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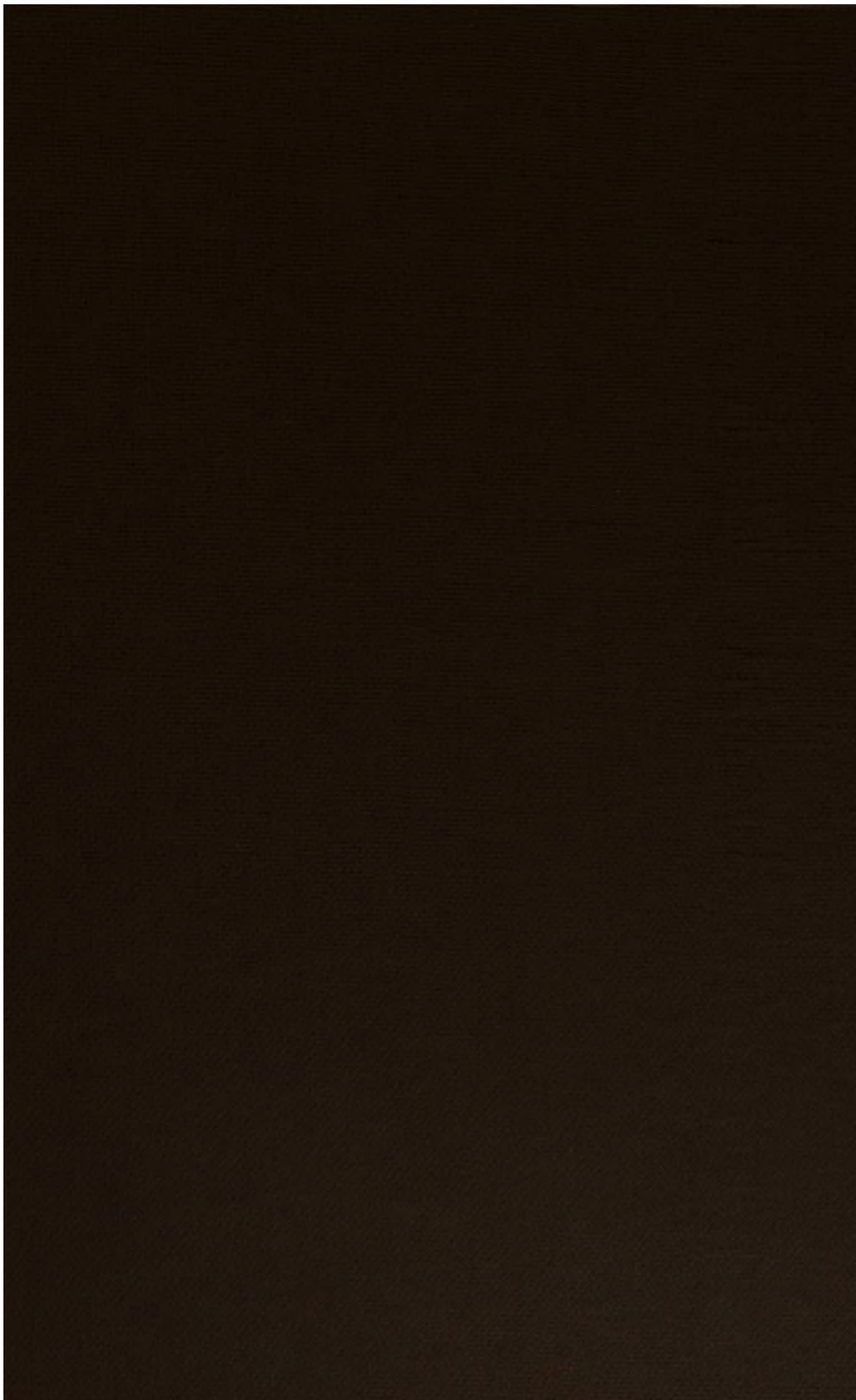
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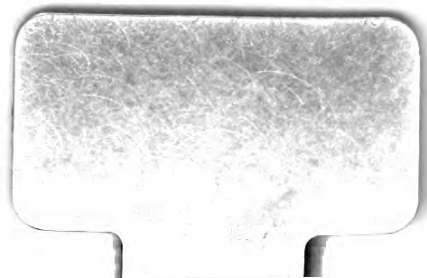
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ENGLISH
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XK 1.1 [Epi]

E P I C Œ N E;

OR, THE

SILENT WOMAN.

[Price One Shilling.]



E P I C Œ N E;

OR, THE

SILENT WOMAN.

A C O M E D Y,

Written by BEN JONSON.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

WITH

A L T E R A T I O N S,

By GEORGE COLMAN.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BECKET, Corner of the Adelphi, Strand.

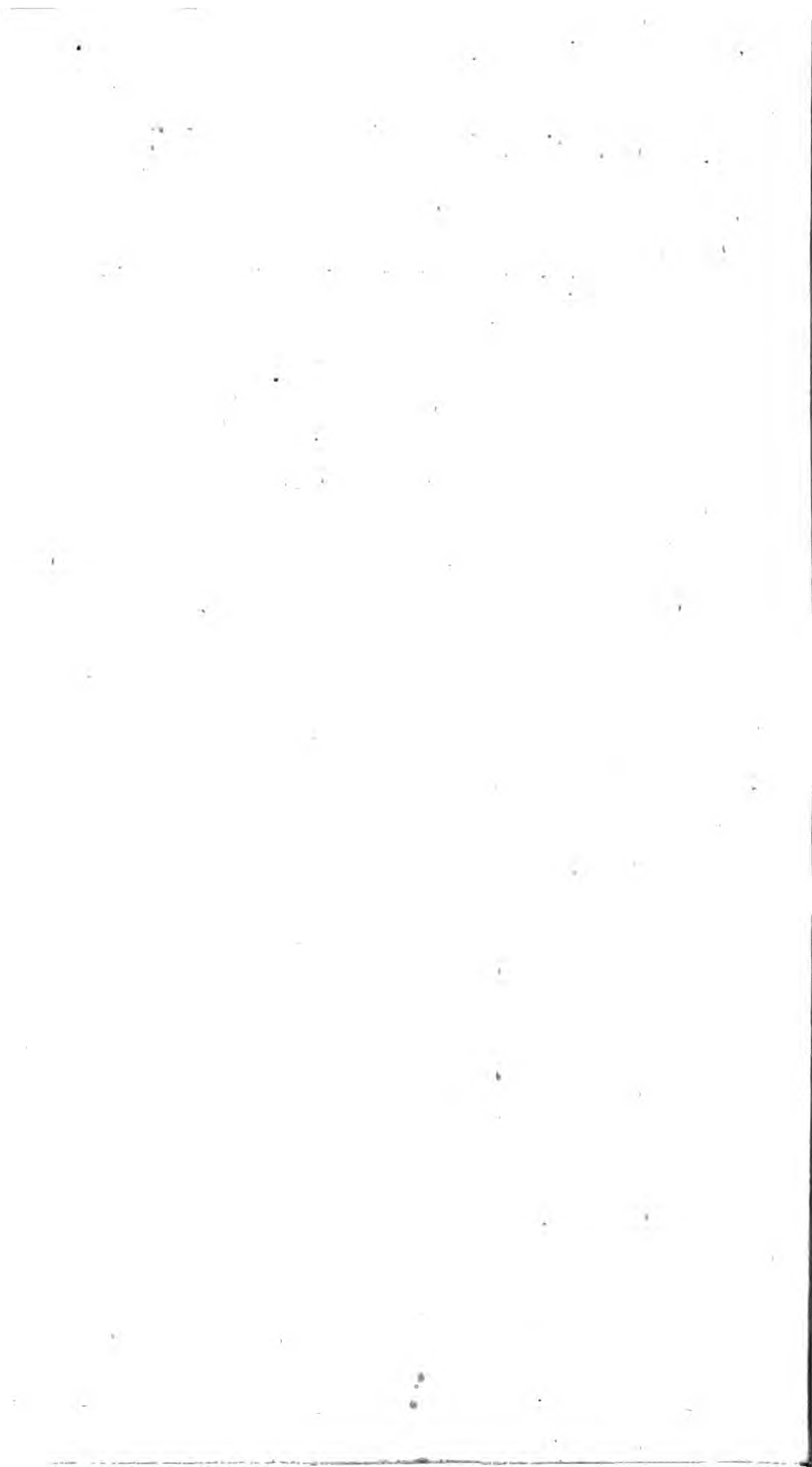
MDCCLXXVI.



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE Editor of the following Comedy always considered it as one of the principal duties of a Director of a Theatre, to atone, in some measure, for the mummery which his situation obliges him to exhibit, by bringing forward the productions of our most esteemed Writers. The alterations he hazarded for this purpose having been generally approved, it is needless to point out or enforce their propriety; much less can he think it necessary to vindicate the established reputation of the Author. Writers of the most distinguished taste and genius have honoured the SILENT WOMAN of BEN JONSON with the most lavish encomiums; but the Criticks of our day, unawed by authority, and trusting to the light of their own understanding, have discovered, that there is neither ingenuity nor contrivance in the Fable, nature in the Characters, nor wit nor humour in the Dialogue. The present Editor, however, cannot pay them so high a compliment, as to suppose it incumbent on him to defend the Author and his admirers, or to make any apology for having, with the kind assistance of Mr. Garrick, promoted the revival of *Epicæne*; the perusal of which he recommends in the Closet, to those acute spirits who thought it unworthy of the Stage.

We think our Fathers fools, *so wise we grow!*
Our wiser Sons, no doubt, *will think us so.*



P R O L O G U E.

Written by GEORGE COLMAN.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

HAPPY the soaring bard who boldly woos,
And wins the favour of, the tragic muse!
He from the grave may call the mighty dead,
In buskins and blank verse the stage to tread;
On Pompeys and old Cæsars rise to fame,
And join the poet's to th' historian's name.
The comick wit, alas! whose eagle eyes
Pierce Nature thro', and mock the time's disguise,
Whose pencil living follies brings to view,
Survives those follies, and his portraits too;
Like star-gazers, deploras his luckless fate,
For last year's Almanacks are out of date.

“ The Fox, the Alchemist, the Silent Woman,
“ Done by Ben Jonson, are out-done by no man.”

Thus sung in rough, but panegyrick, rhimes,
The wits and criticks of our author's times.
But now we bring him forth with dread and doubt,
And fear his *learned socks* are quite worn out.
The subtle Alchemist grows obsolete,
And Drugger's humour scarcely keeps him sweet.

To-night, if you would feast your eyes and ears.
Go back in fancy near two hundred years;
A play of Ruffs and Farthingales review,
Old English fashions, such as then were new!
Drive not Tom Otter's *Bulls and Bears* away;
Worse *Bulls and Bears* disgrace the present day.
On fair Collegiates let no critick frown!
A Ladies' Club still hold its rank in town.
If modern Cooks, who nightly treat the pit,
Do not quite cloy and surfeit you with wit,
From the old kitchen please to pick a bit!
If once, with hearty stomachs to regale
On old Ben Jonson's fare, tho' somewhat stale,
A meal on Bobadil you deign'd to make,
Take *Epicæne* for his and Kately's sake!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MOROSE,
TRUEWIT,
CLERIMONT,
DAUPHINE,
SIR JOHN DAW,
LA-FOOLE,
OTTER,
CUTBERD,
MUTE,
EPICOENE,
HAUGHTY,
CENTAURE,
MAVIS,
TRUSTY,
MRS. OTTER,

} Ladies
Collegiates.

Mr. Bensley.
Mr. Palmer.
Mr. Davies.
Mr. Brereton.
Mr. Parsons.
Mr. King.
Mr. Yates.
Mr. Baddeley.
Mr. Wrighten.
Mr. Lamash.
Miss Sherry.
Mrs. Davies.
Miss Platt.
Mrs. Millidge.
Mrs. Hopkins.

E P I C Œ N E ;

OR, THE

S I L E N T W O M A N .

A C T I .

An apartment in Clerimont's house.

Clerimont, Boy.

Clerimont. **H**AVE you got the song yet, perfect,
I gave you, boy ?

Boy. Yes, Sir.

Cle. Let me hear it.

Boy. You shall, Sir.

S O N G .

*Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast ;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd :
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.*

B

Give

*Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loofely flowing, hair as free :
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art ;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.*

Enter Truewit.

Tru. Why, here's the man that can melt away his time, and never feels it! What between his mistress abroad, high fare at home, soft lodging, fine cloaths, and his fiddle; he thinks the hours have no wings, or the day no post-horse. Well, Sir Gallant, were you struck with the plague this minute, or condemn'd to any capital punishment to-morrow, you would begin then to think, and value every particle o' your time, esteem it at the true rate, and give all for't.

Cle. Why, what should a man do ?

Tru. Why, nothing; or, that, which when 'tis done, is as idle: Hearken after the next horse-race, or hunting-match; lay wagers; swear upon White-foot's party; speak aloud, that my lords may hear you; visit my ladies at night, and be able to give 'em the character of every bowler or better o' the green. These be the things, wherein your fashionable men exercise themselves, and I for company.

Cle. Nay, if I have thy authority, I'll not leave yet. Come, the other are considerations, when we come to have grey heads, and weak hams; we'll think on 'em then; then we'll pray and fast.

Tru. Ay, and destine only that time of age to goodness, which our want of ability will not let us employ in evil?

Cle. Why, then 'tis time enough.

Tru. Yes, as if a man should sleep all the term, and think to effect his business the last day. Oh,
Clerimont,

Clerimont, see but our common disease! with what justice can we complain, that great men will not look upon us, nor be at leisure to give our affairs such dispatch as we expect, when we will never do it to ourselves; not hear, nor regard ourselves.

Cle. Foh, thou hast read Plutarch's Morals, now, or some such tedious fellow; and it shews so vilely with thee: 'Twill spoil thy wit utterly. Talk me of pins, and feathers, and ladies, and rushes, and such things: And leave this alone, 'till thou mak'st sermons.

Tru. Well, Sir, if it will not take, I have learn'd to lose as little of my kindness, as I can. I'll do good to no man against his will, certainly. When were you at the college?

Cle. What college?

Tru. A new foundation, Sir, here i' the town, of ladies, that call themselves *the collegiates*; and give entertainment to all the wits, and *braveries* o' the time, as they call 'em: Cry down, or up, what they like or dislike in a brain or a fashion, with most *masculine*, or rather *hermaphroditical*, authority; and every day gain to their college some new probationer.

Cle. Who is the president?

Tru. The grave and youthful matron, the lady Haughty.

Cle. A plague of her autumnal face, her piec'd beauty: There's no man can be admitted till she be ready, now-a-days, till she has painted, and perfum'd.

Tru. And a wise lady will keep a guard always. I once followed a rude fellow into a chamber where the poor madam, for haste, and troubled, snatch'd at her peruke, to cover her baldness, and put it on the wrong way.

Cle. Oh prodigy!

