it now, sirrah, and keep your word, or —”

“Sirrah” was a title given to a man of lower status than the speaker.

Ezekiel Edgworth interrupted, “Sir, if I ever break my word with a gentleman, may I never read word at my need.”

People could get out of capital punishment if they could show that they could read Latin. Ezekiel Edgworth was saying that if he broke his word to Quarlous, then he was willing to be hung.

He then asked, “Where shall I find you?”

Quarlous said, “Somewhere in the fair, around here. Do this quickly.”

Ezekiel Edgworth exited.

Quarlous continued, “I would like to see Humphrey Wasp — the painstaking fool — deluded! Of all beasts, I love the serious ass: he who takes pains to be one and who plays the fool with the greatest diligence that can be.”

Miss Grace Wellborn said, “Then you would not choose, sir, but to love my guardian, Justice Overdo, who is answerable to that description in every hair of him. He is a painstaking fool.”

Quarlous said, “So I have heard. But how came you, Miss Grace Wellborn, to be his ward, or to first have any kind of relationship to him?”

Miss Grace Wellborn said, “Indeed, through a common calamity, he bought me, sir; and now he will marry me to his wife’s brother, this ‘wise’ gentleman whom you see; or else I must pay value of my land.”

She was an orphan and the heir of parents who held land from King James I. Because of this, she was the King's ward, and because he wanted to raise money, the King had exercised his right to sell his guardianship of her. Justice Overdo had bought her guardianship, which allowed him to choose a husband for her, and he was now seeking to marry her to his wife's brother: Bartholomew Cokes. He was not a suitable husband for her, but it was common for people to misuse their guardianships to provide advantageous marriages for family members. Miss Grace Wellborn could refuse to marry Bartholomew Cokes, but doing that would cost her a significant part of her inheritance.

The selling of guardianships was a common catastrophe and would be abolished in a few years.

Quarlous said, "By God's eyelid, is there no device of disparagement, or something similar? Talk with some crafty fellow, some picklock of the law. I wish I had studied a year longer in the Inns of Court, even if the result had been only that I could be in your case."

This has a bawdy meaning. "Case" can mean "legal case" or "vagina."

Mr. Winwife thought, *Mr. Quarlous, what are you proposing?*

Miss Grace Wellborn said, "You'd bring but little aid, sir."

There were some limits on whom a guardian could choose as spouse for his ward. The two had to be similar in social status, and the spouse could not be an idiot. Bartholomew Cokes and Miss Grace Wellborn were of similar social status, and he could read, so he was not an idiot in the accepted legal sense.

Mr. Winwife thought about Quarlous, *I'll keep an eye on you, indeed, gamester.*



He said out loud, “This is an unfortunate foolish tribe, aka family, you have fallen into, lady. I wonder that you can endure them.”

Miss Grace Wellborn said, “Sir, they who cannot work their fetters off must wear them.”

Mr. Winwife said, “You see what care they are taking of you — they have left you behind like this.”

Miss Grace Wellborn said, “Indeed, they take the same care of me that they take of themselves, sir. I cannot greatly complain, if this were all I had against them.”

Mr. Winwife said, “That is true, but will it please you to withdraw with us for a little while, so you can make them think they have lost you? I hope our manners and our language have been such as will give you no cause to fear for your safety while you are in our company.”

Miss Grace Wellborn replied, “Sir, I will give myself no cause or reason to fear my being in your company. I am so secure in my own conduct and morality that I will not suspect yours.”

She was positive that she would behave properly and that the two men would follow suit.

Looking up, Quarlous said, “Look, John Littlewit is coming.”

Mr. Winwife said, “Let’s leave. I don’t want to be seen by him.”

Quarlous said, “No, it is best for you that he not see you. He’d tell his mother, the widow.”

Mr. Winwife said, “What! What do you mean?”

Quarlous said, “I beg your pardon. Is that the way the wind blows? Must I not mention the widow?”

Both Quarlous and Mr. Winwife were interested in Miss Grace Wellborn. Mr. Winwife did not want the widow to be mentioned because he did not want Miss Grace Wellborn to know, or to remember, that he had been courting the widow.

Quarlous, Mr. Winwife, and Miss Grace Wellborn exited.

— 3.6 —

Mr. John Littlewit and his wife, Mrs. Win Littlewit, emerged from Ursula's booth, where they had been eating pig.

Mr. John Littlewit said, "Do you hear, Win, Win?"

Mrs. Win Littlewit asked, "What are you saying, John?"

Mr. John Littlewit said, "While they are paying the reckoning, Win, I'll tell you a thing, Win. We shall never see any sights in Bartholomew Fair, Win, unless you continue to have cravings, Win. So, good Win, sweet Win, long to see some hobbyhorses, and some drums, and rattles, and dogs, and fine devices, Win. Long to see the bull with the five legs, Win, and the immense hog. Now that you have begun with longing for pig, you may long for anything, Win, and so you can long to see my puppet-play, Win."

Mrs. Win Littlewit said, "But we shall not eat of the bull and the hog, John; how then shall I long for them?"

Mr. John Littlewit said, "Oh, you can, Win, you may long to see, as well as to taste, Win.

"Remember the apothecary's wife, Win, who longed to see the dissection of a corpse, Win?"

"Remember the lady, Win, who desired to spit in the great lawyer's mouth, after his very eloquent pleading?"

In this society, hunters would spit in the mouths of hunting dogs as a way to encourage them. Hunting dogs did not mind this, although most lawyers would. However, the lawyer may have metaphorically spit out fancy words and in doing so may have literally and accidentally spit on the lady, which may have made her importunate and insistent about spitting in the great lawyer's mouth.

Mr. John Littlewit continued, "I assure you that these women longed, Win. Good Win, go inside, and long to see the sights of the fair."

Mr. John Littlewit and Mrs. Win Littlewit went back inside Ursula's booth.

Joan Trash and Lantern Leatherhead were still at their booths.

Joan Trash said, "I think we are rid of our new customer, brother Leatherhead. We shall hear no more of him."

The new customer was Bartholomew Cokes, who had bought all of their wares. He had paid the money for their wares, but in the excitement over having his purse cut, he had not taken possession of the wares he had bought.

Lantern Leatherhead said, "All the better; let's pack up everything and leave, before he finds us."

Joan Trash said, "Stay a little longer. Yonder comes a company of people. It may be that we may make some more money."

Joan Trash and Lantern Leatherhead were willing to make more money by reselling wares that Bartholomew Cokes had already paid money for.

Jordan Knockem and Zeal-of-the-land Busy came out of Ursula's booth. Zeal-of-the-land Busy had been trying to convert Jordan Knockem to Puritanism.

Jordan Knockem said, "Sir, I will take your advice, and cut my hair short like a Puritan, and leave vapors. I see that tobacco, and bottle-ale, and pig, and Whit, and even Ursula herself, is all vanity."

Zeal-of-the-land Busy, who had just eaten pig, said, "Only pig was not comprehended in my admonition. All the rest were.

"As for long hair, it is an ensign of pride, a banner, and the world is full of those banners, very full of banners.

“And bottle-ale is a drink of Satan’s, a drink prescribed by Satan. It is devised to puff us up, and make us swell in this latter age of vanity.

“The purpose of the smoke of tobacco is to keep us in mist and error.

“But the fleshly woman, which you call Ursula, is above all to be avoided, having the marks upon her of the three enemies of man: the World, as being in the fair; the Devil, as being in the fire; and the Flesh, as being herself.”

He used “which” to refer to Ursula rather than the word “whom,” which we use to refer to human beings.

Dame Purecraft came out of Ursula’s booth and said, “Brother Zeal-of-the-land! What shall we do? My daughter Win-the-fight is fallen into her fit of longing again.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, “For more pig! There is no more, is there?”

Dame Purecraft said, “To see some sights in the fair.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, “Sister, let her flee from the impurity of the place swiftly, lest she partake of the pitch thereof. Oh, Smithfield, you are the seat of the beast, and I will leave you! Idolatry peeps out on every side of you.”

Jordan Knockem thought, *He is an excellent complete hypocrite! Now that his belly is full, he falls to railing and kicking the jade, aka metaphorical bad horse. A very “good” vapor! I’ll go in and entertain Ursula by telling her how her pig works. He has eaten two and a half portions, and he has drunk a pail full of ale. He eats with his eyes, as well as his teeth.*

Zeal-of-the-land Busy had warned others not to look at the sights of the fair, but he was looking at them now as he criticized them.

Jordan Knockem went inside Ursula’s booth.

Lantern Leatherhead shouted, “What do you lack, gentlemen? What is it you want to buy? Rattles, drums, doll babies —”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, "Silence! Be quiet about your apocryphal wares, you profane publican. Be quiet about your bells, your dragons, and your Tobie's dogs."

Zeal-of-the-land Busy was alluding to parts of the Apocrypha, all of which the Puritans rejected. Those parts were the stories of Bel and the Dragon and of Tobit (Tobie).

He continued, "Your hobbyhorse is an idol, a very idol, a fierce and rank idol; and you, the Nebuchadnezzar, the proud Nebuchadnezzar of the fair, who set it up for children to fall down before and worship."

Nebuchadnezzar was a King of Babylon who forced his people to worship a golden idol.

Lantern Leatherhead shouted, "I beg your mercy, sir; will you buy a fiddle to fill up your noise?"

A noise is a group of musicians, but Lantern Leatherhead meant that the fiddle could be the accompaniment to the noise that Zeal-of-the-land Busy was making.

Mr. John Littlewit and Mrs. Win Littlewit came out of Ursula's booth.

Mr. John Littlewit said, "Look, Win, do, look in God's name, and save your craving. Here are fine sights."

The word "save" meant "anticipate and take action to prevent." Win's way of taking action to prevent her craving was to satisfy her craving.

Dame Purecraft said to her, "Yes, child, as long as you hate them, as our brother Zeal-of-the-land Busy does, you may look at them."

Lantern Leatherhead said to Zeal-of-the-land Busy, "Or what do you say to a drum, sir?"

Zeal-of-the-land Busy replied, "It is the broken belly of the beast, and your bellows there are its lungs, and these pipes are its throat, those feathers are of its tail, and your rattles are the gnashing of its teeth."

Joan Trash said, “And what’s my gingerbread, I ask you?”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy replied, “The provender that pricks him up.”

“Pricks him up” meant “stimulates him.” The words included sexual imagery.

He continued, “Go away and take with you your basket of popery, your nest of images, and your whole legend of ginger-work.”

The Puritans rejected Catholic saints and such things as books of legends about Catholic saints. Joan Trash had gingerbread men, and Zeal-of-the-land Busy was likening them to images of Saint Bartholomew.

Lantern Leatherhead said, “Sir, if you are not quiet very quickly, I’ll have you clapped by the heels quickly into the stocks for disturbing the fair.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, “The sin of the fair provokes me! I cannot be silent!”

Dame Purecraft said, “Good brother Zeal!”

Lantern Leatherhead said, “Sir, I’ll make you silent, believe it.”

Mr. John Littlewit said quietly to Lantern Leatherhead, “I’ll give you a shilling if you do that, indeed, friend.”

Lantern Leatherhead said, “Sir, give me your shilling. I’ll give you my shop if I do not get him clapped into the stocks. In the meantime, I’ll leave my shop in pawn with you.”

Mr. John Littlewit gave him a shilling and said, “Agreed, but do it quickly.”

Lantern Leatherhead exited.

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said to Dame Purecraft, “Don’t try to stop me, woman. I was moved in spirit to be here this day, in this fair, this wicked and foul fair — and fitter may it be called a foul than a fair — to protest against the abuses of it, the foul abuses of it, in regard of the afflicted saints, who are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly

troubled, with the opening of the merchandise of Babylon again, and the peeping of popery upon the stalls here, here, in the high places.”

The afflicted saints, Zeal-of-the-land Busy believed, are the Puritans.

He pointed to a yellow-haired doll and said, “Don’t you see Goldy-locks, the purple strumpet there, in her yellow gown and green sleeves?”

Purple is a color associated with repentance from sin, so it would have been better for Zeal-of-the-land Busy’s rhetorical purposes if the doll had been scarlet.

He continued, “Don’t you see the profane pipes, the tinkling timbrels? A shop of relics!”

He was criticizing Lantern Leatherhead’s toys, which he then attempted to seize in order to destroy them.

Mr. John Littlewit said, “I have to tell you not to do that. I have been entrusted to look after them.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy turned to Joan Trash and said about her gingerbread men, “And this idolatrous grove of images, this flasket of idols, which I will pull down —”

He hit the gingerbread basket and knocked much of the gingerbread onto the ground.

Zeal-of-the-land Busy was envisioning himself as emulating Jesus in the Temple of God chasing away the changers of money.

This is John 2:13-16 (King James Version):

*13 And the Jews’ passover was at hand, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem.*

*14 And found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting:*

*15 And when he had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep, and the oxen; and poured out the changers’ money, and overthrew the tables;*

*16 And said unto them that sold doves, Take these things hence; make not my Father's house an house of merchandise.*

Joan Trash lamented, "Oh, my ware! My ware! God bless it!"

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, "In my zeal and glory I have been thus angered."

Lantern Leatherhead returned, bringing with him some law officers, who were led by Poacher.

Lantern Leatherhead pointed to Zeal-of-the-land Busy and said, "Here he is; please lay hold of his zeal. We cannot sell a whistle because of him and his tune. Stop his noise first."

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, "You cannot; this is a sanctified noise. I will make a loud and most strong noise, until I have daunted the profane enemy. And for this cause —"

Lantern Leatherhead interrupted, "Sir, no man here is afraid of you, or your cause. You shall swear it in the stocks, sir."

Ready to become a martyr, Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, "I will thrust myself into the stocks, upon the pikes of the land."

Pikes are long-handled weapons with points at the end.

The law officers seized him.

Lantern Leatherhead said, "Carry him away."

Dame Purecraft shouted, "What are you doing, wicked men?"

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, "Let them alone. I don't fear them."

The law officers exited with him in custody, followed by Dame Purecraft.

Mr. John Littlewit said, "Wasn't this shilling well spent, Win, since it has gotten us our liberty? Now we may go play, and see all of the fair, and go where we want to go.



My mother-in-law has gone after him, and let's let her go, because it frees us to do what we want."

Mrs. Win Littlewit replied, "Yes, John, but I don't know what to do."

"About what, Win?"

"For a thing I am ashamed to tell you, indeed, and it's too far for me to go home."

Mr. John Littlewit said, "Please don't be ashamed, Win. Come, I won't make you feel ashamed. Is it anything about the hobbyhorse man? If it is, speak freely."

He thought that she wanted to buy something.

Mrs. Win Littlewit said, "Hang him. He's a base bobchin. I scorn him; no, I have very great what sha' call 'um, John."

She whispered to him that she urgently needed to pee.

He replied, "Oh, is that all, Win? We'll go back to Captain Jordan, to the pig-woman's, Win, he'll help us, or she, with a dripping-pan, or an old kettle, or something."

A dripping-pan is a clever term — or item — to use for a chamber pot.

Mr. John Littlewit continued, "The poor greasy soul loves you, Win, and afterward we'll go all over the fair, Win, and see my puppet-play, Win; you know it's a fine matter, Win."

Mr. John Littlewit and Mrs. Win Littlewit exited.

Lantern Leatherhead said, "Let's leave. I advised you to pack up before, Joan."

Joan Trash said, "A pox on that Puritan's Bedlam purity! He has spoiled half my ware, but the best thing is, we lose nothing if we can avoid our first customer."

She meant Bartholomew Cokes.

Lantern Leatherhead said, "It shall be hard for him to find or know us, when we are transformed by disguising ourselves."

**CHAPTER 4****— 4.1 —**

Among booths, stalls, and a pair of stocks at the fair stood Bartholomew Cokes. With him were the law officers Bristle, Haggis, and others. Also present were the disguised Justice Overdo, who was in the custody of the law officers, and the madman Troubleall.

Troubleall said, “Sirs, I have no doubt that you are officers.”

Bristle asked, “What about it then, sir?”

Troubleall continued, “And you are the King’s loving and obedient subjects.”

“Obedient, friend!” Bristle said, “Be careful what you say, I — Oliver ‘Davy’ Bristle — advise you. His loving subjects, we grant you; but not his obedient, at this time, by your leave; we know ourselves to be a little better than that; we are to command, sir, and such as you are to be obedient. Here’s one of his obedient subjects going to the stocks; and we’ll make you such another, if you talk like that.”

Troubleall said, “You are all wise enough in your places, I know.”

“If you know it, sir, why do you bring it in question?” Bristle asked.

“I question nothing, pardon me,” Troubleall said. “I only hope you have a warrant for what you do, and if you do, quit ye and multiply ye.”

The words “quit ye and multiply ye” meant “may God reward you and may God make your family grow in number”; however, the word “God” was not mentioned because Troubleall feared committing blasphemy.

A warrant is an order authorizing an act.

Troubleall exited.

Haggis asked, “Who is he?”

He then said about the disguised Justice Overdo, “Bring him up to the stocks there. Why aren’t you bringing him up?”

The disguised Justice Overdo was brought forward.

Troubleall returned and said, “If you have Justice Overdo’s warrant, all is well and you are safe: His is the warrant of warrants. I wouldn’t give this button for any other man’s warrant.”

Bristle said, “That’s likely enough, sir, but let me tell you, if you play with your buttons like this, you will want and need them before night, for any abundance I see about you. You had best keep them, and save the need for pins to use on your clothing, indeed.”

Troubleall exited again.

The disguised Justice Overdo said to himself, “Who is he, the man who esteems and praises my warrant? He seems a sober and discreet person: It is a comfort to a good conscience to be followed with a good reputation after his sufferings. The world will have a pretty taste — because of this — of how I can bear adversity; and it will beget a kind of reverence towards me hereafter, even from my enemies, when they shall see that I carry my calamity nobly, and that it neither breaks me nor bends me.”

Haggis said to the disguised Justice Overdo, “Come, sir, here’s a place for you to preach in. Will you put in your leg?”

These stocks restrained only one leg, rather than both legs, of the prisoner.

The disguised Justice Overdo said, “That I will, cheerfully.”

The law officers put him in the stocks.

Bristle said, “On my conscience, he is a seminary! He kisses the stocks.”

A seminary is a Catholic priest who was trained abroad and is serving in England.

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Well, my sirs, I'll leave him with you; now I see him bestowed, I'll go look for my goods, and for Numps."

He had paid Lantern Leatherhead and Joan Trash for all their wares, but because he thought that the disguised Justice Overdo had stolen his purse, he had gone away without collecting his purchases.

Haggis said, "You may leave, sir, I warrant you."

Bartholomew Cokes exited.

Haggis said, "Where's the other bawler? Fetch him, too. You shall find them both fast enough."

The other bawler was Zeal-of-the-land Busy. Bawlers are religious people who bother other people with their sermonizing.

Some law officers exited.

The disguised Justice Overdo said to himself, "In the midst of this tumult, I will yet be the author of my own rest, and not minding their fury, I will sit in the stocks in that calm as shall be able to trouble a triumph."

Victorious Roman generals were given triumphs, parades in which their army marched and in which important prisoners were bound and forced to walk behind the general's chariot.

Troubleall returned and said, "Do you assure me upon your words? May I vouch for you, if I am asked the question, that you have this warrant? Do you have the necessary warrant from Justice Overdo to carry out this punishment?"

Haggis asked, "Who is this fellow, for God's sake?"

Troubleall said, "Do but show me Justice Adam Overdo, and I am satisfied."

He exited again.

Bristle replied, "He is a fellow who is distracted — mad, they say. His name is Troubleall. He was an officer in the Pie-Powders Court here last year, and he was put out of his position by Justice Overdo."

The disguised Justice Overdo said to himself, "Oh!"

Bristle said, "After he lost his position on the court, he acquired a foolish obsession, and is run mad because of it, so that ever since he will do nothing except by Justice Overdo's warrant. He will not eat a crust, nor drink a little, nor get dressed, without the warrant of Justice Overdo. His wife, begging your pardon, cannot get him to pee, or change his shirt, without the warrant of Justice Overdo."

The disguised Justice Overdo said to himself, "If this is true, this is my greatest disaster. I am bound to help this poor man who has so good a nature toward me but who is out of his wits, when I arrive at a time and place where I have no need for dissembling — no need to be in disguise."

Troubleall returned and said, "If you cannot show me Adam Overdo, I fear for you; I am afraid you cannot answer the charges that will be made against you."

Troubleall exited.

Haggis said, "I say, neighbor Bristle — now that I have had time to think better about it — Justice Overdo is a very parantory person."

By "parantory," he meant "peremptory."

Bristle replied, "Oh, are you aware of that! And he is a severe justice-giver, by your leave."

The disguised Justice Overdo said to himself, "Do I hear ill from that side, too?"

He was now hearing ill things about himself coming from a law officer.

Bristle said, "He will sit as upright on the bench, if you observe him closely, as a candle in the socket, and he will give light to the whole court in every business."

Haggis said, "But he will burn blue, and swell like a boil, God bless us, if he is angry."

A candle flame that burns with a bluish tint is a bad omen.

Bristle said, "Yes, and he will be angry, too, when he wants to be, what's more, and when he is angry, be it right

or wrong, he always has the law on his side. I have noticed that, too.”

The disguised Justice Overdo said to himself, “I will be more tender hereafter. I see that compassion may become a justice, although it is a weakness, I confess, and it is closer to being a vice than a virtue.”

Haggis said, “Well, take him out of the stocks again. We’ll go a sure way to work, and we’ll have the ace of hearts — the winning card — on our side, if we can.”

He did not want to get on Justice Overdo’s bad side.

They took the disguised Justice Overdo out of the stocks.

Poacher and the other law officers arrived with Zeal-of-the-land Busy in their custody. Dame Purecraft followed them.

Poacher said, “Come, bring him over to his fellow there.”

His fellow was the disguised Justice Overdo.

He then said, “Mr. Busy, we shall rule your legs, I hope, though we cannot rule your tongue.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, “No, minister of darkness, no; you cannot rule my tongue; my tongue is my own, and with it I will both knock and mock down your Bartholomew abominations, until you are made an object to be hissed at by all the neighboring parishes round about here.”

Haggis said, “Let him alone. We have devised a better way to do things.”

Dame Purecraft asked, “And he shall not go into the stocks then?”

Bristle said, “No, Mrs., we’ll take them both to Justice Overdo, and let him judge over them as is fitting. That way, I and my friend Haggis and my beadle, aka law officer, whose name is Poacher, are relieved of our responsibility over them.”

Dame Purecraft said, “Oh, I thank you, blessed honest men!”

Bristle said, “No, you need not thank us, but thank this madman who is coming here! He put the idea in our heads.”

Troubleall returned.

Dame Purecraft said, “Is he mad? May Heaven now increase his madness, and bless it, and thank it.”

She said to Troubleall, “Sir, your poor handmaid thanks you.”

Troubleall asked, “Have you a warrant? If you have a warrant, show it.”

Dame Purecraft said, “Yes, I have a warrant out of the Word to give thanks for removing any scorn intended to the brethren.”

Puritans — the brethren — called the Bible the Word.

Everyone except Troubleall exited.

Troubleall said, “It is Justice Overdo’s warrant that I look for; if you have not that, then you keep your word and I’ll keep mine. Quit ye and multiply ye.”

#### — 4.2 —

Ezekiel Edgworth and Nightingale appeared.

Ezekiel Edgworth said, “Come away with me, Nightingale, please.”

“Where are you going?” Troubleall asked. “Where’s your warrant?”

“Warrant!” Ezekiel Edgworth asked. “For what, sir?”

Troubleall replied, “For what you go about doing, you know how fit it is; if you have no warrant, then bless you, and I’ll pray for you — that’s all I can do.”

He exited.

Ezekiel Edgworth asked, “What does he mean?”

“He’s a madman who haunts Bartholomew Fair,” Nightingale replied. “Don’t you know him? It’s a marvel he hasn’t more followers after his ragged heels.”

