Mor. Away, away with him! stop his mouth! away! I forgive it.——

[*Exit* Cut. *thrusting out the* Par.

Epi. Fie, Master Morose, that you will use this violence to a man of the church.

Mor. How!

Epi. It does not become your gravity or breeding, as you pretend, in court, to have offered this outrage on a waterman, or any more boisterous creature, much less on a man of his civil coat.

Mor. You can speak then!

Epi. Yes, sir.

Mor. Speak out, I mean.

Epi. Ay, sir. Why, did you think you had married a statue, or a motion only? one of the French puppets, with the eyes turned with a wire? or some innocent out of the hospital,[1] that would stand with her hands thus, and a plaise mouth,[2] and look upon you?

Mor. O immodesty! a manifest woman! What, Cutbeard!

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

Mor. She can talk!

Epi. Yes, indeed, sir.

Enter Mute.

Mor. What, sirrah! None of my knaves there? where is this impostor Cutbeard?

[Mute *makes signs.*

Epi. Speak to him, fellow, speak to him! I'll have none of this coacted, unnatural dumbness in my house, in a family where I govern. [*Exit* Mute.

Mor. She is my regent already! I have married a Penthesilea, a Semiramis; sold my liberty to a distaff.

Enter Truewit.

True. Where's Master Morose?

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

True. I wish you all joy, Mistress Epicœne, with your grave and honourable match.

Epi. I return you the thanks, Master Truewit, so friendly a wish deserves.

Mor. She has acquaintance too!

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

Mor. What hour, sir?

True. Your marriage hour, sir. I commend your resolution, that, notwithstanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the voice of a night-crow, would yet go on, and be yourself. It shews you are a man constant to your own ends, and upright to your purposes, that would not be put off with left-handed cries.[3]

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

---

[1] *Or some* innocent *out of the hospital,*] i.e., some natural fool. In the margin of Whalley's copy I find this extract from the register of some parish church, probably his own: "Thomas Sole, an *innocent*, about the age of fifty years and upward, buried 19th September, 1605." Enough has now been said of this very common expression.

[2] *A plaise mouth,*] A mouth drawn all on one side.—Whal.

So in a satire by T. Lodge, reprinted in Beloe's *Anecdotes*, vol. ii. p. 115:

"This makes Amphidius welcome to good cheer,
And spend his master fortie pounds a yeere,
And keep his *pleise-mouthed* wife in welts and gardes."

"Plaise-mouthed, I presume," the editor says, "means *foul-mouthed*, or rather, perhaps, with a mouth as *large* as that of the plaise." But the plaise has a small mouth: and plaise-mouthed is used by our old writers for primness, affected prudery, or contempt. Thus Decker: "I should have made a *wry mouth* at the world like a playse."—*Honest Whore.* And Nashe, in his *Lenten Stuff*, "None woone the day but the Herring, whom all their clamorous suffrages saluted with *Vive le roy*, save only the *playse* and the butte, that made *wry mouthes* at him, and for their mocking have *wry* mouths ever since." The editor is not more fortunate in his explanation of *welts and gardes* in the same line. "Welts and gardes," he says, "are gowns and petticoats." Welts, it is well known, are broad hems, or facings: gardes are borderings of lace, fur, &c. It is better to leave our old terms alone, than to explain them at random.

[3] *That would not be put off with* left-handed cries.] Inauspicious or unlucky cries; alluding to Virgil:

"*Sæpe* sinistra *cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix*;"

as he had called himself the *night-crow* before.—Whal.

This is Upton's note, with the exception of the conclusion, which seems incorrect. Whatever the *night-crow* may be, it is not the *cornix* of Virgil. Jonson literally translates the Greek word νυκτικοραξ, a species of owl, with which we are not acquainted.

True. Why, did you ever hope, sir, committing the secrecy of it to a barber, that less than the whole town should know it? you might as well have told it the conduit, or the bake-house, or the infantry that follow the court,[1] and with more security. Could your gravity forget so old and noted a remnant as, *Lippis et tonsoribus notum?* Well, sir, forgive it yourself now, the fault, and be communicable with your friends. Here will be three or four fashionable ladies from the college to visit you presently, and their train of minions and followers.

Mor. Bar my doors! bar my doors! Where are all my eaters?[2] my mouths, now?——

Enter Servants.

Bar up my doors, you varlets!

Epi. He is a varlet that stirs to such an office. Let them stand open. I would see him that dares move his eyes toward it. Shall I have a barricado made against my friends, to be barred of any pleasure they can bring in to me with their honourable visitation?

[*Exeunt* Ser.

Mor. O Amazonian impudence!

True. Nay, faith, in this, sir, she speaks but reason; and, methinks, is more continent than you. Would you go to bed so presently, sir, afore noon? a man of your head and hair should owe more to that reverend ceremony, and not mount the marriage-bed like a town-bull, or a mountain-goat; but stay the due season; and ascend it then with religion and fear. Those delights are to be steeped in the humour and silence of the night; and give the day to

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[1] *The infantry that* follow *the* court,] Meaning perhaps the idle train that attended the Progresses, and found accommodation as they could. One of this description is mentioned by Webster: "A lousy knave, that within this twenty years rode with the *blackguards*, p. 125 *b*, in the duke's carriages, amongst spits and dripping-pans."—*White Devil.*

[2] *Where are all my* eaters?] Eaters, as I have already observed, p. 124 *b*, are servants. In *Antony and Cleopatra* a similar expression occurs—"by one that looks on feeders," i.e., says Dr. Johnson, "by one that looks on while others are eating." That Dr. Johnson should give a wrong interpretation of the word is not extraordinary, as he totally mistakes the whole drift of the passage. He is followed by Steevens, who, in a few plain words, sets everything right; and quotes the expression in the text, to justify his sense of the term. Mr. Malone throws aside the judicious interpretation of Steevens, and brings back the egregious blunder of Dr. Johnson. The opportunity of insulting the memory of our poet was not to be lost.—"So *fantastick* and *pedantick* a writer," he says, "as Ben Jonson, having *in one passage* made *one* of his characters call his attendants his *eaters*, appears to *me* a very slender ground for supposing *feeders* and *servants* to be synonymous." There can be no doubt of it; but Mr. Malone is so imperfectly acquainted with "Ben Jonson," that he constantly hazards his own character for accuracy, (to say nothing more,) whenever he attempts to speak of him on any specific grounds. Eaters, and its synonyms, are used in *more than one place*, and by more than *one character*, in Jonson, for servants. Nor does this sense of the word rest on his authority, as Mr. Malone supposes. I can produce him twenty instances of the same expressions, used in the same sense. Sir W. Davenant was not a *pedantic* writer, yet he has (*The Wits*, act iii.) "tall *eaters* in *blue coats*," the livery of *servants*, as Mr. Malone well knows; nor was Fletcher a *fantastic* one, yet we find in the *Nice Valour*, act iii. sc. 1, "*servants* he has, lusty tall feeders." And again—but these are so direct to the purpose, that more is unnecessary.

The passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, which gave rise to these remarks, is contained in the last scene of the third act. Antony enters unexpectedly, and finds Thyreus (Cæsar's messenger) kissing Cleopatra's hand—upon which, ofter treating Thyreus with the utmost contempt, and ordering him to be whipt, like a slave—he exclaims,

"Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpressed in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders!"

Both Dr. Johnson and Mr. Malone take the person by whom Antony is *abused* to be Thyreus. A stranger idea was never conceived. It is Cleopatra. To ask Thyreus, who, by the bye, is out of hearing, whether he had left his wife, &c., to be abused by him, would be an absurdity without a name; but to put the same question to Cleopatra, was perfectly just and natural. Have I abandoned Octavia, "a gem of women," to be abused by a woman so base as to look on servants!—and accordingly he harps on nothing through several speeches but the indiscriminate lewdness of Cleopatra, and the low and servile occupation of Thyreus.

It was not without surprise that I read Mr. Pye's criticism on this passage: "I think Malone and Johnson right," he says; "I do not see how it can be a reproach to look on servants."—*Comm. on Shak.* p. 268. Surely it cannot be necessary to remind Mr. Pye that to *look on* means to affect, to regard with kindness; and if he thinks this no reproach to a queen, and a declared mistress of "the triple pillar of the world," I can only say that he differs much from Shakspeare and Mark Antony.

other open pleasures,[1] and jollities of feasting, of music, of revels, of discourse: we'll have all, sir, that may make your Hymen high and happy.

Mor. O my torment, my torment!

True. Nay, if you endure the first half hour, sir, so tediously, and with this irksomeness; what comfort or hope can this fair gentlewoman make to herself hereafter, in the consideration of so many years as are to come——

Mor. Of my affliction. Good sir, depart, and let her do it alone.

True. I have done, sir.

Mor. That cursed barber!

True. Yes, faith, a cursed wretch indeed, sir.

Mor. I have married his cittern, that's common to all men.[2] Some plague above the plague——

True. All Egypt's ten plagues.

Mor. Revenge me on him!

True. 'Tis very well, sir. If you laid on a curse or two more, I'll assure you he'll bear them. As, that he may get the pox with seeking to cure it, sir; or, that while he is curling another man's hair, his own may drop off; or, for burning some male-bawd's lock, he may have his brain beat out with the curling-iron.

Mor. No, let the wretch live wretched. May he get the itch, and his shop so lousy, as no man dare come at him, nor he come at no man!

True. Ay, and if he would swallow all his balls for pills, let not them purge him.

Mor. Let his warming-pan be ever cold.

True. A perpetual frost underneath it, sir.

Mor. Let him never hope to see fire again.

True. But in hell, sir.

Mor. His chairs be always empty, his scissors rust, and his combs mould in their cases.

True. Very dreadful that! And may he lose the invention, sir, of carving lanterns in paper.

Mor. Let there be no bawd carted that year, to employ a bason of his:[3] but let him be glad to eat his sponge for bread.

True. And drink lotium to it, and much good do him.

Mor. Or, for want of bread——

True. Eat ear-wax, sir. I'll help you. Or draw his own teeth, and add them to the lute-string.

Mor. No, beat the old ones to powder, and make bread of them.

True. Yes, make meal of the mill-stones.

Mor. May all the botches and burns that he has cured on others break out upon him.

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[1] *Give the day to open pleasures,* &c.] These are the precise delights which attended the nuptials of poor Morose, in Libanius: ην μεν γαρ ουδ' εκεινα μετρια, κροτος πολυς, γελως σφοδρος, ορχησις ασχημων, υμεναιος νουν ουκ εχων· κ. τ. λ. p. 393.