Tru. And the unconscionable knave held her in compliment an hour with that revers'd face, when

I still look'd when she should talk from the other side.

Cle. Why, thou should'st have reliev'd her.

Tru. No faith, I let her alone; as we'll let this argument, if you please, and pass to another. When saw you Sir Dauphine Eugene?

Cle. Not these three days. Shall we go to him this morning? He is very melancholick, I hear.

Tru. Sick o' the uncle, is he? I met that stiff piece of formality, his uncle, yesterday, with a huge turbant of night-caps on his head, buckled over his ears!

Cle. Oh, that's his custom when he walks abroad. He can endure no noise, man.

Tru. So I have heard. But is the disease so ridiculous in him as it is made? They say he has been upon divers treaties with the fish-wives, and orange-women; and articles propounded between them: Marry, the chimney-sweepers will not be drawn in.

Cle. No, nor the broom-men: They stand out stiffly. He cannot endure a costard-monger, he swoons if he hear one.

Tru. Methinks a smith should be ominous.

Cle. Or any hammer-man. A brazier is not suffered to dwell in the parish, nor an armorer. He would have hang'd a pewterer's 'prentice, once, for being o' that trade.

Tru. A trumpet would fright him terribly, or the hau'boys.

Cle. Out of his senses. The waights of the city have a pension of him not to come near that ward. This youth practis'd on him one night like the bellman, and never left till he had brought him down to the door, with a long sword: And there left him flourishing with the air. And, another time, a fencer, going to his prize, had his drum most tragically run through, for taking that street in his way at my request.

Tru.

Tru. A good wag. How does he for the bells?

Cle. Why, Sir, he hath chosen a street to live in, so narrow at both ends, that it will receive no coaches, nor carts, nor any of those common noises: And as for the bells, the perpetuity of ringing has made him devise a room, with double walls, and treble ciplings; the windows close shut and calk'd: And there he lives by candle-light. He turn'd away a man last week, for having a pair of new shoes that creak'd. And his fellow waits on him now in tennis-court socks, or slippers soal'd with wool: And they talk to each other in a trunk. See, who comes here!

Enter Dauphine.

Dau. How now! what ail you, Sirs? dumb?

Tru. Struck into stone, almost, I am here, with tales o' thine uncle! There was never such a prodigy heard of.

Dau. I would you would once lose this subject, my masters, for my sake. They are such as you are, that have brought me into that predicament I am with him.

Tru. How is that?

Dau. Marry, that he will disinherit me. No more. He thinks I, and my company, are authors of all the ridiculous stories told of him.

Tru. 'Slife, I would be the author of more to vex him; that purpose deserves it: It gives the law of plaguing him. I'll tell thee what I would do. I would make a false almanack, get it printed; and then have him drawn-out on a coronation-day to the Tower-wharf, and kill him with the noise of the ordnance. Disinherit thee! he cannot, man. Art not thou next of blood, and his sister's son?

Dau. Ay, but he will thrust me out of it, he vows, and marry.

Tru.

Tru. How! can he endure no noise, and will venture on a wife?

Cle. Yes; why, thou art a stranger, it seems, to his best trick, yet. He has employ'd a fellow this half-year, all over England, to hearken him out a dumb woman; be she of any form, or any quality, so she be able to bear children: Her silence is dowry enough, he says.

Tru. But I trust he has found none.

Cle. No; but he has heard of one that's lodg'd i' the next street to him, who is exceedingly soft-spoken; thrifty of her speech; that spends but six words a-day; and her he's about now, and shall have her.

Tru. Is't possible! who is his agent i' the business?

Cle. Marry, a barber; an honest fellow, one that tells Dauphine all here.

Tru. Why, you oppress me with wonder! A woman, and a barber, and love no noise?

Cle. Yes, faith. The fellow trims him silently, and has not the snap with his sheers or his fingers: And that continency in a barber he thinks so eminent a virtue, as it has made him chief of his counsel.

Tru. Is the barber to be seen? or the wench?

Cle. Yes, that they are.

Tru. I pr'ythee, Dauphine, let's go thither.

Dau. I have some business now: I cannot i'faith.

Tru. You shall have no business shall make you neglect this, Sir; we'll make her talk, believe it; or, if she will not, we can give out, at least, so much as shall interrupt the treaty: We will break it. Thou art bound in conscience, when he suspects thee without cause, to torment him.

Dau. Not I, by any means. I'll give no suffrage to't. He shall never have that plea against me, that I oppos'd the least fancy of his. Let it lie upon my stars to be guilty, I'll be innocent.

Tru.

THE SILENT WOMAN. 7

Tru. Yes, and be poor, and beg; do, innocent; I pr'ythee, Ned, where lives she? let him be innocent still.

Cle. Why, right over-against the barber's; in the house where Sir John Daw lives.

Tru. You do not mean to confound me!

Cle. Why?

Tru. Does he that would marry her know so much?

Cle. I cannot tell.

Tru. 'Twere enough of imputation to her with him.

Cle. Why?

Tru. The only talking Sir i' the town! Jack Daw! and he teach her not to speak! God b'w'you. I have some business too.

Cle. Will you not go thither then?

Tru. Not with the danger to meet Daw, for mine ears.

Cle. Why? I thought you two had been upon very good terms.

Tru. Yes, of keeping distance.

Cle. They say, he is a very good scholar.

Tru. Ay, and he says it first. A fellow that pretends only to learning, buys titles, and nothing else of books in him.

Cle. The world reports him to be very learned.

Tru. I am sorry, the world should so conspire to belie him.

Cle. Good faith, I have heard very good things come from him.

Tru. You may. There's none so desperately ignorant to deny that: Would they were his own! God b'w' you, gentlemen. [*Exit hastily.*]

Manent Dauphine, Clerimont, Boy.

Cle. This is very abrupt!

Dau.

Dau. Come, you are a strange open man, to tell every thing thus.

Cle. Why, believe it, Dauphine, Truewit's a very honest fellow.

Dau. I think no other; but this frank nature of his is not for secrets.

Cle. Nay then, you are mistaken, Dauphine: I know where he has been well trusted, and discharg'd the trust very truly, and heartily.

Dau. I contend not, Ned; but, with the fewer a business is carried, it is ever the safer. Now we are alone, if you'll go thither, I am for you.

Cle. When were you there?

Dau. Last night: and such sport has fallen out! Daw does nothing but court her; and the wrong way. He would seduce her, and praises her modesty; desires that she would talk and be free, and commends her silence in verses; which he reads, and swears are the best that ever man made. Then rails at his fortunes, stamps, and raves that he is not made a privy-counsellor, and call'd to affairs of state. We are invited to dinner together, he and I, by one that came thither to him, Sir La-Foole.

Cle. Oh, that's a precious mannikin!

Dau. Do you know him?

Cle. Ay; and he will know you too, if e'er he saw you but once, tho' you should meet him at church in the midst of prayers. He will salute a judge upon the bench, and a bishop in the pulpit, a lawyer when he is pleading at the bar, and a lady when she is dancing in a masque, and put her out. He give plays, and suppers, and invites his guests to 'em aloud out of his window, as they ride by in coaches. He has a lodging in the Strand on purpose: Or to watch when ladies are gone to the China houses, or the Exchange, that he may meet 'em by chance, and give 'em presents, some two or three hundred pounds worth of toys, to be laugh'd-

THE SILENT WOMAN. 9

laugh'd at. He is never without a spare banquet, or sweet-meats in his chamber, for women to alight at, and come up to for a bait.

Dau. Excellent! What is his Christian name? I have forgot.

Cle. Sir Amorous La-Foole.

Boy. The gentleman is here that owns that name.

Cle. Heart, he's come to invite me to dinner, I hold my life.

Dau. Like enough: Pr'ithee let's have him up.

Cle. Shew him in, boy! [*Exit boy.*] I'll make him tell us his pedigree, now; and what meat he has to dinner; and who are his guests; and the whole course of his fortunes with a breath.

Enter La-Foole.

La-F. Save dear Sir Dauphine! honour'd master Clerimont!

Cle. Sir Amorous! you have very much honoured my lodging, with your presence.

La-F. Good faith, it is a fine lodging! almost, as delicate a lodging as mine.

Cle. Not so, Sir.

La-F. Excuse me, Sir, if it were i' the Strand, I assure you. I am come, Master Clerimont, to intreat you to wait upon two or three ladies, to dinner, to-day.

Cle. Where hold you your feast?

La-F. At Tom Otter's, Sir.

Dau. Tom Otter's? What's he?

La-F. Captain Otter, Sir; he is a kind of gamester, but he has had command both by sea and by land.

Dau. Oh, then he is an amphibious animal.

La-F. Ay, Sir; his wife was the rich China-woman, that the courtiers visited so often; that gave her rare entertainment. She commands all at home.

C

Cle.

Cle. Then, she is captain Otter.

La-F. You say very well, Sir; she is my kinswoman, a La-Foole by the mother-side, and will invite any great ladies, for my sake.

Dau. Not of the La-Foole's of Essex?

La-F. No, Sir, the La-Foole's of London; a very numerous family.

Cle. Now, he's in.

La-F. They all come out of our house, the La-Foole's o' the North, the La-Foole's of the West, the La-Foole's of the East and South. We are as ancient a family as any is in Europe. But I myself am descended lineally of the French La-Foole's. And, we do bear our coat yellow; Or, checker'd Azure, and Gules, and some three or four colours more, which is a very noted coat, and has, sometimes, been solemnly worn by divers nobility of our house—but let that go, antiquity is not respected now—I had a brace of fat Does sent me, gentlemen, and half a dozen of Pheasants, a dozen or two of Godwits, and some other fowl, which I would wish eaten, while they are good, and in good company. There will be a great lady, or two, my lady Haughty, my lady Centaure, Mistress Dol Mavis. And they come o' purpose, to see the Silent Gentlewoman, Mistress Epicœne, that honest Sir John Daw has promis'd to bring thither. And then, Mistress Trusty, my lady's woman, will be there too, and this honourable knight, Sir Dauphine, with yourself Master Clerimont. And we'll be very merry, and have fiddlers, and dance. I have been a mad wag in my time, and have spent some crowns since I was a page in court, to my lord Lofty, and after, my lady's gentleman-usher, who got me knighted in Ireland, since it pleas'd my elder brother to die. I had as fair a gold jerkin on that day, as any was worn in the Island-Voyage, or at Cadiz, none disprais'd,
and

THE SILENT WOMAN. 11

and I came over in it hither, shew'd myself to my friends in court, and after went down to my tenants in the country, and survey'd my lands, let new leases, took their money, spent it in the eye o' the land here, upon ladies. And now I can take-up at my pleasure.

Dau. Can you take-up ladies, Sir?

Cle. O, let him breathe; he has not recover'd.

Dau. Would I were your half, in that commodity.

La-F. No, Sir, excuse me: I meant money, which can take-up any thing. I have another guest, or two, to invite, and say as much to, gentlemen. I'll take my leave abruptly, in hope you will not fail—your servant.

Dau. We will not fail you, Sir precious La-Foole; [*Exit La-Foole:*] but she shall, that your ladies come to see: if I have credit, afore Sir Daw.

Cle. Did you ever hear such a bellows-blower as this?

Dau. Or such a rook as the other! that will betray his mistress to be seen. Come, 'tis time we prevented it.

Cle. Go. Poor Sir Amorous!

[*Exeunt laughing.*]

A C T II.

An apartment in the house of Morose.

Morose, Mute.

Mor. CAN not I yet find out a more compendious method, to save my servants the labour of speech, and mine ears the discord of sounds? Let me see: All discourses but my own

afflict me; they seem harsh, impertinent, and tiresome. Is it not possible, that thou shouldst answer me by signs, and I apprehend thee, fellow? speak not tho' I question you. [*At the breaches still the fellow makes legs or signs.*] You have taken the ring off from the street door, as I bade you? answer me not by speech, but by silence; unless it be otherwise (—) very good. And, you have fastened on a thick quilt, or flock-bed, on the outside of the door; that, if they knock with their daggers, or with brickbats, they can make no noise? but with your leg, your answer, unless it be otherwise. (—) very good. This is not only fit modesty in a servant, but good state and discretion in a master. And you have been with Cutberd the barber, to have him come to me? (—) good. And he will come presently? answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise: If it be otherwise, shake your head, or shrug. (—) So. Your Italian, and Spaniard, are wise in these! and it is a frugal and comely gravity. How long will it be ere Cutberd come? stay! if an hour, hold up your whole hand; if half an hour, two fingers; if a quarter, one; (—) a curled finger! *half* a quarter. 'Tis well. And have you given him a key, to come in without knocking? (—) good. And is the lock oil'd, and the hinges to-day? (—) good. And the quilting of the stairs no where worn out and bare? (—) very good. I see, by much doctrine, it may be effected; stand by. The Turk, in this divine discipline, is admirable, exceeding all the potentates of the earth; still waited on by mutes; and all his commands so executed; yea, even in the war (as I have heard) and in his marches, most of his charges and directions given by signs, and with silence: an exquisite art! and I am heartily ashamed, and angry oftentimes, that the princes of Christendom, should
suffer

suffer a Barbarian to transcend 'em in so high a point of felicity. I will practise it hereafter. [*Horn without.*] How now? oh! oh! what villain? what prodigy of mankind is that? look. [*Exit Mute.*] Oh! cutt his throat, cutt his throat! What murderer, hell-hound, devil, can this be?

[*One winds a horn without again.*]

Re-enter Mute.

Mut. A post from the court——

Mor. Outrogue, and must thou blow thy horn, too?

Mut. Alas, it is a post from the court, Sir, that says, he must speak with you, on pain of death——

Mor. Pain of thy life, be silent! [*Horn again.*]

Then enter Truewit.

Tru. By your leave, Sir, I am a stranger here: Is your name master Morose? Is your name master Morose? Fishes! Pythagoreans all? This is strange. What say you, Sir, nothing? Has Harpocrates been here with his club, among you? Well, Sir, I will believe you to be the man at this time: I will venture upon you, Sir. Your friends at court commend 'em to you, Sir,——

Mor. O men! O manners! Was there ever such an impudence?

Tru. And are extremely folicitous for you, Sir.

Mor. Whose knave are you!

Tru. Mine own knave, and your compeer, Sir.

Mor. Fetch me my sword—— [*Mute going.*]

Tru. You shall taste the one half of my dagger, if you do (groom) and you the other, if you stir, Sir: Be patient, I charge you, in the king's name, and hear me without insurrection. They say, you are to marry? To marry! Do you mark, Sir?

Mor. How then, rude companion?