Sometimes, children followed Troubleall.

Ezekiel Edgworth said, “Curse him, he startled me. I thought he had known about our plot. Guilt’s a terrible thing. Have you prepared the costardmonger?”

“Yes, and we have agreed on a price for his basket of pears,” Nightingale said. “He is at the corner here, ready. And as for your prize, he comes down sailing that way all alone, without his protector; he is rid of him, it seems.”

The prize was Bartholomew Cokes, who was likened to a pirates’ prize — a ship that the pirates would seize and plunder.

Ezekiel Edgworth said, “Yes, I know; I should have followed his protectorship because of a feat I am going to do upon him, but this opportunity offered itself so opportunely, I could not let it pass by without taking advantage of it.”

Bartholomew Cokes’ protectorship was Humphrey Wasp, who was carrying the box whose contents Ezekiel Edgworth was going to steal.

Ezekiel Edgworth continued, “Here he comes, whistle; let this sport be called Dorryng the Dottrel.”

“Dorryng the Dottrel” means “Fooling the Simpleton.” A dorry is a sound that is known as a raspberry or a Bronx cheer, and a dottrel is a bird that is known to be easily caught.

Bartholomew Cokes arrived.

Nightingale whistled.

Bartholomew Cokes said, “By this light, I swear that I cannot find my gingerbread wife, nor my hobbyhorse man, in all the fair now, to get my money back, and I do not know the way out of the fair so I can go home for more money. Do you hear me, friend, you who whistle? What tune is it that you are whistling?”



Bartholomew Cokes wanted to get his money back so he could spend it again. Apparently, he would have Lantern Leatherhead and Joan Trash deliver the items he had bought to his home, and he would pay them upon delivery.

Nightingale said, "It's a new tune I am practicing, sir."

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Do you know where I am staying, I ask you?"

Bartholomew Cokes lived in the country; he was only visiting London and staying with his sister and her husband, and he did not know his way around.

He continued, "No, go on and practice your tune; I am in no haste for an answer. I'll practice with you."

The costardmonger arrived with a basket of pears and shouted, "Buy some pears, very fine pears, fine pears!"

Nightingale set his foot in front of him, and the costardmonger fell with his basket.

Boys at the fair began to scramble for the pears.

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Gee! A scramble! A scramble! A scramble! A scramble!"

The costardmonger said, "Good gentlemen, my wares for sale! My wares! I am a poor man! Good sir, my wares!"

Bartholomew Cokes began to scramble to pick up pears.

Nightingale said to him, "Let me hold your sword, sir. It is getting in your way."

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Do, and hold my cloak if you will, and my hat, too."

He handed over all these items to a person he thought was doing a good deed.

Nightingale and Ezekiel Edgworth withdrew with Bartholomew Cokes' possessions.

Ezekiel Edgworth said, "He is a delightful overgrown boy! I think he out-scrambles them all. I cannot persuade myself other than that he still goes to grammar school and is playing truant from school today."

Nightingale said, "I wish he had another purse to cut, Ezekiel."

Ezekiel Edgworth said, "Purse! A man might cut out his kidneys, I think, and he would never feel them leaving his body because he is so earnest at the sport of scrambling for pears."

Boys were grabbing pears and then running away.

Nightingale said, "His soul is halfway out of his body at the game."

Ezekiel Edgworth said, "Leave, Nightingale; go that way."

Nightingale ran off with Bartholomew Cokes' sword, cloak, and hat.

Bartholomew Cokes said, "I think I am furnished with enough Catherine pears for one afternoon snack. Give me my cloak."

The costardmonger said, "Good gentleman, give me my pears."

Bartholomew Cokes asked, "Where's the fellow I gave my cloak to? My cloak and my hat! By God's eyelid, has he gone? Thieves, thieves! Help me to raise a hue and cry, gentlemen."

A hue and cry is a number of people shouting and running after a criminal to capture him or her.

Still carrying the pears, Bartholomew Cokes ran away, shouting and looking for the man who had taken his sword, cloak, and hat, all of which were expensive items.

Did Bartholomew Cokes mean to steal the pears? Was he going to pay for them so he could eat them honestly, and was he simply distracted by being robbed? Or was his soul halfway out of his body because he was willing to steal pears from a lowly fruit-seller? Since both of his purses had been stolen, perhaps he lacked the money to pay for the pears and so he may have deliberately stolen the pears. Earlier, Humphrey Wasp had complained about him snatching pears from a Catherine-pear woman.

Ezekiel Edgworth said, “Costardmonger, go to Ursula’s. We will meet there.”

The costardmonger exited.

Ezekiel Edgworth said to himself, “Talk of him having a soul! By God’s heart, if he has any more than a thing given him instead of salt just to keep him from stinking, I’ll be hanged before my time, immediately.”

Salt keeps food from rotting, and the soul keeps the body from rotting; once the soul departs from the body, the body begins to rot. Ezekiel Edgworth believed that Bartholomew Cokes had just enough soul to keep his body from rotting, but not enough soul to keep him from stealing pears.

Ezekiel Edgworth continued, “Where should it be, indeed? In his blood? He has not so much an amount of it in his whole body as will maintain a good flea!”

In other words, he was saying that yes, Bartholomew Cokes definitely lacks soul — and the things that go with it, such as morality. He was also saying that Bartholomew Cokes lacked blood. If he meant that literally, he meant that although Bartholomew Cokes was tall, he was skinny. If he meant that figuratively, he meant that Bartholomew Cokes lacked fighting spirit. Of course, he could have meant that both literally and figuratively.

“And if he continues to take this course of action, he will not have so much land left as to rear a calf, within this twelvemonth. Was there ever a green plover so pulled!”

This course of action was one of foolishness and innocence. Bartholomew Cokes had innocently handed over valuable clothing to a person he thought was doing a good deed for him, and he did that because he apparently wanted to scramble for and grab pears and keep them without paying for them (because he had lost his purses of money). Finders keepers, losers weepers.

A pulled green plover is an innocent, foolish bird that — or person who — has been plucked. Its feathers have

been pulled from it. Some of Bartholomew Cokes' feathers — his clothing — had been plucked from him.

Ezekiel Edgworth continued, "I wish that his little overseer had been here now, and been tall enough to see him steal pears in exchange for his beaver hat and his cloak!"

The little overseer was Humphrey Wasp.

Ezekiel Edgworth continued, "I must go and find him next, because of his black box, and his patent that it seems he has of his place, which I think the gentleman would have a reversion of — I mean the gentleman who spoke to me for it so earnestly."

He was mistaken about the document in the black box. He thought it was a patent — a document giving Humphrey Wasp the right of guardianship over Bartholomew Cokes. He also thought that Quarlous wanted a reversion — the right of succession. In other words, Quarlous wanted to replace Humphrey Wasp as the guardian of Bartholomew Cokes.

Ezekiel Edgworth exited.

Bartholomew Cokes returned and said, "I wish that I would lose my jacket, and my stockings, too, as I am an honest man, and never again move around, if I think that there is anything but thieving and cheating in this whole fair. Bartholomew Fair — ha! If any Bartholomew has ever had that luck in it that I have had, I'll be martyred for him, and in Smithfield, too."

Actually, another Bartholomew had had worse luck in Smithfield, where the fair was held annually. In 1611, Bartholomew Legate was burned at the stake in Smithfield after being found guilty of heresy.

Bartholomew Cokes continued, "I have 'paid' for my pears with the loss of my clothing — may the pears rot! I'll keep them no longer."

He threw his pears away.

He continued, “You were choke-pears to me. I would have done better to have gone to mum-chance for you — I wish I had done that.”

Choke-pears are not fit for eating; they are used to make an alcoholic drink.

Mumchance is a gambling game using dice.

He continued, “I think the fair should not have treated me like this, if only because of my namesake, Saint Bartholomew. I would not have treated a dog named Bartholomew like this. Oh, Numps will triumph now! He will say, ‘I told you so!’”

Troubleall returned.

Bartholomew Cokes said to him, “Friend, do you know who I am, or where I am staying? I do not know myself, I’ll be sworn. Do but take me home, and I’ll make you happy. I have money enough there at home. I have lost myself, and my cloak, and my hat, and my fine sword, and my sister, and Numps, and Miss Grace, a gentlewoman whom I would have married, and an openwork embroidered handkerchief she gave me, and two purses, today, and I have lost my purchase of hobbyhorses and gingerbread, which grieves me worst of all.”

Silly as always, he was grieved most of all by the loss of his toys and gingerbread.

Troubleall asked, “By whose warrant, sir, have you done all this?”

“Warrant!” Bartholomew Cokes said. “You are a ‘wise’ fellow indeed — as if a man would need a warrant to lose anything!”

Troubleall said, “Yes, a man may gain and lose with Justice Overdo’s warrant, I swear.”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Justice Overdo! Do you know him? I am staying there, he is my brother-in-law, he married my sister. Please show me the way there. Do you know the house?”

Troubleall replied, "Sir, show me your warrant. I know nothing without a warrant, pardon me."

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Why, I warrant you. Come along. You shall see I have embroidered pillows there, and cambric sheets, and sweet bags filled with aromatic herbs to perfume the linen, too. Please guide me to the house."

Troubleall said, "Sir, I'll tell you what. You go there first by yourself alone, tell your worshipful brother your mind, and bring me just three lines of his handwriting, or his clerk's, with Adam Overdo's signature underneath. I'll stay here and wait for you, I'll obey you, and I'll guide you to the house immediately."

Bartholomew Cokes said, "By God's eyelid, this man is an ass. I have found him out. A pox upon me! What am I doing talking to such a dull fool!"

He said to Troubleall, "Farewell! You are a complete coxcomb. You are a complete fool, do you hear me?"

Troubleall replied, "I think I am; if Justice Overdo signs a warrant to it, I am, and so are we all. He'll quit us all, multiply us all."

Troubleall's last sentence was troublesome. He was putting Justice Overdo in the place of God, Who is the Being Who will "quit [requite] us all, multiply us all."

### — 4.3 —

In another part of the fair, Miss Grace Wellborn, Quarlous, and Mr. Winwife were talking. Quarlous and Mr. Winwife had drawn their swords.

Miss Grace Wellborn said, "Gentlemen, this is no good way to act; you are only breeding trouble and offence for one another, and you are giving me no contentment at all. I am not a woman who wants to be fought over, or to have my name or fortune made the question of men's swords."

Quarlous said, "By God's blood, we love you."

Miss Grace Wellborn replied, "If you both love me, as you say you do, your own reason will tell you that only one of you can enjoy me, and to that point there leads a more direct line, than by my infamy, which must follow, if you fight.

"It is true, and I have professed it to you without any pretense, that rather than be yoked with this bridegroom — Bartholomew Cokes — who has been appointed to be my husband, I would take up any husband almost without any inquiry into his credentials. I know that a cunning mind would say to me that Bartholomew Cokes is a fool, and he has an estate, and I could order him around and enjoy a lover on the side. But these are not my aims; I must have a husband I can love, one who is worthy of my love, or I cannot live with him. I shall badly make one of these cunning, shrewd wives — that is not the kind of thing I could or would do."

Mr. Winwife said, "Why, if you can like either of us, lady, say which of us you prefer, and the other shall swear instantly to desist. Choose one of us to marry."

Quarlous said, "Good idea! I agree to that willingly."

Miss Grace Wellborn said, "Surely, you think that I am a woman of an extreme levity, gentlemen, or a strange fancy, if, meeting you by chance in such a place as this, both at the same time, and not yet knowing you two gentlemen for two hours, and neither of you appearing to be more deserving than the other to me, I should so forsake my modesty (although I might prefer one more particularly than the other) as to say, this is the man I will marry, and name him."

Quarlous asked, "Why, for what reason shouldn't you do that? What would hinder you from doing that?"

Miss Grace Wellborn said, "If you will not allow my modesty to be my reason for not choosing so quickly, then allow my reason to be my intelligence. Believe that I am enough of a woman and have enough cunning not to betray

myself unsuitably. How can I judge between you, so far as to making a choice of whom to marry, without knowing you more and better? You are both equal and alike to me yet, and so impartially and equally esteemed by me, that each of you might be the man I would choose to marry, if the other were away, because you are reasonable creatures and you have understanding and rationality and gracious speech, and if fate will send me an understanding husband, I don't doubt at all but that my own manners shall make him a good husband."

Quarlous said, "I wish that I were put forth to making for you then."

"Put forth to making" meant "sent out for training." The words referred to the training of animals, but Quarulous meant that he wanted to be trained to be a good husband for her. Another meaning of "make" was "mate with," and so the sentence also meant that he wanted to have sex with her and perhaps make a baby.

Miss Grace Wellborn said, "It may be you will; you don't know what is in store for you."

She then asked both men, "Will you consent to a proposal of mine, gentlemen?"

Mr. Winwife said, "Whatever it is, we'll presume that it is reasonable because it comes from you."

Quarlous added, "And we'll presume it's fitting and suitable, too."

She said, "I saw one of you buy a pair of writing notebooks, just now."

Mr. Winwife said, "Yes, here they are, and they are maiden ones, too — they are unwritten in."

Miss Grace Wellborn said, "All the better for what they may be employed in. Each of you shall write here in this notebook a word or a name, whatever you like best, but of only two or three syllables at most; and the next person who comes this way, because Destiny has a high hand in business of this nature, I'll demand which of the two words



he or she approves of better, and, according to that sentence, fix my resolution and affection without change. I will marry the man whose word is chosen.”

“Agreed,” Quarlous said, “I have already chosen my word.”

Mr. Winwife added, “And I shall quickly choose my word.”

Miss Grace Wellborn said, “But you shall promise, gentlemen, not to be curious to know which of you it is — which person’s word has been chosen; instead, give me permission to conceal that until you have brought me either home or to a place where I may safely tender myself.”

“Tender myself” meant either 1) take care of myself, or 2) offer myself.

“Why, that’s only fair,” Mr. Winwife said.

“We are pleased to agree,” Quarlous said.

She said, “I will bind both of you to endeavor to work together friendly and jointly each to the other’s fortune, and I will have myself fitted with some means to make the man who is forsaken a part of amends. You two shall be friends and help each other, and I shall find a way to give some compensation to the man who does not marry me.”

“These conditions are very courteous,” Quarlous said. “Well, my word is out of the romance *Arcadia* by Sir Philip Sydney: I choose the name Argalus.”

Mr. Winwife said, “And the name I choose is out of the romance *The Two Noble Kinsmen* by William Shakespeare and John Fletcher: Palamon.”

Argalus and Palamon were both young men who loved young women. Both names were from romances, which is fitting. Miss Grace Wellborn had said that “Destiny has a high hand in business of this nature,” and this is certainly true in romances.

Quarlous and Mr. Winwife each wrote his preferred name in a notebook.

Troubleall showed up and asked, “Have you any warrant for this, gentlemen?”

Quarlous and Mr. Winwife laughed: “Ha!”

Troubleall said, “There must be a warrant had, believe it.”

“Had for what?” Mr. Winwife asked.

“For whatsoever it is, anything indeed, no matter what,” Troubleall replied.

Quarlous said, “By God’s light, here’s a fine ragged prophet dropped down in the nick of time!”

Troubleall said, “May Heaven reward you, gentlemen!”

“Stay a little while,” Quarlous requested.

He then said to Miss Grace Wellborn, “Good lady, let him choose the name he prefers.”

Miss Grace Wellborn asked, “You are OK with that, then?”

“Yes, yes,” Quarlous and Mr. Winwife said.

Miss Grace Wellborn said to Troubleall, “Sir, here are two names written —”

“Is the name Justice Overdo one of them?” Troubleall asked.

Miss Grace Wellborn said, “What, sir? Please read them to yourself; it is for a wager between these gentlemen; and with a checkmark, or any other symbol, mark which you approve of best.”

Troubleall replied, “They may be both worshipful names for all I know, Miss; but the name ‘Adam Overdo’ would be worth three of them, I assure you in this place — I say this in plain English.”

“This man amazes me,” Miss Grace Wellborn said to Quarlous and Mr. Winwife.

She then said to Troubleall, “I ask you to like one of them more than the other, sir.”

Troubleall marked the notebook and said, “I like him there; that name has the best warrant.”

He added, “Miss, to satisfy your longing, and to multiply him, it may be this.”

Although he did not know the purpose of choosing one of the names, Troubleall’s sentence was accurate enough. His choosing the name may satisfy her longing for a husband she can love, and it may increase her husband’s family — if he gets her pregnant.

Troubleall then said, “But I am still for Justice Overdo, that’s my conviction; and quit you.”

“Quit you” could mean 1) May God reward you, 2) May Justice Overdo reward you, or 3) I am leaving you.

He exited.

Mr. Winwife asked, “Is it done, lady? Has the choice of whom you will marry been made?”

Miss Grace Wellborn replied, “Yes, and as strangely as ever I saw. What fellow is this, I wonder? Who is he?”

Quarlous said, “No matter who he is, we have made him a fortune-teller. Which is it? Which is it? Which name did he choose?”

“I won’t tell you,” Miss Grace Wellborn said. “Didn’t you promise not to ask that?”

Ezekiel Edgworth arrived.

Quarlous said, “By God’s eyelid, I forgot that. Please pardon me.”

Seeing Ezekiel Edgworth, he said, “Look, here’s our Mercury; the marriage license arrives in the finest time, too! All we have to do is scratch out Bartholomew Cokes’ name, and the marriage license will serve for either me or Mr. Winwife.”

Mercury is the god of thieves. Ezekiel Edgworth, of course, is a thief.

Mr. Winwife said, “How now, lime-twig, have you committed the theft?”

Birdlime was used to catch birds. Sticky birdlime was smeared on branches, and birds stuck to the branches.

Metaphorically, a lime-twigg is a thief because whatever the thief touches sticks to his hand.

Ezekiel Edgworth replied, "Not yet, sir. Unless you want to go with me and see the theft, it is not worth speaking about. The act is nothing without a witness. Yonder he is, your man with the box, fallen into the finest company, and so transported with vapors!"

The man with the box, of course, was Humphrey Wasp, who had fallen into bad company, including Jordan Knockem, who constantly spoke about vapors.

Ezekiel Edgworth continued, "In their assembly is a Northern clothier named Nordern, and a man called Puppy who is from the west of England and has come to wrestle before my Lord Mayor soon."

Wrestling matches were part of the opening-day entertainment of the fair.

He continued, "And there's Captain Whit, and one Val Cutting, who helps Captain Jordan to roar — Jordan Knockem is a circling boy."

Jordan Knockem was a bully, a roaring boy who picked fights by telling people to step into a circle of friendship. If they don't step into the circle, they aren't his friend and he quarrels with them. If they do step in the circle, he asks them for a favor that he knows they cannot and/or will not grant and then he quarrels with them.

Ezekiel Edgworth continued, "Your Numps is so taken with Jordan Knockem that you may strip him of his clothes, if you want to. I'll undertake to geld him for you, if you will just have a surgeon ready to cauterize him. And Mrs. Justice Overdo there is the goodest woman! She does so love them all over in terms of justice and the style of authority, with her hood upright that — I beg you to come with me, gentlemen, and see it."

Quarlous said, "By God's light, I would not miss it for the fair. What will you do, Ned Winwife?"

Mr. Winwife said, “Why, I will stay here in place of you. Miss Grace Wellborn must not be seen.”

Quarulous replied, “Do that, and find a priest in the meantime; I’ll bring the marriage license.”

He then said to Ezekiel Edgworth, “Lead on. Which way is it?”

Ezekiel Edgworth replied, “Here, sir, you are at the back of the booth already; you may hear the noise.”

— 4.4 —

In Ursula’s booth were Jordan Knockem, Whit, Nordern, Puppy, Val Cutting, Humphrey Wasp, and Mrs. Overdo, all of them drunk.

During a lull in the noise, Jordan Knockem said quietly, “Whit, tell Val Cutting to continue the vapors for a lift, Whit, for a lift.”

A lift is a theft. The game of vapors is a rowdy game in which people insult each other. The insults start out jocularly, but they can escalate until a fight breaks out. During the fight, a thief can find an opportunity to steal.

A Scotsman, Nordern said, “I’ll ne mare, I’ll ne mare; the eale’s too meeghty.”

[A Scotsman, Nordern said, “I’ll [drink] no more, I’ll [drink] no more; the ale’s too mighty [strong].”]

Jordan Knockem said, “What? My Galloway nag has the staggers, ha!”

Galloway horses were Scottish horses with a good reputation for endurance. The staggers are diseases that cause a horse to stagger.

Jordan Knockem recommended some cures for the staggers: “Whit, give him a slit in the forehead. Cheer up, man; we need a needle and thread to stitch his ears. I’d cure him now with a little butter and garlic, long-peppers and grains, if I had it. Where’s my drenching-horn for giving

medicine to horses? I'll give him a mash immediately that shall take away this dizziness."

Puppy, who spoke a west-country dialect, asked, "Why, where are you, zurs? Do you vlinch, and leave us in the zuds now?"

[Puppy, who spoke a west-country dialect, asked, "Why, where are you, sirs? Do you flinch, and leave us in the suds now?"]

"In the suds" meant "in trouble."

Nordern said, "I'll ne mare, I is e'en as vull as a paiper's bag, by my troth, I."

[Nordern said, "I'll [drink] no more, I am even as full as a bagpiper's bag, indeed I am."]

Puppy asked, "Do my Northern cloth zhrink i' the wetting, ha?"

[Puppy asked, "Does my Northern cloth shrink in the wetting, ha?"]

Shrinkage was a common complaint made against cloth manufactured in the North.

Jordan Knockem said, "Why, well said, old flea-bitten; you'll never tire, I see."

A flea-bitten horse was a dappled horse, aka a horse with bay or sorrel spots. Such horses were supposed not to tire easily.

They began to play the game of vapors again.

Val Cutting said, "No, sir, for he may tire if it pleases him."

Whit, who spoke with an Irish accent, said to Jordon Knockem, "Who told dee sho, that he vuld never teer, man?"

[Whit, who spoke with an Irish accent, said, "Who told you so, that he would never tire, man?"]

Val Cutting said, "It doesn't matter who told him so, as long as he knows."

Jordan Knockem said, "I know nothing, sir. Pardon me there."

Ezekiel Edgworth and Quarlous entered Ursula's booth.

Ezekiel Edgworth said, "They are at it still, sir; this is the game they call vapors."

Whit said, "He shall not pardon dee, Captain: dou shalt not be pardoned.

"Pre'dee, shweet-heart, do not pardon him."

[Whit said, "He shall not pardon you, Captain. You shall not be pardoned.

["Please, sweetheart, do not pardon him."]

The Captain was Jordan Knockem, Captain of the roarers; Whit himself was also sometimes called Captain. The "sweetheart," aka friend, was Val Cutting.

Val Cutting said, "By God's light, I'll pardon him, if I wish, no matter whosoever says nay to it."

"Where's Numps?" Quarlous said. "I don't see him."

Humphrey Wasp spoke up and said, "Why, I say nay to it."

The "nay" meant "I agree with Whit: Don't pardon Captain Jordan Knockem."

Quarlous said, "Oh, there he is."

Jordan Knockem asked, "To what do you say nay, sir?"

They were continuing to play their game of vapors, which was nonsense. Every man was supposed to oppose the last man who spoke, whether it concerned him, or not, although occasionally they could agree — but then almost immediately again disagree.

Drunk like the others playing the game, Humphrey Wasp said, "To anything, whatsoever it is, as long as I do not like it."

Whit said, "Pardon me, little man, dou musht like it a little."

[Whit said, "Pardon me, little man, you must like it a little."]

Val Cutting said, "No, he must not like it at all, sir. There you are in the wrong."

Whit said, "I tink I bee; he musht not like it indeed."

[Whit said, “I think I am [in the wrong]; he must not like it indeed.”]

Val Cutting said, “In that case, then he both must and will like it, sir, in spite of you.”

Jordan Knockem said, “If he has a reason, he may like it, sir.”