[2] *I have married his* cittern, *that's* common to all men.] On this expression much has been written which might easily be spared. It appears from innumerable passages in our old writers, that barbers' shops were furnished with some musical instrument, (commonly a cittern,* or guitar,) for the amusement of such customers as chose to strum upon it while waiting for their turn to be shaved, &c.: and this point once established, no farther difficulty remains. It should be recollected that the patience of the customers, if the shop was at all popular, must, in those tedious days of lovelocks and beards of the most fantastic cuts, have been frequently put to very severe trials. Some kind of amusement, therefore, was necessary to beguile the time, and as newspapers had not then descended to the lower classes, a more innocent or effectual one than an instrument, in pretty general use, could not readily be found. However this may be, the practice is certain. Thus Middleton: "I gave that *barber* a fustian suit, and twice re-trimmed his *cittern.*"—*Mayor of Quinborough,* act iii. sc. 3. And Decker, "A barber's *cittern* for *every serving-man to play upon.*"—*Honest Whore.* Again: in the first edition of *Every Man in his Humour:* "I can compare him to nothing more happily than a *barber's virginals,*† for *every* man may play upon him," act iii. sc. 2. And finally, for enough perhaps has already been said on the subject, in a *Defence of the Female Sex,* published at a subsequent period, the writer observes of a virtuoso, that "his inventory can be no more compleat without two or three remarkable signatures, than an apothecarie's shop without a tortoise and a crocodile, or a *barber's* without a *battered cittern.*"

[3] *Let there be no bawd carted, to employ a* bason *of his:*] To make the punishment of these and similar characters more notorious, beadles, and sometimes volunteers among the rabble, attended the progress of the cart, beating *basons,* brass kettles, &c. To this practice there are numerous allusions in our old writers. See the *New Inn.*

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* The cittern of Jonson's days differed little from the guitar, as to form. It was strung with wire instead of catgut, like the guitar, and seems to have been in great vogue.

† In the subsequent edition this is altered to "a drum."

True. And he now forget the cure of them in himself, sir; or, if he do remember it, let him have scraped all his linen into lint for 't, and have not a rag left him for to set up with.

Mor. Let him never set up again, but have the gout in his hands for ever! Now, no more, sir.

True. O, that last was too high set; you might go less with him, i' faith, and be revenged enough: as, that he be never able to new-paint his pole——

Mor. Good sir, no more, I forgot myself.[1]

True. Or, want credit to take up with a combmaker——

Mor. No more, sir.

True. Or, having broken his glass in a former despair, fall now into a much greater, of ever getting another——

Mor. I beseech you, no more.

True. Or, that he never be trusted with trimming of any but chimney-sweepers——

Mor. Sir——

True. Or, may he cut a collier's throat with his razor, by chance-medley, and yet be hanged for 't.

Mor. I will forgive him rather than hear any more. I beseech you, sir.

Enter Daw, *introducing* Lady Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, *and* Trusty.

Daw. This way, madam.

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

Daw. 'Give you joy, mistress.

Mor. Has she servants too![2]

Daw. I have brought some ladies here to see and know you. My Lady Haughty [*as he presents them severally,* Epi. *kisses them.*]—this my Lady Centaure—Mistress Dol Mavis—Mistress Trusty, my Lady Haughty's woman. Where's your husband? let's see him: can he endure no noise? let me come to him.

Mor. What nomenclator is this!

True. Sir John Daw, sir, your wife's servant, this.

Mor. A Daw, and her servant! O, 'tis decreed, 'tis decreed of me, an she have such servants. [*Going.*

True. Nay, sir, you must kiss the ladies; you must not go away now; they come toward you to seek you out.

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

Epi. Your ladyship does me an honour in it, to let me know he is so worthy your favour: as you have done both him and me grace to visit so unprepared a pair to entertain you.

Mor. Compliment! compliment!

Epi. But I must lay the burden of that upon my servant here.

Hau. It shall not need, Mistress Morose; we will all bear rather than one shall be opprest.

Mor. I know it: and you will teach her the faculty, if she be to learn it.

[*Walks aside while the rest talk apart.*

Hau. Is this the Silent Woman?

Cen. Nay, she has found her tongue since she was married, Master Truewit says.

Hau. O, Master Truewit! 'save you. What kind of creature is your bride here? she speaks, methinks!

True. Yes, madam, believe it, she is a gentlewoman of very absolute behaviour, and of a good race.

Hau. And Jack Daw told us she could not speak!

True. So it was carried in plot, madam, to put her upon this old fellow, by Sir Dauphine, his nephew, and one or two more of us: but she is a woman of an excellent assurance, and an extraordinary happy wit and tongue. You shall see her make rare sport with Daw ere night.

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[1] *Good sir, no more, I forgot myself.*] "This (as Upton observes) is a very fine instance of the suspense of character. Morose, through the impetuous desire of revenge, for a while acts out of his real character."—WHAL.

Notwithstanding this note is quoted by Whalley with approbation, it does not altogether satisfy me. "Suspense of character" is very fine, and has probably some meaning or other, though I am unable to discover it. I can see, however, that both Upton and Whalley have mistaken the character of Morose: they suppose it to be a dislike of noise; whereas this is an accidental quality altogether dependent upon the master-passion, or "humour," a most inveterate and odious self-love. This will explain his conduct in many places where it has been taxed with inconsistency, and vindicate the deep discernment of the poet.

[2] *Has she* servants *too!*] *Authorized admirers;* see p. 38 *b*.

Hau. And he brought us to laugh at her!

True. That falls out often, madam, that he that thinks himself the master-wit, is the master-fool. I assure your ladyship, ye cannot laugh at her.

Hau. No, we'll have her to the college. An she have wit, she shall be one of us, shall she not, Centaure? we'll make her a collegiate.

Cen. Yes, faith, madam, and Mavis and she will set up a side.[1]

True. Believe it, madam, and Mistress Mavis she will sustain her part.

Mav. I'll tell you that, when I have talked with her, and tried her.

Hau. Use her very civilly, Mavis.

Mav. So I will, madam.

[*Whispers her.*

Mor. Blessed minute! that they would whisper thus ever! [*Aside.*

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

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

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

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

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, Master Morose? a jest will not absolve you in this manner. You that have sucked the milk of the court, and from thence have been brought up to the very strong meats and wine of it; been a courtier from the biggen to the night-cap,[2] as we may say, and you to offend in such a high point of ceremony as this, and let your nuptials want all marks of solemnity! How much plate have you lost to-day (if you had but regarded your profit), what gifts, what friends, through your mere rusticity!

Mor. Madam——

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

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

Hau. Ay, good Jack Daw.

Mor. Will it please your ladyship command a chamber, and be private with your friend? you shall have your choice of rooms to retire to after: my whole house is yours. I know it hath been your ladyship's errand into the city at other times, however now you have been unhappily diverted upon me; but I shall be loth to break any honourable custom of your ladyship's. And therefore, good madam——

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

Cen. He is a rude groom indeed.

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

Mor. Is this your bravo, ladies?

True. As God [shall] help me, if you utter such another word, I'll take mistress bride in, and begin to you in a very sad cup; do you see? Go to, know your friends, and such as love you.

Enter Clerimont, *followed by a number of musicians.*

Cler. By your leave, ladies. Do you want any music? I have brought you variety of noises.[3] Play, sirs, all of you.

[*Aside to the musicians, who strike up all together.*

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

Cler. No, they are hair, rosin, and guts: I can give you the receipt.

True. Peace, boys!

Cler. Play! I say.

Cen. *Yes, faith, madam, and Mavis and she will* set up a side.] Alluding to parties at cards. To *set up a side* was to become partners in the game. See Massinger, vol. i. p. 150, where several examples of this familiar expression will be found.

[2] *From the biggen to the* night-cap, *as we may say,*] i.e., from infancy to age. See p. 394.

[3] *I have brought you variety of* noises.] i.e. several little bands of musicians. See above, p. 426.

True. Peace, rascals! You see who's your friend now, sir: take courage, put on a martyr's resolution. Mock down all their attemptings with patience: 'tis but a day, and I would suffer heroically. Should an ass exceed me in fortitude? no. You betray your infirmity with your hanging dull ears, and make them insult: bear up bravely, and constantly. [La Foole *passes over the stage as a sewer, followed by servants carrying dishes, and* Mistress Otter.] Look you here, sir, what honour is done you unexpected, by your nephew; a wedding-dinner come, and a knight-sewer before it, for the more reputation: and fine Mistress Otter, your neighbour, in the rump or tail of it.

Mor. Is that Gorgon, that Medusa come! hide me, hide me.

True. I warrant you, sir, she will not transform you. Look upon her with a good courage. Pray you entertain her, and conduct your guests in. No!—Mistress bride, will you entreat in the ladies? your bridegroom is so shamefaced here.

Epi. Will it please your ladyship, madam?

Hau. With the benefit of your company, mistress.

Epi. Servant, pray you perform your duties.

Daw. And glad to be commanded, mistress.

Cen. How like you her wit, Mavis?

Mav. Very prettily, absolutely well.

Mrs. Ott. 'Tis my place.

Mav. You shall pardon me, Mistress Otter.

Mrs. Ott. Why, I am a collegiate.

Mav. But not in ordinary.

Mrs. Ott. But I am.

Mav. We'll dispute that within.

[*Exeunt* Ladies.

Cler. Would this had lasted a little longer.

True. And that they had sent for the heralds.

Enter Captain Otter.

—Captain Otter! what news?

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

Mor. O, O, O!

Ott. And we will have a rouse in each of them,[1] anon, for bold Britons, i' faith.

[*They sound again.*

Mor. O, O, O! [*Exit hastily.*

Omnes. Follow, follow, follow!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Morose's *House.*

Enter Truewit *and* Clerimont.

True. Was there ever poor bridegroom so tormented? or man, indeed?

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

True. Sure, he cannot but go to a place of rest, after all this purgatory.

Cler. He may presume it, I think.

True. The spitting, the coughing, the laughter, the neezing, the farting, dancing, noise of the music, and her masculine and loud commanding, and urging the whole family, makes him think he has married a fury.[2]

Cler. And she carries it up bravely.

True. Ay, she takes any occasion to speak: that's the height on't.

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

True. And has almost brought him to the faith, in the article. Here he comes.——

Enter Sir Dauphine.

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

Daup. O, hold me up a little, I shall go away in the jest else.[3] He has got on his

[1] *And we will have a* rouse *in each of them,*] A *rouse,* it may be just necessary to observe, is a full glass, a bumper, and was usually drank to some toast. See more of this in *Massinger,* vol. i. 237. Whalley justly observes that this scene is conducted with consummate art and judgment: the gradual accumulation and swell of the several noises, from the speaking of Epicœne to the grand finale, or chorus of boisterous shouts, drums, and trumpets, which drives Morose off the stage, is highly comic, and in action must be singularly amusing.

[2] *He has married a fury.*] This, with what precedes it, is from Libanius: ἅπαντα παντοχοθεν, ἠνικα ἠγουμην ταυτην την ερινυν, κ. τ. λ. See p. 303.

[3] Daup. *O, hold me up a little, I shall go away in the jest else.*] I shall faint, or fall down with laughing.—Whal.

Is it not rather, I shall expire in my fit, i.e., die with laughing?

whole nest of nightcaps, and locked himself up in the top of the house, as high as ever he can climb from the noise. I peeped in at a cranny, and saw him sitting over a cross-beam of the roof, like him on the saddler's horse in Fleet-street, upright: and he will sleep there.

Cler. But where are your collegiates?

Daup. Withdrawn with the bride in private.

True. O, they are instructing her in the college-grammar. If she have grace with them, she knows all their secrets instantly.

Cler. Methinks the Lady Haughty looks well to-day, for all my dispraise of her in the morning. I think I shall come about to thee again, Truewit.

True. Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the losses time and years have made in their features, with dressings.[1] And an intelligent woman, if she know by herself the least defect, will be most curious to hide it: and it becomes her. If she be short,[2] let her sit much, lest, when she stands, she be thought to sit. If she have an ill foot, let her wear her gown the longer, and her shoe the thinner. If a fat hand and scald nails, let her carve the less, and act in gloves. If a sour breath, let her never discourse fasting, and always talk at her distance. If she have black and rugged teeth, let her offer the less at laughter, especially if she laugh wide and open.

Cler. O, you shall have some women,[3] when they laugh, you would think they brayed, it is so rude and——

True. Ay, and others, that will stalk in their gait like an estrich, and take huge strides.[4] I cannot endure such a sight. I love measure in the feet, and number in the voice: they are gentlenesses that oftentimes draw no less than the face.

Daup. How camest thou to study these creatures so exactly? I would thou wouldst make me a proficient.

True. Yes, but you must leave to live in your chamber, then, a month together upon Amadis de Gaul, or Don Quixote, as you are wont; and come abroad where the matter is frequent, to court, to tiltings, public shows and feasts, to plays, and church sometimes: thither they come to shew their new tires too, to see, and to be seen.[5] In these places a man shall find whom to love, whom to play with, whom

[1] True. *Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the losses time and years have made in their features, with dressings.*] Truewit, as Upton observes, here resumes the subject of ladies' dressings, &c. into which he had entered on his first meeting with Clerimont (p. 407 *a*), and which he continues to illustrate from Ovid. He certainly could not easily have had recourse to better authority; but the reader perhaps will be inclined to think that he has availed himself of it too freely. All that can be said is, that in Jonson's days the original was less familiarly known than at present; that it is copied with elegance and spirit, and adapted to the language and manners of the age with no inconsiderable degree of ingenuity. Upton (for Whalley, who merely copies him, is out of the question) had produced a few of the passages imitated, to which I have added such as readily occurred to me. More might unquestionably be found; but the subject is not of sufficient importance to justify a laborious research.

[2] *If she be short, &c.*]

"*Rara tamen mendo facies caret; occule mendas,*
Quamque potes, vitium corporis abde tui.
Si brevis es, sedeas, ne stans videare sedere,
Inque tuo jaceas quantulacunque toro——
Pes malus in nivea semper celetur aluta
Arida nec vinclis crura resolve suis.—
Exiguo signet gestu quodcunque loquetur,
Cui digiti pingues, et scaber unguis erunt.
Cui gravis oris odor, nunquam jejuna loquatur,
Et semper statio distet ab ore viri.
Si niger, aut ingens, aut non erit ordine natus
Dens tibi, ridendo maxima damna feres."
Art. Amand. lib. iii. 260.

[3] O, you shall have some women, *&c.*]

"*Illa sonat raucam, quiddam inamabile stridet,*
Ut rudit ad scabram turpis asella molam."
Ibid.

[4] Ay, and others that will take huge strides, *&c.*]

"*Est et in incessu pars non temnenda decoris:*
Allicit ignotos ille fugatque viros,
Hæc movet arte latus, tunicisque fluentibus auras
Excipit; extensos fertque refertque pedes, &c.—Ibid. v. 300.

[5] Thither they come to shew their new tires, to see and be seen, *&c.*]

"*Sic ruit ad celebres cultissima fœmina ludos,*
Copia judicium sæpe morata meum:
Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ;
Ille locus casti damna pudoris habet.—
Sed tu præcipue curvis venare theatris;
Hæc loca sunt voto fertiliora tuo.
Illic invenies quod ames, quod ludere possis,
Quodque semel tangas, quodque tenere velis."—Lib. i. 90.

to touch once, whom to hold ever. The variety arrests his judgment. A wench to please a man comes not down dropping from the ceiling, as he lies on his back droning a tobacco-pipe.[1] He must go where she is.

Daup. Yes, and be never the nearer.

True. Out, heretic! That diffidence makes thee worthy it should be so.

Cler. He says true to you, Dauphine.

Daup. Why?

True. A man should not doubt to overcome any woman. Think he can vanquish them, and he shall: for though they deny, their desire is to be tempted. Penelope herself cannot hold out long. Ostend, you saw, was taken at last.[2] You must perséver, and hold to your purpose. They would solicit us, but that they are afraid. Howsoever, they wish in their hearts we should solicit them. Praise them, flatter them, you shall never want eloquence or trust: even the chastest delight to feel themselves that way rubbed. With praises you must mix kisses too: if they take them they'll take more—though they strive, they would be overcome.

Cler. O, but a man must beware of force.

True. It is to them an acceptable violence,[3] and has oft-times the place of the greatest courtesy. She that might have been forced, and you let her go free without touching, though then she seem to thank you, will ever hate you after; and glad in the face, is assuredly sad at the heart.

Cler. But all women are not to be taken all ways.[4]

True. 'Tis true; no more than all birds, or all fishes. If you appear learned to an ignorant wench, or jocund to a sad, or witty to a foolish, why, she presently begins

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[1] *A wench to please a man comes not down dropping from the ceiling, as he lies on his back* droning a tobacco-pipe.] When I first observed this passage quoted by Upton, I turned to it with some curiosity, in the hope of discovering the meaning of *droning a tobacco-pipe*, an expression which had puzzled me in a former play, p. 114 *a*, and was not a little confounded at meeting with the following note, which may perhaps amuse the reader: "A *wench, puella*: so the word was used formerly." Shakspeare is then quoted for the fact—and the critic proceeds: "The etymology of the word seems to me to come from *juvenca, juvencula, per apharesin; uti* uncle *ab avunculus*, belly *ab umbilicus, pars pro toto*"! (p. 81). There was not a person in the kingdom who wanted any information concerning the meaning of *wench*; (which, by the way, is not given, after all); whereas many perhaps would have thanked him for an explanation of "droning a tobacco-pipe." Whether this alludes to inhaling the smoke with a monotonous sound, imitative of the sleepy hum of a drone; or simply to using the pipe with the characteristic indolence of this insect, or to both, as I have never met with the expression in any other writer, I cannot tell: but think the last not improbable. As to Upton's ridiculous derivation of wench, it is kept in excellent countenance by Horne Tooke, who brings it from the Saxon pincian, to *wink*: i.e., "one who may be had by a nod or *wink*!" To conclude a note already too long, *wench* (*wensch*) was used by the Saxons, as it is by their descendants at this day, for a young woman (generally for a domestic, or one of inferior degree), and the context, as in all similar cases, determines whether it means anything more. The idea is from Ovid:

"*Elige cui dicas, Tu mihi sola places:*
Hæc tibi non tenues veniet delapsa per auras;
Quærenda est oculis apta puella tuis."
Ib. v. 678.

[Jonson was evidently thinking of the *drone* of a *bagpipe*—its largest tube.—F. C.]

[2] Penelope *herself cannot hold out long.* Ostend, *you saw, was taken at last.*]

"*Penelopen ipsam, persta modo, tempore vinces,*
Capta vides sero Pergama, capta tamen,
&c.—Ibid. v. 477.

"*Ostend*, Upton says, was taken in 1604, by the Marquis Spinola, after a siege of three years, and the slaughter of a hundred and twenty thousand men on both sides."

[3] *It is to them an acceptable violence, &c.*]

"*Vim licet apelles, grata est vis ipsa puellis,*
Quod juvat, invitæ sæpe dedisse volunt,
Quæcunque est subita Veneris violata rapina,
Gaudet, et improbitas muneris instar habet.
At quæ cum cogi posset, non tacta recessit,
Ut simulet vultu gaudia, tristis erit."
Ibid. v. 678.

[4] *But all women are not to be taken all ways.*]

"*Finiturus eram—sed sunt diversa puellis*
Pectora; mille animos excipe mille modis."

What follows is from the same source:

"*Hi jaculo pisces, illi capiuntur ab hamis;*
Hos cava contento retia fune trahunt:
Nec tibi conveniat cunctos modus unus ad annos;
Longius insidias cauta videbit anus.
Si doctus videare rudi, petulansve pudenti;
Diffidet miseræ protinus illa sibi:
Inde fit, ut, quæ se timuit committere honesto,
Vilis in amplexus inferioris eat."
Ibid. i. 770.

The remainder is copied with somewhat more freedom; but the reader perhaps is already more than satisfied.

to mistrust herself. You must approach them in their own height, their own line; for the contrary makes many that fear to commit themselves to noble and worthy fellows, run into the embraces of a rascal. If she love wit, give verses, though you borrow them of a friend, or buy them, to have good. If valour, talk of your sword, and be frequent in the mention of quarrels, though you be staunch in fighting.[1] If activity, be seen on your barbary often, or leaping over stools, for the credit of your back. If she love good clothes or dressing, have your learned council about you every morning, your French tailor, barber, linener, &c. Let your powder, your glass, and your comb be your dearest acquaintance. Take more care for the ornament of your head, than the safety; and wish the commonwealth rather troubled, than a hair about you. That will take her. Then, if she be covetous and craving, do you promise anything, and perform sparingly; so shall you keep her in appetite still. Seem as you would give, but be like a barren field that yields little; or unlucky dice to foolish and hoping gamesters. Let your gifts be slight and dainty, rather than precious. Let cunning be above cost. Give cherries at time of year, or apricots; and say, they were sent you out of the country, though you bought them in Cheapside. Admire her tires; like her in all fashions; compare her in every habit to some deity; invent excellent dreams to flatter her, and riddles; or, if she be a great one, perform always the second parts to her: like what she likes, praise whom she praises, and fail not to make the household and servants yours, yea, the whole family, and salute them by their names ('tis but light cost, if you can purchase them so), and make her physician your pensioner, and her chief woman. Nor will it be out of your gain to make love to her too, so she follow, not usher her lady's pleasure. All blabbing is taken away, when she comes to be a part of the crime.

Daup. On what courtly lap hast thou late slept, to come forth so sudden and absolute a courtling?

True. Good faith, I should rather question you, that are so hearkening after these mysteries. I begin to suspect your diligence, Dauphine. Speak, art thou in love in earnest?

Daup. Yes, by my troth, am I; 'twere ill dissembling before thee.

True. With which of them, I prithee?

Daup. With all the collegiates.

Cler. Out on thee! We'll keep you at home, believe it, in the stable, an you be such a stallion.

True. No; I like him well. Men should love wisely, and all women; some one for the face, and let her please the eye; another for the skin, and let her please the touch; a third for the voice, and let her please the ear; and where the objects mix, let the senses so too. Thou wouldst think it strange if I should make them all in love with thee afore night!

Daup. I would say, thou hadst the best philtre in the world, and couldst do more than Madam Medea, or Doctor Foreman.[2]

True. If I do not, let me play the mountebank for my meat while I live, and the bawd for my drink.

Daup. So be it I say.

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[1] *Be frequent in the mention of quarrels, though you be* staunch *in fighting.*] The sense seems to be:—Though you should really be a brave man, and therefore not naturally inclined to boast of your valour; yet, to please your mistress, you may often make it the subject of your discourse.