Tru. Marry, your friends do wonder, Sir, the Thames being so near, wherein you may drown,
so

so handsomely ; or London-Bridge, at a low fall, with a fine leap to hurry you down the stream ; or such a delicate steeple in the town as Bow, to vault from ; or a braver height, as Paul's ; or, if you affected to do it nearer home, and a shorter way, an excellent garret-window into the street ; or, a beam in the said garret, with this halter, [*He shews him a halter.*] which they have sent, and desire that you would sooner commit your grave head to this knot, than to the wedlock-noose ; or take a little sublimate, and go out of the world, like a rat : Any way, rather than to follow this goblin Matrimony. Alas, Sir, do you ever think to find a chaste wife, in these times ? Now ? When there are so many masques, plays, fanatical preachers, mad folks, and other strange sights to be seen, daily, private and public ? If you had liv'd in king Ethelred's time, Sir, or Edward the Confessor's, you might, perhaps, have found, in some cold country hamlet, then, a dull frosty wench, would have been contented with one man : Now, they will as soon be pleas'd with one leg, or one eye. I'll tell you, Sir, the monstrous hazards you shall run with a wife.

Mor. Good Sir ! have I ever cozen'd any friends of yours of their land ? bought their possessions ? taken forfeit of their mortgage ? begg'd a reversion from 'em ? what have I done that may deserve this ?

Tru. Nothing, Sir, that I know, but your itch of marriage.

Mor. Why, if I had assassinated your father, vitiated your mother, ravish'd your sisters——

Tru. I would kill you, Sir, I would kill you, if you had.

Mor. Why, you do more in this, Sir !

Tru. Alas, Sir, I am but a messenger : I but tell you, what you must hear. It seems, your friends
are

are careful after your soul's health, Sir, and would have you know the danger; if, after you are married, your wife do run away with a vaulter, or the Frenchman that walks upon ropes, why it is not their fault, they have discharged their consciences; when you know what may happen.

Mor. No more for Heavens sake, Sir!

Tru. Nay, suffer valiantly, Sir; for, I must tell you, all the perils that you are obnoxious to. If she be fair, and young, no sweatmeats ever drew more flies. If foul and crooked, she'll be with them. If rich, and that you marry her dowry, not her, she'll reign in your house, as imperious as a widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your tyrants. If fruitful, as proud as May and humourous as April. If learned, there was never such a parrot. You begin to sweat, Sir; but this is not half i'faith. Upon my faith, master serving-man, if you do stir, I will beat you.

Mor. Oh, what is my sin? what is my sin?

Tru. Then, if you love your wife, or rather doat on her, Sir; oh, how she'll torture you! and take pleasure i' your torments! You must keep what servants she please; what company she will; that friend must not visit you without her license; and him she loves most, she will seem to hate most, to decline your jealousy; or, feign to be jealous of you first; and for that cause go live with her she-friend, that can instruct her in all the mysteries of writing letters, corrupting servants, taming spies; where she must have that rich gown for such a great day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; be serv'd in silver; have the chamber fill'd with a succession of grooms, footmen, ushers, and other messengers; besides embroiderers, jewellers, tirewomen, sempsters, feather-men, perfumers; while she feels not how the land drops away; nor
the

the acres melt; nor foresees the change, when the mercer has your woods for her velvets.

Mor. Gentle Sir, ha' you done? ha' you had your pleasure o' me?

Tru. Yes, Sir: God b' w' you, Sir. [*Going returns.*] One thing more (which I had almost forgot.) This, too, with whom you are to marry, may have made a conveyance of her virginity aforehand, as your wise widows do of their states, before they marry, in trust to some friend, Sir, and antedate you cuckold. The like has been heard of in nature. 'Tis no devis'd impossible thing, Sir. God b' w' you: I'll be bold to leave this rope with you, Sir, for a remembrance. Farewell, Mute. [*Exit.*

Mor. Come, ha' me to my chamber: but first shut the door. Oh, shut the door: Is he come again? [*The horn again.*

Enter Cutberd.

Cut. 'Tis I, Sir, your barber.

Mor. Oh, Cutberd, Cutberd, Cutberd! here has been a cut-throat with me: Help me in to my bed, and give me phyfick with thy counsel. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Sir John Daw's.

Enter Daw, Clerimont, Dauphine, and Epicæne.

Daw. Nay, an' she will, lether refuse at her own charges: 'tis nothing to me, gentlemen. But she will not be invited to the like feasts or guests every day.

Cle. Oh, by no means, she may not refuse—to stay at home, if you love your reputation: 'Slight, you are invited thither o' purpose to be seen, and laugh'd at by the lady of the college, and her shadows. This trumpeter hath proclaim'd you.

[*They dissuade her privately.*

Dau.

Dau. You shall not go; let him be laugh'd at in your stead, for not bringing you: And put him to his faculty of fooling, and talking loud to satisfy the company.

Cle. He will suspect us; talk aloud. 'Pray, mistress Epicœne, let's see your verses; we have Sir John Daw's leave: Do not conceal your servant's merit, and your own glories.

Daw. Shew'em, mistress, shew'em; I dare own 'em. Nay, I'll read 'em myself, too: An author must recite his own works. It is a *madrigal* of modesty.

*Modest, and fair, for fair and good are near
Neighbours, howe'er.*——

Dau. Very good.

Cle. Ay, is't not?

Daw. *No noble virtue ever was alone,
But two in one.*

Dau. Excellent!

Cle. That again, I pray, Sir John.

Dau. It has something in't like rare wit and sense.

Cle. Peace.

Daw. *No noble virtue ever was alone,
But two in one.*

*Then, when I praise sweet modesty, I praise
Bright beauty's rays:
And, having prais'd both beauty and modesty,
I have prais'd thee.*

Dau. Admirable!

Cle. How it chimes, and cries tink i' the clove, divinely!

Dau. Ay, 'tis Seneca.

Cle. No, I think 'tis Plutarch.

Daw. The plague on Plutarch and Seneca, I hate it: Mine own imaginations, by that light. I wonder those fellows have such credit with gentlemen!

Cle. They are very grave authors.

Daw. Grave asses! mere essayists! a few loose sentences, and that's all. A man would talk for his whole age; I do utter as good things every hour, if they were collected and observ'd, as either of 'em.

Dau. Indeed, Sir John?

Cle. He must needs, living among the wits and *braveries* too!

Dau. Ay, and being president of 'em, as he is.

Daw. There's Aristotle, a mere common-place fellow; Plato, a discourser; Thucydides, and Livy, tedious and dry; Tacitus, an entire knot; sometimes worth the untying, very seldom.

Cle. What do you think of the poets, Sir John?

Daw. Not worthy to be nam'd for authors. Homer, an old tedious prolix ass, talks of curriers, and chines of beef; Virgil, of dunging of land, and bees; Horace, of I know not what.

Cle. I think so.

Daw. And so Pindar, Lycophron, Anacreon, Catullus, Lucan, Propertius, Tibullus, Martial, Juvenal, Ausonius, Statius, Politian, Valerius Flaccus, and the rest.—

Cle. What a sack full of names he has got.

Dau. And how he pours 'em out! 'Fore heaven you have a simple learn'd servant, lady, in titles.

Cle. I muse a mistress can be so silent to the qualities of such a servant.

Daw. Silence is her virtue, Sir. I have written somewhat of her silence too.

Dau. In verse, Sir John? How can you justify your own being a poet, that so slight all the old poets?

Daw. Why, every man that writes in verse, is not a poet; you have of the wits that write verses, and yet are no poets; They are poets that live by it, the poor fellows that live by it. But, silence!

Silence

*Silence in woman, is like speech in man ;
Deny't who can ?*

Dau. Not I, believe it: Your reason, Sir.

Daw. *Nor is't a tale,
That female vice should be a virtue male,
Or masculine vice a female virtue be:
You shall it see
Prov'd with increase ;
I know to speak, and she to hold her peace.*

Do you conceive me, gentlemen ?

Dau. No, faith ; how mean you *with increase*, Sir John ?

Daw. Why, *with increase* is, when I court her for the common cause, and she says nothing, but *consentire videtur* ; and in time is *gravida*.

Epi. Pray give me my verses again, servant.

Daw. If you'll ask 'em aloud, you shall.

Epi. Pray give me my verses again, servant.

Daw. Stay, I must keep these myself, but I'll go make-out another copy, and you shall have them immediately, mistress. [*Kisses her hand and exit.*]

Cle. See, here's Truewit again.

Enter Truewit.

Cle. Where hast thou been, in the name of madness ! thus accoutred with thy horn ?

Tru. Where the sound of it might have pierc'd your senses with gladness, had you been in ear-reach of it. Dauphine, fall down and worship me ; I have forbid the bans, lad : I have been with thy virtuous uncle, and have broke the match.

Dau. You ha' not, I hope.

Tru. Yes, faith ; an' thou should'st hope otherwise, I should repent me : This horn got me entrance ; kiss it. I had no other way to get-in, but by feigning to be a post : but when I got-in once, I prov'd none, but rather the contrary, turn'd him into a post, with thundering into him the

miserics of marriage. If ever Gorgon were seen in the shape of a woman, he hath seen her in my description. Why do you not applaud and adore me, Sirs? Why stand you mute? Are you stupid? You are not worthy o' the benefit.

Daw. Did not I tell you? Mischief!

Cle. I would you had plac'd this benefit somewhere else.

Tru. Why so?

Cle. You have done the most inconsiderate, rash, weak, thing that ever man did to his friend.

Dau. Friend! If the most malicious enemy I have, had studied to inflict an injury upon me, it could not be a greater.

Tru. Wherein? For Heav'n's sake, gentlemen, come to yourselves again.

Dau. But I presag'd thus much afore to you.

Cle. Would my lips had been folder'd when I spake on't! What mov'd you to be thus impertinent?

Tru. My masters, do not put on this strange face to pay my courtesy: Off with this vizor. Have good turns done you, and thank 'em this way!

Dau. You have undone me! That which I have plotted for, and been maturing now these four months, you have blasted in a minute: Now I am lost, I may speak. This gentlewoman was lodg'd here by me o' purpose, and to be putt upon my uncle; hath profess'd this obstinate silence for my sake, being my entire friend, and one that, for the requital of such a fortune as to marry him, would have made me very ample conditions; where, now, all my hopes are utterly miscarried by this unlucky accident.

Cle. Thus 'tis; when a man will be ignorantly officious, do services, and not know his *why*: I wonder what courteous itch possess'd you! You never did absurdly part i' your life, nor a greater trespass to friendship or humanity!

Dau.

Dau. Faith, you may forgive it best; 'twas your cause principally.

Cle. I know it; would it had not.

Enter Cutberd.

Dau. How now, Cutberd? what news?

Cut. The best, the happiest that ever was, Sir! There has been a mad gentleman with your uncle this morning (I think this be the gentleman) that has almost talk'd him out of his wits, with threatening him from marriage——

Dau. On, I pr'ythee!

Cut. And your uncle, Sir, he thinks 'twas done by your procurement; therefore he will see the party you wot of presently; and if he like her, he says, and that she be so inclining to dumb, as I have told him, he swears he will marry her to-day, instantly, and not defer it a minute longer.

Dau. Excellent! beyond our expectation!

Tru. Beyond our expectation! by this light; I knew it would be thus.

Dau. Nay, sweet Truewit, forgive me.

Tru. No, I was ignorantly *officious, impertinent*: This was the *absurd, weak* part.

Cle. Wilt thou ascribe that to merit now, was mere fortune?

Tru. Fortune! mere management. Fortune had not a finger in't. I saw it must necessarily in nature fall out so: My genius is never false to me in these things. Shew me how it could be otherwise.

Dau. Nay, gentlemen, contend not, 'tis well now.

Tru. Alas, I let him go-on with *inconsiderate, and rash*, and what he pleas'd.

Cle. Away, thou strange justifier of thyself, to be wiser than thou wert, by the event.

Tru. Event! by this light, I foresaw it, as well as the stars themselves.

Dau.

Dau. Nay, gentlemen, 'tis well now: Do you two entertain Sir John Daw with discourse, while I send her away with instructions.

Tru. I'll be acquainted with her first, by your favour.

Cle. Master Truewit, lady, a friend of ours.

Tru. I am sorry I have not known you sooner, lady, to celebrate this rare virtue of your silence.

Cle. Faith, an' you had come sooner, you should ha' seen and heard her well celebrated in Sir John Daw's madrigals. [*Ex. Dau. Epi. and Cutberd.*]

Re-enter Daw.

Tru. Jack Daw, save you; when saw you La-Foole?

Daw. Not since last night, master Truewit.

Tru. That's a miracle! I thought you had been inseparable.

Daw. He's gone to invite his guests.

Tru. God so! 'tis true. What a false memory have I towards that man! I am one: I met him ev'n now; upon that he calls his delicate fine black horse, rid into a foam, with posting from place to place, and person to person, to give him the *cue*. Never was poor captain took more pains at a muster, to shew men, than he, at this meal, to shew friends.

Daw. Is mistress Epicœne gone?

Cle. Gone afore, with Sir Dauphine, I warrant, to the place.

Tru. Gone afore! that were a manifest injury, a disgrace and a half; to refuse Sir John at such a festival time as this, being a bravery, and a wit too!

Cle. Tut, he'll swallow it like cream! He's better read, than to esteem any thing a disgrace, is offer'd him from a mistress.

Daw. Nay, lett her e'en go; she shall sit alone, and be dumb in her chamber a week together,
for

for John Daw, I warrant her: Does she refuse me?

Cle. No, Sir, do not take it so to heart: Good faith, Truewit, you were to blame to putt it into his head; that she does refuse him.

Tru. Sir, she does refuse him palpably, however you mince it. An' I were as he, I would swear to speak ne'er a word to her to-day for't.

Daw. By this light, no more I will not.

Tru. Nor to any body else, Sir.

Daw. Nay, I will not say so, gentlemen.

Cle. It had been an excellent happy condition for the company, if you could have drawn him to it.

Daw. I'll be very *melancholick*, i'faith.

Cle. As a dog, if I were as you, Sir John.

Tru. Or a snail, or a wood-louse: I would roll myself up for this day in troth, they should not unwind me.

Daw. By this pick-tooth, so I will.

Cle. 'Tis well done: He begins already to be angry with his teeth.

Daw. Will you go, gentlemen?

Cle. Nay, you must walk alone, if you be right melancholick, Sir John.

Tru. Yes, Sir, we'll dog you, we'll follow you afar off. *[Exit Sir John.]*

Cle. Was there ever such a two-yards of knight-hood measur'd out by time, to be sold to laughter?

Tru. A mere talking mole! hang him: No mushroom was ever so fresh. A fellow so utterly nothing, as he knows not what he would be.

Cle. Let's follow him: But first, let's go to Dauphine, he's hovering about the house, to hear what news.

Tru. Content,

[Exeunt.]

Scene

Scene, the house of Morose.

Enter Morose, and Mute, meeting Epicæne, and Cutberd.