Whit said, “By no meensh, Captain, upon reason, he may like nothing upon reason.”

[Whit said, “By no means, Captain [Jordan Knockem], upon reason, he [Humphrey Wasp] may like nothing upon reason.”]

Humphrey Wasp said, “I have no reason, nor I will hear of no reason, nor I will look for no reason, and he is an ass who either knows any reason, or looks for any reason from me.”

Val Cutting said, “Yes, in some sense you may have reason, sir.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “Yes, in some sense, I don’t care if I grant you.”

Whit said, “Pardon me, thou oughst to grant him nothing in no shensh, if dou do love dysshelf, angry man.”

[Whit said, “Pardon me, you ought to grant him nothing in no sense, if you do love yourself, angry man.”]

Humphrey Wasp said, “Why, then I do grant him nothing; and I have no sense.”

Val Cutting said, “It is true, you have no sense indeed.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “By God’s eyelid, but I have sense, now I think on it better, and I will grant him anything, do you see?”

Jordan Knockem said, “He is in the right, and he utters a sufficient vapor.”

Val Cutting objected, “No, it is no sufficient vapor neither. I deny that.”

Jordan Knockem said, “Then it is a sweet vapor.”

Val Cutting agreed, “It may be a sweet vapor.”



Humphrey Wasp disagreed, “No, it is no sweet vapor neither, sir; it stinks, and I’ll stand to it.”

Whit said, “Yes, I tink it dosh shtink, Captain. All vapor dosh shtink.”

[Whit said, “Yes, I think it does stink, Captain. All vapor does stink.”]

Humphrey Wasp said, “No, then it does not stink, sir, and it shall not stink.”

Val Cutting said, “By your leave, I say it may stink, sir.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “Yes, by my leave it may stink. I know that.”

Whit said, “Pardon me, thou knowesht nothing; it cannot by thy leave, angry man.”

[Whit said, “Pardon me, you know nothing; it cannot [stink] by your leave, angry man.”]

Humphrey Wasp asked, “How can it not stink?”

Jordan Knockem said, “No, don’t question what he says, for he is in the right.”

Whit said, “Yesh, I am in de right, I confesh it, so ish de little man, too.”

[Whit said, “Yes, I am in the right, I confess it, [and] so is the little man [Humphrey Wasp, in the right], too.”]

Whit said it did not stink, and Humphrey Wasp said it did stink, so both cannot be in the right. In this “game,” people argued for the sake of arguing.

Humphrey Wasp said, “I’ll have nothing confessed that concerns me. I am not in the right, nor never was in the right, nor never will be in the right, while I am in my right mind.”

Val Cutting said, “Mind! Why, here’s no man minds you, sir, nor anything else.”

He meant this: No man here is paying attention to you, sir, or to anything else.

Except for Norderm, they drank again, although they were so drunk that no one needed to take a drink.

Puppy said to Norderm, “Vriend, will you mind this that we do?”

[Puppy said to Norderm, “Friend, would you mind [doing] this that we are doing?”]

He offered Norderm the drinking cup.

Norderm replied, “I’ll ne mare. My waimb warkes too mickle with this auready.”

[Norderm replied, “I’ll [drink] no more. My stomach works too much with what I have drunk already.”]

Quarlous said to Ezekiel Edgworth, “Do you call this vapors! This is such belching of quarrel as I never heard. Will you do your business, sir?”

The business was stealing the marriage license out of the box that Humphrey Wasp was still carrying.

Ezekiel Edgworth said, “You shall see, sir.”

He went over to Humphrey Wasp.

Ezekiel Edgworth said, “Will you take that, Mr. Humphrey Wasp? He insulted you when he said that nobody should mind you!”

Humphrey Wasp asked, “Why, what have you to do with this? Is it any business of yours?”

Ezekiel Edgworth said, “No, but I think that you should not be unminded, though.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “And I would not be, now I think about it. Do you hear, new acquaintance? Does no man mind me, you say?”

Val Cutting said, “Yes, sir, every man here minds you, but how do they mind you?”

Humphrey Wasp said, “I care as little how they mind me as you do; that was not my question.”

Whit said, “No, noting was ty question, tou art a learned man, and I am a valiant man, i’faith la, tou shalt speak for me, and I will fight for tee.”

[Whit said, “No, nothing was your question. You are a learned man, and I am a valiant man; indeed, la, you shall speak for me, and I will fight for you.”]

Jordan Knockem said, “Fight for him, Whit? That’s a gross vapor — he can fight for himself!”

Humphrey Wasp said, “It may be I can, but it may be I would not, so what then?”

Val Cutting said, “Why, then you may choose.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “Why, then I’ll choose whether I choose or not.”

Jordan Knockem said, “I think you may, and it is true; and I allow it for a resolute vapor.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “Then I think you do not think, and it is no resolute vapor.”

Val Cutting said, “Yes, in some sort he may allow you.”

“In some sort” meant “to some extent.”

Jordan Knockem said, “In no sort, sir; pardon me, I can allow him nothing. You mistake the vapor.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “He mistakes nothing, sir, in no sort.”

Whit said, “Yes, I pre dee now, let him mistake.”

“Pre dee” meant “pray thee” or “prithee,” aka “ask you please.”

[Whit said, “Yes, I ask you to please now let him mistake.”]

Humphrey Wasp said, “A turd in your teeth, never pre dee me, for I will have nothing mistaken.”

Jordan Knockem said, “Turd! Ha, turd? A noisome vapor.”

He then said quietly to Whit, “Hit him, Whit. Start a fight.”

While Whit and Humphrey Wasp fought, Ezekiel Edgworth stole the marriage license out of the box, and exited.

Mrs. Overdo said, “Why, gentlemen, why, gentlemen, I order you upon my authority to preserve the peace. In the King’s name, and my husband’s, put up your weapons, I shall be driven to commit you myself, otherwise.”

She meant that she would commit them to prison, but Quarlous laughed because in this society “commit” also had the meaning of “commit adultery” or “fornicate.”

Humphrey Wasp asked, “Why do you laugh, sir?”

Quarlous replied, “Sir, you’ll allow me my Christian liberty; I may laugh, I hope.”

Val Cutting said, “In some sort you may, and in some sort you may not, sir.”

The first “in some sort” possibly meant “to some extent,” and the second “in some sort” possibly meant “in some company.”

Jordan Knockem said, “In some sort, sir, he may neither laugh nor hope in this company.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “Yes, then he may both laugh and hope in any sort, if it should please him.”

Quarlous said, “Indeed, and I will then, for it does please me exceedingly.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “Not exceedingly neither, sir.”

Jordan Knockem said, “No, that vapor is too lofty.”

Quarlous said, “Gentlemen, I do not play well at your game of vapors. I am not very good at it, but —”

Val Cutting drew a circle on the ground and said, “Do you hear, sir? I would speak with you in the circle.”

Quarlous, not sure what this meant, asked, “In the circle, sir! Why would you want to speak with me in the circle?”

Val Cutting asked, “Can you lend me a piece, a Jacobus, in the circle?”

A Jacobus was a valuable gold coin also known as a sovereign. Val Cutting had just met Quarlous, and he was asking him for money as a pretext to starting a fight.

Quarlous said, “By God’s eyelid, your circle will prove more costly than your vapors, then. Sir, no, I will not lend you a Jacobus.”

Val Cutting said, “Your beard’s not well turned up, sir.”

He pulled Quarlous’ beard — a deadly insult.

Quarlous said, "What, rascal! Are you pulling my beard? I'll break the circle with you."

Val Cutting and Quarulous drew their swords and fought.

Puppy and Norderm wanted peace: "Gentlemen! Gentlemen!"

Jordan Knockem said quietly to Whit, "Gather up, Whit. Gather up, Whit, good vapors."

Jordan Knockem exited while Whit took others' cloaks, etc., and concealed them. Then Whit exited to summon the watchmen.

Mrs. Overdo said, "What do you mean? Are you rebels, gentlemen? Shall I send out a sergeant at arms, or a writ of rebellion, against you? I'll commit you upon my womanhood, for a riot, upon my justice-hood, if you persist."

Quarlous and Val Cutting exited.

Drunk, Humphrey Wasp said, "Upon my justice-hood! Indeed, shit on your hood. You'll commit! Spoken like a true Justice of the Peace's wife indeed, and a fine female lawyer! Turd in your teeth for a lawyer's fee, now."

Mrs. Overdo said, "Why, Numps, in Justice Overdo's name, I order you to preserve the peace."

Humphrey Wasp said, "Good Mrs. Underdo, hold your tongue — shut up!"

Mrs. Overdo said, "Alas, poor Numps!"

The drunk Humphrey Wasp said, "Alas! And why alas from you, I ask you? Or why poor Numps, goodwife Rich?"

The Rich family owned the land that Bartholomew Fair was held on and made money from rents for booths, etc.

He continued, "Am I come to be pitied by your fancy tuft-taffata clothing now? Why, Mrs. Overdo, I knew Adam the clerk, your husband, when he was Adam Scrivener, and wrote for two-pence a sheet, as high as he bears his head now, or you your hood, dame."

Bristle and some other watchmen, aka keepers of the peace, arrived. Whit, who had summoned them, came with them.

Humphrey Wasp asked, "Who are you, sir?"

Bristle said, "We are men, and no infidels. What is the matter here, and the reason for the noises, can you tell me?"

Humphrey Wasp said, "By God's heart, what have you to do with it? Can't a man quarrel in quietness, but you must interrupt him! Who are you?"

Bristle said, "Why, we are his majesty's watchmen, sir."

Humphrey Wasp said, "Watchmen! By God's blood, you are a sweet watch indeed. A body would think that if you watched well at nights, you would be contented to sleep at this time of day. Get you to your fleas and your flock-beds, you rogues, get you to your kennels, and lie down close."

Flock-beds were beds with wool as the stuffing.

Bristle said, "Down! Yes, we will down, I promise you. Down with him, in his majesty's name, down, down with him, and carry him away to the pigeon-holes."

The pigeon-holes were the holes in the stocks used to restrain arms and legs.

Some of the watchmen seized Humphrey Wasp and carried him off.

Mrs. Overdo said, "I thank you, honest friends, in the behalf of the crown, and the peace, and in Justice Overdo's name, for suppressing enormities."

Whit said, "Stay, Bristle, here ish anoder brash of drunkards, but very quiet, special drunkards, will pay de five shillings very well."

[Whit said, "Stay, Bristle, here is another brace of drunkards, but very quiet, special drunkards, who will pay you five shillings very well."]

He pointed to Norderm and Puppy, who were drunk and asleep, on the bench. According to Whit, they would pay five shillings as a bribe to stay out of trouble.

Whit said, "Take 'em to de, in de graish o' God: one of hem do's change cloth for ale in the fair, here" — he pointed to Norderm — "tetoder ish a strong man, a mighty man, my Lord Mayor's man, and a wrestler. He has wrashed so long with the bottle here, that the man with the beard hash almosht streek up hish heelsh."

[Whit said, "Take them into your custody, in the grace of God. One of them does exchange cloth for ale in the fair, here he is" — he pointed to Norderm — "the other is a strong man, a mighty man, my Lord Mayor's man, and a wrestler. He has wrestled so long with the bottle here, that the man with the beard has almost struck up his heels."]

The wrestler, of course, was Puppy. "The man with the beard" was a decoration on a beer mug. Puppy had drunk so much that he had almost taken to dancing and kicked up his heels or had almost fallen down drunk with his heels in the air or had almost started fighting with and kicking a man. He had also tilted the beer mug so much that the man with the beard had had his heels over his head.

Bristle said, "By God's eyelid, the Clerk of the Market has been crying for him all the fair over here, for my lord's service. The Clerk of the Market has been paging him to come and wrestle before the Mayor."

The Clerk of the Market was an official who inspected the marketplace.

Whit said, "Tere he ish, pre de taik him hensh, and make ty best on him."

[Whit said, "There he is, please take him hence, and make the best of him."]

Bristle and the rest of the Watchmen exited with Norderm and Puppy.

Whit then said to Mrs. Overdo, "How now, woman o' shilk, vat ailsh ty shweet faish? Art tou melancholy?"

[Whit then said to Mrs. Overdo, “How are you now, woman of silk? What ails your sweet face? Are you melancholy?”]

She wore fine clothing made of silk and velvet.

Mrs. Overdo said, “I am a little distempered with these enormities. Shall I ask you for a favor, Captain?”

Whit said, “Entreat a hundred, velvet voman, I vill do it, shpeak out.”

[Whit said, “Ask me for a hundred favors, velvet woman. I will do it. Speak out.”]

Mrs. Overdo said, “I cannot with modesty speak it out loud, but —”

She whispered to him.

Whit said, “I vill do it, and more and more, for de.

“What, Ursla, an’t be bitch, an’t be bawd, an’t be!”

[Whit said, “I will do it, and more and more, for you.

[“Hey, Ursla, you bitch, you bawd, you whatever you are!”]

Ursla arrived and said, “What now, rascal! What are you roaring for, you old pimp?”

Whit said, “Here, put up de clokes, Urs; de purchase. Pre de now, shweet Ursh, help dis good brave voman to a jordan, an’t be.”

[Whit said, “Here, put up the cloaks, Urs; put away the booty. Please now, sweet Urs, help this good splendid woman to a jordan.”]

The cloaks were the cloaks he had just stolen and hidden.

A jordan is a chamberpot.

Ursla said, “By God’s eyelid can’t you call your Captain Jordan to come to her?”

Whit said, “Nay, pre de leave dy consheits, and bring the velvet woman to de —”

[Whit said, “No, please put aside your jokes, and bring the velvet woman to the —”]



Ursula said, “I bring her! Hang her! By God’s heart, must I find a common pot for every punk in your purlieus?”

A punk is a prostitute, and the purlieus were the suburbs, places where prostitutes congregated. Mrs. Overall was unaccompanied by a male protector, and that gave Ursula the idea that she must be one of Whit’s whores.

Whit said, “O, good voordsh, Ursh, it ish a guest o’ velvet, i’fait la.”

[Whit said, “Oh, use good words! Use more genteel language! Urs, she is a guest who dresses in expensive velvet clothing, indeed.”]

Ursula said, “Let her sell her hood, and buy a sponge, with a pox to her! My vessel is employed, sir. I have but one, and it is the bottom of an old bottle. An honest proctor and his wife are at it within; if she’ll wait for her turn, so be it.”

The sponge would be used to soak up the urine.

The honest proctor and his wife were Mr. John Littlewit and his wife, Mrs. Win Littlewit. According to Ursula, the two were at it — either taking turns peeing, or having sex.

Whit said, “As soon as tou cansht, shweet Ursh.”

[Whit said, “As soon as you can, sweet Urs.”]

Ursula exited.

Whit said, “Of a valiant man I tink I am te patientsh man i’ the world, or in all Smithfield.”

[Whit said, “As I am a valiant man, I think I am the most patient man in the world, or in all Smithfield.”]

Jordan Knockem arrived and said, “How are you now, Whit! Close vapors, stealing your leaps! Covering in corners, ha!”

“Leaping” and “covering” were terms used to refer to the mating of animals. Jordan Knockem was implying that Whit had been having sex with Mrs. Overdo. Mrs. Overdo was unaccompanied by a male protector, and that gave Jordan Knockem the idea that she might be a whore.

Whit said, “No, fait, Captain, dough tou beesht a vishe man, dy vit is a mile hence now. I vas procuring a shmall courtesie for a woman of fashion here.”

[Whit said, “No, in fact or in deed, Captain. Although you are a wise man, your wit and intelligence are a mile away from here now. I was procuring a small courtesy for a woman of fashion here.”]

Mrs. Overdo said, “Yes, Captain, although I am a Justice of the Peace’s wife, I do love men of war, and the sons of the sword, when they come before my husband.”

Jordan Knockem said, “Do you say so, filly? You shall have a leap presently. I’ll horse you myself, otherwise.”

A “leap” is a “bout of sex.”

From inside her booth, Ursula called, “Come, will you bring her in now, and let her take her turn?”

Whit said, “Gramercy, good Ursh, I tank de.”

[Whit said, “By God’s mercy, good Urs, I thank you.”]

Mrs. Overdo said, “Justice Overdo shall thank her.”

She went inside Ursula’s booth.

— 4.5 —

Ursula came out of her booth with Mr. John Littlewit and Mrs. Win Littlewit.

Mr. John Littlewit said, “Good gammer Urse, Win and I are exceedingly beholden to you, and to Captain Jordan and Captain Whit.”

“Gammer” meant “old woman” or “grandmother.”

He then said to his wife, “Win, I’ll be so bold as to leave you in this good company, Win, for half an hour or so, Win, while I go and see how my puppet-play goes forward and while I see if the puppets are word-perfect; and then I’ll come and fetch you, Win.”

Mrs. Win Littlewit asked, “Will you leave me alone with two men, John?”

Respectable gentlewomen tended to be accompanied by male protectors when out in public.

Mr. John Littlewit said, “Yes, they are honest gentlemen, Win, Captain Jordan and Captain Whit; they’ll use you very civilly, Win.”

The word “use” meant “treat,” but it also meant “f\*\*k.”

He then said, “May God be with you, Win,” and exited.

Ursla asked, “What, is her husband gone?”

Jordan Knockem said, “On his false gallop, Urse, he’s gone away.”

Mr. John Littlewit’s leaving his wife in this company was a false gallop — a foolish move.

Ursla said, “If you are really Bartholomew birds, now show yourselves to be so. We are undone for want of fowl in the fair here.”

The word “fowl” meant “prostitutes.”

She continued, “Here will be Ezekiel Edgworth, and three or four gallants with him at night, and I have neither plover nor quail for them.”

The words “plover” and “quail” both metaphorically meant “prostitutes.” Plovers were birds that were supposed to be easy to catch, and quail were birds that were supposed to be horny.

She continued, “Persuade this woman between you two to become a bird of the game, while I work on the velvet woman within, as you call her.”

Birds of the game were prostitutes. She wanted Jordan Knockem and Whit to persuade the obviously pregnant Mrs. Win Littlewit to become a prostitute, while she persuaded Mrs. Overdo to become a prostitute.

Jordan Knockem said, “I understand you, Urse. Go about your business.”

Ursla exited.

“Did you hear, Whit?” Jordan Knockem asked.

He then said about Mrs. Win Littlewit, describing her using terms that described a good horse, “Isn’t it a pity that

my delicate dark chestnut here, with the fine lean head, large forehead, round eyes, even mouth, sharp ears, long neck, thin crest, close withers, straight back, deep sides, short fillets, and full flanks; with a round belly, a plump buttock, large thighs, knit knees, straight legs, short pasterns, smooth hoofs, and short heels, should lead a dull honest woman's life, when she might live the life of a lady?"

"Life of a lady" could be 1) life of an upper-class woman, or 2) life of a lady of the night.

Whit replied, "Yes, by my fait and trot it is, Captain; de honest woman's life is a scurvy dull life indeed, la."

[Whit replied, "Yes, by my faith and truth, it is a pity, Captain; the honest woman's life is a scurvy dull life indeed, la."]

Mrs. Win Littlewit asked, "How, sir, is an honest woman's life a scurvy life?"

An honest woman is a faithful woman; an honest wife is faithful to her husband.

Whit said, "Yes, fait, shweet-heart, believe him, de leef of a bond-woman! But if dou vilt hearken to me, I will make tee a free woman and a lady; dou shalt live like a lady, as te Captain saish."

[Whit said, "Yes, by my faith, sweetheart, believe him, it is the life of a bondwoman [female servant or slave]! But if you will listen to me, I will make you a free woman and a lady; you shall live like a lady, as the Captain says."]

Jordan Knockem said, "Yes, and be honest, too, sometimes; she shall have her wires and her tires, her green gowns and velvet petticoats."

The wires held up a headdress or a ruff. "Tires" meant 1) dresses, and/or 2) headdresses.

Whit said, "Ay, and ride to Ware and Rumford in dy coash, shee de players, be in love vit 'em: sup vit gallantsh, be drunk, and cost de noting."

[Whit said, "Yes, and ride to Ware and Rumford in

your coach, see the actors and be in love with them, dine with gallants, be drunk, and it will cost you nothing.”]

Ware and Rumford were places commonly used for affairs.

It would cost her “noting.” In Whit’s accent, this meant “nothing,” but it would cost Mrs. Win Littlewit noting — her being a prostitute would eventually become noted and talked about.

Jordan Knockem said, “Brave vapors!”

Whit said, “And lie by twenty on ’em, if dou pleash, shweet-heart.”

[Whit said, “And you will have sex with twenty of them, if you please, sweetheart.”]

Mrs. Win Littlewit said, “What, and still be honest! That would be fine entertainment.”

Whit said, “Tish common, shweet-heart, tou may’st do it by my hand: it shall be justified to thy husband’s faish, now: tou shalt be as honesht as the skin between his hornsh, la.”

[Whit said, “This is commonly done, sweetheart. You may do it, too, I swear by my hand. It shall be justified to your husband’s faith, now. You shall be as honest as the skin between his horns, la.”]

According to Whit, respectable women often became whores, and Win could very well become one, too. Win could justify her acting as a whore by blaming her husband’s faith in her. If he could leave her alone in such company as that of Whit and Jordan Knockem and Ursula, then he deserved what the obvious result would be. He deserved to be cuckolded; he deserved to have an unfaithful wife. If the fault was her husband’s, Win could still claim some degree of honesty.

A proverb of the time was “as honest as the skin between his brows.” Whit altered that to “as honest as the skin between his horns” to make a joke about the invisible horns that were said to grow on a cuckold’s head.

Jordan Knockem said, "Yes, and you shall wear a dressing, top and top-gallant, to compare with ever a husband of them all, for a foretop."

She would wear a headdress as elaborate as the sails of a ship, a headdress that would compare with the horns of her husband.

He continued, "It is the vapor of spirit in the wife to cuckold her husband nowadays, as it is the vapor of fashion in the husband not to suspect. Your prying cat-eyed citizen is an abominable vapor."

In other words, nowadays wives are expected to cuckold their husbands, and the husbands are expected to not notice. Some citizens are sharp-eyed and will notice, but they are abominations.

His last sentence was partly true: People do find out. And "citizens" can mean "citizens of the world" who would accept that wives ought to cuckold their husbands. Such citizens are abominations.

But "citizen" can also mean a person who is spiritually pure and will become an inhabitant of Heaven. A citizen is also someone who is subject to the laws of a society.

Mrs. Win Littlewit said, "Lord, what a fool have I been!"

Did she mean that she had been a fool to have not become a whore earlier? Or did she mean that she was a fool for even talking to these men? Was she being sarcastic? Did she think being a whore was better than being a Puritan?

Whit said, "Mend then, and do every ting like a lady hereafter; never know ty husband from another man."

[Whit said, "Mend [your ways] then, and do everything like a lady hereafter; never know your husband from another man."]

Jordan Knockem added, "Nor any one man from another, but in the dark."

Whit said, “Ay, and then it ish no disgrash to know any man.”

[Whit said, “Yes, and then it is no disgrace to know any man.”]

“Know” means to 1) have sex with (Biblically know), and 2) recognize socially. “Know” also means distinguish. Whit did not want her to distinguish her husband from other men when it came to sex. Jordan Knockem wanted her to Biblically know men in the dark.

From inside her booth, Ursula shouted, “Help! Help here!”

Jordan Knockem asked, “What’s going on now? What vapor’s there?”

Ursula came out from her booth and said, “Oh, you are a sweet ranger, and look well to your walks!”

Literally, rangers took care of forest walks. Figuratively, rangers were pimps who worked in a certain area.

Ursula said, “Yonder is your punk of Turnbull, Ramping Alice, who has fallen upon the poor gentlewoman within, and pulled her hood over her ears, and her hair through it.”

Ramping Alice was one of Jordan Knockem’s punks, aka prostitutes. “Ramping” meant 1) violent, like an animal, and 2) whorish. Turnbull Street was where she worked as a prostitute.