[2] *Doctor Foreman.*] This was a poor stupid wretch who pretended to deal with spirits for the recovery of lost spoons, &c. Stupid as he was, however, he found employment in his profession, and had credit enough to be implicated in the infamous business of Sir Thomas Overbury. Luckily he died before the transaction became public, and thus escaped the halter. "He lived in Lambeth" (says Lilly, almost as great a knave as himself) "with a very good report of the neighbourhood, especially of the poor, unto whom he was charitable. He was a person that in horary questions, especially thefts, was very judicious and fortunate, so also in sicknesses, which indeed was his masterpiece. In resolving questions about marriage he had good success; in other questions very moderate."—Lilly's *Hist.* p. 17. One of his books, written by the devil, fell into the historian's hands. Such things were then too common to excite any astonishment: and therefore Lilly contents himself with copying the doctor's memorandum, "This I made the devil write with his own hand" (should it not be claw?) "in Lambeth Fields, 1596, in June or July, as I now remember." This "worthy person" foretold his own death; and continued in good health so near the appointed period, that his wife became very uneasy, and "twitted him in the teeth." He saved his time, however, and died with more honesty than he had lived, according to his promise: "a most sad storm of wind immediately following."—*Ibid.* p. 23.

Enter Otter, *with his three cups*, Daw, *and* La-Foole.

Ott. O lord, gentlemen, how my knights and I have mist you here!

Cler. Why, Captain, what service, what service?

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

Daw. Yes, faith, the Captain says we shall be his dogs to bait them.

Daup. A good employment.

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

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

Ott. Be afraid of nothing.—Gentlemen, I have placed the drum and the trumpets, and one to give them the sign when you are ready. Here's my bull for myself,[1] and my bear for Sir John Daw, and my horse for Sir Amorous. Now set your foot to mine, and yours to his, and——

La-F. Pray God my cousin come not.

Ott. St. George and St. Andrew, fear no cousins. Come, sound, sound! [*Drum and trumpets sound.*] *Et rauco strepuerunt cornua cantu.* [*They drink.*

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

Cler. Well held at the bear.

True. Low, low! Captain.

Daup. O, the horse has kicked off his dog already.

La-F. I cannot drink it, as I am a knight.

True. Ods so! off with his spurs, somebody.

La-F. It goes against my conscience. My cousin will be angry with it.

Daw. I have done mine.

True. You fought high and fair, Sir John.

Cler. At the head.

Daup. Like an excellent bear-dog.

Cler. You take no notice of the business, I hope?

Daw. Not a word, sir; you see we are jovial.

Ott. Sir Amorous, you must not equivocate. It must be pulled down, for all my cousin.

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

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

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

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

Cler. Speak to him of her.

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

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

Ott. Wife! buz! *titivilitium*![2] There's no such thing in nature. I confess, gentlemen, I have a cook, a laundress, a house-drudge, that serves my necessary turns, and goes under that title; but he's an ass that will be so uxorious to tie his affections to one circle. Come, the name dulls appetite. Here, replenish again; another bout. [*Fills the cups again.*] Wives are nasty, sluttish animals.

Daup. O, Captain.

Ott. As ever the earth bare, *tribus verbis*. Where's Master Truewit.

Daw. He's slipt aside, sir.

Cler. But you must drink and be jovial.

Daw. Yes, give it me.

La-F. And me too.

Daw. Let's be jovial.

La-F. As jovial as you will.

Ott. Agreed. Now you shall have the bear, cousin, and Sir John Daw the horse, and I'll have the bull still. Sound, Tritons of the Thames! [*Drum and trumpets sound again.*] *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero*——

Mor. [*above.*] Villains, murderers, sons of the earth, and traitors, what do you there?

Cler. O, now the trumpets have waked him, we shall have his company.

Ott. A wife is a scurvy clogdogdo, an unlucky thing, a very foresaid bear-whelp, without any good fashion or breeding, *mala bestia*.

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[1] *Here's my bull for myself, &c.*] These cups probably were distinguished, not only by their sizes and forms, but by some kind of representation of the different animals, on their covers. The *bull* was undoubtedly the largest, and therefore appropriated by the Captain to his own use.

[2] *Titivilitium!*] Not a "word of *no signification*," as Whalley repeats from Upton, but a term strongly expressive of contempt:—"paltry, good for nothing," as Ainsworth says. It is used by Plautus, in a passage which Jonson evidently had in view:

"*Non ego istud verbum emissim titivilitio.*"

Cas. act ii. sc. 5

Re-enter Truewit *behind, with* Mistress Otter.

Daup. Why did you marry one then, Captain?

Ott. A pox! I married with six thousand pound, I. I was in love with that. I have not kissed my Fury these forty weeks.

Cler. The more to blame you, Captain.

True. Nay, Mistress Otter, hear him a little first.

Ott. She has a breath worse than my grandmother's, *profecto*.

Mrs. Ott. O treacherous liar! kiss me, sweet Master Truewit, and prove him a slandering knave.

True. I'll rather believe you, lady.

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

Mrs. Ott. O viper, mandrake!

Ott. A most vile face! and yet she spends me forty pound a year in mercury and hogs'-bones. All her teeth were made in the Blackfriars, both her eyebrows in the Strand, and her hair in Silver-street. Every part of the town owns a piece of her.

Mrs. Ott. [*comes forward.*] I cannot hold.

Ott. She takes herself asunder still when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great German clock:[1] and so comes forth, and rings a tedious larum to the whole house, and then is quiet again for an hour, but for her quarters.—Have you done me right, gentlemen?

Mrs. Ott. [*Falls upon him and beats him.*] No, sir, I'll do you right with my quarters, with my quarters!

Ott. O, hold, good princess.

True. Sound, sound!

[*Drum and trumpets sound.*

Cler. A battle, a battle!

Mrs. Ott. You notorious stinkardly bear-ward, does my breath smell?

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

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

True. Sound, sound still.

[*They sound again.*

Ott. No, I protest, under correction——

Mrs. Ott. Ay, now you are under correction, you protest: but you did not protest before correction, sir. Thou Judas, to offer to betray thy princess! I'll make thee an example—— [*Beats him.*

Enter Morose *with his long sword.*

Mor. I will have no such examples in my house, Lady Otter.

Mrs. Ott. Ah!——

[Mrs. Otter, Daw, *and* La-Foole *run off.*

Mor. Mistress Mary Ambree,[2] your examples are dangerous. Rogues, hell-hounds, Stentors! out of my doors, you sons of noise and tumult, begot on an ill May-day, or when the galley-foist is afloat to Westminster![3] [*Drives out the* Musicians.] A trumpeter could not be conceived but then.

Daup. What ails you, sir?

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

True. Best follow him, Dauphine.

Daup. So I will. [*Exit.*

Cler. Where's Daw and La-Foole?

Ott. They are both run away, sir.

---

[1] *Like a great German clock:*] These and similar allusions to the cumbrous and complicated machinery of the first clocks (which we received from Germany), are very frequent in our old dramatists. Thus Middleton:

"What is she took asunder from her clothes?
Being ready, she consists of hundred pieces,
Much like a *German* clock, and near allyed."
A Mad World my Masters.

And Shakspeare:

"A woman that is like a *German clock*,
Still a repairing, ever out of frame!"
Love's Labour Lost.

[2] *Mistress Mary Ambree,*] Of this celebrated Amazon, who "fought at the siege of Ghent," 1584, Jonson makes frequent mention. In the second vol. of Percy's *Antient Poetry* there is a ballad of her achievements, which must have been very popular, as it is often quoted by our old writers, who, like Jonson, "call any remarkable virago by her name." See the *Fortunate Isle.*

[3] *Sons of noise and tumult, begot on an* ill May-day, *or when the* galley-foist *is afloat to Westminster!*] Alluding to the sports which were anciently used on May-day: and particularly to the insurrection of the apprentices in London against foreigners and aliens upon May-day 1517: which on that account was afterwards called *Evil May-day.* The *galley-foist* is the city-barge, which was used upon the lord mayor's day, when he was sworn into his office at Westminster.—WHAL.

Good gentlemen, help to pacify my princess, and speak to the great ladies for me. Now must I go lie with the bears this fortnight, and keep out of the way, till my peace be made, for this scandal she has taken. Did you not see my bull-head, gentlemen?[1]

Cler. Is't not on, Captain?

True. No; but he may make a new one, by that is on.

Ott. O, here it is. An you come over, gentlemen, and ask for Tom Otter, we'll go down to Ratcliff, and have a course i' faith, for all these disasters. There is *bona spes* left.

True. Away, Captain, get off while you are well. [*Exit* Otter.

Cler. I am glad we are rid of him.

True. You had never been unless we had put his wife upon him. His humour is as tedious at last as it was ridiculous at first. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A long open Gallery in the same.*

Enter Lady Haughty, Mistress Otter, Mavis, Daw, La-Foole, Centaure, *and* Epicœne.

Hau. We wondered why you shrieked so, Mistress Otter.

Mrs. Ott. O lord, madam, he came down with a huge long naked weapon in both his hands, and looked so dreadfully! sure he's beside himself.

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

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

Daw. Faith, mistress, you must do so too: learn to chastise. Mistress Otter corrects her husband so he dares not speak, but under correction.

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 chambermaid, your page, your gentleman-usher, your French cook, and four grooms.

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

Cen. It will open the gate to your fame.

Hau. Here's Centaure has immortalized herself with taming of her wild male.

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

Enter Clerimont *and* Truewit.

Epi. But, ladies, do you count it lawful to have such plurality of servants, and do them all graces?

Hau. Why not? why should women deny their favours to men? are they the poorer or the worse?

Daw. Is the Thames the less for the dyers' water, mistress?

La-F. Or a torch for lighting many torches?[2]

True. Well said, La-Foole; what a new one he has got!

Cen. They are empty losses women fear in this kind.

Hau. Besides, ladies should be mindful of the approach of age, and let no time want his due use. The best of our days pass first.[3]

---

[1] *Did you not see my bull-head, gentlemen?*] This seems to confirm the conjecture (p. 437), that the animals which gave name to the Captain's cups were described on the respective covers. The answer of Clerimont evidently alludes to the bull's *horns*.

[2] *Is the Thames the less for the dyers' water, mistress?*

La-F. *Or a torch for lighting many torches?*] The poet, as Upton says (for Whalley merely copies him), seems desirous of introducing the whole of Ovid's *Art of Love*:

" *Quid vetet adposito lumen de lumine sumi,*
Quisve cavo vastas in mare servet aquas?
Det tamen ulla viro mulier non expedit, inquis;
Quid, nisi quam sumes, dic mihi, perdis aquam?"—Lib. iii. v. 96.

And again:

" *Tempus erit, quo tu, quæ nunc excludis amantes,*
Frigida desertâ nocte jacebis anus."

[3] *The best of our days pass first.*] This is humorously applied, or rather misapplied, from Virgil:

" *Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi*
Prima fugit."—*Geor.* lib. iii. v. 66.

The lady president's next speech (but one) is from Ovid.

Mav. We are rivers that cannot be called back, madam: she that now excludes her lovers may live to lie a forsaken beldam in a frozen bed.

Cen. 'Tis true, Mavis; and who will wait on us to coach then? or write, or tell us the news then, make anagrams of our names, and invite us to the Cockpit, and kiss our hands all the play-time, and draw their weapons for our honours?

Hau. Not one.