Mor. Welcome, Cutberd; draw near with your fair charge: And in her ear, softly intreat her to unmask: (——) So. Is the door shut? (——) Enough. Now, Cutberd, with the same discipline I use to my family, I will question you. As I conceive, Cutberd, this gentlewoman is she you have provided, and brought, in hope she will fit me in the place and person of a wife? (——) Very well done, Cutberd. I conceive besides, Cutberd, you have been pre-acquainted with her birth, education, and qualities, or else you would not prefer her to my acceptance, in the weighty consequence of marriage. This I conceive, Cutberd. (——) Very well done, Cutberd. Give aside now a little, and leave me to examine her condition, and aptitude to my affection. Give aside! [*Cutberd retires.*] She is exceeding fair, and of a special good favour; a sweet composition, or harmony of limbs; her temper of beauty has the true height of my blood. [*He goes about her, and views her.*] The knave hath exceedingly well fitted me without: I will now try her within. Come near, fair gentlewoman; [*At the breaks she curt'sies.*] let not my behaviour seem rude, though unto you, being rare, it may haply appear strange. (——) Nay, lady, you may speak, though Cutberd and my man might not; for of all sounds, only the sweet voice of a fair lady has the just length of mine ears. I beseech you, say, lady, out of the first fire of meeting eyes (they say) Love is stricken: Do you feel any such motion? ha, lady? (——) Alas, lady, these answers by silent curt'sies are too courtless and simple. Can you speak, lady?

Epi. Judge you, forsooth. [*She speaks softly.*]

Mor. What say you, lady? Speak - out, I beseech you.

Epi.

Epi. Judge you, forsooth.

Mor. O' my judgment, a divine softness! Excellent! Divine! If it were possible she should hold out thus! Peace, Cutberd; thou art made for ever; as thou hast made me, if this felicity have lasting! But I will try her further. And can you, dear lady, not taking pleasure in your tongue (which is woman's chiefest pleasure) think it plausible to answer me by silent gestures?

Epi. I should be sorry else.

Mor. What say you, lady? Good lady, speak out.

Epi. I should be sorry else.

Mor. That sorrow doth fill me with gladness. Oh, Morose! thou art happy above mankind! Pray that thou may'st contain thyself. But hear me, fair lady; I do also love to see her whom I shall chuse, to be the first and principal in all fashions; and how will you be able, lady, with this frugality of speech, to give the manifold (but necessary) instructions, for those roses, these sleeves, those gloves, these fans, that bodice, and this embroidery? Ha! what say you, lady?

Epi. I'll leave it to you, Sir.

Mor. How, lady? Pray you rise a note.

Epi. I leave it to wisdom, and you, Sir.

Mor. Admirable creature! I will trouble you no more: I will not sin against so sweet a simplicity. Let me now be bold to print on those divine lips the seal of being mine. Cutberd, I give thee the lease of thy house free; thank me not, but with thy leg. (—) Go thy ways, and get me a minister presently, with a soft low voice, to marry us; away: softly, Cutberd. [*Exit Cutberd.*] Sirrah, conduct your mistress into the dining-room, your now mistress. [*Exeunt Mute and Epicæne.*]

Manet Morose.

Oh, my felicity! How shall I be reveng'd on
E
mine

mine insolent kinsman, and his plots, to fright me from marrying ! This night I will get an heir, and thrust him out of my blood, like a stranger. He would be knighted, forsooth, and thought by that means to reign over me; his title must do it : No, kinsman, I will now make you bring me the tenth lord's, and the sixteenth lady's, letter, kinsman; and it shall do you no good, kinsman. Your knighthood itself shall come on its knees, and it shall be rejected; it shall be sued for its fees to execution, and not be redeem'd; it shall cheat, at the twelve-penny ordinary, for its diet all the term-time, and tell tales for it in the vacation to the hostess; it shall fright all its friends with borrowing letters; it shall not have money to discharge one tavern-reckoning, to invite the old creditors to forbear, or the new, that should be, to trust. It shall not have hope to repair itself by Constantinople, Ireland, or Virginia; but the best and last fortune to its knighthood shall be, to make Doll Tear-sheet, or Kate-Common a lady, and so knighthood may eat. [Exit.

Scene the Street.

Enter Truewit, Dauphine, Clerimont.

Tru. Are you sure he is not gone by ?

Dau. No, I staid in the shop ever since.

Cle. But he may take the other end of the lane.

Dau. No; I told him I would be here at this end : I appointed him hither.

Tru. What a barbarian it is to stay then !

Dau. Yonder he comes.

Cle. And his charge left behind him, which is a very good sign, Dauphine.

Enter Cutberd.

Dau. How now, Cutberd, succeeds it or no ?

Cut. Past imagination, Sir, *omnia secunda*; you could not have pray'd to have had it so well; *Saltat senex*, as it is i' the proverb; he does triumph in his

his felicity, admires the party! He has given me the lease of my house too! and I am now going for a silent minister to marry 'em, and away.

Tru. 'Slight, get one of the silenc'd ministers; a zealous brother would torment him purely!

Cut. *Cum privilegio*, Sir.

Dau. O, by no means; let's do nothing to hinder it now: When 'tis done and finished, I am for you, for any device of vexation.

Cut. And that shall be within this half hour, upon my dexterity, gentlemen. Contrive what you can in the mean time, *bonis avibus*. [*Exit.*]

Cle. How the slave doth *Latin* it!

Tru. It would be made a jest to posterity, Sirs, this day's mirth, if ye will assist.

Cle. Beshrew his heart that will not, I pronounce.

Dau. And for my part. What is't?

Tru. To translate all La-Foole's company, and his feast thither to-day, to celebrate this bride-ale.

Dau. Ay marry; but how will't be done?

Tru. I'll undertake the directing all the lady-guests thither, and then the meat must follow.

Cle. For Heaven's sake, let's effect it; it will be an excellent comedy of affliction, so many several noises.

Dau. But are they not at the other place already, think you?

Tru. I'll warrant you not the college-honours: one o' their faces has not the priming-colour laid on yet.

Cle. O, but they'll rise earlier than ordinary to a feast.

Tru. Best go, and see, and assure ourselves.

Cle. Who knows the house?

Tru. I'll lead you; were you never there yet?

Dau. Not I.

Cle. Nor I.

Tru. Where ha' you liv'd then? not know Tom Otter!

Cle. No: What is he?

Tru. An excellent animal, equal with your Daw or La-Foole, if not superior; and does *Latin* it as much as your barber: He is his wife's subject; he calls her Princess, and at such times as these follows her up and down the house like a page, with his hat off, partly for heat, partly for reverence. At this instant he is marshalling of his bull, bear, and horse.

Dau. Bull, bear, and horse! What be those, in the name of Sphinx?

Tru. Why, Sir, he has been a great man at the Bear-garden in his time, and from that sport has ta'en the witty denomination of his chief carousing cups. One he calls his bull, another his bear, another his horse. And then he has his lesser glasses, that he calls his deer and his ape; and several degrees of them too; and never is well, nor thinks any entertainment perfect, till these be brought out, and set o' the cupboard. Nay, he has a thousand things as good. He will rail on his wife, with certain common places, behind her back, and to her face.—

Dau. No more description of him. Let's go see him, I petition you. [Exeunt.]

A C T III.

Scene, Otter's house.

Enter Otter, Mrs. Otter.

Ott. **N**A Y, good princess, hear me *pauca verba!*

Mrs. Ott. By that light I'll have you chain'd up, with your bull-dogs and bear-dogs, if you be not civil the sooner. I'll send you to kennel, i'faith.

You

You were best bait me with your bull, bear, and horse! Never a time that the courtiers or collegiates come to the house, but you make it a Shrove-Tuesday! I would have you get your Whitfontide velvet cap, and your staff i' your hand, to entertain 'em; yes in troth, do.

Ott. Not so, princess, neither; but, under correction, sweet princess, gi' me leave—These things I am known to the courtiers by: It is reported to them for my humour, and they receive it so, and do expect it. Tom Otter's bull, bear, and horse, are known all over England, in *rerum natura*.

Mrs. Ott. 'Fore me, I will *na-ture* 'em over to *Paris-garden*, and *na-ture* you thither too, if you pronounce 'em again. Is a bear a fit beast, or a bull, to mix in society with great ladies?

Ott. The horse then, good princess.

Mrs. Ott. Well, I am contented for the horse.

Ott. And it is a delicate fine horse; 'tis *Poetarum Pegasus*. Under correction, princess, Jupiter did turn himself into a—*Taurus*, or bull; under correction, good princess.

Mrs. Ott. By integrity, I'll send you over to the Bank-side, I'll commit you to the master of the garden, if I hear but a syllable more. Is this according to the instrument, when I married you, That I would be princess, and reign in mine own house; and you would be my subject, and obey me? Do I allow you your half-crown a day, to spend where you will, to vex and torment me at such times as these?

Enter Truewit, Dauphine, Clerimont, behind.

Who graces you with courtiers, or great personages, to speak to you out of their coaches, and come home to your house? Were you ever so much as look'd upon by a lord or a lady, before I married you, but on the Easter or Whitsun holy-days?
and

and then out at the Banqueting-house window, when Ned Whiting or George Stone were at the stake ?

Tru. Let's go stave her off him.

Mrs. Ott. Answer me to that. And did not I take you up from thence, in an old greasy buff-doublet, with points, and green velvet sleeves, out at the elbows ? You forget this.

Tru. She'll worry him, if we help not in time.

Mrs. Ott. Oh, here are some o' the gallants ! Go to, behave yourself distinctly, and with good morality ; or, I protest, I'll take away your exhibition.

Tru. By your leave, fair Mistrefs Otter, I'll be bold to enter these gentlemen in your acquaintance.

Mrs. Ott. I shall not be obnoxious, or *difficil*, Sir.

Tru. How does my noble captain ? Is the bull, bear, and horse in *rerum natura* still ?

Ott. Sir, *sic visum superis*.

Mrs. Ott. I would you would but intimate 'em, do ! Go your ways in, and get toasts and butter made for the woodcocks : That's a fit province for you.

Ott. [*going out.*] *Sic visum superis !* [*Exit Otter.*

Cle. Alas, what a tyranny is this poor fellow married to !

Tru. Oh, but the sport will be anon, when we get him loose.

Dau. Dares he ever speak ?

Tru. No Anabaptist ever rail'd with the like licence ; but mark her language in the mean time, I beseech you.

Mrs. Ott. Gentlemen, you are very aptly come. My cousin, Sir Amorous, will be here briefly.

Tru. In good time, lady. Was not Sir John Daw here to ask for him, and the company ?

Mrs. Ott. I cannot assure you, Mr. Truewit.
Here

Here was a very melancholy knight, that demanded my subject for somebody, a gentleman, I think.

Cle. Ay, that was he, lady.

Mrs. Ott. But he departed straight, I can resolve you.

Dau. What an excellent choice phrase this lady expresses in!

Tru. Oh, Sir! she is the only authentick courtier, that is not naturally bred one, in the city.

Mrs. Ott. You have taken that report upon trust, gentlemen.

Tru. No, I assure you, the court governs it so, lady, in your behalf.

Mrs. Ott. I am the servant of the court and courtiers, Sir.

Tru. They are rather your idolaters.

Mrs. Ott. Not so, Sir.

Enter Cutberd.

Dau. How now, Cutberd? Any cross?

Cut. Oh, no, Sir. *Omnia bene.* 'Twas never better o' the hinges, all's sure. I have so pleas'd him with a curate, one that has catch'd a cold, Sir, and can scarce be heard six inches off; as if he spoke out of a bulrush that were not pick'd, or his throat were full of pith; a fine quick fellow, and an excellent barber of prayers. I came to tell you, Sir, that you might *omnem movere lapidem* (as they say) be ready with your vexation.

Dau. Gramercy, honest Cutberd; be thereabouts with thy key to lett us in.

Cut. I will not fail you, Sir: *Ad manum.* [*Exit.*

Tru. Well, I'll go watch my coaches.

Cle. Do; and we'll send Daw to you, if you meet him not. [*Exit Tru.*

Mrs. Ott. Is Mr. Truewit gone?

Dau. Yes, lady, there is some unfortunate business fallen-out.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ott. So I judg'd by the physiognomy of the fellow that came-in. Will it please you to enter the house further, gentlemen?

Dau. And your favour, lady: But we stay to speak with a knight, Sir John Daw, who is here come. We shall follow you, lady.

Mrs. Ott. At your own time, Sir. It is my cousin Sir Amorous's feast——

Dau. I know it, lady.

Mrs. Ott. And mine together. But it is for his honour; and, therefore, I take no name of it, more than of the place.

Dau. You are a bounteous kinswoman.

Mrs. Ott. Your servant, Sir. [Exit.

Enter Sir John Daw.

Cle. Why, do you know it, Sir John Daw?

Daw. No, I am a rook if I do. What is it?

Cle. I'll tell you then; she's married by this time. And, whereas you were putti' th' head, that she was gone with Sir Dauphine, I assure you, Sir Dauphine has been the noblest, honestest friend to you, that ever gentleman of your quality could boast of. He has discover'd the whole plot, and made your mistress so ashamed of her injury to you, that she desires you to forgive her, and but grace her wedding with your presence to-day. She is to be married to a very good fortune, she says, his uncle, old Morose: And she will'd me in private to tell you, that she shall be able to do you more favours, and with more security now than before.

Daw. Did she say so, i'faith?

Cle. Why what do you think of me, Sir John? Ask Sir Dauphine.

Daw. Nay, I believe you. Good Sir Dauphine, did she desire me to forgive her?

Dau. I assure you, Sir John, she did.

Daw.

Daw. Nay then, I do with all my heart, and I'll be *jovial*.

Cle. Yes; for look you, Sir, this was the injury to you. La-Foole intended this feast to honour her bridal day, and made you the property to invite the college ladies, and promise to bring her; and then at the time, she would have appear'd (as his friend) to have given you the slip. Whereas now, Sir Dauphine has brought her to a feeling of it, with this kind of satisfaction, that you shall bring all the ladies to the place where she is, and be very *jovial*; and there, she will have a dinner, which shall be in your name: And so disappoint La-Foole, to make you whole again.

Daw. As I am a knight, I honour her, and forgive her heartily.

Cle. About it then presently. Truewit is gone before to confront the coaches, and to acquaint you with so much, if he meet you. Join with him, and 'tis well. See, here comes your antagonist, but take you no notice, and be very *jovial*.

Enter La-Foole.

La-F. Are the ladies come, Sir John Daw, and your mistress?

Daw. Yes, the ladies *are* come, Sir Amorous! and my *mistress* is come, Sir Amorous: And we'll be very *jovial*, Sir Amorous! Your servant, Sir Amorous! [Exit *Daw*.

La-F. Sir Dauphine! You are exceeding welcome, and honest master Clerimont. Where's my cousin? Did you see no collegiates, gentlemen?

Daw. Collegiates! Do you not hear, Sir Amorous, how you are abus'd?

La-F. How, Sir?

Cle. Will you speak so kindly to Sir John Daw, that has done you such an affront?

F

La-F.

La-F. Wherein, gentlemen? Let me be a suitor to you to know, I beseech you!