Ramping Alice and Mrs. Overdo came out of Ursula’s booth. Ramping Alice was beating Mrs. Overdo.

Mrs. Overdo shouted, “Help, help, in the King’s name!”

Ramping Alice said, “May evil fall on you! It is whores such as you who undo us and take our trade from us, with your tuft-taffata haunches.”

Ramping Alice was a common whore, with open legs to all. Her competition was private whores — the wives of respectable men. They would undo the common whores — ruin them (undo them) by sleeping with (doing) their customers. Because the private whores were taking their

customers, the common whores were undone, aka ruined and unf\*\*ked.

Jordan Knockem said, "What's going on?"

Ramping Alice said, "The poor common whores can have no traffic because of the private rich ones."

She then said to Mrs. Overdo, "Your caps and hoods of velvet call away our customers, and lick the fat from us. By taking away our customers, you take away our livelihood."

Ursla said, "Peace, you foul ramping jade, you —"

A jade is a bad horse.

Ramping Alice said to Ursla, "By God's foot, you bawd in grease, are you talking?"

"In grease" meant fattened up, and ready for slaughter.

Jordan Knockem said, "Why, Alice, I say."

Ramping Alice said to Ursla, "You sow of Smithfield, you!"

Ursla replied, "You tripe of Turnbull!"

Jordan Knockem said, "Cat-a-mountain vapors, ha!"

A "cat" is a woman. A cat-a-mountain is a leopard, wildcat, or panther, or a whore with spirit.

Ursla said, "You know where you were tawed lately; you were both lashed and slashed in Bridewell."

To "taw" is to make leather supple by beating it. Ursla was saying that Ramping Alice's leathery skin had been beaten.

"Lashed" was whipped, and "slashed" was whipped so hard that it cut the skin.

Bridewell was a London prison for whores, bawds, and pimps.

Ramping Alice said, "Yes, and by the same token you rode in a cart that week, and broke out the bottom of the cart, you night-tub."

Whores and bawds were humiliated publicly as they rode in a cart. A night-tub is used at night to catch night-soil, aka excrement.



Jordan Knockem said to Ramping Alice, “Why, lion face, ha! Do you know who I am? Shall I tear ruff, slit waistcoat, make rags of petticoat, ha! Go to, vanish for fear of vapors.”

Pimps controlled their whores by doing such things as beating them and tearing their clothing.

He then said, “Whit, a kick, Whit, in the parting vapor.”

A “kick in the parting vapor” is a “kick in the butt.”

They kicked out Ramping Alice.

He then said to Mrs. Overdo, “Come, brave woman, take a good heart; you shall be a lady, too.”

Whit said, “Yes, fait, dey shall all both be ladies, and write ‘Madam’: I vill do’t myself for dem. ‘Do’ is the word, and D is the middle letter of ‘madam.’ D D, put ’em together, and make deeds, without which all words are alike, la.”

[Whit said, “Yes, by my faith, they shall all both be ladies, and write ‘Madam’: I will do it myself for them. ‘Do’ is the word, and D is the middle letter of ‘madam.’ D D, put them together, and make deeds, without which all words are alike, la.”]

To write “Madam” is to sign and style oneself as Madam, aka a lady of rank. Of course, another kind of madam is associated with prostitutes.

The word is “do,” which means “f\*k.” “Deeds” are sexual deeds. Sexual deeds are those that employ the middles of bodies, which are put together. It is deeds that make words distinct and not similar. Is a whore really a whore if she does not do the deeds of a whore?

Jordan Knockem said, “That is true.”

He then ordered, “Ursla, take these two women inside, open your wardrobe, and dress them suitably for their calling. Green gowns, crimson petticoats, green women, my Lord Mayor’s green women!”

Giving a woman a green gown meant having sex with her while she lay on green grass. Green was a color associated with prostitutes.

He said, "They are true-bred guests of the game."

The game was the game of prostitution.

He then said, "I'll provide you with a coach to take the air in."

Mrs. Win Littlewit asked, "But do you think you can get one?"

Was she sarcastic?

Jordan Knockem said, "Oh, they are common as wheelbarrows where there are great dunghills."

By analogy, coaches equal wheelbarrows and whores (Mrs. Win Littlewit and Mrs. Overdo) equal huge heaps of sh\*t.

He continued, "Every pettifogger's wife has a coach because first he buys a coach so that he may marry, and then he marries so that he may be made a cuckold in his coach, for if their wives ride not to their cuckolding, they do them no credit."

A "pettifogger" is a bad lawyer.

The "right" way to be cuckolded is to be cuckolded while your wife ostentatiously displays your wealth by riding to an assignation in your coach.

Ursula, Mrs. Win Littlewit, and Mrs. Overdo went inside Ursula's booth. Mrs. Win Littlewit and Mrs. Overdo perhaps knew they might be beaten if they did not.

Jordan Knockem continued, "Hide, and be hidden, ride and be ridden, says the vapor of experience."

The kind of riding he meant was sexual riding.

— 4.6 —

Troubleall the madman arrived and asked, "By what warrant does it say so?"

Jordan Knockem said, “Ha, mad child of the Pie-Powders! Are you there? Fill us a fresh can of ale, Urse, so that we may drink together.”

Troubleall said, “I may not drink without a warrant, Captain.”

Jordan Knockem said, “By God’s blood, you’ll not pee without a warrant shortly.”

He then said, “Whit, give me pen, ink, and paper, I’ll draw him a warrant immediately so he can drink.”

This was a good deed on his part.

“It must be Justice Overdo’s warrant,” Troubleall said.

“I know, man,” Jordan Knockem replied, and then he said, “Fetch the drink, Whit.”

Whit said, “I pre dee now, be very brief, Captain, for de new ladies stay for dee.”

[Whit said, “I ask you please now to be very brief, Captain, for the new ladies are waiting for you.”]

He exited and then returned with a can of ale.

Jordan Knockem said, “Oh, I’ll be as brief as can be — the warrant is done already.”

He gave Troubleall a paper and said, “It’s a warrant from Adam Overdo.”

Troubleall said, “Why, now I’ll toast you, Captain.”

Jordan Knockem said, “Drink it all up, and I’ll come to you soon again.”

They exited.

In the back of Ursla’s booth, Justice Overdo was in the stocks.

Quarlous and Ezekiel Edgworth arrived. Quarlous had the marriage license that Ezekiel Edgworth had stolen.

Quarlous said, “Well, sir, you are now discharged; beware of being detected as a cutpurse hereafter.”

Ezekiel Edgworth said, “Sir, if you please, you may enter in here at Ursla’s, and make use of a silken gown, a velvet petticoat, or a wrought smock; I am promised such, and I can spare a gentleman a part.”

Ezekiel Edgworth, who was inviting Quarlous to have sex with a prostitute, was generous in sharing what he stole and the perks of his trade. This made him popular with many people and helped keep him safe.

Quarlous was having none of it.

Quarlous said, “Keep it for your companions in beastliness; I am not one of your companions, sir. If I had not already forgiven you a greater trespass, or thought you yet worth my beating, I would instruct your manners concerning to whom you made your offers.”

He meant that he would teach Ezekiel Edgworth manners — not to attempt to become friends with Quarlous — by beating him.

He added, “But go on your way, and don’t talk to me. Only the hangman is fit to discourse with you; the hand of the beadle is too merciful a punishment for your trade of life.”

The hand of the beadle whipped petty criminals.

Ezekiel Edgworth exited.

Quarlous said to himself, “I am sorry I employed this fellow, for he thinks me such a person as he is: *Facinus quos inquinat, aequat*.”

“*Facinus quos inquinat, aequat*” is a Latin quotation from Lucan’s *Pharsalia* and means, “Crime makes socially equal those whom it pollutes.”

Quarlous considered himself better than Ezekiel Edgworth, but he recognized that both had been engaged in theft.

He continued, “But it was for entertainment, and I wish I could make it serious — the getting of this license is nothing to me, unless other circumstances concur.”

He had gotten the marriage license so that he could marry Miss Grace Wellborn, but he would not be able to marry her unless Troubleall had chosen the name he — Quarlous — had written in the notebook.

Quarlous continued, "I think about how uselessly I labor, if the word is not mine that the ragged fellow — Troubleall — marked. I also think about what advantage I have given Ned Winwife in allowing him to have all this time now to work on Miss Grace Wellborn and persuade her to marry him, even if the word Troubleall chose and marked is mine.

"Ned Winwife'll go near to make her an image of what a 'debauched rascal' I am, and frighten her out of all her good opinion of me. I would do the same thing to him, I am sure, if I had the opportunity. But my hope lies still in her disposition, and my hope must necessarily be next to despair because it is grounded in any part of a woman's discretion. I would give, I say truly now, all I could spare, up to but not including my clothes and my sword, to meet my tattered soothsayer — who kept asking about warrants — again, who was my judge in the question, to know for certain whose word he has damned or saved because until then I live but under a reprieve. I must seek him."

Some people came, and he asked himself, "Who are these people?"

Bristle and some other watchmen arrived, with Humphrey Wasp in custody.

Humphrey Wasp said, "Sir, you are a Welsh cuckold, and a prating runt, and no constable."

Bristle replied, "You speak very well."

He then ordered the other watchmen, "Come, put his leg in the middle roundel, and let him hole there."

The stocks had three holes, which could restrain three prisoners, if each prisoner put one leg in one hole.

The watchmen put Humphrey Wasp in the stocks beside the disguised Justice Overdo.

Humphrey Wasp said to Bristle, "You stink of leeks, metheglin, and cheese, you rogue."

The Welsh were stereotypically fond of leeks, which are related to the onion; metheglin, which is a Welsh mead; and cheese.

Bristle replied, “Why, what is that to you, if you sit sweetly in the stocks in the meantime? If you have a mind to stink, too, your breeches sit close enough to your bum. Sit you merry, sir.”

A bum is a butt.

Quarlous asked, “How are you now, Numps?”

Humphrey Wasp replied, “It doesn’t concern you; please look away.”

Quarlous said, “I’ll not offend you, Numps; I thought you had sat there in order to be seen.”

Humphrey Wasp said, “And to be sold, didn’t you think? Please mind your own business, if you have any.”

Quarlous said, “I beg your mercy, Numps. Does your leg lie high enough?”

Haggis the watchman arrived.

Bristle asked, “How are you now, neighbor Haggis? What does Justice Overdo’s worship say about the other offenders?”

Haggis said, “Why, he says just nothing. What should he say, or where should he say? He is not to be found, man; he has not been seen in the fair here all this livelong day. He has not been seen since seven o’clock in the morning. His clerks don’t know what to think about it. There is no Court of Pie-Powders yet.”

He looked up and said, “Here they have returned.”

Some members of the watch returned with Zeal-of-the-land Busy in custody.

Bristle said, “What shall be done with them, then, in your discretion, aka judgment?”

Haggis replied, “I think it would be best to put them in the stocks in discretion, aka out of prudence (there they will be safe in discretion, aka separation) for the valor, aka length, of an hour or so until his worship comes.”

Bristle said, "It is but a hole matter if we do, neighbor Haggis."

It would be a whole matter, as well as a matter of holes (in the stocks).

Bristle said to Humphrey Wasp, "Here is company for you."

Then he ordered, "Heave open the stocks."

As they opened the stocks, Humphrey Wasp put his shoe on his hand, and slipped it into the stock-hole instead of his leg.

Humphrey Wasp said to himself, "I shall pull a trick upon your Welsh diligence perhaps."

Bristle said to Zeal-of-the-land Busy, "Put in your leg, sir."

Quarlous looked and said, "What, Rabbi Busy! Has he come to this?"

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said to Haggis, "I obey you; the lion may roar, but he cannot bite. I am glad to be thus separated from the heathen of the land, and put apart in the stocks, for the holy cause."

Humphrey Wasp asked, "Who are you, sir?"

Zeal-of-the-land Busy replied, "One who rejoices in his affliction, and sits here to prophesy the destruction of fairs and May-games, wakes and Whitson-ales, and one who sighs and groans for the reformation of these abuses."

The Puritans were against frivolities such as fairs and country festivals such as May-games, wakes, and Whitson-ales.

Humphrey Wasp asked the disguised Justice Overall, "And do you sigh and groan, too, or do you rejoice in your affliction?"

The disguised Justice Overdo said, "I do not feel it, I do not think of it, it is a thing outside of me."

He then said to himself, "Adam, you are above these batteries, aka heavy blows, and these contumelies, aka insults. *In te manca ruit fortuna*, as your friend Horace

says; you are one *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula, terrent*. And therefore, as another friend of yours says, I think it is your friend Persius, *Non te quaesiveris extra*.”

“*In te manca ruit fortuna*” is Latin for “In attacking you, Fortune maims herself.”

“*Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula, terrent*” is Latin for “Neither poverty nor death nor fetters terrify” the wise man.

The two Latin quotations above are from Horace’s *Satires* 2.7.83-8. The disguised Justice Overall slightly changed Horace in the first Latin quotation.

“*Non te quaesiveris extra*” is Latin for “Don’t look outside yourself.” The quotation is from Persius’ *Satires* 1.7.

The three quotations express Stoic ideas such as to endure quietly what you cannot change.

Overhearing the disguised Justice Overall, Quarlous said, “What’s here! A Stoic in the stocks? The Fool has turned into a philosopher.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, “Friend, I will cease to communicate my spirit with you, if I hear any more of those superstitious relics, those bits and pieces of Latin, the very rags of Rome, and patches of Popery.”

Puritans were against Latin because they were against Catholicism. For one thing, they objected to Latin services because most people could not understand Latin.

Humphrey Wasp said, “If you begin to quarrel, gentlemen, I’ll leave you. I have paid for quarrelling too recently. Look, here’s a trick. I put a hand instead of a foot in the hole. May God be with you.”

He slipped out his hand.

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, “Will you then leave your brethren in tribulation?”

Humphrey Wasp said, “For this once, sir, I will.”

He ran away.



Zeal-of-the-land Busy said after him, “You are a halting neutral.”

A neutral is not committed to either side: the side of the watchmen or the side of the people in the stocks; the side of Zeal-of-the-land Busy or the side of the disguised Justice Overdo; the side of the Puritans or the side of the Catholics.

1 Kings 18:21 states, “*And Elijah came unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word*” (King James Version).

Humphrey Wasp may also have been limping if his leg had fallen asleep in the stocks or if he had not taken the time to put on his shoe.

Zeal-of-the-land Busy then said to the watchmen, “Stop him there! Stop that man who will not endure the heat of persecution!”

Bristle said, “What is it now? What’s the matter?”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said about Humphrey Wasp, “He has fled. He has fled, and he dares not sit his punishment out.”

Bristle said, “Has he made an escape! Which way did he go?”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy pointed.

Bristle then ordered, “Go after him, neighbor Haggis.”

Haggis and some watchmen ran after Humphrey Wasp.

Dame Purecraft arrived.

Seeing Zeal-of-the-land Busy in the stocks, she said, “Oh, in the stocks! Have the wicked prevailed?”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, “Peace, religious sister, it is my calling, comfort yourself; it is an extraordinary calling, and it is done for my better standing, my surer standing, hereafter.”

Troubleall the madman arrived, holding a can of ale.

He asked, “By whose warrant, by whose warrant, is this?”

Quarlous said to himself, "Here's the man I was looking for."

Recognizing Troubleall, the disguised Justice Overdo said, "Ah!"

Dame Purecraft said to Troubleall, "Oh, good sir, they have set the faithful here to be wondered at; and they have provided holes for the holy of the land."

The holes were in the stocks.

"Did they have a warrant for it?" Troubleall asked. "Was the warrant in Justice Overdo's handwriting or with his signature? If they had no warrant, they shall answer for it."

Toby Haggis the watchman returned.

Bristle said, "Surely you did not lock the stocks sufficiently well enough, neighbor Toby."

"No!" Haggis said. "See if you can lock them better."

Bristle looked at the stocks and said, "They are very truly and sufficiently locked, and yet something is the matter."

"That's true," Troubleall said. "Your warrant is the matter that is in question; by what warrant are you acting?"

Bristle said, "Madman, hold your peace. Be quiet, or else I will put you in his place in the very same hole in the stocks, do you see?"

"What!" Quarlous said, "Is he a madman?"

Troubleall said, "If you show me Justice Overdo's warrant, I will obey you."

"You are a mad fool," Haggis said. "Hold your tongue."

Haggis and Bristle exited.

Troubleall said, "In Justice Overdo's name, I drink to you, and here's my warrant."

He lifted his can of ale, which he believed that Justice Overdo had authorized him to drink.

"Alas, poor wretch!" the disguised Justice Overdo said to himself. "How my heart grieves for him!"

“If he is mad, it is in vain to question him,” Quarlous said to himself. “I’ll still try to question him, though.”

He asked Troubleall, “Friend, some hours previously there was a gentlewoman who showed you in a book two names, Argalus and Palamon, for you to mark one of them. Which of them was it you marked?”

“I mark no name but Adam Overdo,” Troubleall said. “That is the name of names. Only he is the sufficient magistrate, and that is the name I reverence. Show his name to me.”

Troubleall was putting Justice Overdo in the place of God.

“This fellow’s mad indeed,” Quarlous said to himself. “I am further off now than before.”

Before, he had some hope of finding out from Troubleall which name he had chosen, but now he had no hope of that.

The disguised Justice Overdo said quietly to himself about Troubleall, “I shall not breathe in peace until I have made him some amends.”

Quarlous said about Troubleall, “Well, I will make another use of him — an idea has come in my head. I have a nest of beards in my trunk-hose, and one of them is similar to his.”

Trunk-hose was stuffed with wool to make the thighs look huge. Apparently, Quarlous was something of an amateur actor because he used some trunk-hose as a storage area for his false beards. Or perhaps he had another use for false beards.

Bristle and Haggis returned.

Bristle complained about Troubleall, “This mad fool has made me so upset that I don’t know whether I have locked the stocks or not; I think I locked them.”

He opened the locks to inspect them.

Troubleall said, “Take Adam Overdo in your mind, and fear nothing.”

“By God’s eyelid, this is madness itself!” Bristle said. “Hold your peace, and take that.”

He struck Troubleall, who said, “You struck me without a warrant? Take that.”

They fought.

The locks on the stocks were still open.

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, “We are delivered by a miracle.”

He was thinking of the release by miracle of Paul and Silas from the stocks at Philippi, as recounted in Acts 16:19-34. Paul and Silas did not flee, but stayed and converted their captors.

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said to the disguised Justice Overdo, “Fellow in fetters, let us not refuse the means; this madness was of the spirit: The malice of the enemy has mocked itself.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy and the disguised Justice Overdo escaped. So did Troubleall.

Dame Purecraft said about Troubleall, “Mad do they call him! The world is mad in error, but he is mad in truth: I love him all of a sudden (everything the cunning man said is true), and I shall love him more and more.”

The cunning man had said she needed to marry a madman within a week.

She continued, “How well it becomes a man to be mad in truth! Oh, that I might be his yoke-fellow, his wife, and be mad with him — what a many should we draw to madness in truth with us!”

According to St. Paul, true wisdom is being a fool for Christ.

Corinthians 4:10 states, “*We are fools for Christ’s sake, but ye are wise in Christ; we are weak, but ye are strong; ye are honourable, but we are despised*” (King James Version).

She exited.

Bristle looked around and said, “Damn, all have escaped! Where’s the woman? It is witchcraft! The woman in the velvet hat is a witch, on my conscience or my key! She is the one responsible for this. The madman was a Devil, and I am an ass; so bless me, my place, and my office!”

Frightened, Bristle and Haggis exited.

## CHAPTER 5

## — 5.1 —

Lantern Leatherhead, now dressed as a puppet-show man, stood at the location where he would put on a puppet-play. He was wearing very fine clothing and was disguised enough that Bartholomew Cokes would not recognize him. Lantern Leatherhead would provide the voices of the puppets in the show and act as master of ceremonies.

His assistants, Filcher and Sharkwell, were with him. Sharkwell carried a flag.

To “filch” meant to steal. To “shark” meant to victimize or to act like a “shark,” aka a swindler or sharper.

The disguised Lantern Leatherhead said, “Well, luck and Saint Bartholomew! Put out the sign advertising our show, in the name of wit, and beat the drum all the while to advertise our show. All the foul in the fair, I mean all the dirt in Smithfield — that’s one of Mr. Littlewit’s carwhitchets, aka puns, now — will be thrown at our banner today, if our show does not please the people.”

Lantern Leatherhead was producing the puppet-play written by Mr. John Littlewit.

He continued, “Oh, the puppet-plays that I, Lantern Leatherhead, have given light to, in my time, since my mentor, Mr. Pod, died! *Jerusalem* was a stately thing, and so was *Nineveh*, and *The City of Norwich*, and *Sodom and Gomorrah*, with the rising of the apprentices, and pulling down the bawdy houses there upon Shrove Tuesday, but *The Gunpowder Plot* — there was a get-penny, aka money-maker! I have presented that to an eighteen- or twenty-pence audience, nine times in an afternoon.”

*Jerusalem* told the story of the Romans’ destruction of the city of Jerusalem.

*Nineveh* told the story of Jonah and the whale and the threatened destruction of the city of Nineveh.

*The City of Norwich* told the story of the raising of the city of Norwich in an hour, according to legend, or perhaps it told the story of Saint George and the Dragon. Norwich is associated with dragons.

*Sodom and Gomorrah* told the story of the destruction of these two sinful cities.

*The Gunpowder Plot* told about a then-recent event: Guy Fawkes' failed plot to blow up Parliament in 1605.

Apprentices were then accustomed to riot on Shrove Tuesday.

The disguised Lantern Leatherhead continued, "Your home-born projects always prove to be the best because they are so easy and familiar. Nowadays, playwrights put too much learning in their things, and I fear that is what will be the spoil and ruination of this puppet-play by Littlewit.

"Littlewit! Micklewit! If not too mickle!"

"Mickle" means "much."

The disguised Lantern Leatherhead was afraid that Mr. John Littlewit's puppet-play would be too intellectual for the audience.

He then ordered, "Look to your gathering there, goodman Filcher."

Filcher and Sharkwell would take money from the crowd gathering to see the puppet-play.

"I promise you that I will, sir," Filcher said.

The disguised Lantern Leatherhead said, "If there come any gentlefolks, take two-pence apiece for admission from them, Sharkwell."

Sharkwell said, "I promise you that I will, sir, and three-pence if we can get it."

— 5.2 —

In another part of the fair stood Justice Overdo, who was now disguised as a porter. Previously, he had been

disguised as a Fool. Porters wore a distinctive costume: red cap, long coat, and a rope on the shoulders.

The porter-disguised Justice Overdo said to himself, “This most recent disguise, which I have borrowed from a porter, shall help me carry out all my great and good ends, which however interrupted were never destroyed in me. Nor has yet come the hour of my severity in chastising evil-doers. In that hour I will reveal myself, and in that hour, cloud-like, I will break out in rain and hail, lightning and thunder, upon the head of enormity.

“Two main works I have to accomplish. The first one is to invent some satisfaction for the poor kind wretch who is out of his wits for my sake, and yonder I see him coming. I will walk aside, and plan how to accomplish that main work.”

He stepped aside.

Mr. Winwife and Miss Grace Wellborn arrived.

Mr. Winwife said, “I wonder where Tom Quarlous is and why he has not returned. It may be that he has turned in here to seek us.”

Miss Grace Wellborn said, “Look, here’s our madman coming again.”

Quarlous arrived, disguised as Troubleall the madman. He was wearing a false beard and the clothing that Troubleall wore. As would be learned later, he had actually stolen the clothing from Troubleall. Dame Purecraft followed him.

The disguised Quarlous said to himself, “I have made myself as like him as his gown and cap will allow me to be.”

Dame Purecraft said, “Sir, I love you, and I would be glad to be mad with you in truth.”

Mr. Winwife said, “What! My widow is in love with a madman?”

Dame Purecraft said, “Verily, I can be as mad in spirit as you.”