Daw. Nay, my mistress is not altogether unintelligent of these things; here be in presence have tasted of her favours.

Cler. What a neighing hobby-horse is this!

Epi. But not with intent to boast them again, servant. And have you those excellent receipts, madam, to keep yourselves from bearing of children?

Hau. O yes, Morose: how should we maintain our youth and beauty else? Many births of a woman make her old, as many crops make the earth barren.

Enter Morose *and* Dauphine.

Mor. O my cursed angel, that instructed me to this fate![1]

Daup. Why, sir?

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

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

Mor. Would I could redeem it with the loss of an eye, nephew, a hand, or any other member.

Daup. Marry, God forbid, sir, that you should geld yourself, to anger your wife.

Mor. So it would rid me of her! and that I did supererogatory penance in a belfry, at Westminster-hall, in the Cockpit, at the fall of a stag, the Tower-wharf—what place is there else?—London-bridge, Paris-garden, Billinsgate, when the noises are at their height, and loudest. Nay, I would sit out a play,[2] that were nothing

[1] *O my cursed angel, that* instructed *me to this fate!*] i.e., designed, appointed me, &c. This harsh Latinism occurs also in *Sejanus*.

[2] *Nay, I would sit out a play,* &c.] This is the passage which has furnished the commentators with such abundant materials for convicting Jonson of "the most inveterate malignity to Shakspeare;" it may not therefore be improper to examine it. After recapitulating a variety of tumultuous noises, the poet adds—"Nay, I would sit out a play that were NOTHING *but fights at sea*;"—evidently meaning one of which these shou d form the principal or characteristic incidents.

It affords a melancholy picture of human nature to look upon the base drudgery to which men will stoop for the gratification of any vile propensity. After toiling to no purpose through nine huge volumes of the *Variorum Shakspeare*, the commentators fortunately stumble about the middle of the tenth on a *stage direction*, "Firing heard at sea."* There is not a syllable more on the subject; for the dialogue immediately commences with a description of night! and thus it is fully proved that Jonson made it the chief business of his life "to tear the wreath from the brow of Shakspeare." It turns out, however, that the play in which these words appear was not written by Shakspeare, but by Christopher Marlowe: this untoward circumstance (which is prudently overlooked by Mr. Steevens) forces Mr. Malone, who had previously admitted the fact, to go further a-field for the object of Jonson's "malignity," which is now found to be *Antony and Cleopatra*. Here, as before, the attack is confined to a simple stage direction: "Alarum *afar off*, as at a sea-fight:"—and on this admirable foundation is the poet accused—not in one or two—but in a hundred places, of "calumniating ALL the historic plays of Shakspeare." No:—I am wrong; there is yet another word produced to substantiate the charge—namely, *target*: "fights at sea," it seems (which were merely made known to the audience by letting off a cracker behind the scenes), being solely carried on by this defensive implement.

Long before the *Silent Woman* was written, nay, before Shakspeare was known to the stage, the theatres were in possession of many rude pieces founded on the remarkable events of our history, of which battles, &c. always formed a prominent feature. The miserable attempts to represent these favourite scenes were often made a subject of mirth by succeeding writers; and it is not easy to discover why Jonson might not allude to them as freely as Sir Philip Sidney, Nash, Greene, and almost every author of the times; unless it be that the commentators are determined to accumulate upon Shakspeare's head every possible absurdity, for the mere gratification of venting their spleen on Jonson for exposing them.

I shall, as usual, be reprehended for enlarging too frequently on the subject: assuredly, I should not have entered upon the task of reprinting Jonson, unless I had been prepared for this and more. I know how much pleasanter it is for the gentle reader to listen to calumny than to a laborious investigation of facts; but I shall nevertheless pursue my course on every fitting occasion. If I cannot silence malice, I will at least shame it: if I cannot disencumber the pages of Shakspeare from the scurrility and falsehood with which they are disgraced, I will at all events show that nothing but the grossest stupidity can in future attend to them with decency or credit.

* *Henry VI. Second Part*, act iv. sc. 1.

but fights at sea, drum, trumpet, and target.

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

Mor. O, 'twill be so for ever, nephew, I foresee it, for ever. Strife and tumult are the dowry that comes with a wife.[1]

True. I told you so, sir, and you would not believe me.

Mor. Alas, do not rub those wounds, Master Truewit, to blood again; 'twas my negligence. Add not affliction to affliction. I have perceived the effect of it too late in Madam Otter.

Epi. How do you, sir?

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

Epi. You are not well, sir; you look very ill: something has distempered you.

Mor. O horrible, monstrous impertinencies! would not one of these have served, do you think, sir? would not one of these have served?

True. Yes, sir; but these are but notes of female kindness, sir;[2] certain tokens that she has a voice, sir.

Mor. O, is it so! Come, an't be no otherwise——What say you?

Epi. How do you feel yourself, sir?

Mor. Again that!

True. Nay, look you, sir, you would be friends with your wife upon unconscionable terms; her silence.

Epi. They say you are run mad, sir.

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

Epi. O lord, gentlemen! lay hold on him, for God's sake. What shall I do? who's his physician, can you tell, that knows the state of his body best, that I might send for him? Good sir, speak; I'll send for one of my doctors else.

Mor. What, to poison me, that I might die intestate, and leave you possest 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![3]

Cler. Ay, 'tis melancholy.

Epi. Gentlemen, for heaven's sake, counsel me. Ladies—servant, you have read Pliny and Paracelsus; ne'er a word now to comfort a poor gentlewoman? Ah me, what fortune had I to marry a distracted man!

Daw. I'll tell you, mistress——

True. How rarely she holds it up!

[*Aside to* Cler.

Mor. What mean you, gentlemen?

Epi. What will you tell me, servant?

Daw. The disease in Greek is called μανια, in Latin *insania, furor, vel ecstasis melancholica*, that is, *egressio*, when a man *ex melancholico evadit fanaticus.*

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

Daw. But he may be but *phreneticus* yet, mistress; and *phrenetis* is only *delirium*, or so.

Epi. Ay, that is for the disease, servant; but what is this to the cure? We are sure enough of the disease.

Mor. Let me go.

True. Why, we'll entreat her to hold her peace, sir.

Mor. O no, labour not to stop her. She is like a conduit-pipe,[4] that will gush out with more force when she opens again.

Hau. I'll tell you, Morose, you must talk divinity to him altogether, or moral philosophy.

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[1] *Strife and tumult are the dowry that comes with a wife.*]

"*Hoc decet uxores: dos est uxoria lites.*"
Ibid. l. ii. v. 155.

[2] *These are but notes of female kindness, sir,* &c.] This is the consolation which Morose receives in Libanius: αναστας απειμι παρα την προμνηστριαν, και τι τουτο εστιν ερωτων· νυμφη ρημασι αφιησιν· ναι φησι, φιλτρου σημειον τουτο εστι, και αμα της φωνης επιδειξις.—*Ibid.* p. 303.

[3] *He looks green about the temples! do you see what blue* spots *he has?*] "A plain imitation (as Upton remarks) of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus:"

"Mul. *Viden' tu illi oculos virere? ut viridis exoritur color*
Ex temporibus atque fronte, ut oculi scintillant, vide!"

A passage, he adds, which Shakspeare had also in view in the *Comedy of Errors*; "though the imitation lies more concealed:"

"Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!"

Concealed indeed! The commentators surely imagine that Shakspeare was born without eyes.

[4] *She is like a conduit-pipe,* &c.] This is improved from Libanius: ωσπερ γαρ οι τους κρουνους επισχοντες, ειτ' αφελοντες το κωλυον, σφοδροτεραν ειργασαντο την φοραν· ουτως εγω μικρον αναστειλας την φωνην μειζον επισπασαμην το ρειθρον.—*Ibid.* p. 111.

La-F. Ay, and there's an excellent book of moral philosophy, madam, of Reynard the Fox, and all the beasts, called Doni's Philosophy.

Cen. There is indeed, Sir Amorous La-Foole.

Mor. O misery!

La-F. I have read it, my Lady Centaure, all over, to my cousin here.

Mrs. Ott. Ay, and 'tis a very good book as any is, of the moderns.

Daw. Tut, he must have Seneca read to him, and Plutarch, and the ancients; the moderns are not for this disease.

Cler. Why, you discommended them too to-day, Sir John.

Daw. Ay, in some cases: but in these they are best, and Aristotle's ethics.

Mav. Say you so, Sir John? I think you are deceived: you took it upon trust.

Hau. Where's Trusty, my woman? I'll end this difference. I prithee, Otter, call her. Her father and mother were both mad, when they put her to me.

Mor. I think so. Nay, gentlemen, I am tame. This is but an exercise, I know, a marriage ceremony, which I must endure.

Hau. And one of them, I know not which, was cured with the Sick Man's Salve,[2] and the other with Green's Groat's-worth of Wit.[3]

True. A very cheap cure, madam.

Enter Trusty.

Hau. Ay, 'tis very feasible.

Mrs. Ott. My lady called for you, Mistress Trusty: you must decide a controversy.

Hau. O, Trusty, which was it you said, your father, or your mother, that was cured with the Sick Man's Salve?

Trus. My mother, madam, with the Salve.

True. Then it was the sick woman's salve?

Trus. And my father with the Groat's-worth of Wit. But there was other means used: we had a preacher that would preach folk asleep still; and so they were prescribed to go to church by an old woman that was their physician, thrice a week——

Epi. To sleep!

Trus. Yes, forsooth: and every night they read themselves asleep on those books.

Epi. Good faith, it stands with great reason. I would I knew where to procure those books.

Mor. Oh!

La-F. I can help you with one of them, Mistress Morose, the Groat's-worth of Wit.

Epi. But I shall disfurnish you, Sir Amorous: can you spare it?

La-F. O yes, for a week or so; I'll read it myself to him.

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[1] *There's an excellent book*, &c.] There was a very old collection of Oriental apologues, called *Calilah u Dumnah* (better known as the *Fables of Pilpay*), which was translated about the middle of the 11th century out of the Persian or Arabic into Greek by Simeon Seth: it was afterwards turned into Latin, and subsequently into Italian, by one Doni. This last was rendered into English by Sir Thomas North, 1605, under the title of *Doni's Moral Philosophy*: and to this Sir Amorous alludes, though he ignorantly confounds it with the popular history of *Reynard the Fox*. We have now the good fortune to possess a very complete and elegant translation of this curious work from the original language, by Sir William Jones.

[2] *One was cured with the* Sick Man's Salve,] This was a devotional tract, written by Thomas Becon, an old Calvinistical divine, and published about 1591. From the quaintness of its title (which yet was not uncommon), or some other cause, it was a frequent subject of ridicule with the wits of those days. The repentant Quicksilver, in *Eastward Hoe*, could "speak it all without book;" as could many others. The *Sick Man's Salve* is in the list of suspected books found in the library of Lord Cobham; which, if it does nothing else, will at least prove that our old dramatists were not apt to be turned out of their way by an anachronism more or less. In this catalogue the *Bible* is with some humour set down as "a book of heresie." *First Part of Sir John Oldcastle*, act iv. sc. 2.