Cle. Why Sir, his mistress is married to-day, to Sir Dauphin's uncle, your cousin's neighbour, and he has diverted all the ladies, and all your company thither, to frustrate your provision, and stick a disgrace upon you. He was here, now, to have enticed us away from you too: But we told him his own I think.

La-F. Has Sir John Daw wrong'd me so inhumanly?

Dau. He has done it, Sir Amorous, most maliciously and treacherously: but if you'll be rul'd by us, you shall quit him i'faith.

La-F. Good gentlemen! I'll make one, believe it. How, I pray?

Dau. Marry, Sir, get me your pheasants, and your godwits, and your best meat, and dish it in silver dishes of your cousin's presently, and say nothing, but clap me a clean towel about you, like a sewer; and bare-headed, march afore it with a good confidence ('tis but over the way, hard by,) and we'll second you, where you shall set it o' the board, and bid 'em welcome to't, which shall show 'tis yours, and disgrace his preparation utterly! And for your cousin, whereas she should be troubled here at home with making welcome, she shall transfer all that labour thither, be a principal guest herself, and be honour'd, and have her health drunk as often, and as loud as the best of 'em.

La-F. I'll go tell her presently. It shall be done, that's resolved. [Exit:

Cle. I thought he would not hear it out, but 'twould take him.

Dau. Well, there be guests, and meat now; how shall we do for musick?

Cle. The smell of the venison, going thro' the street, will invite one noise of fiddlers or other.

Dau.

Dau. I would it would call the trumpeters thither.

Cle. They have intelligence of all feasts. Twenty to one but he have 'em.

Dau. 'Twill be a most solemn day for my uncle, and an excellent fit of mirth for us.

Cle. Ay, if we can hold-up the emulation betwixt Foole and Daw, and never bring them to expostulate.

Dau. Tut, flatter 'em both, (as Truewit says) and you may take their understandings in a purfenet.

Cle. See! Sir Amorous has his towel on already. Have you persuaded your cousin?

Re-enter La-Foole.

La-F. Yes, 'tis very feasible: She'll do any thing, she says, rather than the La-Fooles shall be disgrac'd.

Dau. She is a noble kinswoman. It will be such a device, Sir Amorous! It will pound all your enemies practices to powder, and blow him up with his own mine, his own train.

La-F. Nay, we'll give fire, I warrant you.

Cle. But you must carry it privately, without any noise, and take no notice by any means.

Enter Otter.

Ott. Gentlemen, my princess says you shall have all her silver dishes, *festinate*: And she's gone to alter her tire a little, and go with you.

Cle. And yourself too, captain Otter.

Dau. By any means, Sir.

Ott. Yes, Sir, I do mean it: But I would entreat my cousin Sir Amorous, and you, gentlemen, to be suitors to my princess, that I may carry my bull and my bear, as well as my horse.

Cle. That you shall do, captain Otter.

La-F. My cousin will never consent, gentlemen.

Dau. She must consent, Sir Amorous, to reason.

La-F. Why, she says they are no *decorum* among ladies.

Ott. But they are *decora*, and that's better, Sir.

Dau. Where is your princess, captain? Pray, be our leader.

Ott. That I shall, Sir.

Cle. Make haste, good Sir Amorous. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes to the house of Morose.

Morose, Epicæne, and Cutberd.

Mor. The ceremony, thank Heaven, is over!— Might not the ring bind, without idle discourse? Give the priest an angel for himself, Cutberd, and a brace of angels for his cold. It is fit we should thank fortune, double to nature, for any benefit she confers upon us: Besides, it is his imperfection, but my solace. [*Exit Cutberd.*] How much happier am I than in old time, Pigmalion, possessing a statue, on whom Heaven hath already bestowed animation! Approach, thou living marble! thou rich vein of beauty, approach! Grieve not that thou art poor, and thy friends deceased, love! Thou hast brought a wealthy dowry in thy silence; and in respect of thy poverty, I shall have thee more loving and obedient.

Enter Truewit.

Tru. Where's master Morose?

Mor. Is he come again? Lord have mercy upon me!

Tru. Heaven save you, Sir, and give you all contentment in your fair choice, here! Before, I was the bird of night to you, the owl; but now, I am the messenger of peace, a dove, and bring you the glad wishes of many friends to the celebration of this good hour!

Mor.

Mor. What hour, Sir!

Tru. Your marriage-hour, Sir. I commend your resolution, that (notwithstanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the voice of a night-crow) would yet go on, and be yourself. It shews you are a man constant to your own ends, and upright to your purposes, that would not be put off with left-handed cries.

Mor. How should you arrive at the knowledge of so much?

Tru. Why did you ever hope, Sir, committing it to a priest, that less than the whole town should know it? The peal of bells shall fill the air with it; the drums shall reverberate the happy tidings; and at length the cannon shall bring you, like another Jove, in thunder to your Semele. There will be a troop of fashionable ladies from the college to visit you presently, and their train of minions and followers.

Mor. O, my torment, my torment!

Tru. Nay, if you endure the first half hour, Sir, so tediously, and with this irksomeness; what comfort, or hope, can this fair gentlewoman make to herself hereafter, in the consideration of so many years as are to come? Oh, here are the ladies!

Enter Daw, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, and Trusty.

Daw. This way, madam.

Mor. O, the sea breaks in upon me! Another flood! An inundation! I shall be overwhelm'd with noise. It beats already at my shores. I feel an earthquake in myself, for't.

Daw. Give you joy, fair lady! Give you joy, Mr. Morose! I have brought some ladies here to see and know you. My lady Haughty, this my lady Centaure, mistress Dol Mavis, mistress Trusty, my lady Haughty's woman.

Tru. Nay, Sir, you must kiss the ladies, you must

must not go away, now ; they come toward you to seek you out.

Hau. I'faith, Master Morose, would you steal a marriage thus, in the midst of so many friends, and not acquaint us ? Well, I'll kiss you, notwithstanding the justice of my quarrel : You shall give me leave, mistress, to use a becoming familiarity with your husband.

Hau. Is this the Silent Woman ?

Tru. A gentlewoman of very absolute behaviour, and of a good race.

Hau. We'll make her a collegiate.

Cen. Yes, faith, madam ; and Mavis and she will set up aside.

Tru. Believe it, madam, and mistress Mavis, she will sustain her part.

Mav. I'll tell you that, when I have talk'd with her, and try'd her.

Hau. Use her very civilly, Mavis.

Mav. So I will, madam.

Mor. Blessed minute ! That they would whisper thus ever !

Tru. In the mean time, madam, would but your ladyship help to vex him a little ! You know his disease, talk to him about the wedding ceremonies, or call for your gloves, or——

Hau. Let me alone. Centaure, help me. Master bridegroom, where are you ?

Mor. O, it was too miraculously good to last !

Hau. We see no ensigns of a wedding here ; no character of a bride-ale ; where be our scarves and our gloves ? I pray you, give 'em us. Let's know your bride's colours, and yours at least.

Cen. Alas, madam, he has provided none.

Mor. Had I known your ladyship's painter, I would.

Hau. He has given it you, Centaure, i'faith. But do you hear, Mr. Morose, a jest will not absolve you

you in this manner. You that have suck'd the milk of the court, been a courtier from the biggen to the night-cap (as we may say) and you to offend in such a high point of ceremony as this! And let your nuptials want all marks of solemnity! How much plate have you lost to-day (if you had but regarded your profit) what gifts, what friends, thro' your mere rusticity?

Mor. Madam——

Hau. Pardon me, Sir, I must insinuate your errors to you. No gloves? no garters? no scarves? no epithalamium? no masque?

Daw. Yes, madam, I'll make an epithalamium; I promised my mistress; I have begun it already: Will your ladyship hear it?

Hau. Ay, good Jack Daw.

Mor. Will it please your ladyship command a chamber, and be private with your friend? My whole house is yours.

Tru. Come, you are a rude bridegroom, to entertain ladies of honour in this fashion.

Cen. He is a rude groom indeed.

Tru. By that light you deserve to be grafted, and have your horns reach from one side of the island to the other. Do not mistake me, Sir; I but speak this to give the ladies some heart again, not for any malice to you.

Mor. Is this your bravo, ladies?

Tru. If you utter such another word, I'll take mistress bride in, and begin to you in a very sad cup, do you see? Go to, know your friends, and such as love you.

Enter Clerimont.

Cle. By your leave, ladies. Do you want any musick? I have brought you variety of noises. Play, Sirs, all of you. [Musick of sorts.

Mor.

Mor. O, a plot, a plot, a plot, a plot, upon me! This day I shall be their anvil to work on, they will grate me afunder. 'Tis worse than the noise of a saw.

Cle. No, they are hair, rosin, and cat-guts. I can give you the receipt.

Tru. Peace, boys.

Cle. Play, I say.

Tru. Peace, rascals. You see who's your friend now, Sir.

Enter La-foole, Mrs. Otter, and servants, with dishes.

Look you here, Sir, what honour is done you unexpected, by your nephew; a wedding-dinner come, and a knight-fewer before it, for the more reputation: and fine Mrs. Otter, your neighbour, in the tail of it.

Mor. Is that Gorgon, that Medusa come? Hide me, hide me.

Tru. I warrant you, Sir, she will not transform you. Look on her with a good courage! Pray you entertain her, and conduct your guests in. No? Madam Haughty, will you entreat in the ladies? The bridegroom is so shame-fac'd here.

Hau. Will it please your ladyship, madam?

Cen. With the benefit of your company, mistress.

Mrs. Ott. 'Tis my place.

Mav. You shall pardon me, Mistress Otter.

Tru. Captain Otter, what news?

Enter Otter.

Ott. I have brought my bull, bear, and horse, in private, and yonder are the trumpeters without, and the drum, gentlemen. [*The drum and trumpets sound.*]

Mor. Oh, Oh, Oh.

Ott. And we will have a rouse in each of them, anon, for bold Britons i'faith.

Mor.

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Mor. Oh, Oh, Oh!

All. Follow, follow, follow.

Exeunt.

Manent Morose and Epicæne.

Mor. Oh, torment and misery! my house is the tower of Babel! But I will take courage, put on a martyr's resolution, and mock down all their attemptings with patience. 'Tis but a day, and I will suffer heroically. Shall an ass exceed me in fortitude? no. Nor will I betray my infirmities with hanging dull ears, and make them insult; but bear up bravely and constantly. 'Tis but a day; and the remnant of my life shall be quiet and easy. I have wedded a lamb; no tempests shall henceforth disturb us, no sound annoy us, louder than thy still, small voice, my love, soft as the whispering of summer breezes, or sweet murmur of turtles. Wives are wild cats; but thou shalt be a tame domestic animal, with velvet feet entering my chamber, and, with the soft purring of delight and affection, inviting the hand of thy husband to stroke thee. Come, lady. [*Exeunt fondling.*

A C T IV.

Scene continues.

Enter Truewit, Clerimont.

Tru. WAS there ever poor bridegroom so tormented? or man indeed?

Cle. I have not read of the like in the chronicles of the land.

Tru. The laughter, dancing, noise of the
G musick,

musick, and of the whole family, almost distract him.

Cle. And how soberly Dauphine labours to satisfy him, that it was none of his plot!

Tru. And has almost brought him to the faith, i'the article. Here he comes.

Enter Dauphine.

Where is he now? What's become of him, Dauphine?

Dau. Oh, hold me up a little; I shall go away i'the jest else. He has got on his whole nest of night-caps, and lock'd himself up at the top o' the house, as high as ever he can climb from the noise. I peep'd in at a cranny, and saw him sitting over a cross beam o' the roof, like St. George o' horse-back, at the door of an ale-house; and he will sleep there.

Cle. But where are your collegiates?

Dau. Withdrawn with the bride.

Tru. Oh, they are instructing her in the college-grammar.

Cle. Methinks the Lady Haughty looks well to-day.

Tru. I begin to suspect you, Dauphine. Speak, art thou in love in earnest?

Dau. Yes, by my troth am I, with all the collegiates.

Cle. Out on thee. With all of them?

Tru. No; I like him well. Men should love wisely, and all the women. Thou would'st think it strange, if I should make 'em all in love with thee afore night!

Dau. I would say, thou hadst the best Philtre i' the world, and couldst do more than madam Medea.

Tru.

Tru. If I do not, let me play the mountebank, while I live, for my maintenance.

Dau. So be it, I say.

Enter Otter, Daw, and La-Foole.

Ott. O lord, gentlemen, how my knights and I have miss'd you here!

Cle. Why, captain, what service? what service?

Ott. To see me bring-up my bull, bear, and horse to fight.

Daw. Yes faith, the captain says we shall be his dogs to bait 'em.

Dau. A good employment.

Tru. Come on, let's see your course then.

La-F. I am afraid my cousin will be offended if she come.

Ott. Be afraid of nothing. Gentlemen, I have plac'd the drum and the trumpets, and one to give 'em the sign when you are ready. Here's my bull for myself, and my bear for Sir John Daw, and my horse for Sir Amorous. Now set your foot to mine, yours to his, and——

La-F. Pray Heaven, my cousin come not.

Ott. Saint George and Saint Andrew! fear no cousins. Come, sound, sound. *Et rauco strepuerunt cornua cantu.* [Trumpets.

Tru. Well said, Captain, i'faith; well fought at the bull!

Cle. Well held at the bear!

Tru. Low, low, captain.

Dau. Oh, the horse has kick'd-off his dog already.

La-F. I cannot drink it, as I am a knight. It goes against my conscience. My cousin will be angry with it.

Daw. I ha' done mine.

Tru. You fought high and fair, Sir John.

Cle. At the head.

Dau. Like an excellent bear-dog.

Ott. Sir Amorous, you must not equivocate. It must be pull'd-down, for all my cousin.

Cle. 'Sfoot, if you take not your drink, they'll think you are discontented with something; you'll betray all, if you take the least notice.

La-F. Not I, I'll both drink and talk then.

Ott. You must pull the horse on his knees, Sir Amorous; fear no cousins. *Facta est alea.*

Tru. Oh, now he's in his vein, and bold. The least hint given him of his wife, now, will make him rail desperately.

Cle. Speak to him of her.

Tru. Do you, and I'll fetch her to the hearing of it. *[Exit.*

Dau. Captain He-Otter, your She-Otter is coming, your wife.

Ott. Wife! Buz. *Titivilitium.* There's no such thing in nature. I confess, gentlemen, I have a cook, a laundress, a house-drudge, that serves me, and goes under that title: But he's an ass that will be so uxorious to tie his affections to one. Wife! the name dulls appetite. A wife is a scurvy *clogdogdo*, an unlucky thing, a very foresaid bear-whelp, without any good fashion or breeding; *mala bestia.*

[His wife is brought out to bear him by Truewit.

Dau. Why did you marry one then, captain?

Ott. I married with six thousand pound; I. I was in love with that. I have not kiss'd my fury these forty weeks.

Cle. The more to blame you, captain.