“By whose warrant?” the disguised Quarlous said.  
 “Leave your canting.”

Canting is specialized language, aka jargon. Criminals speak one kind of cant; Puritans speak another kind of cant.

He then said to Miss Grace Wellborn, “Gentlewoman, have I found you? Save you, quit you, and multiply you! Where’s your book? It was a sufficient name I marked, let me see it, be not afraid to show it to me.”

Miss Grace Wellborn said, “Why do you want to see it, sir?”

“To mark it again and to again be at your service,” the disguised Quarlous said.

“Here it is, sir,” Miss Grace Wellborn said, showing him the book. “This is the name you marked.”

The disguised Quarlous read out loud, “Palamon!”

Then he said, “Fare you well. Fare you well. Farewell.”

Palamon was the name that Mr. Winwife had written. Mr. Winwife would wed Miss Grace Wellborn.

“What! Palamon!” Mr. Winwife said.

“Yes, indeed, he has revealed it to you now, and therefore it would be vain to hide it longer,” Miss Grace Wellborn said. “I am yours, sir, by the benefit of your fortune.”

“And you have won a man, mistress, believe it, who shall never give you cause to repent her benefit,” Mr. Winwife said, “but will make you think that in this choice Lady Fortune had both her eyes open rather than blindfolded.”

Miss Grace Wellborn said, “I desire to put it to no danger of protestation.”

She had no intention of objecting to what he had just said. She also wanted the marriage to occur quickly so that her legal guardian would be unable to formally protest and object to the marriage.

Miss Grace Wellborn and Mr. Winwife exited.

The disguised Quarlous said, "'Palamon' is the word marked, and Mr. Winwife is the man who will yoke himself to Miss Grace Wellborn!"

Dame Purecraft said, "Good sir, vouchsafe a yoke-fellow in your madness, and shun not one of the sanctified sisters, one who would draw as a yoke-fellow with you in truth. I want to marry you."

The word "vouchsafe" meant "grant" or "give."

The sanctified sisters are female Puritans, and Puritans were a group whom Quarlous was not fond of.

The disguised Quarlous said, "Go away. You Puritans are a herd of hypocritical proud ignorants, rather wild than mad; you are fitter for woods and the society of beasts than for houses and the congregation of men.

"You are the second part of the society of canters, outlaws to order and discipline, and the only privileged church-robbers of Christendom."

The first part of the society of canters was criminals such as cutpurses and other thieves.

When a theft occurred in a church, Puritans were sometimes accused of the theft because they disapproved of golden and jeweled items in churches.

The disguised Quarlous continued, "Let me alone. 'Palamon' is the word marked, and Mr. Winwife is the man who will yoke himself to Miss Grace Wellborn!"

Dame Purecraft said to herself, "I must reveal my secrets to him, or I shall never enjoy him as his wife, despite all the cunning men's predictions that I must marry a madman."

She then said to him out loud, "Good sir, listen to me. I am worth six thousand pounds, and my love to you has become my rack and torture. I'll tell you everything and all of it is the truth, since you hate the hypocrisy of the party-colored brotherhood."

A party-colored brotherhood is a factionalistic brotherhood or party. Factionalism can be quite bad if it

leads one or more factions to behave evilly to advance their faction. In this society, a “color” is a trick.

Dame Purecraft continued, “These seven years I have been a willful holy widow only in order to draw feasts and gifts from my entangled suitors.

“I also have the position of an assisting sister of the deacons, and I am a devourer instead of a distributor of the alms.

“I am a special maker of marriages for our financially decayed Puritan brethren with our rich widows, for a third part of their wealth, when they are married, for the relief of the poor elect. I also make marriages for our poor pretty young Puritan virgins with our wealthy bachelors or widowers; I make the marriage so that I can make the women steal from their husbands, after I have confirmed the husbands in the faith, and got all put into their wives’ custodies.”

Women could be guaranteed a dower: a certain amount of money they would receive if the husband died before the wife did. Some women even in Elizabeth and Jacobean times could control at least some of their husbands’ money. Puritan women could be persuaded to make donations to the church.

She arranged financially beneficial marriages for Puritans for a cut of the spouse’s wealth, wealth that was supposed to go to good works such as helping poor Puritans. She, however, devoured the alms herself rather than distributing them to the poor.

Dame Purecraft continued, “And if I don’t get what I was promised, they may sooner turn a scolding drab into a silent minister than make me stop pronouncing reprobation and damnation upon them.

“Our elder, Zeal-of-the-land Busy, would have married me, but I know him to be the capital knave of the land, making himself rich by being made a caretaker in trust to deceased brethren and cheating their heirs by swearing that

the inheritance was left to him and was his property when the actual trust was that he was named only as the trustee of the property, which had really been left to the heirs.”

In other words, Quarlous was right. The Puritans were unethical cheaters. Certainly, this was true of Dame Purecraft and, if she had told the truth about him, of Zeal-of-the-land Busy.

She continued, “And thus having eased my conscience, and uttered my heart with the tongue of my love, I beg you to enjoy all my deceits together with me.”

She thought that the disguised Quarlous, whom she believed was Troubleall, would approve of her deceits and would be happy to share the profits.

She continued, “I should not have revealed this to you, except that opportunely I think you are mad, and in time I hope you’ll think me so, too, sir.

“So will you marry me?”

The disguised Quarlous said, “Stand to the side. I’ll give you an answer very quickly.”

He walked a short distance away and said to himself, “Why shouldn’t I marry this six thousand pounds, now I think about it, and a good trade, too, that she has besides, hmm?”

The good — profitable — trade was the trade of arranging marriages.

He continued, “The other wench — Miss Grace Wellborn — Mr. Winwife is sure of marrying; there’s no expectation for me there. Here I may recover for myself at least some of what I have lost by not marrying Miss Grace, if Dame Purecraft continues to be mad.”

He thought that Dame Purecraft had to be mad to propose marriage to a madman such as Troubleall.

He continued, “Will she continue to be mad until we are married — there’s the question. It is money that I want, so why shouldn’t I marry the money when it is offered to me? I have a marriage license and all that is needed to

make a legal marriage; all I have to do is erase one name, and write in its place another name. There's no playing with a man's fortune! I am resolved; I have made up my mind; I would be truly mad if I would not marry her!"

The disguised Quarlous then said to Dame Purecraft, "Well, we'll do what you want. Follow me, if you will be mad, and I'll show you a marriage warrant!"

Dame Purecraft said, "Most zealously I will follow you, for it is that which I zealously desire."

They started to walk away.

The porter-disguised Justice Overdo stopped the disguised Quarlous and said, "Sir, let me speak with you."

"By whose warrant?" the disguised Quarlous asked.

"By the warrant that you have regard for, value, and respect so much: Justice Overdo's. I am the man, friend Troubleall, though thus disguised (just as the magistrate who cares for the society he lives in ought to be sometimes) for the good of the republic in the fair, and the weeding out of enormity. Do you want a house, or food, or drink, or clothes? Tell me whatsoever it is that you want, and it shall be given to you. Tell me what you want."

"Nothing but your warrant," the disguised Quarlous said.

"My warrant! For what?"

"To be gone, sir."

"Please, stay," the porter-disguised Justice Overdo said. "I am serious, and I do not have many words to exchange or much time to spend with you. Think of something that may do you good."

"Your hand and seal will do me a great deal of good," the disguised Quarlous said. "Nothing else in the whole fair that I know of will do me good."

The porter-disguised Justice Overdo said, "If it were of any value, I would give you my warrant willingly."

“Why, it will satisfy me and make me happy,” the disguised Quarlous said. “That’s value for me; if you will not give me your warrant, let me go.”

The porter-disguised Justice Overdo said, “It’s a pity you didn’t choose something valuable! You shall have my warrant immediately; I’ll just step into the notary’s shop here, and bring it. Do not go away.”

He entered the notary’s shop.

“Why, this madman’s shape will prove a very fortunate one, I think,” the disguised Quarlous said to himself. “Can a ragged robe produce these effects? If this really is the wise justice, and he brings me his signed warrant, I shall soon make some use of it.”

The porter-disguised Justice Overdo came out of the notary’s shop.

“Here he is again already!” the disguised Quarlous said to himself.

“Look!” the porter-disguised Justice Overdo said. “Here is my signature and my seal — those of Adam Overdo; if anything would be written above in that paper that you want now or at any time hereafter — think carefully about it — this is my deed and contract, and I will deliver what you want to you. Can your friend write?”

“She can sign it as a witness, and all will be well,” the disguised Quarlous said.

The porter-disguised Justice Overall said, “I agree to that with all my heart.”

He urged Dame Purecraft to sign the warrant, and she did.

The disguised Quarlous thought, *Why shouldn’t I find the ability in my conscience to make this out for a bond of a thousand pounds now, or whatever else I want?*

If he were to write in words to make it a contract stating that Justice Overdo owed him, Quarlous, one thousand pounds, Justice Overdo would have to pay him one thousand pounds.

The porter-disguised Justice Overall said, “Look, there it is, and I deliver this warrant to you as my deed again.”

He gave the disguised Quarlous the blank warrant.

The disguised Quarlous said to Dame Purecraft, “Let us now proceed in madness.”

The disguised Quarlous and Dame Purecraft exited.

The porter-disguised Justice Overdo said, “Well, my conscience is much eased. I have done my part, although it does him no good. Still, Adam Overdo has offered him satisfaction. The sting is removed from hence!

“Poor man, he is much altered with his affliction; it has brought him low.

“Now for my other main work, recalling the young man whom I have followed so long in a kind of love from the brink of his bane to the center of safety.”

He was referring to Ezekiel Edgworth, whom he considered to be a good young man who hung out with the wrong company.

He continued, “Here, or in some similar vain place, I shall be sure to find him. I will wait for the opportune time to help him.”

### — 5.3 —

Sharkwell and Filcher, carrying bills, stood in front of the puppet-show booth. Bartholomew Cokes, wearing a jacket and long stockings — his cloak, sword, and hat had been stolen — arrived. Some young children followed him.

Bartholomew Cokes said to Sharkwell, “How are you now? What’s going on here, friend? Are you the master of the monuments?”

Westminster Abbey had a master of the monuments, aka the effigies. That person was a guide; Bartholomew Cokes thought that Sharkwell was a kind of guide, too — one who could tell him what was the structure (the puppet-show stage) in front of him.

Sharkwell replied, "It is a show, if it pleases your worship."

The porter-disguised Justice Overdo arrived, saw Bartholomew Cokes and said to himself, "My fantastical, capricious brother-in-law, Mr. Bartholomew Cokes!"

Bartholomew Cokes said, "A show! What kind of show?"

He then read the sign out loud: "*The ancient modern history of Hero and Leander, otherwise called the Touchstone of true Love, with as true a trial of friendship between Damon and Pythias, two faithful friends of the Bankside.*"

In Greek mythology, Leander was a man who loved the woman Hero. He used to swim across the Hellespont to see her, but drowned one night. The modern name for the Hellespont is the Dardanelles.

Damon and Pythias (who was also known as Phintias) were two close friends. Dionysius I of Syracuse, a tyrant, sentenced Damon to death. Damon requested that he be allowed to return to his home to say goodbye to his family and settle his affairs; Pythias volunteered to stay in Syracuse as a hostage until Damon returned. He would die in Damon's place if Damon did not return. Dionysius I of Syracuse was surprised when Damon did, in fact, return to face death, and impressed by the true friendship of Damon and Pythias, he allowed both of them to live.

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Pretty words, indeed, but what's the meaning of it? Is it an interlude, or what is it?"

An interlude is a short, witty play.

Filcher said, "Yes, sir, if it pleases you to come near, we'll take your admission money inside."

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Keep these children back; they have been following me up and down!"

Mr. John Littlewit, who had written the puppet-play, arrived and attempted to enter, saying, "By your leave, friend."



Filcher said, “You must pay the admission fee, sir, if you go in.”

“Who, I!” Mr. John Littlewit said. “I see that you don’t know me; call the master of the show.”

The master of the show was Lantern Leatherhead.

Recognizing Mr. John Littlewit, Sharkwell said, “Don’t you know the author, fellow Filcher? You must take no money from him; he must come in free and *gratis*: Mr. Littlewit is a volunteer; he is the unpaid author.”

Mr. John Littlewit said, “Quiet! Don’t speak too loudly. I don’t want anyone to know that I am the author until we see whether the show is a success or a failure.”

Hearing the disturbance and looking around, Bartholomew Cokes asked, “Mr. John Littlewit, how are you?”

Mr. John Littlewit said, “Mr. Bartholomew Cokes! You are exceedingly well met: It’s good to see you! What! You are wearing your jacket and long stockings, and you are without a cloak or a hat!”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “I wish that I might never move again, I swear as I am an honest man and by that fire, for the reason that I have lost everything in the fair, and I have lost all my acquaintances and friends, too.”

The fire may have been the roasting fire in Ursula’s booth, or, more generally, Hellfire. For Bartholomew Cokes, at least at times, Bartholomew Fair was a kind of Hell, with Ursula’s fire at its center.

He continued, “Did you meet anybody whom I know, Mr. Littlewit? Did you meet my man-servant Numps, or my sister, Mrs. Overdo, or Miss Grace? Please, Mr. Littlewit, lend me some money to see the interlude here; I’ll pay you again, as I am a gentleman. If you will only see me home, I have money enough there.”

“Oh, sir, you shall have some of my money,” Mr. John Littlewit said. “Will a crown be enough?”

“I think it will,” Bartholomew Cokes said.

He asked Filcher and Sharkwell, "What do we pay for coming in, fellows?"

Filcher replied, "Two-pence, sir."

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Two-pence! There's twelve-pence, friend."

He had paid six times the admission price. This was noted, and during the puppet-play he would be treated well, even being allowed to interrupt the show with questions and comments.

He continued, "I am a gallant, despite being as humbly clothed and without a cloak and hat as I am now. You will know that I am a gallant if you see me with my man-servant and with my artillery — that is, my sword — again."

Mr. John Littlewit said, "Your man-servant Numps was in the stocks just now, sir."

"Who?" Bartholomew Cokes asked. "Numps?"

"Yes, indeed."

"For what, indeed?" Bartholomew Cokes asked. "I am glad that he was in the stocks; remember to tell me about it soon; I have enough information about it now."

He then asked, "What manner of matter is this, Mr. Littlewit? What kind of play is it? What kind of actors have you gotten? Are they good actors?"

Mr. John Littlewit replied, "They are pretty youths, sir; they are all children, both old and young; here's the master of them —"

At this time, many actors were children.

The disguised Lantern Leatherhead came over and whispered to Mr. John Littlewit, "Call me Lantern, not Leatherhead."

He did not want Bartholomew Cokes to recognize him. Recently, he had defrauded him of thirty shillings.

Mr. John Littlewit continued, "— Mr. Lantern, who gives light to the business."

Bartholomew Cokes said, "At an opportune time, sir, I would be glad to see them. I would be glad to drink with the young company. Which is the tiring-house?"

The tiring-house was the attiring-house, or dressing-room.

Lantern Leatherhead replied, "Truly, sir, our tiring-house is somewhat little; we are still only beginners. Please pardon us; you cannot stand upright in it."

"No!" Bartholomew Cokes said. "Not now, with my hat off? What would you have done with me, if you had had me, feather and all, as I was earlier today?"

"Have you none of your pretty impudent boys now, to bring stools, fill pipes with tobacco, fetch ale, and beg money, as they have at other houses?"

Some stools were placed on the stage for spectators to sit on.

He continued, "Let me see some of your actors."

Mr. John Littlewit said, "Show him the actors. Show him them. Mr. Lantern, this is a gentleman who is a favorer of the acting profession."

Lantern Leatherhead exited to get the actors.

The porter-disguised Justice Overdo said to himself, "Yes, the favoring of this licentious acting profession is the consumption of many a young gentleman; it is a pernicious enormity."

Lantern Leatherhead returned; he was carrying a basket.

Bartholomew Cokes said, "What! Do the actors live in baskets?"

Lantern Leatherhead replied, "They do lie in a basket, sir. They are some of the small players."

He opened the covering of the basket and revealed the puppets.

Bartholomew Cokes said, "These be players minors — small players — indeed. Do you call these players?"

Lantern Leatherhead said, "They are actors, sir."

The term “actors” was a more distinguished term than “players.” Actors delivered a better quality of performance.

He added, “And they are as good as any, none dispraised, for dumb shows; indeed, I am the mouth of them all.”

Dumb shows were silent shows with lots of action. The puppets would not speak; Lantern Leatherhead would do the speaking for them; he would also provide commentary.

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Your mouth will hold them all. I think one tailor would go near to beat all this company with a hand bound behind him.”

Tailors had a reputation for cowardice, but even a tailor could probably beat up a company of puppets.

“Yes,” Mr. John Littlewit said, “and eat them all, too, if they were made of gingerbread.”

Tailors had a reputation for eating lots of bread.

Bartholomew Cokes said, “I thank you for that joke, Mr. Littlewit; it is a good jest!”

He then asked the disguised Lantern Leatherhead, “Which is your Burbage now?”

Richard Burbage was the leading actor of his time; he originated the title roles of William Shakespeare’s *Richard III*, *Othello*, *Hamlet*, and *King Lear*. He also played leading roles in Ben Jonson’s *Volpone* and *The Alchemist*.

Lantern Leatherhead asked, “What do you mean, sir?”

Bartholomew Cokes replied, “Which puppet is your best actor, your Field?”

Nathan Field was another leading actor of his time, and was probably playing the role of Mr. John Littlewit or Bartholomew Cokes during *Bartholomew Fair*’s early performances.

Mr. John Littlewit said, “That was a good jest, indeed! You are even with me, sir.”

Lantern Leatherhead held up a puppet and said, “This is our Field. He acts the role of young Leander, sir. He is

extremely beloved by the womankind. The green gamesters who come here so affect his action!”

“Green gamesters” were young, relatively inexperienced prostitutes.

“Affect his action” meant 1) like his acting, and 2) desire his action in bed.

Lantern Leatherhead held up other puppets and identified them:

“And this is lovely Hero.

“This puppet with the beard is Damon.

“And this puppet is pretty Pythias.

“This puppet is the ghost of King Dionysius in the clothing of a scrivener, as you shall see soon in full.”

“Well, they are a civil company,” Bartholomew Cokes said. “I like them for that; they promise not to laugh scornfully, nor jeer, nor crack jokes, as the great-sized players do, and then, there is not so much expense as to the feasting of them, or making them drunk by reason of their littleness, as opposed to the expenses for other great-sized actors.

“Are they accustomed to perform word-perfect? Are they ever flustered?”

“Sir, they are never flustered,” Lantern Leatherhead said. “No, sir, I thank my industry and management for it; they are as well governed a company, though I am the one to say it —”

He meant that he ought to be modest and not be the one to praise his own industry and management.

He continued, “And here is young Leander, who is as proper an actor of his inches, and shakes his head like an Ostler.”

Another popular and successful actor around that time was William Ostler.

Bartholomew Cokes asked, “But do you play it according to the printed book? I have read that.”

The printed book was *Hero and Leander* by Christopher Marlowe.

“By no means, sir,” Lantern Leatherhead replied.

“No!” Bartholomew Cokes said. “How do you play it, then?”

“We play it a better way, sir,” Lantern Leatherhead said. “The printed book is too learned and poetical for our audience. Do they know what the Hellespont is? Do they know the meaning of ‘guilty of true love’s blood’? Do they know what ‘Abydos’ is? Do they know the meaning of ‘the other Sestos hight’?”

Marlowe’s poem began in this way:

*On Hellespont, guilty of true love’s blood,  
In view and opposite two cities stood,  
Sea-borderers, disjoin’d by Neptune’s might;  
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight [is named].*

Bartholomew Cokes said, “You are in the right; I myself do not know the meaning of those things.”

The disguised Lantern Leatherhead said, “I have entreated Mr. John Littlewit to take a few pains to reduce the printed book to a more familiar strain for our people.”

Ben Jonson’s plays were quite learned, and if a play of his failed, he sometimes blamed the failure on the audience.

Bartholomew Cokes said, “How, I ask you, good Mr. Littlewit, did you do that?”

Mr. John Littlewit said, “It pleases Lantern to make a big deal of it, sir; but it is not such a big deal, I assure you. I have only made it a little easier and have made it modern for the times, sir, that’s all. In place of the Hellespont, I imagine our Thames here; and then I make Leander a dyer’s son from around Puddle Wharf, and I make Hero a wench of the Bankside.”

A wench of the Bankside was likely to be a prostitute.

He continued, “As Hero is crossing over the Thames one morning to Old Fish Street, Leander sees her land at Trig Stairs, and falls in love with her. Then I introduce

Cupid, who, having metamorphosed himself into a bartender, strikes Hero in love with a pint of sherry.”

This was ambiguous: It could mean that 1) Cupid used a pint of sherry to make Hero fall in love with someone, or 2) Cupid made Hero fall in love with a pint of sherry.

John Littlewit continued, “And there are other pretty passages about the friendship, passages that will delight you, sir, and please you men of judgment.”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “I’ll be sworn that those passages shall please me. I am in love with the actors already, and I’ll be allied to them presently.

“The actors shall be my friends. The actors respect gentlemen, these fellows.”

He then matched the puppets with his fairings — things that he had bought, but lost, at the fair.

“Hero shall be my fairing, but which of my fairings? Let me see — indeed, she shall be my fiddle.

“Leander shall be my fiddlestick.

“Then Damon shall be my drum.

“And Pythias shall be my pipe.

“And the ghost of Dionysius shall be my hobbyhorse.

“All of the puppets are matched with my fairings.”

— 5.4 —

Mr. Winwife and Miss Grace Wellborn arrived.

“Look, yonder’s your Bartholomew Cokes gotten in among his playfellows,” Mr. Winwife said. “I was sure we could not miss him at such a spectacle.”

Miss Grace Wellborn said, “Let him alone; he is so busy he will never see us.”

Bartholomew Cokes grabbed one of the puppets — the one portraying Hero — and inspected it.

The disguised Lantern Leatherhead said to him, “No, good sir!”

“I promise you that I will not hurt her, fellow,” Bartholomew Cokes replied. “What! Do you think that I am uncivil? I ask you to be not jealous; I am engaged to a future wife.”

Mr. John Littlewit said, “Well, good Mr. Lantern, get ready to begin so that I may fetch my wife and bring her here, and see to it that you remember the lines perfectly, or else you will ruin my reputation.”

The disguised Lantern Leatherhead said, “I promise you I will, sir.”

His sentence was ambiguous.

He continued, “But don’t breed too great an expectation of your puppet-play among your friends; that’s the hurter of these things. Excessive expectations are difficult to meet.”

“No, no, no,” Mr. John Littlewit said. “I won’t do that.”

He exited in order to get his wife: Mrs. Win Littlewit.

“I’ll stay here and see the play,” Bartholomew Cokes said. “Please let me see it.”

Mr. Winwife said, “How diligent and pains-taking he is!”

Miss Grace Wellborn said, “The place is suitable for him, I think.”

In other words, Bartholomew Cokes was so child-like that he was a good audience member for a puppet-play.

The porter-disguised Justice Overdo said to himself, “My ward, Miss Grace, is in the company of a stranger! I fear that I shall be compelled to reveal my true identity before my time.”

Jordan Knockem, Ezekiel Edgworth, and Mrs. Win Littlewit arrived. Whit followed them, supporting the drunken Mrs. Overdo. Mrs. Win Littlewit and Mrs. Overdo were wearing masks and green gowns.

Women sometimes wore masks while attending plays.

Filcher said to them, “Two-pence apiece, gentlemen, and it’s an excellent puppet-play.”



Jordan Knockem asked, “Shall we have fine fireworks, and good vapors?”

Fireworks can mean a display of wit, anger, or some other great emotion.

Sharkwell replied, “Yes, Captain, and waterworks, too.”

The scene portrayed in the puppet-play was on the Thames River and its banks.