[3] *And the other with Green's Groat's-worth of Wit.*] This was one of the last works of this popular writer; and was published after his death under the title of Robert Greene's *Groat's-worth of witte, bought with a million of repentance*. To judge from some of the titles of his numerous works, Greene must have experienced many checks of conscience in his profligate career. He has the *Repentance*, the *Last Vision*, the *Farewell to Folie*, &c. &c. His "witte" was indeed dearly bought, for Greene served a hard taskmaster. Health, credit, and excellent talents were miserably prostituted to purchase nothing but beggary, contempt, and an early grave. His contrition, however, was very bitter: and his last moments, it is just to hope, were neither unprofitable to himself nor others.

Epi. No, I must do that, sir; that must be my office.

Mor. Oh, oh.

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

Mor. No, I should do well enough if you could sleep. Have I no friend that will make her drunk,[1] or give her a little laudanum, or opium?

True. Why, sir, she talks ten times worse in her sleep.

Mor. How!

Cler. Do you not know that, sir? Never ceases all night.

True. And snores like a porpoise.

Mor. O redeem me, fate; redeem me, fate! For how many causes may a man be divorced, nephew?

Daup. I know not, truly, sir.

True. Some divine must resolve you in that, sir, or canon lawyer.

Mor. I will not rest, I will not think of any other hope or comfort, till I know.

[*Exit with* Dauphine.

Cler. Alas, poor man!

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

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

Cler. By my faith, a large truce!

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

Daw. It is his nephew, madam.

La-F. Sir Dauphine Eugenie.

Cen. He looks like a very pitiful knight——

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

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

Daw. He is ready to cry all this day.

La-F. A very shark; he set me in the nick t'other night at Primero.

True. How these swabbers talk!

Cler. Ay, Otter's wine has swelled their humours above a spring-tide.

Hau. Good Morose, let's go in again. I like your couches exceeding well; we'll go lie and talk there.

[*Exeunt* Hau. Cen. Mav. Trus. La-Foole, *and* Daw.

Epi. [*following them.*] I wait on you, madam.

True. [*stopping her.*] 'Slight, I will have them as silent as signs, and their post too, ere I have done. Do you hear, lady-bride? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble wench, continue this discourse of Dauphine within; but praise him exceedingly: magnify him with all the height of affection thou canst;—I have some purpose in't:—and but beat off these two rooks, Jack Daw and his fellow, with any discontentment, hither, and I'll honour thee for ever.

Epi. I was about it here. It angered me to the soul, to hear them begin to talk so malepert.

True. Pray thee perform it, and thou winn'st me an idolater to thee everlasting.

Epi. Will you go in and hear me do't?

True. No, I'll stay here. Drive them out of your company, 'tis all I ask; which cannot be any way better done than by extolling Dauphine, whom they have so slighted.

Epi. I warrant you; you shall expect one of them presently. [*Exit.*

Cler. What a cast of kestrils are these,[2] to hawk after ladies, thus!

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

Cler. He will be mad when we tell him. Here he comes.

Re-enter Dauphine.

Cler. O, sir, you are welcome.

True. Where's thine uncle?

Daup. Run out of doors in his night-caps, to talk with a casuist about his divorce. It works admirably.

True. Thou wouldst have said so, an thou hadst been here! The ladies have laughed at thee most comically, since thou went'st, Dauphine.

Cler. And asked if thou wert thine uncle's keeper.

True. And the brace of baboons answered, Yes; and said thou wert a pitiful poor fellow, and didst live upon posts, and hadst nothing but three suits of apparel, and some few benevolences that the lords gave thee to fool to them, and swagger.

Daup. Let me not live, I'll beat them: I'll bind them both to grand-madam's bed-posts, and have them baited with monkies.

---

[1] *Have I no friend that will make her drunk,* &c.] From Libanius: ουκ εστιν η γυνη μοι μεθυσος· τουτο γαρ εστι το δεινον; ει γαρ μεθυσεν, εκαθευδεν· ει δε εκαθευδεν, ισως εσιγα. *Ibid.* 308.

[2] *What a cast of* kestrils *are these,* &c.] A kestril (see p. 41 *b*, is a base, degenerate hawk. It occurs in all our old writers as an expression of strong contempt. *Cast*, I scarcely need inform the reader is the fowler's term for a couple.

True. Thou shalt not need, they shall be beaten to thy hand, Dauphine. I have an execution to serve upon them, I warrant thee, shall serve: trust my plot.

Daup. Ay, you have many plots! so you had one to make all the wenches in love with me.

True. Why, if I do it not yet afore night, as near as 'tis, and that they do not every one invite thee, and be ready to scratch for thee, take the mortgage of my wit.

Cler. 'Fore God, I'll be his witness thou shalt have it, Dauphine: thou shalt be his fool for ever, if thou dost not.

True. Agreed. Perhaps 'twill be the better estate. Do you observe this gallery, or rather lobby indeed? Here are a couple of studies, at each end one: here will I act such a tragi-comedy between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines,[1] Daw and La-Foole ——which of them comes out first, will I seize on;—you two shall be the chorus behind the arras,[2] and whip out between the acts and speak—If I do not make them keep the peace for this remnant of the day, if not of the year, I have failed once——I hear Daw coming: hide [*they withdraw*], and do not laugh, for God's sake.

Re-enter Daw.

Daw. Which is the way into the garden, trow?

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

Daw. What matter, sir? between whom?

True. Come, you disguise it: Sir Amorous and you. If you love me, Jack, you shall make use of your philosophy now, for this once, and deliver me your sword. This is not the wedding the Centaurs were at, though there be a she one here. [*takes his sword.*] The bride has entreated me I will see no blood shed at her bridal: you saw her whisper me erewhile.

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

True. Do you not wait for Sir Amorous?

Daw. Not I, by my knighthood.

True. And your scholarship too?

Daw. And my scholarship too.

True. Go to, then I return you your sword, and ask your mercy; but put it not up, for you will be assaulted. I understood that you had apprehended it, and walked here to brave him; and that you had held your life contemptible in regard of your honour.[3]

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

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

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[1] *The Guelphs and the Ghibellines,*] Two factions that, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, harassed Italy with great animosity and violence; the former taking part with the Pope, and the latter with the Emperor. The origin of their names is uncertain.—WHAL.

[2] *You two shall be the chorus behind the arras, and whip out between the acts, and speak.*] This passage also is brought forward with great exultation by the commentators on Shakspeare, as a manifest sneer at two of his best plays; and by Mr. Malone, in particular, to show that Jonson viewed "our great poet with *scornful yet with* jealous eyes." The fact itself is proved in the established mode, wherever our author is concerned. There is a piece of *arras* in *Hamlet*, and there is a *chorus* in *Henry V.* Can anything be plainer? But the arras in *Hamlet* is without a chorus, and the chorus in *Henry V.* is without an arras. No matter: if, as Lord Peter says, the accusation cannot be proved *totidem verbis*, it must be made out *totidem literis;* and so the reputation of Jonson is juggled away! How long will the reader's good sense be imposed upon by such deplorable stupidity? How long will his candour be warped by such grovelling malice? What is there in the use of these words that can lead to a suspicion of a sneer at anything? *Arras* was then the constant furniture of the stage, and formed a screen or hiding-place in almost every drama in existence. A *chorus* was by no means unfrequent; and, indeed, appears in the greater number of Jonson's own plays. Did he ridicule himself; or was he debarred the use of the words because they were found in Shakspeare? Had the expression in the text been used by any one but Jonson, it would be termed, as it really is, an application of a familiar phrase, with the speaker's characteristic sprightliness and good humour.

[3] *That you had held your life contemptible in regard of your honour.*] This application of Virgil's fine lines to poor Sir John is highly humorous:

"Est hic, est animus lucis contemptor, et istum
Qui vita bene credat emi, quo tendis, honorem!"

Daw. Ay, he may say his pleasure.

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

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

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

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

True Well, sir, conceal yourself then in this study till I return. [*Puts him into the study.*] Nay, you must be content to be locked in; for, for mine own reputation, I would not have you seen to receive a public disgrace, while I have the matter in managing. Ods so, here he comes; keep your breath close, that he do not hear you sigh.—In good faith, Sir Amorous, he is not this way; I pray you be merciful, do not murder him; he is a Christian, as good as you: you are armed as if you sought revenge on all his race. Good Dauphine, get him away from this place. I never knew a man's choler so high, but he would speak to his friends, he would hear reason.—Jack Daw, Jack! asleep!

Daw. [*within.*] Is he gone, Master Truewit?

True. Ay; did you hear him?

Daw. O lord! yes.

True. What a quick ear fear has!

Daw. [*Comes out of the closet.*] But is he so armed as you say?

True. Armed! did you ever see a fellow set out to take possession?[1]

Daw. Ay, sir.

True. That may give you some light to conceive of him; but 'tis nothing to the principal. Some false brother in the house has furnished him strangely; or, if it were out of the house, it was Tom Otter.

Daw. Indeed he's a captain, and his wife is his kinswoman.

True. He has got somebody's old two-hand sword, to mow you off at the knees: and that sword hath spawned such a dagger!—But then he is so hung with pikes, halberds, petronels, calivers,[2] and muskets, that he looks like a justice-of-peace's hall: a man of two thousand a year is not cessed at so many weapons as he has on. There was never fencer challenged at so many several foils. You would think he meant to murder all St. Pulchre's parish. If he could but victual himself for half a year in his breeches,[3] he is sufficiently armed to overrun a country.

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

True. Well, I'll try if he will be appeased with a leg or an arm; if not—you must die once.

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

True. Why, if he will be satisfied with a

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[1] *Did you ever see a fellow set out to* take possession?] When estates were litigated, or, as was too frequently the case formerly, transferred to a hungry favourite, this was a service of some danger; and the new owner set forth with his attendants and friends well armed. This is not an uncommon case in Ireland at this day; in this country the practice has happily been long obsolete.

[2] *Petronels and calivers.*] These weapons seem to answer to our blunderbusses or horse pistols, and fowling-pieces respectively. Whalley says that the caliver was a larger kind of musquet; but this is contrary to the description given of it in the *Soldier's Accidence*, and other books of the time.

[3] *If he could but victual himself for half a year in his breeches*, &c.] Thus Butler:

> "With a huge pair of round trunk hose,
> In which he carried as much meat
> As he and all his knights could eat."

This is not the only idea which the author of Hudibras has taken from this play. What is more to Jonson's honour, Shakspeare himself has condescended to be obliged to it; for there can be no doubt but that the attempt of Sir Toby and Fabian to bring on a quarrel between Ague-cheek and Viola, is imitated from this scene. It is really edifying to see the complacency with which Mr. Malone resigns his best arguments to his *friend*. He first proves, beyond the reach of cavil, that *Twelfth Night* could not be written before 1614; yet because Steevens, with equal folly and malignity, asserts that Jonson "took every opportunity to find fault with Shakspeare, and ridiculed the conduct of that comedy in *Every Man out of his Humour*," which, as I have already shown, p. 104 *b*, preceded it by a dozen years or more, Mr. Malone calmly subjoins to this contemptible trash, "I *had* supposed this play (*Twelfth Night*) to be written in 1614, if, however, the foregoing passage from *Every Man, &c., be* levelled at it, my speculation falls to the ground." Condescension worthy of all praise. To renounce a rational certainty—to embrace a senseless impossibility—and for what?—for nothing higher or better than the hopeless chance of heaping another absurd calumny on the memory of Jonson. So much can prejudice do—

"*Tantum potuit suadere malorum!*"

thumb or a little finger, all's one to me. You must think, I'll do my best.