Tru. Nay, Mrs. Otter, hear him a little first.

Ott. She hath a breath worse than my grandmother's, *professò.*

Mrs. Ott. Oh, treacherous liar! Kiss me, sweet master Truewit, and prove him a slandering knave.

Tru. I'll rather believe you, lady.

Ott. And she has a peruke, that's like a pound of hemp, made up in shoe-threads.

Mrs. Ott.

Mrs. Ott. Oh, viper, mandrake!

Ott. A most vile face! and yet she spends me forty pound a year in washes for it, mercury, and hogs' bones. All her teeth were made i'the Black-Friers, both her eye-brows i' the Strand, and her hair in Silver-street. Every part o' the town owns a piece of her.

Mrs. Ott. I cannot hold.

Ott. She takes herself afunder still, when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great German clock; and so comes forth, and rings a tedious larum to the whole house, and then is quiet again for an hour, but for her quarters. Ha' you done me right, gentlemen?

Mrs. Ott. No, Sir, I'll do you right with my quarters, with my quarters.

[She falls upon him and beats him.]

Ott. Oh, hold, good princefs.

Tru. Sound, found.

[Trumpets.]

Cle. A battle, a battle.

Mrs. Ott. You notorious stinkardly bearward, does my breath smell?

Ott. Under correction, dear princefs. Look to my bear and my horse, gentlemen.

Mrs. Ott. Do I want teeth, and eye-brows, thou bull-dog?

Tru. Sound, found still.

[Trumpets.]

Ott. No, I protest, under correction——

Mrs. Ott. Ay, now you are under correction, you protest: But you did not protest before correction, Sir. Thou Judas, to offer to betray thy princefs! I'll make thee an example——

Morose, within.

Mor. Villains, murderers, fons of the earth, and traitors, what do you there?

Tru. Oh, now the noises have waked him, we shall have his company. *Enter*

Enter Morose, with a long sword.

Mor. Rogues, hell-hounds, Stentors, out of my doors, you sons of noise and tumult, begot on an ill May-day, or when the gally-foist is afloat to Westminster! A trumpeter could not be conceiv'd but then. Out, out I say? [*Exit, driving out trumpeters, Mrs. Ott. Daw and La-Foole.*]

Cle. Where's Daw and La-Foole?

Ott. They are both run away, Sir. Good gentlemen, help to pacify my princess, and speak to the great ladies for me. Now must I go lie with the bears this fortnight, and keep out o' the way, till my peace be made, for this scandal she has taken. Did not you see my bull-head, gentlemen?

Cle. Is't not on, captain?

Ott. Oh, here'tis. An' you come over, gentlemen, and ask for Tom Otter, we'll go down to Ratcliff, and have a course i'faith, for all these disasters.

Tru. Away, captain, get off while you are well.

Ott. There is *bona spes* left. [*Exit.*]

Cle. I am glad we are rid of him.

Tru. You had never been, unless we had putt his wife upon him. His humour is as tedious at last, as it was ridiculous at first.

Enter Haughty, Mrs. Otter, Mavis, Daw, La-Foole, Centaure, and Epicæne.

Hau. We wonder'd why you shriek'd so, Mrs. Otter.

Mrs. Ott. Oh, Heav'n, madam, he came down with a huge long naked weapon in both his hands, and look'd so dreadfully. Sure he's beside himself.

Mav. Why, what made you there, Mrs. Otter?

Mrs. Ott. Alas, Mrs. Mavis, I was chastising my subject, and thought nothing of him.

Daw. Faith, mistress, you must do so too. Learn to chastise. Mistress Otter corrects her husband

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husband so, he dares not speak, but under correction.

La-F. And with his hat off to her: 'Twould do you good to see.

Hau. In sadness, 'tis good and mature counsel; practise it, Morose. I'll call you Morose still now, as I call Centaure and Mavis; we four will be all one.

Cen. And you'll come to the college, and live with us?

Hau. Make him give milk and honey.

Mav. Look how you manage him at first, you shall have him ever after.

Cen. Let him allow you your coach and four horses, your woman, your chamber-maid, your page, your gentleman-usher, your French cook, and four grooms.

Hau. And go with us to Bedlam, to the China houses, and to the Exchange.

Cen. It will open the gate to your fame.

Hau. Here's Centaure has immortaliz'd herself, with taming of her wild male.

Mav. Ay, she has done the miracle of the kingdom.

Re-enter Morose.

Mor. [*Entering.*] They have rent my roof, walls, and all my windows, asunder, with their brazen throats.

Mrs. Ott. Ah! [*Shrieking.*]

Mor. I will have none of these discords in my house, lady Otter.

Hau. What ails you, Sir?

Mor. And the rest of the train too. Mrs. Mary Ambree, your examples are dangerous. Begone, I say!

Epi. Fie, master Morose, that you will use this violence to a gentlewoman!

Mer.

Mor. How! [*Dropping his sword.*]

Epi. It does not become your gravity or breeding (in court as you pretend) to have offer'd this outrage on a waterman, or any more boisterous creature, much less a lady.

Mor. You can speak then.

Epi. Yes, Sir.

Mor. Speak out, I mean.

Epi. To be sure, Sir: Why did you think you had married a statue? or a motion only? one of the French puppets, with the eyes turn'd with a wire? or some innocent out of the hospital, that would stand with her hands thus — and a plaise-mouth, and look upon you.

Mor. O immodesty! a manifest woman! a downright virago! What, Cutberd! Where's Cutberd?

Epi. Nay, never quarrel with Cutberd, Sir; it is too late now. I confess it doth 'bate somewhat of the modesty I had, when I wrote simply maid; but I hope to make it a stock still competent to the estate and dignity of your wife.

Mor. She can talk!

Epi. Yes indeed, Sir; did you ever know a woman that could not?

Mor. What, firrah! none of my knaves there? Where is this impostor, Cutberd?

Enter Servant. (*Makes signs.*)

Epi. Speak to him, fellow; speak to him. I'll have none of this forc'd unnatural dumbness in my house, in a family where I govern.

Mor. Govern! She is my regent already! I have married a Penthesilea, a Semiramis; sold my liberty to a distaff. But I'll be master still! — I'll void my house of this company, and bar-up my doors. Where are all my eaters, my mouths, now?

Enter

Enter Servants.

Void my house, and bar up my doors, you varlets!

Epi. He is a varlet that stirs to such an office! Let 'em stand open! Shall I have a barricado made against my friends, or be robbed of any pleasure they can give me by their honourable visitation?

Mor. Oh, Amazonian impudence!

Epi. Nay, in troth, in this, Sir, I speak but modestly, and am more reasonable than you. Are not these our nuptials? and is it not meet to give the day to pleasures, Sir? We'll have jollities of feasting, music, dancing, revels, and discourse: We'll have all, Sir, that may make the celebration of our marriage high and happy. In, in, and be jovial, ladies! In, I follow you.

[Exit, with ladies, Daw, and La-Foole.]

Manent Morose, Dauphine, Truewit.

Mor. Oh, my cursed angel, that instructed me to this fate!

Dau. Why, Sir?

Mor. That I should be seduc'd by so foolish a devil as a barber will make!

Dau. I would I had been worthy, Sir, to have partaken your counsel; you should never have trusted it to such a minister.

Mor. Would I could redeem it with the loss of an eye, nephew!

Dau. I hope there shall be no such need, Sir. Take patience, good uncle. This is but a day, and 'tis well worn too now.

Mor. Oh, 'twill be so for ever, nephew; I foresee it, for ever. Strife and tumult are the dowry that comes with a wife.

Tru. I told you so, Sir, and you would not believe me.

Mor. Alas, do not rub those wounds, master

H

Truewit,

Truewit, to blood again; 'twas my negligence,
Add not affliction to affliction. I have perceiv'd
the effect of it, too late, in madam Otter.

Re-enter Epicæne, &c.

Mor. My executioner here again! Oh, misery!

Epi. How do you, Sir?

Mor. Did you ever hear a more unnecessary question? As if she did not see! Why, I do as you see, emprefs, emprefs!

Epi. They say you are run mad, Sir.

Mor. Not for love, I assure you, of you; do you see?

Epi. Oh lord, gentlemen! lay hold on him, for Heaven's sake. What shall I do? Who's his physician (can you tell) that knows the state of his body best, that I might send for him? Good Sir, speak: I'll send for one of my doctors else.

Mor. What, to poison me, that I might die intestate, and leave you possess'd of all?

Epi. Lord, how idly he talks, and how his eyes sparkle! He looks green about the temples! Do you see what blue spots he has?

Cle. Ay, its melancholy.

Epi. Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake, counsel me!

Daw. The disease in Greek is called *Μανία*, in Latin, *Insania*.

Mor. Shall I have a lecture read upon me alive?

Epi. But what is this to the cure? We are sure enough of the disease.

Mor. Let me go!

Tru. Why, we'll entreat her to hold her peace, Sir.

Mor. Oh, no; labour not to stop her. She is like a conduit-pipe, that will gush out with more force when she opens again. Oh, oh!

Epi. Sure he would do well enough, if he could sleep.

Mor.

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Mor. No, I should do well enough, if you could sleep. Have I no friend, that will make her drunk, or give her a little *laudanum*, or *opium*?

Tru. Why, Sir, she talks ten times worse in her sleep.

Mor. How!

Cle. Do you know that, Sir? never ceases all night.

Tru. And snores like a pig.

Mor. Oh, redeem me, Fate; redeem me, Fate! For how many causes may a man be divorc'd, nephew?

Dau. I know not, truly, Sir.

Tru. Some divine must resolve you in that, Sir, or canon-lawyer.

Mor. I will not rest, I will not think of any other hope or comfort, till I know. So it would rid me of her, I wou'd do penance, in a belfry, with a ring of ten bells; in a cockpit; at the death of a stag; the Tower-Wharf; London-Bridge; Billingsgate, when the noises are at their height and loudest. Nay, I would sit-out a play, that were nothing but fights at sea, drums, trumpets, and target. [Exit with Dauphine.

Cle. Alas, poor man!

Tru. You'll make him mad indeed, ladies, if you pursue this.

Hau. No, we'll let him breathe now, a quarter of an hour or so.

Cle. By my faith, a large truce.

Hau. Is that his keeper, that is gone with him?

Daw. It is his nephew, madam.

La-F. Sir Dauphine Eugene.

Gen. He looks like a very pitiful knight.

Daw. As can be. This marriage has put him out of all.

La-F. He has not a penny in his purse, madam.

Daw. He is ready to cry all this day.

La-F. A very shark ; he fet me i' th' nick t'other night at Primero.

Tru. How these swabbers talk !

Cle. Ay, Otter's wine has swell'd their humours above a spring tide.

Hau. Good Morose, let's go in again !

Epi. I wait on you, madam.

[*Exeunt ladies, Daw, and La-Foole ;
Epicæne following is recalled by Tru.*]

Tru. Do you hear, lady bride ? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble wench, continue this discourse of Dauphine within ; but praise him exceedingly ; magnify him with all the height of affection thou canst ; (I have some purpose in't) and do but beat off these two rooks, Jack Daw and his fellow, with any discontent, and I'll honour thee for ever.

Epi. I warrant you ; you shall expect one of 'em presently. [Exit.

Cle. What a cast of Castriis are these, to hawk after ladies thus !

Tru. Ay, and strike at such an eagle as Dauphine.

Cle. He will be mad, when we tell him ! Here he comes.

Enter Dauphine.

Cle. Oh, Sir, you are welcome !

Tru. Where's thine uncle ?

Dau. Run out o' doors in's night-caps, to talk with a casuist about his divorce. It works admirably !

Tru. Thou would'st ha' said so, an' thou had'st been here ! the ladies have laugh'd at thee most comically, since thou went'st, Dauphine.

Cle. And ask'd, if thou wert thine uncle's keeper.

Tru. And the brace of baboons answer'd Yes, and said, thou wert a pitiful poor fellow, and hadst nothing but three suits of apparel, and some few benevolences that the lords gave thee to fool to 'em, and swagger.

Dau.

Dau. Let me not live, I'll beat 'em; I'll bind 'em both to grand madam's bed; and have 'em bated with monkies.

Tru. Thou shalt not need, they shall be beaten to thy hand, Dauphine. I have execution to serve upon 'em; trust my plea.

Dau. Ay, you have many poor. So you had one, to make all the wenches in the time.

Tru. Why, if I do not yet at a word, as near as 'tis, and that they do not every day invite thee, and be ready to search for thee, for the mortgage of my wit.

Cle. I'll be his witness; thou shalt have it, Dauphine: Thou shalt be his fool for ever, if thou dost not.

Tru. Agreed. Perhaps 'twill be the better rate. But I'll not forfeit my sureties. Thou shalt wreak revenge on these *wits* and *braveries* of the time, Dauphine, and even thereby become the idol, the reigning favourite of all the Collegiates. The device shall be mine, the pleasure thine own, and Daw and La-Foole shall make themselves to laughter for ever.

A C T V.

A gallery in the house of Windsor.

Truewit, Dauphine, Cleric.

Cle. IF you should fail now?

Tru. Oh, Sirs, I'll be answerable for the issue. I cannot fail. I know the height of the mention of their understandings too well: they'll believe themselves to be just such men as we make 'em, neither more nor less: They have not

H E R O I C Œ N E ; O R ,

not the use of their senses, but by tradition. 'Slight, man, I will have them as silent as signs, and their posts too, as I have done with them. Do you observe this gallery, or rather lobby indeed? Here are a couple of studies, at each end one: Here will I set such a tragi-comedy between the Guelpis and the Ghibellines, Daw and La-Foole:—which of them comes out first, will I seize on: (You two shall be the *chorus* behind the arras, and whip out between the acts and speak.) If I do not make them keep the peace for this remnant of the day, I nox of the year—I hear Daw coming: Hide, and do not laugh, for Heaven's sake.

[*Exeunt Dau. and Cler.*

Enter Sir John Daw.

I. What is the way into the garden, trow?

T. Oh, Jack Daw! I am glad I have met with you. In good faith, I must have this matter go no further between you: I must have it taken up.

D. What matter, Sir? between whom?

T. Come, you disguise it; Sir Amorous and you. If you love me, Jack, you shall make use of your philosophy now, for this once, and deliver me your sword. The bride has entreated me, I will see no blood shed at her bridal.

D. As I hope to finish Tacitus, I intend no murder.

T. Do you not wait for Sir Amorous?

D. Not I, by my knighthood.

T. And your scholarship too?

D. And my scholarship too.

T. Go to, then I return you your sword, and ask your mercy; but put it not up; for you will be assaulted. I understood that you had apprehended it, and walk'd here to brave him; and that
you

you had held your life contemptible, in regard of your honour.

Daw. No, no; no such thing, I assure you, He and I parted now, as good friends as could be.