Whit said, “I pree dee take care o’ dy shmall lady there, Edgworth; I will look to dish tall lady myself.”

[Whit said, “Please take care of the small lady there, Edgworth; I will look after this tall lady myself.”]

The small lady, who had a baby bump, was Mrs. Win Littlewit, and the tall lady was Mrs. Overdo.

The disguised Lantern Leatherhead said, “Welcome, gentlemen. Welcome, gentlemen.”

With his Welsh accent, Whit said, “Predee mashter o’ the monshtersh, help a very sick lady here to a chair to shit in.”

[With his Welsh accent, Whit said, “Please, master of the monsters, help a very sick lady here to a chair to sit in.”]

Mrs. Overdo was sick because she was drunk.

The disguised Lantern Leatherhead replied, “Immediately, sir.”

An assistant brought in a chair for Mrs. Overdo to sit in.

Whit said, “Good fait now, Ursula’s ale and aqua-vitae ish to blame for’t; shit down, shweet-heart, shit down and sleep a little.”

[Whit said, “Good faith now, Ursula’s ale and aqua vitae is to blame for it; sit down, sweetheart, sit down and sleep a little.”]

Ezekiel Edgworth said to Mrs. Win Littlewit, “Madam, you are very welcome here.”

Jordan Knockem said, “Yes, and you shall see very good vapors.”

The disguised Justice Overdo said about Ezekiel Edgworth, “Here is the young man I care and worry about! I like to see him in so good company, and yet I wonder that persons of such fashion should come to a puppet-play.”

Ezekiel Edgworth said to the masked Mrs. Win Littlewit, “There is a very private house, madam.”

Many stages for plays and other entertainments were large and open air and open to the general public. Others were small, inside, and restricted to higher-class audience members. Ezekiel Edgworth was joking about the small size of the puppet-show stage and spectator area.

The disguised Lantern Leatherhead said, “Will it please your ladyship to sit, madam?”

Mrs. Win Littlewit replied, “Yes, goodman.”

She then said to herself, “They do so all-to-be-madam me that I think they think I am a true lady.”

“Madam” was a title of respect for ladies, but it has other meanings. By making Mrs. Win Littlewit a prostitute, Jordan Knockem and Whit were perhaps making her a future madam, aka bawd.

In addition, in this society “all” was an intensifier, while “to” meant “asunder” or “into pieces.” By making Mrs. Win Littlewit a prostitute, Jordan Knockem and Whit were completely blowing into pieces any chance of her being a true lady.

Overhearing her, Ezekiel Edgworth said, “What else, madam?”

The porter-disguised Justice Overdo was watching Ezekiel Edgworth closely and also closely observing the masked woman — Mrs. Win Littlewit — Ezekiel Edgworth was with.

Regarding him as a potential customer, Mrs. Win Littlewit asked Ezekiel Edgworth, who knew her to be a prostitute, “Must I put off my mask to him?”

She meant, “Should I take off my mask and show him my face?”

Ezekiel Edgworth replied, "Oh, by no means."

Mrs. Win Littlewit asked, "How should my 'husband' know me then?"

Her customer would be a temporary "husband" who would "know" her Biblically.

Jordan Knockem said, "Husband! That's an idle vapor; he must not know you, nor you him — there's the true vapor."

He meant that there was no need for her and her customer to know each other any more than Biblically.

The porter-disguised Justice Overdo said to himself, "Hmm! I will observe more of this."

He said quietly to Whit about the masked Mrs. Win Littlewit, "Is this woman a lady, friend?"

Whit said, "Ay, and dat is anoder lady, shweet-heart; if dou hasht a mind to 'em, give me twelve-pence from tee, and dou shalt have eder oder on 'em."

[Whit said, "Yes, and that [the masked Mrs. Overdo] is another lady, sweetheart; if you have a mind to sleep with either of them, give me twelve-pence from your pocket, and you shall have either one of them."]

The porter-disguised Justice Overdo said to himself, "Yes, this will prove the chiefest enormity I find at the fair. I will further investigate this."

Ezekiel Edgworth asked, "Isn't this a finer life, lady, than to be clogged with a husband?"

"Yes, a great deal better," Mrs. Win Littlewit replied. "When will they begin, I wonder, in the name of the puppet-play?"

Ezekiel Edgworth replied, "By and by, madam; they are waiting only for the company."

The company was the people associated with the theatrical troupe.

Jordan Knockem said, "Do you hear, puppet-master? These are tedious vapors. When will you begin?"

The disguised Lantern Leatherhead replied, "We are waiting only for Mr. John Littlewit, the author, who has gone to get his wife: We will begin soon."

Mrs. Win Littlewit said to Ezekiel Edgworth, "That's me! That's me! I am Mr. Littlewit's wife."

Ezekiel Edgworth replied, "That was you, lady, but now you are no such poor thing."

Jordan Knockem said, "Hang the author's wife, a running vapor! Here are ladies who will wait for never a Delia of them all."

Delia was an unattainable married woman in poems by the Roman poet Tibullus and in poems by the English poet Samuel Daniel. Her name was an anagram of "ideal." Jordan Knockem, however, meant by "Delia" a "self-important woman."

Whit said, "But hear me now, here ish one o' de ladish ashleep, stay till shee but vake, man."

[Whit said, "But hear me now, here is one of the ladies asleep. Wait just until she wakes up, man."]

Humphrey Wasp arrived and asked, "How are you, friends? What's going on here?"

Filcher said, "Two-pence per person, sir, for the best puppet-play in Bartholomew Fair."

"I believe you are lying," Humphrey Wasp said, "If you are, I'll get my money back again, and beat you."

Mr. Winwife said to Miss Grace Wellborn, "Numps has come!"

Humphrey Wasp asked, "Did you see a master of mine come in here? He's a tall young squire of Harrow o' the Hill named Mr. Bartholomew Cokes."

Filcher replied, "I think there is such a person within."

"It would be best for you that he is inside," Humphrey Wasp said, "but it is very likely. I wonder that I didn't find him at all the other fair attractions. I have been at the eagle, and the black wolf, and the bull with the five legs and two pizzles — he was a calf at Uxbridge Fair two years ago —

and at the dogs that dance the Morris Dance, and the hare of the tabor; and I did not see him at all these!”

All of the places he had been were fair attractions.

A “pizzle” is a “penis.”

The hare of the tabor was a trained hare that played the drum known as the tabor.

He continued, “Surely this must be some fine sight that holds him so, if he is here to see it.”

An impatient Bartholomew Cokes said to the puppet master, “Come, come, are you ready now?”

The disguised Lantern Leatherhead replied, “Very soon, sir.”

Seeing Bartholomew Cokes, Humphrey Wasp said, “Hey! He’s at work in his jacket and long stockings!”

He asked him, “Listen, sir, are you employed as a workman here? Is that why you are bare-headed and so busy?”

“Hold your peace, Numps,” Bartholomew Cokes said. “Don’t criticize me. You have been in the stocks, I hear.”

Humphrey Wasp said to himself, “Does he know that! Well, then the date of my authority is out; I must think no longer to reign; my government is at an end. He who will correct another must lack fault in himself.”

His time of trying to control Bartholomew Cokes had come to an end; he could no longer exert any moral authority over him.

“Sententious Numps!” Mr. Winwife said to Miss Grace Wellborn. “I have never heard so much sense from him before.”

A sententious person is given to pompous moralizing.

“Surely, Mr. John Littlewit is not coming back,” the disguised Lantern Leatherhead said. “Please take your place, sir; we’ll begin.”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Please begin the puppet-play. My ears long to hear it, and my eyes long to see it.

“Oh, Numps, you were in the stocks, Numps! Where’s your sword, Numps!”

His sword had been stolen along with others’ swords during the fight.

“Please watch your puppet-play, sir,” Humphrey Wasp said, “and let me alone.”

“Well, then we are even for everything,” Bartholomew Cokes said. “Come, sit down, Numps; I’ll explain the puppet-play to you.

“Did you see Miss Grace? It doesn’t matter, now I think about it. Tell me about her soon.”

Mr. Winwife said to Miss Grace Wellborn, “A great deal of love and concern he expresses for you!”

Miss Grace Wellborn said, “Alas, would you have him express more love and concern than he has? That would be tyranny.”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Silence, ho! Now! Quiet!”

The disguised Lantern Leatherhead, who as puppet master would provide the voices of the puppets and be the master of ceremonies, began the performance:

*“Gentles, [so] that no longer your expectations may wander,*

*“Behold our chief actor, amorous Leander.*

*“With a great deal of cloth, lapped about him like a scarf,*

*“For he yet serves his father, a dyer at Puddle Wharf;*

*“Which place we’ll make bold with, to call it our Abydus,*

*“As the Bankside is our Sestos; and let it not be denied us.*

*“Now as he is beating to make the dye take the fuller,”*

“The fuller” meant “more completely.” In the fulling of woolen cloth, the cloth is cleaned and beaten to make it thicker. Once the cloth is clean, the dye will adhere to the parts that had been dirty.

*“Who chances to come by, but fair Hero in a sculler;”*

A sculler is a small boat that is propelled by special oars called sculls. A sculler is also the person who sculls — rows with the special oars — the boat.

*“And seeing Leander’s naked leg and goodly calf,*

*“Cast at him from the boat a sheep’s eye and an half.”*

A “sheep’s eye” is a “loving look.”

*“Now she is landed, and the sculler come back,*

*“By and by you shall see what Leander does lack.”*

Puppet Leander called, *“Cole, Cole, old Cole!”*

“Cole” is a stereotypical name for a pander.

The disguised Lantern Leatherhead said as the puppet master, *“That is the sculler’s name without control.”*

“Without control” means “freely stated.”

Puppet Leander called, *“Cole, Cole, I say, Cole!”*

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, *“We hear you.”*

Puppet Leander called, *“Old Cole.”*

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead joked, *“Old Coal! Is the dyer turned collier? How do you sell?”*

Calling a person a collier, aka a dealer in coal, was an insult because colliers were dirty from being around coal and because colliers had a reputation for cheating their customers.

Puppet Leander said, *“A pox on your manners! Kiss my hole here, and smell it!”*

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, *“Kiss your hole and smell it! There’s manners indeed.”*

Puppet Leander yelled, *“Why, Cole, I say, Cole!”*

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead asked, *“Is it the sculler you need?”*

Puppet Leander replied, *“Yes, and be hanged.”*

Lantern Leatherhead said, *“Be hanged! Look yonder.*

*“Old Cole, you must go hang with Mr. Leander.”*

Puppet Cole asked, *“Where is he?”*

Puppet Leander replied, *“Here, Cole. What fairest of fairs,*

*“Was that fare whom you landed just now at Trig Stairs?”*

As puppet master, Lantern Leatherhead used a high-pitched voice.

Not yet used to the voice, Bartholomew Cokes asked him, “What was that, fellow? Please tell me. I scarcely understand what you are saying.”

In his normal voice, puppet master Lantern Leatherhead replied, “Leander does ask, sir, what fairest of fairs, was the fare he landed just now at Trig Stairs?”

Puppet Cole answered Puppet Leander, *“It is lovely Hero.”*

Puppet Leander asked, *“Nero?”*

Nero was a tyrannical Roman emperor.

Puppet Cole replied, *“No, Hero.”*

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, *“It is Hero*

*“Of the Bankside, he says, to tell you truth without erring,*

*“Is come over into Fish Street to eat some fresh herring.*

*“Leander says no more, but as fast as he can,*

*“Gets on all his best clothes, and will after [will go] to the Swan.”*

The Swan is an inn.

Bartholomew Cokes said, “This is extremely good, isn’t it!”

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, *“Wait, sculler.”*

Puppet Cole replied, *“What did you say?”*

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said:

*“You must stay [wait] for Leander,*

*“And carry him to the wench.”*

Puppet Cole said, *“You rogue, I am no pander.”*

“He says that he is no pander,” Bartholomew Cokes said. “This is a fine language. I understand what the puppets are saying now.”



Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said:

*“Are you no pander, goodman Cole? Here’s no man says you are;*

*“You’ll grow a hot [angry] Cole [pun on “hot, burning coal”], it seems; pray [please] you stay [wait] for your fare.”*

Puppet Cole asked, *“Will he come away?”*

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead asked, *“What do you say?”*

Puppet Cole answered, *“I’d have him come away.”*

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead asked:

*“Would you have Leander come away? Why, pray [please], sir, stay.*

*“You are angry, goodman Cole; I believe the fair maid*

*“Came over with you on trust: tell us, sculler, are you paid?”*

“On trust” means “on credit.” Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead was hinting that Puppet Hero had paid for her passage with sex.

Puppet Cole replied, *“Yes, goodman Hog-rubber of Pict-Hatch.”*

“Rub” is an action performed during sex, so Puppet Cole was charging puppet master Lantern Leatherhead with bestiality.

Pict-Hatch was an area known for its prostitutes and thieves.

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, *“What! Hog-rubber of Pict-Hatch?”*

Puppet Cole replied, *“Yes, Hog-rubber of Pict-Hatch. Take that!”*

Puppet Cole hit the puppet master on the head.

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, *“Oh, my head!”*

Puppet Cole said, *“Harm watch, harm catch!”*

In other words, if you look for trouble, you’ll find it.

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Harm watch, harm catch, he says; that is very good, indeed.”

He then said to the puppet master, “The sculler was likely to have beaten you, sirrah.”

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead replied, “Yes, except that his fare called him away.”

Puppet Leander said, “*Row apace, row apace, row, row, row, row, row.*”

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, “*You are knavishly loaden [Devilishly loaded], sculler. Take heed where you go.*”

Puppet Cole said, “*Knave in your face, goodman rogue.*”

“Knave in your face” meant “I call you a knave directly to your face.”

Puppet Leander said, “*Row, row, row, row, row.*”

Bartholomew Cokes laughed and said, “He said, ‘Knave in your face,’ friend.”

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead replied, “Yes, sir, I heard him, but there’s no talking to these watermen — they will have the last word.”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “God’s my life! I am not allied to the sculler yet; he shall be ‘Dolphin My Boy.’”

Earlier, he had matched the puppets with fairings that he had purchased but lost. For example, he had matched a fiddlestick to Puppet Leander.

“Dolphin My Boy” was part of a ballad, so he may have decided to match Puppet Cole with one of the ballads he had bought, or perhaps with a toy dolphin.

Talking about Puppet Leander, he continued, “But my fiddlestick does fiddle in and out too much. Please speak to him about it; tell him I would have him tarry in my sight more.”

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead replied, “Please be patient; you’ll get enough of him, sir.”

He then continued with the puppet-play:

*“Now, gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid,  
 “But that you have heard of a little god of love called  
 Cupid;*

*“Who out of kindness to Leander, hearing he but saw  
 her,*

*“This present day and hour does turn himself to [into] a  
 drawer [bartender].”*

Puppet Jonas (the disguised Cupid) came on stage as the bartender.

*“And because he would have their first meeting to be  
 merry,*

*“He strikes Hero in love to him with a pint of sherry;*

*“Which he tells her from amorous Leander is sent her,*

*“Who after him into the room of Hero does venture.”*

Puppet Leander went into Mistress Hero’s room.

Puppet Jonas said, *“A pint of sack, score a pint of sack  
 in the Coney.”*

The rooms in inns were given names, not numbers.

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Sack! You said just now it would be sherry.”

He was unaware that “sack” was a generic name for white wine, and sherry is made from white grapes.

Puppet Jonas said to Bartholomew Cokes, “Why, so it is.”

Puppet Jonas then continued the puppet-play: *“Sherry, sherry, sherry.”*

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Sherry, sherry, sherry! By my truth, he makes me merry. I must have a name for Cupid, too.

“Let me see, you might help me, now, if you would, Numps, in a pinch, but you are still dreaming about the stocks. Don’t worry about your being in the stocks. I have forgotten about it. It is just a nine days’ wonder, man, so don’t let it trouble you.”

Humphrey Wasp replied, “With all my heart, I wish that the stocks were around your neck, sir, on the condition

that I would hang by the heels in them until the wonder would wear off from you.”

“Well said, resolute Numps!” Bartholomew Cokes said.

He then said to the puppet master, “But listen, friend, where’s the friendship all this while between my drum Damon and my pipe Pythias?”

Lantern Leatherhead replied, “You shall see very soon, sir.”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “You think my hobbyhorse is forgotten, too; no, I’ll see them all in action and acting before I go, else I shall not know which to love best.”

Earlier, he had matched Puppet Dionysius with his hobbyhorse.

Growing irritated, Jordan Knockem said, “This gallant has interrupting vapors, troublesome vapors; Whit, puff with him.”

“Puff with him” meant “shut him up,” perhaps by fighting him and huffing and puffing, or by blowing smoke in his face, which could cause a fight.

Whit replied, “No, I pree dee, Captain, let him alone; he is a child, i’ faith, la.”

[Whit replied, “No, I say, Captain, let him alone; he is a child, indeed, la.”]

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said:

*“Now, gentles, [let us turn] to the friends, who in number are two,*

*“And lodged in that alehouse in which fair Hero does do.”*

“Do” has three meanings applicable here: 1) work, 2) have sex, and 3) work as a prostitute.

*“Damon, for some kindness done him the last week,*

*“Is come, fair Hero, in Fish Street, this morning to seek:*

*“Pythias does smell the knavery of the meeting,*

*“And now you shall see their true-friendly greeting.”*

In other words, Damon and Hero have scheduled an assignation, but Pythias has found out about it.

Puppet Pythias said to Puppet Damon, "*You whore-masterly slave, you!*"

Bartholomew Cokes said, "'Whore-masterly slave, you!' Very friendly and familiar, that."

Puppet Damon replied:

*"I call you 'whore-master' to your face,*

*"You have lain [have had sex] with her yourself, I'll prove it in this place."*

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Damon says that Pythias has lain with her himself, he'll prove it in this place."

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, "Both of them are whore-masters, sir, that's plainly the case."

Puppet Pythias said to puppet master Lantern Leatherhead, "*You lie like a rogue.*"

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead replied, "*Do I lie like a rogue?*"

Puppet Pythias said, "*A pimp and a scab.*"

A "scab" is a "scoundrel."

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, "*A pimp and a scab?*"

*"I say, between you, you have both but one drab."*

A "drab" is a "whore."

Puppet Damon said, "*You lie again.*"

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead asked, "*Do I lie again?*"

Puppet Damon said, "*Like a rogue again.*"

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead asked, "*Like a rogue again?*"

Puppet Pythias said, "*And you are a pimp again.*"

Bartholomew Cokes said, "'And you are a pimp again,' he says."

Puppet Damon said, "*And a scab again.*"

Bartholomew Cokes said, "'And a scab again,' he says."

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said:

*“And I say again, you are both whore-masters, again.*

*“And you have both but one drab again.”*

Puppet Damon and Puppet Pythias said, *“Do you say so? Do you? Do you?”*

The puppets began to beat him.

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, *“What! Both at once?”*

Puppet Pythias said, *“Down with him, Damon.”*

Puppet Damon said, *“Pink his guts, Pythias.”*

“Pink” means “stab.”

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, *“What! So malicious?”*

*“Will you murder me, masters both, in my own house?”*

Bartholomew Cokes said, *“Ho! Well acted, my drum! Well acted, my pipe! Well acted still!”*

Humphrey Wasp said, *“Well acted, with all my heart.”*

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said to the puppets, *“Hold, hold your hands!”*

In other words: Stop beating me!

Bartholomew Cokes said, *“Yes, both your hands, for my sake! For you have both done well.”*

Puppet Damon said, *“Gramercy, pure Pythias.”*

“Gramercy” meant “Thank you.”

Puppet Pythias said, *“Gramercy, dear Damon.”*

Bartholomew Cokes said, *“Gramercy to you both, my pipe and my drum.”*

Puppet Pythias and Puppet Damon said, *“Come, now we’ll go together to have breakfast with Hero.”*

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said:

*“It is well you can now go to breakfast to Hero.*

*“You have given me my breakfast, with a hone and honero.”*

*Hone* and *honero* are Gaelic words meaning “alas!”

Bartholomew Cokes asked, *“What is it, friend? Have they hurt you?”*

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, “Oh, no. Between you and me, sir, we do but make show.”

In other words: We’re acting.

He continued with the puppet-play:

*“Thus, gentles, you perceive, without any denial,*

*“Between Damon and Pythias here, friendship’s true trial.*

*“Though hourly they quarrel thus, and roar each with [the] other.*

*“They fight no more than does brother with brother;*

*“But friendly together, at the next man they meet,*

*“They let fly their anger, as here you might see it.”*

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Well, we have seen it, and you have felt it, whatsoever you say. What’s next? What’s next?”

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said:

*“This [happened] while young Leander with fair Hero is drinking,*

*“And Hero grown drunk to any man’s thinking!*

*“Yet was it not three pints of sherry could flaw her,”*

“Flaw her” meant “make her drunk.”

*“Till Cupid distinguished [disguised] like Jonas the drawer [bartender],*

*“From under his apron, where his lechery lurks,*

*“Put love in her sack. Now mark how it works.”*

One meaning of the word “sack” is “vagina.”

Puppet Hero said:

*“Oh, Leander, Leander, my dear, my dear Leander,*

*“I’ll forever be your goose, so [as long as] you’ll be my gander.”*

A “goose” can be 1) a simpleton, and/or 2) a prostitute.

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Excellently well said, fiddle, she’ll ever be his goose, so he’ll be her gander; wasn’t that what was said?”

He had paired Puppet Hero with his fiddle; Puppet Leander was paired with the fiddlestick.

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, “Yes, sir, but pay attention to his answer now.”

Puppet Leander said:

*“And sweetest of geese, before I go to bed,*

*“I’ll swim over the Thames, my goose, you to tread.”*

“Tread” meant “have sex”; the word was used of birds.

Bartholomew Coke said, “Splendid! He will swim over the Thames, and tread his goose tonight, he says.”

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, “Yes, peace, sir. Be quiet, sir. They’ll be angry if they hear you eavesdropping now while they are setting up their assignation.”

Puppet Leander said:

*“But lest the Thames should be dark, my goose, my dear friend,*

*“Let your window be provided with a candle’s end.”*

The candle would be his guide as he swam across the Thames.

Puppet Hero said:

*“Fear not, my gander, I protest I should handle*

*“My matters very ill, if I had not a whole candle.”*

“Matters” was a word that could refer to sexual matters; Hero’s words could be interpreted as saying that for at least some of her sexual matters, she used a whole candle as a dildo.

Puppet Leander said, *“Well, then, look to it, and kiss me to boot.”*

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said:

*“Now here come the friends again, Pythias and Damon,*

*“And under their cloaks they have of bacon a gammon.”*

A “gammon” is “part of a side of bacon.”

Puppet Pythias and Puppet Damon entered the puppet alehouse.

Puppet Pythias said, *“Drawer, fill some wine here.”*

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead ordered:

*“Hey, bring some wine there!”*



*“There’s company already, sir, pray forbear.”*

“Pray forbear” meant “please be patient.”

Puppet Damon said about the company already present,  
*“It is Hero.”*

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said:

*“Yes, but she will not be taken,*

*“After sack and fresh herring, with your Dunmow bacon.”*

Dunmow bacon was a side of bacon that was presented to a married couple in Dunmow, Essex, if after being married for a year they could convince a jury of six bachelors and six maidens that they had not argued during the year or regretted being married.

Since Pythias and Damon possessed what puppet master Lantern Leatherhead called their “Dunmow bacon,” he was implying that they were a homosexual couple.

He was also saying that Hero was already satisfied with what Leander had given her.

Puppet Pythias said about the bacon, *“You lie, it’s Westfabian.”*

The Fabian priests of Pan were permitted much licentious license at the Roman festival Lupercalia. Flaunting Fabians were swaggerers and roisterers.

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, *“Westphalian, you should say.”*

Westphalian ham had a reputation for being very good ham.

Puppet Damon said, *“If you hold not your peace, you are a coxcomb, I would say.”*

Puppet Leander and Puppet Hero kissed.