[*Shuts him up again.*

Daw. Good sir, do.

[Clerimont *and* Dauphine *come forward.*

Cler. What hast thou done?

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

Cler. His left wing, for a Jack Daw.

Daup. Take it by all means.

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

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

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

Cler. I pray thee, let me be in at the other a little.

True. Look, you'll spoil all; these be ever your tricks.

Cler. No, but I could hit of some things that thou wilt miss, and thou wilt say are good ones.

True. I warrant you. I pray, forbear, I'll leave it off else.

Daup. Come away, Clerimont.

[Daup. *and* Cler. *withdraw as before.*

Enter La-Foole.

True. Sir Amorous!

La-F. Master Truewit.

True. Whither were you going?

La-F. Down into the court to make water.

True. By no means, sir; you shall rather tempt your breeches.

La-F. Why, sir?

True. Enter here, if you love your life.

[*Opening the door of the other study.*

La-F. Why?—why?

True. Question till your throat be cut, do: dally till the enraged soul find you.

La-F. Who is that?

True. Daw it is: will you in?

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

True. Nay, if he had been cool enough to tell us that, there had been some hope to atone you;[1] but he seems so implacably enraged!

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

True. Do, good sir. But what have you done to him within that should provoke him thus? You have broke some jest upon him afore the ladies.

La-F. Not I, never in my life broke jest upon any man. The bride was praising Sir Dauphine, and he went away in snuff,[2] and I followed him; unless he took offence at me in his drink erewhile, that I would not pledge all the horse full.

True. By my faith, and that may be: you remember well: but he walks the round up and down,[3] through every room o' the house, with a towel in his hand, crying, *Where's La-Foole? Who saw La-Foole?* And when Dauphine and I demanded the cause, we can force no answer from him, but—*O revenge, how sweet art thou! I will strangle him in this towel*—which leads us to conjecture that the main cause of his fury is for bringing your meat to-day with a towel about you, to his discredit.

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

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

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

True. How will you go out of the house, sir? He knows you are in the house, and he'll watch this se'ennight but he'll have you: he'll outwait a serjeant for you.[4]

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

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

La-F. Why, sweet Master Truewit, will you entreat my cousin Otter to send me a cold venison pasty, a bottle or two of wine, and a chamber-pot.

---

[1] *There had been some hope to* atone *you.*] To make you friends, to set you *at one* again.—WHAL.

[2] *Went away in snuff,*] i.e., in anger: alluding, I presume, to the offensive manner in which a candle goes out. The word is frequent in our old writers, and furnishes Shakspeare with many playful opportunities of confounding it with the dust of tobacco.

[3] *But he walks the* round *up and down.*] A phrase taken from the army: where it was the business of certain inferior officers to go round to the sentinels and outguards, who from thence were called *gentlemen of the round.*—WHAL.

To watch, in short. See p. 32 *a*.

[4] *He'll outwait a* serjeant *for you.*] The perseverance of *serjeants* (sheriffs' officers) in watching their prey, is well known. Our old poets, who had but too many proofs of it, mention it, either in mirth or anger, upon all occasions.

True. A stool were better, sir, of Sir Ajax his invention.[1]

La-F. Ay, that will be better indeed; and a pallet to lie on.

True. O, I would not advise you to sleep by any means.

La-F. Would you not, sir? Why, then I will not.

True. Yet there's another fear——

La-F. Is there! What is't?

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

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

True. But then if he should batter.

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

True. Cast you the worst. He has sent for powder already, and what he will do with it no man knows: perhaps blow up the corner of the house where he suspects you are. Here he comes; in quickly. [*Thrusts in* La-Foole *and shuts the door.*] —I protest, Sir John Daw, he is not this way: what will you do? Before God, you shall hang no petard here: I'll die rather. Will you not take my word? I never knew one but would be satisfied.—Sir Amorous, [*speaks through the key-hole,*] there's no standing out: he has made a petard of an old brass pot, to force your door. Think upon some satisfaction, or terms to offer him.

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

True. You'll leave it to me then?

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

True. [*beckoning forward* Cler. *and* Dauph.] How now—what think you, sirs? Were't not a difficult thing to determine which of these two feared most?

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

True. Had it not been pity these two should have been concealed?

Cler. Shall I make a motion?

True. Briefly: for I must strike while 'tis hot.

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

True. Umph! ay, by my troth.

Daup. By no mortal means. Let them continue in the state of ignorance, and err still; think them wits and fine fellows, as they have done. 'Twere sin to reform them.

True. Well, I will have them fetched, now I think on't, for a private purpose of mine: do, Clerimont, fetch them, and discourse to them all that's past, and bring them into the gallery here.

Daup. This is thy extreme vanity, now! thou think'st thou wert undone if every jest thou mak'st were not published.

True. Thou shalt see how unjust thou art presently. Clerimont, say it was Dauphine's plot. [*Exit* Clerimont.] Trust me not if the whole drift be not for thy good. There is a carpet[2] in the next room, put it on, with this scarf over thy face, and a cushion on thy head, and be ready when I call Amorous. Away! [*Exit* Daup.]—John Daw! [*Goes to* Daw's *closet, and brings him out.*]

Daw. What good news, sir?

True. Faith, I have followed and argued with him hard for you. I told him you were a knight, and a scholar, and that you knew fortitude did consist *magis patiendo quam faciendo, magis ferendo quam feriendo.*

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[1] *A* stool *were better, sir, of Sir* Ajax *his invention.*] Sir Ajax seems to have been a title familiarly imposed on Sir John Harrington, for a very meritorious attempt to introduce cleanliness into our dwellings, at a period when the sweetest of them would have offended the dullest nose of modern times. In 1596 he published, under the name of Misacmos, a little treatise called, *A New Discourse of a Stale Subject, or the Metamorphosis of Ajax*, of which the object was to point out the propriety of adopting something like the water-closets of the present day, in the place of the wretched utensils which were then common in every house. As the nature of his subject led him to lay open the interior of our palaces and great houses, offence was taken at his freedom: he lost, at least for a time, the favour of Elizabeth (his godmother,) and was banished from court. His gains, from his well-timed labours, were apparently confined to the honour of contributing to the merriment of the wits, Shakspeare, Jonson, Nabbes, and many others, who took advantage of his own pun, (a-jakes,) and dubbed him a knight of the stool; under which title he frequently appears in their pages. Even the grave Camden condescends to be facetious at his expense—but enough on the subject.

[2] *There is a* carpet, &c.] i.e., a table-cover. Formerly these ornamental pieces of tapestry furnished employment for the ladies in the long nights of winter. I have seen several of them in our old mansion-houses. Carpets were not at this period laid on the floor; except occasionally to kneel on, or for purposes of state.

Daw. It doth so indeed, sir.

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

Daw. What was it, sir?

True. Your upper lip and six of your fore-teeth.

Daw. 'Twas unreasonable.

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

Daw. O, did you so? Why, he shall have them.

True. But he shall not, sir, by your leave. The conclusion is this, sir: because you shall be very good friends hereafter, and this never to be remembered or 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 released presently.

Daw. Five kicks! he shall have six, sir, to be friends.

True. Believe me, you shall not overshoot yourself, to send him that word by me.

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

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

Daw. O lord, sir, 'tis nothing.

True. True! what's six kicks to a man that reads Seneca?

Daw. I have had a hundred, sir.

True. Sir Amorous!

Re-enter Dauphine, *disguised.*

No speaking one to another, or rehearsing old matters.

Daw. [*as* Daup. *kicks him.*] One, two, three, four, five. I protest, Sir Amorous, you shall have six.

True. Nay, I told you you should not talk. Come, give him six, an he will needs. [Dauphine *kicks him again.*] Your sword [*takes his sword.*] Now return to your safe custody; you shall presently meet afore the ladies, and be the dearest friends one to another. [*Puts* Daw *into the study.*] Give me the scarf now, thou shalt beat the other barefaced. Stand by: [Dauphine *retires, and* Truewit *goes to the other closet, and releases* La-Foole.] Sir Amorous!

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

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

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

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

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

True. Will you not?

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

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

La-F. Ay, what is't?

True. That you will be beaten in private.

La-F. Yes, I am content, at the blunt.[1]

Enter, above, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mistress Otter, Epicœne, *and* Trusty.

True. Then you must submit yourself to be hoodwinked in this scarf, and be led to him, where he will take your sword from you, and make you bear a blow over the mouth *gules*, and tweaks by the nose *sans nombre.*

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

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

La-F. O, I conceive.

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

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

True. Nor he of you, sir. If he should, [*binds his eyes.*]—Come, sir. [*leads him forward.*] *All hid,* Sir John!

Enter Dauphine, *and tweaks him by the nose.*

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

[1] *At the blunt,*] i.e., with the flat side of the sword.

True. Good Sir John, leave tweaking, you'll blow his nose off. 'Tis Sir John's pleasure you should retire into the study. [*Puts him up again.*] Why, now you are friends. All bitterness between you I hope is buried; you shall come forth by and by Damon and Pythias upon 't, and embrace with all the rankness of friendship that can be. I trust we shall have them tamer in their language hereafter. Dauphine, I worship thee. God's will, the ladies have surprised us!

Enter Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mistress Otter, Epicœne, *and* Trusty *behind.*

Hau. Centaure, how our judgments were imposed on by these adulterate knights!

Cen. Nay, madam, Mavis was more deceived than we; 'twas her commendation uttered them in the college.

Mav. I commended but their wits, madam, and their braveries. I never looked toward their valours.

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

Mav. And a bravery too.

Hau. Was this his project?

Mrs. Ott. So Master Clerimont intimates, madam.

Hau. Good Morose, when you come to the college, will you bring him with you? he seems a very perfect gentleman.

Epi. He is so, madam, believe it.

Cen. But when will you come, Morose?

Epi. Three or four days hence, madam, when I have got me a coach and horses.

Hau. No, to-morrow, good Morose; Centaure shall send you her coach.

Mav. Yes, faith, do, and bring Sir Dauphine with you.

Hau. She has promised that, Mavis.

Mav. He is a very worthy gentleman in his exteriors, madam.

Hau. Ay, he shews he is judicial in his clothes.

Cen. And yet not so superlatively neat as some, madam, that have their faces set in a brake.[1]

Hau. Ay, and have every hair in form.

Mav. That wear purer linen than ourselves, and profess more neatness than the French hermaphrodite.

Epi. Ay, ladies, they, what they tell one of us, have told a thousand; and are the only thieves of our fame, that think to take us with that perfume, or with that lace, and laugh at us unconscionably when they have done.

Hau. But Sir Dauphine's carelessness becomes him.

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

Mav. Or such a leg.

Cen. He has an exceeding good eye, madam.

Mav. And a very good lock.[2]

[1] *Not so superlatively neat as some that have their faces set in a* brake.] A *brake*, amongst other acceptations, is a sort of bridle, which they made use of to young horses, in order to make them carry their heads steady, and in a proper place.—WHAL.