Tru. Trust not you to that visor. I saw him since dinner with another face: I have known many men, in my time vex'd with losses, with deaths, and with abuses; but so offended a wight as Sir Amorous, did I never see or read of. For taking away his guests, Sir, to-day, that's the cause; and he declares it behind your back, with such threatenings and contempts.—He said to Dauphine, you were the arrant'st ass——

Daw. Ay, he may say his pleasure.

Tru. And swears you are so protested a coward, that he knows you will never do him any manly or single right; and therefore he will take his course.

Daw. I'll give him any satisfaction, Sir—but fighting.

Tru. Ay, Sir; but who knows what satisfaction he'll take: Blood he thirsts for, and blood he will have; and whereabouts on you he will have it, who knows, but himself?

Daw. I pray you, Master Truewit, be you mediator.

Tru. Well, Sir, conceal yourself then in this study till I return. [*He puts him up.*] Nay, you must be content to be lock'd in; for, for mine own reputation, I would not have you seen to receive a publick disgrace, while I have the matter in managing. Gods so, here he comes; keep your breath close, that he do not hear you sigh. In good faith, Sir Amorous, he is not this way; I pray you be merciful, do not murder him: You are arm'd as if you sought a revenge on all his race. Good Dauphine, get him away from this place.

I never

I never knew a man's choler so high, but he would speak to his friends, he would hear reason. Jack Daw, Jack! asleep?

Daw. [*Coming forth*] Is he gone, master Truewit?

Tru. Ay; did you hear him?

Daw. Oh, dear, yes.

Tru. What a quick ear fear has?

Daw. But is he so arm'd, as you say?

Tru. Arm'd? did you ever see a fellow set out to take possession?

Daw. Ay, Sir.

Tru. That may give you some light to conceive of him; but 'tis nothing to the principal. He has not somebody's old two-hand sword, to mow you off at the knees: And that sword has spawn'd such a dagger!—But then he is so hung with pikes, halberds, peitronels, callivers, and muskets, that he looks like a justice of peace's hall: A man of two thousand a year is not sels'd at so many weapons as he has on. You would think he meant to murder all St. Pulchre's parish. He is sufficiently arm'd to over-run a country.

Daw. Good lord! what means he, Sir? I pray you, master Truewit, be you a mediator.

Tru. Well, I'll try if he will be pleas'd with a leg or an arm; if not, you must die once.

Daw. I would be loth to lose my right arm, for writing madrigals.

Tru. Why, if he will be satisfied with a thumb, or a little finger, all's one to me. You must think, I'll do my best.

Daw. Good Sir, do. [*Goes into the closet again.*]

Re-enter Dauphine and Clerimont.

Cle. What hast thou done?

Tru. He will let me do nothing, man; he does all afore me; he offers his left arm.

Daw. Take it, by all means.

Tru.

Tru. How! maim a man for ever, for a jest? What a conscience hast thou?

Dau. 'Tis no loss to him; he has no employment for his arms, but to eat spoon-meat. Beside, as good maim his body, as his reputation.

Tru. He is a scholar, and a wit, and yet he does not think so. But he loses no reputation with us; for, we all resolv'd him an ass before. To your places again.

Dau. Come away, Clerimont.

[Retires with Clerimont.]

Enter La-Foole.

Tru. Sir Amorous!

La-F. Master Truewit.

Tru. Whither were you going?

La-F. Down into the court.

Tru. By no means, Sir.

La-F. Why, Sir?

Tru. Enter here, if you love your life.

La-F. Why? why?

Tru. Question till your throat be cut, do: Dally till the enraged foul find you.

La-F. Who's that?

Tru. Daw it is: Will you in?

La-F. Ay, ay, I'll in: What's the matter?

Tru. Nay, if he had been cool enough to tell us that, there had been some hope to atone you; but he seems so implacably enrag'd.

La-F. 'Slight, let him rage: I'll hide myself.

Tru. Do, good Sir; but what have you done to him within, that should provoke him thus? You have broke some jest upon him afore the ladies——

La-F. Not I, never in my life, broke jest upon any man. The bride was praising Sir Dauphine, and he went away in snuff, and I followed him; unless he took offence at me in his drink e're-while, that I would not pledge all the horse-full.

I

Tru.

Tru. By my faith, and that may be; you remember well: But he walks the round up and down, thro' every room o' the house, with a towel in his hand, crying, Where's La-Foole? Who saw La-Foole? And, when Dauphine and I demanded the cause, we can force no answer from him, but (Oh, revenge, how sweet art thou! I will strangle him in this towel) which leads us to conjecture, that the main cause of his fury is, for bringing your meat to-day, with a towel about you, to his discredit.

La-F. Like enough. Why, an he be angry for that, I'll stay here till his anger be blown over.

Tru. A good becoming resolution, Sir; if you can put it on o' the sudden.

La-F. Yes, I can put it on: Or, I'll away into the country presently.

Tru. How will you go out of the house, Sir? He knows you are i' the house, and he'll watch you this se'nnight, but he'll have you: He'll out-wait a-serjeant for you.

La-F. Why, then I'll stay here.

Tru. You must think how to victual yourself in time then.

La-F. Why, sweet master Truewit, will you entreat my cousin Otter to send me a cold venison pasty, a bottle or two of wine, and a pallat to lie-on?

Tru. Oh, I would not advise you to sleep, by any means.

La-F. Would not you, Sir? why, then I will not.

Tru. Yet there's another fear.

La-F. Is there, Sir? What is't?

Tru. No, he cannot break-open this door with his foot sure.

La-F. I'll set my back against it, Sir. I have a good back.

Tru. But then if he should batter.

La-F.

La-F. Batter! If he dare, I'll have an action of battery against him.

Tru. Cast you the worst. He has sent for powder already, and what he will do with it, no man knows: perhaps blow up the corner o' the house where he suspects you are. Think upon some satisfaction, or terms, to offer him.

La-F. Sir, I'll give him any satisfaction: I dare give any terms.

Tru. You'll leave it to me, then?

La-F. Ay, Sir: I'll stand to any conditions.

[*Goes into the closet.*]

Tru. How now, what think you, Sirs? [*He calls forth Clerimont and Dauphine.*] Wer't not a difficult thing to determine, which of these two fear'd most?

Cle. Yes, but this fears the bravest: The other, a whindling dastard, Jack Daw! But La-Foole, a brave heroick coward! and is afraid in a great look, and a stout accent. I like him rarely.

Tru. Had it not been pity these two should have been conceal'd?

Cle. Shall I go fetch the ladies to the catastrophe?

Tru. Umph? Ay, by my troth. Do, Clerimont, fetch 'em, and discourse to 'em all that's pass'd, and bring 'em into the gallery here.

Dau. This is thy extreme vanity now: thou think'st thou wert undone, if every jest thou mak'st were not publish'd.

Tru. Thou shalt see how unjust thou art presently. Clerimont, say it was Dauphine's plot. Trust me not, if the whole drift be not for thy good. [*Exit Clerimont.*] There's a scarf i' the next room, put it on, and be ready when I call Amorous. Away! John Daw!

Daw, peeping out of the closet.

Daw. What good news, Sir?

Tru. Faith, I have follow'd, and argued with him hard for you. I told him you were a knight,

and a scholar, and that you knew fortitude did consist *magis patiendo quàm faciendo, magis ferendo quàm feriendo.*

Daw. It doth so indeed, Sir.

Tru. And that you would suffer, I told him: So at first he demanded, by my troth, in my conceit, too much.

Daw. What was it, Sir?

Tru. Your upper lip, and six o' your fore-teeth.

Daw. 'Twas unreasonable.

Tru. Nay, I told him plainly, you could not spare 'em all. So after long argument, (*pro & con,* as you know) I brought him down to your two butter-teeth, and them he would have.

Daw. Oh, did you so? Why, he shall have 'em.

Tru. But he shall not, Sir, by your leave. The conclusion is this, Sir: Because you shall be very good friends hereafter, and this never to be remember'd or upbraided; besides, that he may not boast he has done any such thing to you in his own person, he is to come here in disguise, give you five kicks in private, Sir, take your sword from you, and lock you up in that study during pleasure: Which will be but a little while; we'll get it releas'd presently.

Daw. Five kicks? He shall have six, Sir, to be friends.

Tru. Believe me, you shall not over-shoot yourself, to fend him that word by me.

Daw. Deliver it, Sir; he shall have them with all my heart, to be friends.

Tru. Friends? Nay, an he should not be so, and heartily too, upon these terms, he shall have me to enemy while I live. Come, Sir, bear it bravely!

Daw. Oh, Sir, 'tis nothing.

Tru. True. What's six kicks to a man that reads Seneca?

Daw.

Daw. I have had a hundred, Sir.

Ladies enter here, brought by Clerimont, and listen.

Tru. Sir Amorous! No speaking one to another, or rehearsing old matters,

[*Dauphine comes forth and kicks him.*]

Daw. One, two, three, four, five. I protest, Sir Amorous, you shall have six.

Tru. Nay, I told you, you should not talk. Come, give him six, and he will needs. Your sword. Now return to your safe custody; you shall presently meet afore the ladies, and be the dearest friends one to another. [*Exit Daw.*] Give me the scarf now, thou shalt beat the other bare-fac'd. Stand by. Sir Amorous!

Re-enter Sir Amorous.

La-F. What's here? A sword?

Tru. I cannot help it, without I should take the quarrel upon myself. Here he has sent you his sword——

La-F. I'll receive none on't.

Tru. And he wills you to fasten it against a wall, and break your head in some few several places against the hilts.

La-F. I will not, tell him roundly. I cannot endure to shed my own blood.

Tru. Will you not?

La-F. No. I'll beat it against a fair flat wall, if that will satisfy him: If not, he shall beat it himself for Amorous.

Tru. Why, this is strange starting off, when a man undertakes for you! I offer'd him another condition; will you stand to that?

La-F. Ay, what is't?

Tru. That you will be beaten in private.

La-F. Yes, I am content, at the blunt.

Tru. Then you must submit yourself to be hood-wink'd

wink'd in this scarf, and be led to him; where he will take your sword from you, and make you bear a blow over the mouth, and tweaks by the nose out of number.

La-F. I am content. But why must I be blinded?

Tru. That's for your good, Sir; because, if he should grow insolent upon this, and publish it hereafter to your disgrace (which I hope he will not do) you might swear safely, and protest, he never beat you, to your knowledge.

La-F. Oh, I conceive.

Tru. I do not doubt but you'll be perfect good friends upon't, and not dare to utter an ill thought one of another in future.

La-F. Not I, as Heaven help me, of him.

Tru. Nor he of you, Sir. If he should—
Come, Sir. All hid; Sir John!

[*Dauphine enters to tweak him.*]

La-F. Oh, Sir John, Sir John. Oh, o-o-o-o-o-o-
Oh—

Tru. Good Sir John, leave tweaking, you'll blow his nose off. 'Tis Sir John's pleasure, you should retire into the study. Why, now you are friends. All bitterness between you, I hope, is buried; you shall come forth, by and by, Damon and Pythias upon't, and embrace with all the rankness of friendship that can be. [*Exit La-Foole.*] I trust, we shall have 'em tamer i' their language hereafter. Dauphine, I worship thee. Heaven's will, the ladies have surpriz'd us.

Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. Otter, Epicæne, Trusty, come forward, having discovered part of the past scene.

Hau. Centaure, how our judgments were impos'd on by these adulterate knights!

Gen. Nay, madam, Mavis was more deceiv'd than we; 'twas her commendation utter'd 'em in the college.

Mav.

Mav. I commended but their wits, madam, and their braveries. I never look'd towards their valours.

Hau. Sir Dauphine is valiant, and a wit too, it seems.

Mav. And a bravery too.

Hau. Was this his project?

Mrs. Ott. So master Clerimont intimates, madam.

Mav. He is a very worthy gentleman.

Cen. I could love a man for such a nose!

Mav. Or such a leg!

Cen. He has an excellent good eye, madam.

Mav. And a very good look!

Tru. See how they eye thee, man! They are taken, I warrant thee.

Hau. You have unbrac'd our brace of knights here, master Truewit.

Tru. Not I, madam; it was Sir Dauphine's engine.

Hau. I am glad of the fortune (beside the discovery of two such empty caskets) to gain the knowledge of so rich a mine of virtue as Sir Dauphine.

Cen. We would be all glad to stile him of our friendship, and see him at the college.

Mav. He cannot mix with a sweeter society, I'll prophesy; and I hope he himself will think so.

Dau. I should be rude to imagine otherwise, lady.

Tru. Did not I tell thee, Dauphine? But pursue it now thou hast 'em.

Hau. Shall we go in again, Morose?

Epi. Yes, madam.

Cen. We'll entreat Sir Dauphine's company.

Tru. Stay, good madam, the interview of the two friends, Pylades and Orestes: I'll fetch 'em out to you straight.

Hau. Will you, master Truewit?

Dau.

Dau. Ay; but, noble ladies, do not confefs in your countenance, or outward bearing to 'em, any difcovery of their follies, that we may fee how they will bear up again.

Hau. We will not, Sir Dauphine.

Cent. Mau. Upon our honours, Sir Dauphine!

Tru. Sir Amorous, Sir Amorous. The ladies are here.

La-F. Are they?

Tru. Yes; but flip out by and by, as their backs are turn'd, and meet Sir John here, as by chance, when I call you. Jack Daw!

Daw. [*Peeping.*] What fay you, Sir?

Tru. Whip out behind me fuddenly, and no anger i' your looks to your adverfary: Now, now!

Enter, at oppofite doors, Daw and La-Foole.

La-F. Noble Sir John Daw! Where ha' you been?

Daw. To feek you, Sir Amorous.

La-F. Me! I honour you.

Daw. I prevent you, Sir.

Cle. They have forgot their rapiers.

Tru. Oh, they meet in peace, man.

Dau. Where's your fword, Sir John?

Cle. And your's, Sir Amorous?

Daw. Mine! my boy had it forth, to mend the handle, e'en now.

La-F. And my gold handle was broke too, and my boy had it forth.

Dau. Indeed, Sir? How their excufes meet.

Cle. What a confent there is i' the handles?

Tru. Nay, there is fo i' the points too, I warrant you.

Mrs. Ott. Oh, me! madam, he comes again, the madman! Away.

[Exeunt Ladies, Daw, and La-Foole.]

Enters

Enters Morose, with two swords.

Mor. What make these naked weapons here, Gentlemen?

Tru. Oh, Sir, here hath like to have been murder since you went! A couple of knights fallen-out about the bride's favours: We were fain to take away their weapons.

Mor. For her favours?

Tru. Ay, Sir, heretofore, not present. Clerimont, carry 'em their swords now. They have done all the hurt they will do. [*Exit Clerimont.*]

Dau. Have you spoke with a lawyer, Sir?

Mor. Oh, no! there is such a noise i' the court, that they have frightened me home with more violence than I went! Such speaking, and counter-speaking, with their several voices of citations, appellations, allegations, certificates, attachments, interrogatories, references, convictions, and afflictions indeed, among the doctors and proctors, that the noise here is silence to't! a kind of calm midnight!