Puppet Damon said, *“What’s going on here? What’s going on here? Kiss, kiss, upon kiss!”*

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said:

*“Yes, why shouldn’t they? What harm is in this?”*

*“It is mistress Hero.”*

Puppet Damon said, *“Mistress Hero’s a whore.”*

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said:

*“Is she a whore?”*

*“Keep you quiet, or, sir knave out of door.”*

Puppet Damon asked, *“Knave out of door?”*

Puppet Hero said, *“Yes, knave out of door.”*

Puppet Damon said, *“Whore out of door.”*

Puppet Hero, Puppet Damon, and Puppet Pythias started fighting.

Puppet Hero said, *“I say, knave out of door.”*

Puppet Damon said, *“I say, whore out of door.”*

Puppet Pythias said, *“Yes, so say I, too.”*

Puppet Hero said, *“Kiss the whore on the arse [ass].”*

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said:

*“Now you have something to do:*

*“You must kiss her on the arse, she says.”*

Puppet Damon and Puppet Pythias said, *“So we will, so we will.”*

They kicked her.

Puppet Hero said, *“Oh, my haunches! Oh, my haunches! Stop! Stop!”*

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said to Puppet Leander:

*“Do you stand still?”*

*“Leander, where are you? Stand you still like a sot,*

*“And not offering to break both their heads with a pot?”*

*“See who’s at your elbow there! Puppet Jonas and Cupid.”*

Cupid, god of love, was disguised as Jonas, bartender.

Puppet Jonas said, *“Attack them, Leander, be not so stupid.”*

Puppet Leander said, *“You goat-bearded slave!”*

Puppet Damon said, *“You whoremaster knave!”*

The puppets fought.

Puppet Leander said, *“You are a whoremaster.”*

Puppet Jonas said, *“Whoremasters all.”*

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, “See, Cupid, aka Jonas, with a word has taken up the brawl.”

The word was “whoremasters.” A whoremaster can be a whoremonger, aka one who has sex with whores. A whoremaster can also be a procurer, aka a pimp.

Jordan Knockem said, “These be fine vapors!”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “By this good day, they fight splendidly and bravely; don’t they, Numps?”

Humphrey Wasp said, “Yes, they lacked only you to be their second all this while.”

A “second” is a supporter in a duel.

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said:

*“This tragical encounter falling out thus to busy us,  
It raises up the ghost of their friend Dionysius;  
Not like a monarch, but the master of a school,  
In a scrivener’s furred gown, which shows he is no  
fool.”*

A scrivener is a clerk. Dionysius II, not Dionysius I, of Syracuse was supposed to have become a schoolteacher after falling from power.

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead continued:

*“For therein he has wit enough to keep himself warm.  
‘Oh, Damon,’ he cries, ‘and Pythias, what harm  
‘Has poor Dionysius done you in his grave,  
‘That after his death you should fall out thus and rave,  
‘And call amorous Leander [a] whoremaster knave?’”*

Puppet Damon said, “I cannot, I will not, I promise you, endure it.”

— 5.5 —

Rabbi Zeal-of-the-land Busy rushed in and shouted, “Down with Dagon! Down with Dagon! It is I, and I will no longer endure your profanations.”

Dagon was the god of the Philistines. One of the accusations that Puritans made against many plays was that they kept alive the memory of pagan gods such as Cupid.

By saying, “Down with Dagon! It is I,” Zeal-of-the-land Busy was grammatically identifying himself with Dagon.

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead asked, “What do you mean by this, sir?”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, “I will remove Dagon there, I say, that idol, that heathenish idol, that remains, as I may say, a beam, a very beam — not a beam of the sun, nor a beam of the moon, nor a beam of a balance, neither a house-beam, nor a weaver’s beam — but a beam in the eye, in the eye of the brethren.”

The puppet-play was a beam in the eye of the Puritans, according to Zeal-of-the-land Busy. In other words, it was a blind spot.

Matthew 7:3-5 (King James Version) states:

*3 And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother’s eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?*

*4 Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye?*

*5 Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother’s eye.*

The Biblical passage stressed being aware of one’s own faults, but Zeal-of-the-land Busy was much more concerned with being aware of other people’s faults.

Zeal-of-the-land Busy continued, “It is a very great beam, an exceeding great beam, such as are your stage-players, rhymers, and Morris-dancers, who have walked hand in hand, in contempt of the brethren, and the cause; and been supported by instruments of no mean countenance.”

“Instruments of no mean countenance” meant “agents in high positions — agents of the Devil.” It also meant that these entertainments had received official encouragement.

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, “Sir, I present nothing but what is licensed by authority.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy replied, “You are all license, even licentiousness itself, Shimei!”

Shimei had cursed King David in 2 Samuel 16, but Zeal-of-the-land Busy, not puppet master Lantern Leatherhead, was doing the cursing here.

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, “I have the Master of the Revels’ signature on the license for the puppet-play, sir.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, “You have the signature of the Master of the Rebels Against God. You have Satan’s signature! Hold your peace because of your scurrility, shut up your mouth, your profession is damnable, and in pleading for it you plead for the idol Baal. I have long opened my mouth wide, and gaped; I have gaped as the oyster for the tide, after your destruction, but cannot compass it by suit or dispute; so that I look for a bickering, before long, and then a battle.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy was using phrasing from two Puritan prayers:

1) “*We look for a bickering, ere long, and then a battle, which we cannot endure.*”

2) “*Our souls are constantly gaping after thee, O Lord, yea verily, our souls do gape, even as an oyster.*”

Jordan Knockem said, “Good Banbury vapors!”

Bartholomew Cokes said to puppet master Lantern Leatherhead, “Friend, you’d have an ill match of it, if you bicker with him here; although Zeal-of-the-land Busy is no man of the fist, he has friends who will fight for him.”

Bartholomew Cokes then said, “Numps, won’t you take our side?”

Ezekiel Edgworth said to Bartholomew Cokes, “Sir, there is no need for a fight; in my opinion the Puritan offers the puppet master a fairer course of action: to end it by formal disputation and argument.”

He then asked puppet master Lantern Leatherhead, “Do you have nothing to say for yourself in defense of your occupation?”

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, “Indeed, sir, I am not well-studied in these controversies between the hypocrites — the Puritans — and us. But here’s one of the puppets in my puppet-play — Puppet Dionysius — who shall undertake to debate the Puritan, and I’ll wager the case on the puppet’s defense.”

The Puritans, as should be already clear, were opposed to theatrical entertainments of all kinds.

The name Dionysius is close to the name Dionysus, which is the name of the ancient Greek god of theater and wine.

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Who? My hobbyhorse! Will he dispute with him?”

Puppet Dionysius had been matched with Bartholomew Cokes’ hobbyhorse. The puppet would engage in a battle of wits with Zeal-of-the-land Busy.

“Yes, sir,” puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, “and make a hobby-ass of him, I hope.”

“That’s excellent!” Bartholomew Cokes said. “Indeed he looks like the best scholar of them all.”

He then said to Zeal-of-the-land Busy, “Come, sir, you must be as good as your word now.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy replied, “I will not fear to make my spirit and gifts known.”

He prayed, “Assist me, zeal! Fill me, fill me, that is, make me full!”

“What a desperate, profane wretch is this!” Mr. Winwife said. “Is there any ignorance or impudence like

his, to call on his religious zeal to fill him against a puppet?”

Miss Grace Wellborn said, “I know no fitter match than a puppet to join battle with a hypocrite!”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said to Puppet Dionysius, “First, I say to you, idol, you have no calling.”

He was using the word “calling” to mean “vocation.” Puritans believed that people ought to engage in work and use the gifts that God had given to them. But the puppet replied as if the word “calling” referred to the name that one was called.

Puppet Dionysius replied, “You lie! I am called Dionysius.”

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said to Zeal-of-the-land Busy, “The puppet says that you lie, he is called Dionysius in the puppet-play, and to that calling he answers.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said to Puppet Dionysius, “By ‘calling,’ I mean you have no vocation, idol. You have no present lawful calling.”

In fact, actors could be arrested as vagrants unless they were associated with a company that had a noble or royal person as a patron. This is why acting companies were named after their sponsors: The King’s Men, Lady Elizabeth’s Men, etc.

Puppet Dionysius asked, “Is yours a lawful calling?”

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said to Zeal-of-the-land Busy, “The puppet asks if yours is a lawful calling.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, “Yes, my calling is of the spirit.”

Puppet Dionysius said, “Then the name ‘idol’ is a lawful calling.”

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said to Zeal-of-the-land Busy, “He says that then the name ‘idol’ is a lawful calling; for you called him ‘idol,’ and your calling is of the spirit.”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Well disputed, hobbyhorse.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said to Bartholomew Cokes, “Don’t take sides with the wicked, young gallant: He neighs and hinnies like a horse — all is but hinnying sophistry. I call him ‘idol’ again; always, I say, his calling, his profession is profane.”

He then said to the puppet, “It is profane, idol.”

Puppet Dionysius said, “It is not profane.”

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said to Zeal-of-the-land Busy, “‘It is not profane,’ he says.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, “It is profane.”

Puppet Dionysius said, “It is not profane.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, “It is profane.”

Puppet Dionysius said, “It is not profane.”

All too many arguments are like this.

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead complimented Puppet Dionysius, “Well said. Confute him with ‘not,’ continually.”

He then said to Zeal-of-the-land Busy, “You cannot bear and wear him down with your base noise, sir.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, “Nor he me, with his treble creaking, even if he creaks like the chariot wheels of Satan. I am zealous for the cause —”

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead interrupted: “As zealous as a dog is for a bone.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy continued, “And I say, it is profane, as being the page of Pride, and the waiting-woman of Vanity.”

Puppet Dionysius said, “Indeed! What do you say about your attire- and dressmakers, then?”

Puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, “Good point.”

The Puritans despised vain, flashy attire and dresses, yet Puritans made money by providing such things.

Puppet Dionysius continued, “What do you say about feather-makers in the Blackfriars district, who are of your faction of faith? Are not they with their perukes, and their



puffs, their fans, and their huffs, as much pages of Pride and waiters upon Vanity? What do you say? What do you say? What do you say?”

Feathers were used in hats. Peruges were wigs. Puffs were ornamental items such as bunches of feathers or ribbons. Fans were often made with feathers. Huffs were shoulder pads.

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, “I will not answer for them.”

Puppet Dionysius said, “Because you cannot! Because you cannot! Is a bugle-maker a lawful calling?”

Bugle-makers made beads.

Puppet Dionysius continued, “Or the sweet-makers? They make such candy as you have there.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy, who had been a baker, was carrying some sweets.

Puppet Dionysius continued, “Or your tailors and dressmakers who make French fashions? You would have all the sin within yourselves, wouldn’t you, wouldn’t you?”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy replied, “No, Dagon.”

Puppet Dionysius said, “What then, Dagonet?”

King Arthur’s Fool was named Dagonet.

Puppet Dionysius continued, “Is the occupation of a puppet worse than these occupations?”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy answered, “Yes, and my main argument against you is that you are an abomination; for the male among you puts on the apparel of the female, and the female of the male.”

Deuteronomy 22:5 states, “*The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman’s garment: for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord thy God*” (King James Version).

In the theater of the time, no actresses appeared on stage. Men or boys played all the female roles. In some of the plays, a female character would disguise “herself” as a man.

Puppet Dionysius said, “You lie, you lie, you lie abominably.”

Bartholomew Cokes said, “Good, indeed! He has given him the lie thrice.”

Being told that you lied was a fighting offense.

Puppet Dionysius said, “It is your old stale argument against the actors, but it will not hold against the puppets; for we have neither male nor female amongst us.”

Zeal-of-the-land Busy had referred to a passage in the Old Testament, but Puppet Dionysius had just now referred to a passage in the New Testament.

Galatians 3:28 states, “*There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus*” (King James Version).

Puppet Dionysius continued, “And so that you may see, if you will, like a malicious purblind zeal as you are, I lift up my garment.”

“Purblind” can mean either completely blind or partially blind.

Lifting up his garment, Puppet Dionysius revealed that he had no sex organs.

Ezekiel Edgworth said, “By my faith, there he has answered you, friend, with a plain demonstration.”

Puppet Dionysius said, “Indeed, I’ll prove, against ever a Rabbi of them all, that my standing is as lawful as his; that I speak by inspiration, as well as he does; that I have as little to do with learning as he; and that I do scorn her helps as much as he.”

Puppet Dionysius had plainly stated that Puritans cared little for scholarship.

Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, “I am confuted. I have been proven wrong. The cause has failed me.”

He had been proven wrong when it came to puppet-plays, and with the use of Galatians 3:28, he had been proven wrong when it came to Christian actors.

Puppet Dionysius said, "Then be converted! Be converted."

"Be converted, please," puppet master Lantern Leatherhead said, "and let the play go on!"

"Let it go on," Zeal-of-the-land Busy said, "for I am changed, and I will become a beholder with you."

Bartholomew Cokes said, "That's splendid, indeed! You brought it off, hobbyhorse. You have won the debate. On with the play."

The disguised Justice Overdo cast aside enough of his disguise to be recognized and said, "Stop! I now forbid the play to go on! I am Adam Overdo! Sit still, I order you."

Bartholomew Cokes said, "My brother-in-law!"

Miss Grace Wellborn said, "My wise guardian!"

Ezekiel Edgworth said, "Justice Overdo!"

Justice Overdo said, "It is time to take enormity by the forehead, and brand it; for I have discovered enough."

He had modified the proverb "take opportunity by the forelock."

— 5.6 —

Quarlous, still disguised as Troubleall, arrived, along with Dame Purecraft.

Quarlous said, "Come, mistress bride; you must do as I do, now. You must be mad with me, truly. I have here Justice Overdo for it."

He wanted Justice Overdo to marry them.

Justice Overdo said, "Peace, good Troubleall. Be quiet! Come hither, and you shall trouble none. I will take charge of you, and of your friend, too."

He then said to Ezekiel Edgworth, "You also, young man, shall be my concern; stand there."

Ezekiel Edgworth said to himself, "May God now have mercy upon me."

Jordan Knockem said quietly, "I wish we were away, Whit, because these are dangerous vapors. We had best fall off with our birds, for fear of the cage."

He wanted to escape, leaving behind their newly recruited prostitutes, out of fear of being put in the cage that served as a temporary jail at the fair. Mrs. Overdo was still in a drunken stupor and unable to leave. Possibly, Mrs. Win Littlewit attempted to leave with them, or she may have decided to stay with Mrs. Overdo.

Jordan Knockem and Whit attempted to steal away, but Justice Overdo saw them.

Justice Overdo ordered, "Stop! Isn't my name your terror?"

Whit said, "Yesh fait, man, and it ish for tat we would be gone, man."

[Whit said, "Yes, by my faith, man, and it is for that we want to be gone, man."]

Mr. John Littlewit arrived and said, "Oh, gentlemen! Have you seen my wife? I have lost my little wife, as I shall be trusted; I have lost my little pretty Win. I left her at the obese woman's house in trust yonder, the pig-woman's, with Captain Jordan and Captain Whit, who are very good men, and I cannot learn what has happened to her. Poor fool, I fear she's stepped aside."

"Stepped aside" meant lost her way. The phrase could mean literally or morally or both.

He asked Dame Purecraft, "Mother-in-law, have you seen Win?"

Justice Overdo said, "If this grave matron is your mother-in-law, sir, stand by her, *et digito compesce labellum.*"

The Latin quotation was from Juvenal (*Satires* 1:160) and meant "and control your lip with a finger." In other words, put a finger to your lips and be quiet.

Justice Overdo continued, "I may perhaps spring a wife for you soon."

“Spring” was a hunting term. It was used to describe causing a bird to rise from cover. Had Justice Overdo recognized Mrs. Win Littlewit despite her being masked? Mrs. Overdo knew Mr. John Littlewit, so it is possible that Justice Overdo knew one or both Littlewits.

Justice Overdo then said, “Brother-in-law Bartholomew Cokes, I am sadly sorry to see you so lightly given and such a disciple of enormity, along with your grave governor Humphrey Wasp. But stand you both there, in the middle place; I will reprehend and scold you in your course of action in turning toward enormity and sin.”

Bartholomew Cokes and Humphrey Wasp were in the middle of the group. On one side were Quarlous and Dame Purecraft. On the other were Mr. Winwife and Miss Grace Wellborn.

Justice Overdo then said, “Miss Grace Wellborn, let me rescue you out of the hands of the stranger.”

He thought that Mr. Winwife was a stranger to Miss Grace Wellborn.

“Pardon me, sir,” Mr. Winwife said. “I am a kinsman of hers.”

He meant that he would soon be married to her.

Justice Overdo said, “Are you! What is your name, sir?”

“Mr. Winwife, sir.”

Justice Overdo said, “Mr. Winwife! I hope you have won no wife of her, sir; if you have, I will examine the possibility of it at a suitable time.”

As her guardian, Justice Overdo had much say over whom she would marry.

Justice Overdo continued, “Now, let’s turn to my enormities, aka crimes and sins.”

He meant enormities he had witnessed and uncovered, although it sounded as if he meant that he was referring to enormities he himself had committed.

He continued, "Look upon me, London! And see me, Smithfield! I am the example of justice and the Mirror of Magistrates; I am the true top of legal form and the scourge of enormity."

Justice Overdo regarded himself as a splendid example of a minister of justice.

He continued, "Hearken unto my labors, and but observe my discoveries; and compare Hercules of old with me, if you dare; or Columbus, Magellan, or our countryman Drake, of later times."

Now he wanted to be compared to the PanHellenic hero Hercules, who accomplished twelve seemingly impossible labors, including sailing to the islands of Hesperia and Erytheia in the West. He also wanted to be compared to Christopher Columbus, who sailed all the way across the Atlantic Ocean and discovered the new world. He also wanted to be compared to the Portuguese explorer Ferdinand Magellan, who led the expedition that first circumnavigated the world; Magellan himself died in the Philippines before completing the expedition. He also wanted to be compared to the English explorer Sir Francis Drake, who led the first English expedition that circumnavigated the world. Sir Francis lived for another 16 years after completing the expedition.

Justice Overdo continued, "Stand forth, you weeds of enormity, and spread out.

"First, Rabbi Busy, you superlunatical hypocrite."

He then said to Lantern Leatherhead, "Next you other extremity, you profane professor of puppetry, little better than poetry."

Justice Overdo knew little about poetry. The puppet-show was nowhere close to being as good as the *Iliad*, *Odyssey*, *Aeneid*, and *Divine Comedy*.

He then said to Whit, "Then you strong debaucher and seducer of youth; witness this compliant and honest young man."

He pointed to Ezekiel Edgworth.

He then said to Jordan Knockem, “Now, you esquire of dames, madams, and twelve-penny ladies.”

Twelve-penny ladies are prostitutes who can be slept with for twelve pennies.

He said to the masked Mrs. Win Littlewit, “Now, my green madam herself of that price; let me unmask your ladyship.”

He removed Mrs. Win Littlewit’s mask.

Recognizing his wife, Mr. John Littlewit said, “Oh, my wife, my wife, my wife!”

“Is she your wife?” Justice Overdo asked. “*Redde te Harpocratem!*”

The Latin means “Make yourself like Harpocrates!” Harpocrates was the ancient god of silence, so Justice Overdo was telling Mr. John Littlewit, “Be quiet!”

Carrying a dripping-pan, Troubleall arrived. He was wearing few clothes and was covering his near-nakedness with the dripping-pan. Ursla and Nightingale followed him.

Seeing Justice Overdo, Troubleall said, “By your leave, stand by, my masters, be uncovered. Take off your hats to show respect to Justice Overdo.”

Ursla said, “Oh, stop him, stop him! Help me to cry out, Nightingale! My pan! My pan!”

Justice Overdo asked, “What’s the matter?”

Nightingale said about Troubleall, “He has stolen old Ursla’s pan.”

“Yes,” Troubleall said, “and I fear no man but Justice Overdo.”

“Ursla!” Justice Overdo said. “Where is she? Oh, the sow of enormity, this! Welcome.” Pointing to a place, he said, “Stand there.”

Pointing at Nightingale and then to a place, he said, “You, songster, stand there.”

Ursla said to Justice Overdo, “If it please your worship, I am in no fault; a gentleman stripped him in my booth, and

borrowed his gown and his hat; and he — Troubleall — ran away with my goods here because of it.”

Justice Overdo said to Quarlous, who was still disguised as Troubleall, “Then this man is the true madman, and you are the enormity!”

“You are in the right,” Quarlous said, taking off his false beard. “I am mad only from the gown outward.”

Justice Overdo said, “Stand there.”

“Wherever you please, sir,” Quarlous said.

Waking up, sick and hungover, Mrs. Overdo said, “Oh, lend me a basin, I am sick, I am sick! Where’s Mr. Overdo? Bridget, call hither my Adam.”

She thought she was at home. Bridget was one of her servants.

Justice Overdo said, “What!”

He knew that his wife was dressed like a prostitute, and he was ashamed and fell silent.

Whit said, “Dy very own wife, i’fait, worshipful Adam.”

[Whit said, “Your very own wife, indeed, worshipful Adam.”]

“Won’t my Adam come to me?” Mrs. Overdo asked. “Will I see him no more then?”

“Why don’t you go on with the enormity?” Quarlous said to Justice Overdo. “Sir, are you oppressed with it? I’ll help you.

“Listen, sir, I’ll whisper it in your ear. Your innocent young man whom you have been so concerned about all this day is a cutpurse, and he has gotten all your brother-in-law Bartholomew Cokes’ things and helped you to your beating and the stocks. If you have a mind to hang him now, and show him your magistrate’s wit, you may, but I should think it would be better to recover the goods that Bartholomew Cokes lost, and to save your reputation by pardoning him.”



Justice Overdo could lose much reputation through his wife's wearing the clothing of a prostitute and through his being beaten and put in the stocks. One way to save his reputation would be by showing mercy.

Quarlous showed Justice Overdo the blank warrant that he had given to him when he thought that the disguised Quarlous was Troubleall. Quarlous had filled it out to make himself the guardian of Miss Grace Wellborn, who was obliged to forfeit some of her wealth to her guardian if she were to marry someone against her guardian's consent.

Quarlous said out loud, "I thank you, sir, for the gift of your ward, Miss Grace Wellborn; look, here is your hand and seal, by the way.

"Mr. Winwife, may God give you joy. You are Palamon, you signed that name in the book, you have won Miss Grace as your wife, and you are possessed of the gentlewoman, but she must pay me wealth for marrying against my consent — here's the warrant for it."

Actually, Quarlous had given Miss Grace Wellborn permission to marry whoever had written the name that Troubleall had chosen, but it is also true that Miss Grace Wellborn had promised to find a way to give some compensation to the man whose name was not chosen; however, she had made Quarlous and Mr. Winwife agree to be friends and help each other and Quarlous was definitely not doing that.

Quarlous then handed over Troubleall's gown and cap to their rightful owner and said to him, "And, honest madman, there's your gown and cap again; I thank you for my wife."

He said to his future wife, Dame Purecraft, "I can still be mad, sweetheart, when I please. Don't be afraid I can't."

He next said, "Careful Numps, where's he? I thank him for my license."

"What!" Humphrey Wasp said.

"It is true, Numps," Quarlous said.

“I’ll be hanged then,” Humphrey Wasp said.

“Look in your box, Numps,” Quarlous said.

Humphrey Wasp looked in the box and discovered that the marriage license was missing.

Quarlous then said to Justice Overdo, “Don’t stand fixed here, like a stake in Finsbury, to be shot at, or like you are tied to the whipping post in the fair, but get your wife out of the air, or it will make her worse; and remember you are but Adam, flesh and blood.”

Archers shot at targets in Finsbury fields, which were north of London, and yes, there was a whipping post at Bartholomew Fair.

In this society, fresh air was thought to be bad for ill people.

Quarlous continued, “You have your frailty, forget your other name of Overdo, and invite us all to supper. There you and I will compare our discoveries; and we will drown the memory of all enormity in your biggest bowl of wine at home.”

Everything may seem to have worked out well for Quarlous, but he was a widow-hater who would soon be married to a widow.

(See 1.3 for Quarlous’ opinion of widows, including the widow he would soon marry.)

Bartholomew Cokes said, “How now, Numps? Have you lost the marriage license? I bet that you lost it when you were in the stocks. Why don’t you speak?”

Humphrey Wasp said, “I will never speak while I live again, for anything I know.”

Justice Overdo said, “No, Humphrey, if I am calm and patient, you must be so, too.”

Referring to Quarlous, he said, “This pleasant conceited gentleman has wrought upon my judgment, and prevailed.”

“Pleasant conceited” can mean “pleasant and witty” or “ridiculous and self-important.”

Justice Overdo said to Mrs. Win Littlewit, "Please take care of your sick friend: Mrs. Alice Overdo, my wife."

He then began, "My good friends all —"

Quarlous interrupted, "And no enormities."

Justice Overdo continued, "I invite you to go home with me to my house to supper. I will have no one fear to go along with me, for my intentions are *ad correctionem, non ad destructionem; ad aedificandum, non ad diruendum*, and so lead on."

"*Ad correctionem, non ad destructionem; ad aedificandum, non ad diruendum*" is Latin for "for correction, not destruction; for building up, not tearing down."

Bartholomew Cokes said, "Yes, and bring the actor-puppets along. We'll have the rest of the puppet-play at home."

**EPILOGUE**

Your Majesty has seen the play, and you  
 Can best allow [license] it from your ear and view.  
 You know the scope of writers, and what store  
 Of leave [permission] is given them, if they take not more,  
 And turn it into license: you can tell  
 If we have used that leave [permission] you gave us well;  
 Or whether we to rage or license break [break into madness  
 or improper behavior],  
 Or be profane, or make profane men speak:  
 This is your power to judge, great sir, and not  
 The envy [malice] of a few. Which [royal approval] if we  
 have got,  
 We value less what their dislike [the dislike of the  
 malicious] can bring,  
 If it [this play] so happy be, to have pleased the King.

\*\*\*

**NOTE:** This epilogue was written for the court performance with King James I in attendance on 1 November 1615.

## APPENDIX A: NOTES

### Induction: Tarlton

One of Tarlton's jests was a story about his clothes being stolen, something that happens to Bartholomew Cokes in *Bartholomew Fair*:

#### *How fiddlers fiddled away Tarlton's apparel.*

*It chanced that one Fancy and Nancy, two musicians in London, used often with their boys to visit Tarlton when he dwelt in Gracious Street, at the sign of the Saba, a tavern, he being one of their best friends or benefactors, by reason of old acquaintance, to requite which they came one summer's morning to play for him "The Hunt's Up" [the name of the tune played to wake the hunters and collect them together. It was also used for any morning song] with such music [musical instruments] as they had.*

*Tarlton, to requite them, would open his chamber door, and for their pains would give them muscadine wine, which a cony-catcher [a sharper, a cheat] noting, and seeing Tarlton come forth in his shirt and nightgown to drink with these musicians, the while this nimble fellow stepped in and took Tarlton's apparel, which everyday he wore, [the thief] thinking that if he were espied to turn it to jest, but it passed for current [he got away with it] and he goes his ways.*

*Not long after, Tarlton returned to his chamber, and looked for his clothes, but they were safe enough from him. The next day this was noised [gossiped] abroad, and one in mockage threw him in this theme, he playing then at the Curtain.*

*Tarlton, I will tell thee a jest*

*Which after turned to earnest.*

*One there was, as I heard say.*

*Who in his shirt heard music play.*

*While all his clothes were stolen away.*

*Tarlton, smiling at this, answered on the sudden [ad-libbed] thus:*

*That's certain, sir, it is no lie.*

*That same one in truth was I.*

*When that the thief shall pine and lack,*

*Then shall I have clothes to my back:*

*And I, together with my fellows,*

*May see them ride to Tiborne gallows.*

*[May see the clothes, worn by Tarlton, ride to Tiborne gallows, where Tarlton and his friends will see the thief hang.]*

I have modernized the language, punctuation, and paragraphing, as I have for the complete *Tarlton's Jests*.

Source: David Bruce, *Tarlton's Jests: A Retelling in Prose*. Available on online booksellers.

The Original *Tarlton's Jests*: Halliwell, Jeames Orchard. *Tarlton's Jests, and News Out of Purgatory*. London: Printed for The Shakespeare Society, 1844.

<https://ia801409.us.archive.org/28/items/tarltonsjestsan00c/hetgoog/tarltonsjestsan00chetgoog.pdf>

<http://tinyurl.com/y8w923uj>

### **Spit-roasting an Egg (1.4)**

Spit Roasting an Egg (YouTube)

Title says it all ...

<http://tinyurl.com/yaqd5uwj>

### **“O Madge” (1.4)**

This is a line from the play *Weeding Covent-Garden* by Richard Brome: “*O Madge how I do long thy thing to ding didle ding.*”

Source: Richard Brome, *Five nev v playes, 1659: English Moor, or mock-marriage. love-sick court, or ambitious politique, 1658. weeding Covent-Garden, or Middlesex-justice peace, 1658. new academy, or, new exchange, 1658. queen concubine. 1659.* P. 13.

<http://tinyurl.com/yamdsgrj>

“Thing” can mean “sex organ.”

Another title for the play is *Covent-Garden Weeded*.

Amazon has a reprint edition here:

<http://tinyurl.com/yc3d9ed7>

Richard Brome, *Five nev v playes, 1659: English Moor, or mock-marriage. love-sick court, or ambitious politique, 1658. weeding Covent-Garden, or Middlesex-justice peace, 1658. new academy, or, new exchange, 1658. queen concubine. 1659.* Forgotten Books. 2016.

### **Cranion (1.5)**

An online article about “daddy-long-legs” includes this information:

*The crane-fly is a slender two-winged fly with very long legs. The word is applied to any member of the family Tipulidae, which has many genera and species, in particular the large and common Tipula maxima.*

*In Great Britain, the crane-fly is popularly called daddy-long-legs. Similar names have been used. In 1753, A Supplement to Mr. Chambers's Cyclopaedia: or, Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences thus defined crane-fly:*

*a name given by some to the creature we commonly call father long-legs, and the authors of histories of insects, tipula terrestris.*

*In Transactions of the Philological Society (1859), Ernest Adams gave the following list of synonyms in an article titled On the names of Spiders:*

*Fly Cranion, Long-leggs, Tom-taylor, Long-legged-tailor, Jenny-spinner, Father-long-legs, Daddy-long-legs, Gramfer-long-legs, Harry-long-legs, Jacky-long-legs, and in Somersetshire Friars-flies. All these, except the last, explain themselves; but I can make nothing of the Friars.*

*The crane-fly is mentioned in this article about spiders because the author observes that "the long-legged 'Shepherd' [a spider] is frequently confounded in popular phraseology with the Crane-fly".*

*In fact, the term daddy-long-legs has also been used as a name for arachnids or spiders of similar appearance. An article published in The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction of 15th February 1834 contains the following:*

*An immense spider is, I understand, found in the county of Bucks, the body as large as a pigeon's egg, and covered, as well as the very long legs, with hair; it is said to live amongst the rank grass of the fields, and to be exceedingly venomous; but, though I have, during my residence in this county, seen several spiders of extraordinary size, and distinct from the Father Long-legs, or Harvest-man, of the*



*harvest-time, I cannot vouch for the existence of the sort I name upon ocular demonstration.*

Source: “daddy-long-legs.” 29 June 2015

<http://tinyurl.com/ydbesskl>

### **Dogs and Plague (2.1)**

People thought that dogs and cats carried plague, and therefore they killed many dogs and cats during the Great Plague of 1665 in England:

*People thought that animals might spread the disease so strays were killed by special dog killers — around 40,000 dogs and 200,000 cats were slaughtered.*

Source: Museum of London. “London plagues 1348–1665.” Accessed 25 September 2017.

<https://www.museumoflondon.org.uk/application/files/5014/5434/6066/london-plagues-1348-1665.pdf>

<http://tinyurl.com/kzzyfof>

Here is a quote from *The Great Plague: The Story of London’s Most Deadly Year*, which is about the great plague of 1665:

*Rather than killing rats and mice, the Guildhall focused on killing their enemies — cats and dogs. Neighborhood beadles and constables had gone through the streets at the end of June telling householders to kill “all their dogs of what ort or kind soever before Thursday next at ye furthest.”*

Source: A. Lloyd Moote, Dorothy C. Moote, *The Great Plague: The Story of London’s Most Deadly Year*. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, c2004. Pp. 115-116.

<http://tinyurl.com/ybrlce8z>

### **The Heathen Man (3.2)**

The heathen man is Odysseus. This is how he describes hearing the song of the Sirens in Homer's *Odyssey*:

*“Circe told me, ‘First you will come to the island of the Sirens, who enchant men with their lovely song. Sailors who hear their song crash their ships on the Sirens’ island, whose shores are strewn with the bones of men. Sail quickly past the Sirens! Your men must not hear their song. Soften beeswax and plug their ears with it. But if you must hear their song, have your men tie you to the mast so that you don’t jump overboard and swim to their island and die. Tell your men that when you order them to untie you, they must tie you tighter.’ [...]*

*“When Circe finished speaking to me, dawn arrived, and I went directly to my ship and we set sail. Circe sent us a favorable wind to help us on our way. I told my crewmembers, ‘I will tell you everything — everything that Circe told me. Dangers await us. We will come to the island of the Sirens. Circe said that only I would hear their song. You must tie me to the mast so that I cannot jump overboard, swim to their island, and die.’ I did not tell them everything, as I had promised. I did not tell them about Scylla — I feared a mutiny.*

*“As we approached the island of the Sirens, I melted beeswax and stopped the ears of the crewmembers with it so that they could not hear the song of the Sirens. They tied me tightly to the mast. I heard the song of the Sirens: ‘Come to us, Odysseus. Your fame has reached the sky. Hear our song and become wise. We know what happened at Troy, and we know what will happen on the Earth.’*

*“I wanted my crewmembers to untie me. They tied me tighter to the mast. They rowed quickly to escape from danger. Once we were past the island of the Sirens, they removed the beeswax from their ears and untied me.*

Source: David Bruce, *Homer’s Odyssey: A Retelling in Prose*. Available on online booksellers.

This is a reference to the story in Lucian’s *Nigrinus* 19:

*For, to give evil its due, believe me, there is no better school for virtue, no truer test of moral strength, than life in this same city of Rome. It is no easy thing, to withstand so many temptations, so many allurements and distractions of sight and sound. There is no help for it: like Odysseus, we must sail past them all; and there must be no binding of hands, no stopping of our ears with wax; that would be but sorry courage: our ears must hear, our hands must be free, — and our contempt must be genuine.*

Source: *The Works of Lucian of Samosata*. Translated by H. W. Fowler and F. G. Fowler. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1905.

<http://tinyurl.com/ybsq6a2k>

**“The rat-catchers charme, are all fools and asses to this.” (3.5)**

This information comes from wordhippo.com:

*What’s the plural form of **charme**? Here’s the word you’re looking for.*

*The noun **charme** can be countable or uncountable.*

*In more general, commonly used, contexts, the plural form will also be **charme**.*

*However, in more specific contexts, the plural form can also be **charmes** e.g. in reference to various types of **charmes** or a collection of **charmes**.*

Source: <http://tinyurl.com/y9ntksce>

In my retelling, I interpret Bartholomew Cokes' sentence in one way. The sentence can also be interpreted in these ways:

- 1) "The rat-catchers' choir (of voices singing charms) are all fools and asses compared to this Nightingale (and me)."
- 2) "The rat-catchers' enchanted charms are all metaphorical fools and asses compared to this charm that is being sung by Nightingale (and me)."

However, if Bartholomew Cokes meant these meanings, would he be right or wrong?

It depends on the purpose of the rat-catchers' charm.

Suppose that the purpose of the charm is to attract the rats so they can be gotten rid of.

Most of us are familiar with the story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin in which the piper used music to attract rats and lead them out of town and into a river where they drowned. The Pied Piper of Hamelin was effective at getting rid of rats, and so his singing and his charm were effective — more effective than the song of Nightingale and Bartholomew Cokes.

But suppose that the purpose of the charm is to keep the rats away. Getting rid of the rats is certainly the ultimate purpose of the charm.

Also certainly, the Pied Piper of Hamelin was effective at getting rid of rats, but the Pied Piper story is a folktale. In real life, rats will not be rhymed to death. In the real world,

Bartholomew Cokes would say (until his purse is cut), his and Nightingale's song is much more effective at keeping unwanted beings away.

**Zeal-of-the-Land Busy and the Disguised Justice Overdo Escape from the Stocks (4.6)**

Acts 16:19-34 (King James Version)

*19 And when her masters saw that the hope of their gains was gone, they caught Paul and Silas, and drew them into the marketplace unto the rulers,*

*20 And brought them to the magistrates, saying, These men, being Jews, do exceedingly trouble our city,*

*21 And teach customs, which are not lawful for us to receive, neither to observe, being Romans.*

*22 And the multitude rose up together against them: and the magistrates rent off their clothes, and commanded to beat them.*

*23 And when they had laid many stripes upon them, they cast them into prison, charging the jailor to keep them safely:*

*24 Who, having received such a charge, thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks.*

*25 And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God: and the prisoners heard them.*

*26 And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken: and immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's bands were loosed.*

*27 And the keeper of the prison awaking out of his sleep, and seeing the prison doors open, he drew out his sword, and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled.*

28 *But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm: for we are all here.*

29 *Then he called for a light, and sprang in, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas,*

30 *And brought them out, and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved?*

31 *And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.*

32 *And they spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house.*

33 *And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized, he and all his, straightway.*

34 *And when he had brought them into his house, he set meat before them, and rejoiced, believing in God with all his house.*

#### **Westfabian (5.4)**

This is an excerpt from *Dictionary of Early English* by Joseph T. Shipley:

*Propertius used the phrase licens Fabius of the Fabian priests of Pan, who had the privilege of licentious conduct at the Lupercal; hence late 16<sup>th</sup> century references (Florio; Nashe) to a flaunting fabian, a roisterer.*

Source: Joseph T. Shipley, *Dictionary of Early English* (Rowman & Littlefield, 1955). P. 255.

<http://tinyurl.com/y95w6nme>

#### **Shimei (5.5)**

This is 2 Samuel 16:5-13 (King James Version):

5 *And when king David came to Bahurim, behold, thence came out a man of the family of the house of Saul, whose name was Shimei, the son of Gera: he came forth, and cursed still as he came.*

6 *And he cast stones at David, and at all the servants of king David: and all the people and all the mighty men were on his right hand and on his left.*

7 *And thus said Shimei when he cursed, Come out, come out, thou bloody man, and thou man of Belial:*

8 *The Lord hath returned upon thee all the blood of the house of Saul, in whose stead thou hast reigned; and the Lord hath delivered the kingdom into the hand of Absalom thy son: and, behold, thou art taken in thy mischief, because thou art a bloody man.*

9 *Then said Abishai the son of Zeruiah unto the king, Why should this dead dog curse my lord the king? let me go over, I pray thee, and take off his head.*

10 *And the king said, What have I to do with you, ye sons of Zeruiah? so let him curse, because the Lord hath said unto him, Curse David. Who shall then say, Wherefore hast thou done so?*

11 *And David said to Abishai, and to all his servants, Behold, my son, which came forth of my bowels, seeketh my life: how much more now may this Benjamite do it? let him alone, and let him curse; for the Lord hath bidden him.*

12 *It may be that the Lord will look on mine affliction, and that the Lord will requite me good for his cursing this day.*

13 *And as David and his men went by the way, Shimei went along on the hill's side over against him, and cursed as he went, and threw stones at him, and cast dust.*

**APPENDIX B: FAIR USE**

§ 107. Limitations on exclusive rights: Fair use

Release date: 2004-04-30

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Source of Fair Use information:

<<http://www.law.cornell.edu/uscode/17/107.html>>.



## APPENDIX C: ABOUT THE AUTHOR

It was a dark and stormy night. Suddenly a cry rang out, and on a hot summer night in 1954, Josephine, wife of Carl Bruce, gave birth to a boy — me. Unfortunately, this young married couple allowed Reuben Saturday, Josephine’s brother, to name their first-born. Reuben, aka “The Joker,” decided that Bruce was a nice name, so he decided to name me Bruce Bruce. I have gone by my middle name — David — ever since.

Being named Bruce David Bruce hasn’t been all bad. Bank tellers remember me very quickly, so I don’t often have to show an ID. It can be fun in charades, also. When I was a counselor as a teenager at Camp Echoing Hills in Warsaw, Ohio, a fellow counselor gave the signs for “sounds like” and “two words,” then she pointed to a bruise on her leg twice. Bruise Bruise? Oh yeah, Bruce Bruce is the answer!

Uncle Reuben, by the way, gave me a haircut when I was in kindergarten. He cut my hair short and shaved a small bald spot on the back of my head. My mother wouldn’t let me go to school until the bald spot grew out again.

Of all my brothers and sisters (six in all), I am the only transplant to Athens, Ohio. I was born in Newark, Ohio, and have lived all around Southeastern Ohio. However, I moved to Athens to go to Ohio University and have never left.

At Ohio U, I never could make up my mind whether to major in English or Philosophy, so I got a bachelor’s degree with a double major in both areas, then I added a Master of Arts degree in English and a Master of Arts degree in Philosophy. Yes, I have my MAMA degree.

Currently, and for a long time to come (I eat fruits and veggies), I am spending my retirement writing books such as *Nadia Comaneci: Perfect 10*, *The Funniest People in Dance*, *Homer’s Iliad: A Retelling in Prose*, and *William Shakespeare’s Othello: A Retelling in Prose*.

By the way, my sister Brenda Kennedy writes romances such as *A New Beginning* and *Shattered Dreams*.

## APPENDIX D: SOME BOOKS BY DAVID BRUCE

### Retellings of a Classic Work of Literature

Arden of Faversham: *A Retelling*

Ben Jonson's The Alchemist: *A Retelling*

Ben Jonson's The Arraignment, or Poetaster: *A Retelling*

Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair: *A Retelling*

Ben Jonson's The Case is Altered: *A Retelling*

Ben Jonson's Catiline's Conspiracy: *A Retelling*

Ben Jonson's The Devil is an Ass: *A Retelling*

Ben Jonson's Epicene: *A Retelling*

Ben Jonson's Every Man in His Humor: *A Retelling*

Ben Jonson's Every Man Out of His Humor: *A Retelling*

Ben Jonson's The Fountain of Self-Love, or Cynthia's Revels: *A Retelling*

Ben Jonson's The Magnetic Lady, or Humors Reconciled: *A Retelling*

Ben Jonson's The New Inn, or The Light Heart: *A Retelling*

Ben Jonson's Sejanus' Fall: *A Retelling*

Ben Jonson's The Staple of News: *A Retelling*

Ben Jonson's A Tale of a Tub: *A Retelling*

Ben Jonson's Volpone, or the Fox: *A Retelling*

Christopher Marlowe's Complete Plays: *Retellings*

Christopher Marlowe's Dido, Queen of Carthage: *A Retelling*

Christopher Marlowe's Doctor Faustus: *Retellings of the 1604 A-Text and of the 1616 B-Text*

Christopher Marlowe's Edward II: *A Retelling*

Christopher Marlowe's The Massacre at Paris: *A Retelling*

- Christopher Marlowe's The Rich Jew of Malta: A Retelling*
- Christopher Marlowe's Tamburlaine, Parts 1 and 2: Retellings*
- Dante's Divine Comedy: A Retelling in Prose*
- Dante's Inferno: A Retelling in Prose*
- Dante's Purgatory: A Retelling in Prose*
- Dante's Paradise: A Retelling in Prose*
- The Famous Victories of Henry V: A Retelling*
- From the Iliad to the Odyssey: A Retelling in Prose of Quintus of Smyrna's Posthomerica*
- George Chapman, Ben Jonson, and John Marston's Eastward Ho! A Retelling*
- George Peele's The Arraignment of Paris: A Retelling*
- George Peele's The Battle of Alcazar: A Retelling*
- George's Peele's David and Bathsheba, and the Tragedy of Absalom: A Retelling*
- George Peele's Edward I: A Retelling*
- George Peele's The Old Wives' Tale: A Retelling*
- George-a-Greene: A Retelling*
- The History of King Leir: A Retelling*
- Homer's Iliad: A Retelling in Prose*
- Homer's Odyssey: A Retelling in Prose*
- J.W. Gent.'s The Valiant Scot: A Retelling*
- Jason and the Argonauts: A Retelling in Prose of Apollonius of Rhodes' Argonautica*
- John Ford: Eight Plays Translated into Modern English*
- John Ford's The Broken Heart: A Retelling*
- John Ford's The Fancies, Chaste and Noble: A Retelling*

- John Ford's The Lady's Trial: A Retelling*
- John Ford's The Lover's Melancholy: A Retelling*
- John Ford's Love's Sacrifice: A Retelling*
- John Ford's Perkin Warbeck: A Retelling*
- John Ford's The Queen: A Retelling*
- John Ford's 'Tis Pity She's a Whore: A Retelling*
- John Lyly's Campaspe: A Retelling*
- John Lyly's Endymion, The Man in the Moon: A Retelling*
- John Lyly's Galatea: A Retelling*
- John Lyly's Love's Metamorphosis: A Retelling*
- John Lyly's Midas: A Retelling*
- John Lyly's Mother Bombie: A Retelling*
- John Lyly's Sappho and Phao: A Retelling*
- John Lyly's The Woman in the Moon: A Retelling*
- John Webster's The White Devil: A Retelling*
- King Edward III: A Retelling*
- Mankind: A Medieval Morality Play (A Retelling)*
- Margaret Cavendish's The Unnatural Tragedy: A Retelling*
- The Merry Devil of Edmonton: A Retelling*
- The Summoning of Everyman: A Medieval Morality Play (A Retelling)*
- Robert Greene's Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay: A Retelling*
- The Taming of a Shrew: A Retelling*
- Tarlton's Jests: A Retelling*
- Thomas Middleton's A Chaste Maid in Cheapside: A Retelling*
- Thomas Middleton's Women Beware Women: A Retelling*
- Thomas Middleton and Thomas Dekker's The Roaring Girl: A Retelling*

- Thomas Middleton and William Rowley's The Changeling: A Retelling*
- The Trojan War and Its Aftermath: Four Ancient Epic Poems*
- Virgil's Aeneid: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's 5 Late Romances: Retellings in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's 10 Histories: Retellings in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's 11 Tragedies: Retellings in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's 12 Comedies: Retellings in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's 38 Plays: Retellings in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's 1 Henry IV, aka Henry IV, Part 1: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's 2 Henry IV, aka Henry IV, Part 2: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's 1 Henry VI, aka Henry VI, Part 1: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's 2 Henry VI, aka Henry VI, Part 2: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's 3 Henry VI, aka Henry VI, Part 3: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's All's Well that Ends Well: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's As You Like It: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's The Comedy of Errors: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's Coriolanus: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's Cymbeline: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's Hamlet: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's Henry V: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's Henry VIII: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's Julius Caesar: A Retelling in Prose*

- William Shakespeare's King John: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's King Lear: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's Love's Labor's Lost: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's Macbeth: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's Measure for Measure: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's The Merchant of Venice: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's The Merry Wives of Windsor: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's Much Ado About Nothing: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's Othello: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's Pericles, Prince of Tyre: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's Richard II: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's Richard III: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's The Taming of the Shrew: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's The Tempest: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's Timon of Athens: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's Titus Andronicus: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's Twelfth Night: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's The Two Gentlemen of Verona: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's The Two Noble Kinsmen: A Retelling in Prose*
- William Shakespeare's The Winter's Tale: A Retelling in Prose*