Tru. Why, Sir, if you would be resolv'd indeed, I can bring you hither a very sufficient lawyer, and a learned divine, that shall inquire into every least scruple for you.

Mor. Can you, master Truewit?

Tru. Yes, and are very sober grave persons, that will dispatch in a chamber, with a whisper or two.

Mor. Good Sir, shall I hope this benefit from you, and trust myself into your hands?

Tru. Alas, Sir! your nephew and I have been asham'd, and oft-times mad, since you went, to think how you are abus'd. Go in, good Sir, and lock yourself up till we call you; we'll tell you more anon, Sir.

Mor. Do your pleasure with me, gentlemen; do but divorce me from my wife, and I am bound to you for ever. [*Exit.*]

K

Dau.

Dau. What wilt thou do now, Wit?

Tru. Recover me hither Otter and the barber, if you can, by any means, presently.

Dau. Why? to what purpose?

Tru. Oh, I'll make the deepest divine, and gravest lawyer, out o' them two, for him.

Dau. Thou canst not, man; these are waking dreams.

Tru. Do not fear me. Clap^d but a civil gown with the welt o' the one, and a canonical cloke with sleeves o' the other, and give 'em a few terms in their mouths, if there come not forth as able a doctor, and compleat a parson, for this turn, as may be wish'd, trust not my election: The barber smatters Latin, I remember.

Dau. Yes, and Otter too.

Tru. Well then, if I make 'em not wrangle out this case, to his no comfort, lett me be thought a Jack Daw, or La-Foole, or any thing worie. Go you to your ladies; but first send for them.

Dau. I will; and you shall have Otter in a trice, and the barber in the snapping of his fingers. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Another apartment. Table, chairs, &c.

La-Foole, Clerimont, Daw.

La-F. Where had you our swords, master Clerimont?

Cle. Why, Dauphine took 'em from the madman.

La-F. And he took 'em from our boys, I warrant you.

Cle. Very like, Sir.

La-F. Thank you, good master Clerimont. Sir John Daw and I are both beholden to you.

Cle. Would I knew how to make you so, Gentlemen!

Daw.

Daw. Sir Amorous and I are your servants, Sir.

Cle. Faith, now we are in private, let's wanton it a little, and talk waggishly. Sir John, I am telling Sir Amorous here that you two govern the ladies where'er you come.

Daw. Not I: Sir Amorous does.

La-F. I protest, Sir John does.

Cle. Well, agree on't together, knights; for, between you, you divide the ladies' affections: I see it. You could tell strange stories, my masters, if you would, I know.

Daw. Faith, we have seen somewhat, Sir.

La-F. That we have——Velvet petticoats, and clock'd stockings, or so.

Daw. Ay, and——

Cle. Nay, out with it, Sir John.

Daw. Why—a—do you speak, Sir Amorous.

La-F. No, do you, Sir John Daw.

Daw. I'faith, you shall.

La-F. I'faith, you shall.

Daw. Why, we have been——

La-F. In the great bed at Ware together in our time. On, Sir John.

Cle. Do you hear, Sir John? You shall tell me but one thing truly, as you love me.

Daw. If I can, I will, Sir.

Cle. You lodged in the same house with the bride here?

Daw. Yes, and convers'd with her hourly, Sir.

Cle. And what humour is she of? Is she coming and open, free?

Daw. Oh, exceeding open, Sir. I was her servant, and Sir Amorous was to be.

Cle. Come, you have both had favours from her: I know; and have heard so much.

Daw. Oh, no, Sir.

La-F. You shall excuse us, Sir; we must not wound reputation.

Cle. Tut, she is married now; and therefore speak plainly: Which of you led first? Ha?

La-F. Sir John, indeed.

Daw. Oh, it pleases him to say so, Sir; but Sir Amorous knows as well.

Cle. Dost thou, i'faith, Amorous?

La-F. In a manner, Sir.

Cle. Why, I commend you, lads. Little knows Don Bridegroom of this; nor shall he, for me.

Daw. Hang him, mad ox.

Cle. Speak softly; here comes his nephew. He'll get the ladies from you, Sirs, if you look not to him in time.

La-F. Why, if he do, we'll fetch 'em home again, I warrant you. [*Exeunt Daw and La-Foole.*]

Enter Dauphine.

Cle. Where's Truewit, Dauphine? We want him much. His knights are wound up as high and insolent as ever they were.

Dau. You jest.

Cle. No drunkards, either with wine or vanity, ever confess'd such stories of themselves. I would not give a fly's leg in balance against all the womens' reputations here, if they could be but thought to speak truth: And for the bride, they have made their affidavit against her directly.

Dau. Indeed!

Cle. Yes; and telltimes, and circumstances.

Dau. Not both of 'em?

Cle. Yes, faith; they would have set it down under their hands.

Dau. Why, they will be our sport, I see, still, whether we will or no.

Enter Truewit, with Otter and Cutberd disguised.

Tru. Oh, are you here? Come, Dauphine; go call your uncle presently: I have fitted my divine
and

and my canonist, dyed their beards and all. Come, master doctor, and master parson, look to your parts now, and discharge 'em bravely; you are well set forth, perform it as well. If you chance to be out, do not confess it with standing still, or humming, or gaping one at another; but go on, and talk aloud, and eagerly; use vehement action, and only remember your terms, and you are safe. Here he comes: Set your faces, and look superciliously, while I present you.

Enter Morose and Dauphine.

Mor. Are these the two learned men?

Tru. Yes, Sir; please you salute 'em!

Mor. Salute 'em? I had rather do any thing, than wear out time so unfruitfully, Sir.

Tru. We'll go to the matter then. [*Sit at the table.*] Gentlemen, master doctor, and master parson, I have acquainted you sufficiently with the business for which you are come hither; and you are not now to inform yourselves in the state of the question, I know. This is the gentleman who expects your resolution, and therefore, when you please, begin.

Ott. Please you, master doctor.

Cut. Please you, good master parson.

Ott. I would hear the canon-law speak first.

Cut. It must give place to positive divinity, Sir.

Mor. Nay, good gentlemen, do not throw me into circumstances. Lett your comforts arrive quickly at me, those that are. Be swift in affording me my peace, if so I shall hope any. For the cause of noise, am I now a suitor to you. You do not know in what a misery I have been exercis'd this day, what a torrent of evil! My very house turns round with the tumult! I dwell in a wind-mill! The perpetual motion is here.

Tru. Well, good master doctor, will you break the ice? Master parson will wade after.

Cut.

Cut. Sir, tho' unworthy, and the weaker, I will presume.

Ott. 'Tis no presumption, *domine* doctor.

Mor. Yet again!

Cut. Your question is, for how many causes a man may have *divortium legitimum*, a lawful divorce. First, you must understand the nature of the word divorce, *a divertendo*.

Mor. No excursions upon words, good doctor; to the question briefly.

Cut. I answer then, the canon-law affords divorce but in few cases; and the principal is in the common case, the adulterous case: But there are *duodecim impedimenta*, twelve impediments, (as we call 'em) all which do not *dirimere contractum*, but *irritum reddere matrimonium*, as we say in the canon-law; *not take away the bond, but cause a nullity therein*.

Mor. I understood you before: Good Sir, avoid your impertinency of translation.

Ott. He cannot open this too much, Sir, by your favour.

Mor. Yet more!

Tru. Oh, you must give the learned men leave, Sir. To your impediments, master doctor.

Cut. The first is *impedimentum erroris*.

Ott. Of which there are several *species*.

Cut. Ay, as *error personæ*.

Ott. If thou contract yourself to one person, thinking her another.

Cut. Then *error fortunæ*.

Ott. If she be a beggar, and you thought her rich.

Cut. Then *error qualitatis*.

Ott. If she prove stubborn or head-strong, that you thought obedient.

Mor. How? Is that, Sir, a lawful impediment? One at once, I pray you, gentlemen.

Ott.

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Ott. Ay, *ante copulam*, but not *post copulam*, Sir.

Tru. Alas, Sir, what a hope are we fall'n from!

Cut. The next is *conditio*: The third is *votum*: The fourth is *cognatio*; if the persons be of kin within the degrees.

Ott. Ay, do you know what the degrees are, Sir?

Mor. No, nor I care not, Sir; they offer me no comfort in the question, I am sure.

Cut. But there is a branch of this impediment may, which is *cognatio spiritualis*: If you were her god-father, Sir, then the marriage is incestuous.

Mor. Oh, me! To end the controversy, I never was a god-father, I never was a god-father in my life, Sir. Pass to the next.

Cut. The fifth is *crimen adulterii*; the known case. The sixth *cultus disparitas*, difference of religion: Have you ever examin'd her, what religion she is of?

Mor. No, I would rather she were of none, than be put to the trouble of it.

Cut. The seventh is, *viz.* if it were upon compulsion or force.

Mor. Oh, no, it was too voluntary, mine, too voluntary!

Cut. The eighth is, *ordo*; if ever she have taken holy orders.

Ott. That's superstitious, absurd, absurd, and merely apostatical.

Cut. You shall pardon me, master parson; I can prove that—

Ott. You can prove a will, master doctor; you can prove nothing else. Does not your own canon say, *Hæc socianda vetant connubia, facta retractant?*

Cut. I grant you; but how do they *retractare*, master parson?

Mor. Oh, this was it I fear'd. Peace, good echoes! Oh, mine ears, mine ears!

Tru.

Tru. Nay, good Sir, attend the learned men. They have near done. Proceed to the next, Sirs!

Cut. The ninth is, *ligamen*.

Ott. If you were bound to any other before, Sir.

Mor. No, no, I thrust myself too soon into these fetters.

Cut. The tenth is, *publica honestas*.

Ott. Ay, and is but *leve impedimentum*.

Cut. The eleventh is, *affinitas ex fornicatione*.

Ott. Which is no less *vera affinitas* than the other, master doctor.

Cut. True, *quæ oritur ex legitimo matrimonio*.

Ott. You say right, venerable doctor: And, *nascitur ex eo*——

Cut. I conceive you, master parson: *Ita æque est verus pater*——

Ott. *Et vere filius qui sic generatur*.

Mor. What's all this to me?

Cut. The twelfth and last is, *si forte*——

Enter Epicæne, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. Otter, Daw, La-Foole.

Epi. I will not endure it any longer! Ladies, I beseech you help me! This is such a wrong as never was offer'd to poor bride before! Upon her marriage-day to have her husband conspire against her, and a couple of mercenary companions to be brought in for form's sake, to persuade a separation! If you had blood or virtue in you, gentlemen, you would not suffer such earwigs about a husband, or scorpions to creep between man and wife!

Mor. Oh, the variety and the changes of my torment!

Hau. Let 'em be cudgell'd out of doors by our grooms.

Cent. I'll lend you my footman.

Mav. We'll have our men blanket them i' the hall.

Daw.

Daw. Content, i'faith.

Tru. Stay, ladies and gentlemen; you'll hear before you proceed?

Mav. I'll have the bridegroom blanketed too.

Cen. Begin with him first!

Hau. Yes, by my troth.

Mor. Oh, mankind generation!

Dau. Ladies, for my sake forbear.

Hau. Yes, for Sir Dauphine's sake.

Cen. He shall command us.

Dau. Come, I see now plain confederacy to abuse a gentleman. You study his affliction. Sir, will it please you hear me?

Mor. Oh, do not talk to me; take not from me the pleasure of dying in silence, nephew.

Dau. Sir, I must speak to you. If I free you of this unhappy match absolutely, and instantly, after all this trouble, and almost in your despair, now——

Mor. (It cannot be.)

Dau. Sir, that you be never troubled with a murmur of it more, shall I have your favour perfect to me, and love hereafter?

Mor. That and any thing beside. Make thine own conditions.

Epi. Will Sir Dauphine be mine enemy too?

Dau. You know I have been long a suitor to you, uncle, that out of your estate, which is fifteen hundred a year, you would allow me but five hundred during life, and assure the rest upon me after; to which I have often, by myself and my friends, tender'd you a writing to sign, which you would never consent or incline to. If you please b effect it now——

Mor. shalt have it, nephew: I will do it, and more.

Dau. If I quit you not presently, and for ever of this trouble, you shall have power instantly, afore

all these, to revoke your act, and I will become whose slave you will give me to, for ever.

Mor. Where is the writing? I will seal to it, that, or to a blank, and write thine own conditions.

Epi. Oh, me! most unfortunate wretched gentlewoman.

Hau. Will Sir Dauphine do this?

Epi. Good Sir, have some compassion on me.

Mor. Oh, my nephew knows you belike; away, crocodile!

Gen. He does it not, sure, without good ground!

Dau. Here, Sir.

Mor. Come, nephew, give me the pen; I will subscribe to any thing, and seal to what thou wilt, for my deliverance. Thou art my restorer. Here I deliver it thee as my deed. If there be a word in it lacking, or writ with false orthography, I protest before—I will not take the advantage.

Dau. Then here is your release, Sir! [*Epicæne throws off female apparel, and appears in boy's cloaths.*] you have married a boy.

Mor. A boy!

Dau. Yes, mistress Epicæne, a gentleman's son, that I have brought up this half year, at my great charges, and for this composition, which I have now made with you. What say you, master doctor? This is *justum impedimentum*, I hope; *error personæ*.

Ott. Yes, Sir, *in primo gradu*.

Cut. *In primo gradu*.

Dau. I thank you, good doctor Cutberd, and parson Otter. [*They throw-off their disguise.*] You are beholden to 'em, Sir, that have taken this pains for you; and my friend, master Truewit, who enabled 'em for the business. Now you may rest; be as private as you will, Sir. Cutberd, I'll make your lease good. Thank me not, but with your leg, Cutberd. And Tom Otter, your princess shall
be

be reconcil'd to you. How now, gentlemen! do you look at me?

Tru. Well, Dauphine, you have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland, by concealing this part of the plot: But much good do it thee, thou deserv'st it, lad! And Clerimont, for thy unexpected bringing these two to confession, wear my part of it freely.

Epi. Now, Sir Daw, and Sir La-Foole, you see *the gentlewoman* that has done you the favours!

Tru. We are all thankful to you, and so should the woman-kind here; but that we have stuck it upon you to-day, in your own imagin'd persons, and so lately, this Amazon, the champion of the sex, should beat you now thriftily, for the common slanders which ladies receive from such cuckows as you are. You are they, that, when no merit of fortune can make you hope to possess their persons, make their fame suffer.

Go, travel to make legs and faces, and come home with some new matter to be laugh'd at! Madams, you are mute, upon this new metamorphosis! But here stands she that has vindicated your fames. Take heed of such insects hereafter. And let it not

you have discover'd any mysteries
gentleman: We'll all undertake for
that can speak so well of his silence.

actators, if you like this Comedy, rise
ally, and clap your hands. Those sounds
will please me; nay, cure me of my aversion to
no fe.

T H E E N D.