A *brake* is a powerful iron curb, by which the tongue and jaws of restive horses are so compressed as to prevent their *taking the bit*: but the *brake* which seems to be meant here is a strong wooden frame in which the feet of young and vicious horses are frequently confined by farriers, preparatory to their being shod. Jonson uses the word again in his beautiful poem to Charis, and in a similar sense:

"Drest, you still for man should take him;
And not think he'd eat a stake,
Or were set up in a *brake*."

[2] *A very good* lock.] A favourite *lock* of hair, which it was the fashion of those times to nourish.—WHAL.

To make it more conspicuous, a rose or knot of ribands was sometimes attached to it. Thus Shirley:

"Who knows but he
May lose the riband by it, in his *lock*?"
Coronation.

And Davenant:

"A *lock* on the left side, so rarely hung
With ribanding."—*Love and Honour.*

This practice was so rooted, that it flourished for near a century, in spite of all the ridicule of the stage, and all the thunder of the press. From the following curious passage in *Mydas*, it appears that the form of these love-locks was as various and capricious as that of the beards, already noticed: "How will you be trimmed, sir? Will you have your beard like a spade or a bodkin? A penthouse on your upper lip or an alley on your chin? A low curle on your heade like a ball, or dangling locks like a spaniell? Your mustachoes sharp at the ends like shoemakers' aules, or hanging downe to your mouth like goates' flakes? Your *love*-locks wreathed with a silken twist, or shaggie to fall on your shoulders?" act iii. sc. 2. Certainly an assemblage of "braveries" at this time must have presented a very amusing spectacle, as far as the head was concerned. From the prints of the unfortunate Charles, it appears that he and his courtiers wore love-locks. The king, it is said, cut off his in 1646. His favourites probably followed his example. Business of higher import than considering whether their "*locks*

Cen. Good Morose, bring him to my chamber first.

Mrs. Ott. Please your honours to meet at my house, madam.

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

[Haughty *comes forward.*

Hau. You have unbraced our brace of knights here, Master Truewit.

True. Not I, madam; it was Sir Dauphine's ingine: who, if he have disfurnished your ladyship of any guard or service by it, is able to make the place good again in himself.

Hau. There is no suspicion of that, sir.

Cen. God so, Mavis, Haughty is kissing.

Mav. Let us go too, and take part.

[*They come forward.*

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

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

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

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

True. Did not I tell thee, Dauphine! Why, all their actions are governed by crude opinion, without reason or cause; they know not why they do anything; but as they are informed, believe, judge, praise, condemn, love, hate, and in emulation one of another, do all these things alike. Only they have a natural inclination sways them generally to the worst, when they are left to themselves. But pursue it, now thou hast them.

Hau. Shall we go in again, Morose?

Epi. Yes, madam.

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

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

Hau. Will you, Master Truewit?

Daup. Ay; but, noble ladies, do not confess in your countenance, or outward bearing to them, any discovery of their follies, that we may see how they will bear up again, with what assurance and erection.

Hau. We will not, Sir Dauphine.

Cen. Mav. Upon our honours, Sir Dauphine.

True. [*goes to the first closet.*] Sir Amorous, Sir Amorous! The ladies are here.

La-F. [*within.*] Are they?

True. Yes; but slip out by and by, as their backs are turned, and meet Sir John here, as by chance when I call you. [*Goes to the other.*]—Jack Daw!

Daw. [*within.*] What say you, sir?

True. Whip out behind me suddenly, and no anger in your looks to your adversary. Now, now!

[La-Foole *and* Daw *slip out of their respective closets, and salute each other.*

La-F. Noble Sir John Daw! where have you been?

Daw. To seek you, Sir Amorous.

La-F. Me! I honour you.

Daw. I prevent you, sir.

Cler. They have forgot their rapiers.

True. O, they meet in peace, man.

Daup. Where's your sword, Sir John?

Cler. And yours, Sir Amorous?

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

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

Daup. Indeed, sir!—How their excuses meet!

Cler. What a consent there is in the handles!

True. Nay, there is so in the points too, I warrant you.

Enter Morose, *with the two swords, drawn, in his hands.*

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

[Ladies, Daw, *and* La-Foole *run off.*

Mor. What make these naked weapons here, gentlemen?

True. O, sir! here hath like to have been murder since you went; a couple of knights fallen out about the bride's favours! We were fain to take away their weapons; your house had been begged by this time else.[1]

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should be wreathed with silk, or left shaggie to fall on the shoulders," now occupied their attention; and in the hateful times which immediately succeeded, the fashion went to decay with a thousand better things.

[1] *Your house had been begged by this time else.*] For a riot, &c., for which it would have fallen, as a deodand, to the crown. The quick-scented rapacity of James's courtiers is well marked by this expression, which, though used in jest, contains little more than the simple fact.

Mor. For what?

Cler. For manslaughter, sir, as being accessary.

Mor. And for her favours?

True. Ay, sir, heretofore, not present.—Clerimont, carry them their swords now. They have done all the hurt they will do.

[*Exit* Cler. *with the two swords.*

Daup. Have you spoke with the lawyer, sir?

Mor. O no! there is such a noise in the court,[1] that they have frighted me home with more violence than I went! such speaking and counter-speaking, with their several voices of citations, appellations, allegations, certificates, attachments, interrogatories, references, convictions, and afflictions indeed, among the doctors and proctors, that the noise here is silence to't, a kind of calm midnight!

True. Why, sir, if you would be resolved indeed, I can bring you hither a very sufficient lawyer, and a learned divine, that shall enquire into every least scruple for you.

Mor. Can you, Master Truewit?

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

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

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

Mor. Do your pleasure with me, gentlemen. I believe in you, and that deserves no delusion. [*Exit.*

True. You shall find none, sir;—but heaped, heaped plenty of vexation.

Daup. What wilt thou do now, Wit?

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

Daup. Why? to what purpose?

True. O, I'll make the deepest divine and gravest lawyer out of them two, for him——

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

True. Do not fear me. Clap but a civil gown with a welt[2] on the one, and a canonical cloke with sleeves on the other, and give them a few terms in their mouths, if there come not forth as able a doctor and complete a parson, for this turn, as may be wished, trust not my election: and I hope, without wronging the dignity of either profession, since they are but persons put on, and for mirth's sake, to torment him. The barber smatters Latin, I remember.

Daup. Yes, and Otter too.

True. Well then, if I make them not wrangle out this case to his no comfort, let me be thought a Jack Daw or La-Foole, or anything worse. Go you to your ladies, but first send for them.

Daup. I will. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Morose's *House.*

Enter La-Foole, Clerimont, *and* Daw.

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

Cler. Why, Dauphine took them from the madman.

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

Cler. Very like, sir.

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

Cler. Would I knew how to make you so, gentlemen!

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

Enter Mavis.

Mav. Gentlemen, have any of you a pen and ink? I would fain write out a riddle in Italian, for Sir Dauphine to translate.

Cler. Not I, in troth, lady; I am no scrivener.

Daw. I can furnish you, I think, lady.

[*Exeunt* Daw and Mavis.

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[1] *O no! there is such a noise in the court, &c.*] This, with the legal terms which follow, is adapted, with considerable humour, from Libanius: των εκκλησιων ου μαλα κοιρωνων, ου δια το των κοιρη συμφεροντων αμελειν, αλλα δια τας των ου δυναμενων σιγησαι βοας ρητορων. εις αγοραν ου σφοδρα εμβαλλων, δια τα πολλα ταυτα των δικων ονοματα, φασις, ενδειξις, απαγωγη, διαδικασια, παραγραφη, ἁ και οις ουδεν εστι πραγμα φιλουσιν ονομασειν. Ibid. p. 301-2.

[2] *Clap but a* civil *gown with a welt, &c.*] A *civil* gown is the gown of a civilian: a *welt*, as I have already observed, is a hem or border of fur, &c. In the conclusion of this speech, Jonson shews himself yet sore of the censure passed on him for his alleged reflection on the law, in the *Poetaster.*

Cler. He has it in the haft of a knife, I believe.

La-F. No, he has his box of instruments.

Cler. Like a surgeon!

La-F. For the mathematics: his square, his compasses, his brass pens, and black-lead, to draw maps of every place and person where he comes.

Cler. How, maps of persons!

La-F. Yes, sir, of Nomentack, when he was here,[1] and of the Prince of Moldavia, and of his mistress, Mistress Epicœne.

Re-enter Daw.

Cler. Away! he hath not found out her latitude, I hope.

La-F. You are a pleasant gentleman, sir.

Cler. Faith, now we are in private, let's wanton it a little, and talk waggishly.—Sir John, I am telling Sir Amorous here that you two govern the ladies wherever you come; you carry the feminine gender afore you.

Daw. They shall rather carry us afore them, if they will, sir.

Cler. Nay, I believe that they do withal[2]—but that you are the prime men in their affections, and direct all their actions——

Daw. Not I; Sir Amorous is.

La-F. I protest Sir John is.

Daw. As I hope to rise in the state, Sir Amorous, you have the person.

La-F. Sir John, you have the person, and the discourse too.

Daw. Not I, sir. I have no discourse—and then you have activity beside.

La-F. I protest, Sir John, you come as high from Tripoly as I do, every whit.[3]

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[1] *Yes, sir, of Nomentack, when he was here,* &c.] Nomentack was an Indian chief, from Virginia, who was brought to England some years before this was written. Of the Prince of Moldavia, I can give no account.

[2] *Nay, I believe that they do withal*—] I quote these words, merely because the collocation of them recalls to my mind an expression in Shakspeare, on which I have something to say. In one of the prettiest speeches surely that ever was penned, that of Portia (*Merchant of Venice*, act iii. sc. 4), to Nerissa, she describes the appearance she shall make, and the language she shall hold when "accoutred like a man:"

"I'll speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,
How *honourable ladies* sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick, and died;
I could not do withal!"

The last line, or rather a corruption of it, the commentators, who are always routing in the mire of impurity, explain in the most indecent manner. I will not say of Portia, as of Desdemona, that her "motion blushed at herself," yet she was assuredly a woman of modesty, and therefore little likely to use the language of a brothel, or to attribute the manners of one to the "*honourable ladies* who sought her love." The fact is, that the phrase so shamelessly misinterpreted is in itself perfectly innocent, and means neither more nor less than I COULD NOT HELP IT. In *Morte Arthur*—where Guinever is accused of poisoning one of the knights of the round table, the king says to her, "None of them will say well of you, nor none of them will doe battle for you, and that shall be great slaunder for you in this court. Alas! said the queen, *I cannot doe withall*," (I cannot help it,) "and now I miss Sir Launcelot," part iii. c. 108. In the trial of Udall, Lord Anderson says: "You had as good say you were the author." *Udall.* "That will not follow, my lord: but if you think so, *I cannot do withal*," (I cannot help it.)—*State Trials*, fol. vol. i. p. 162. And in that excellent old play, the *Little French Lawyer*, Dinant, who is reproached by Clerimont for not silencing the music, which endangered his safety, replies:

"*I cannot do withal;* (I cannot help it:)
I have spoke and spoke: I am betrayed and lost too."

I make no apology for this long note, irrelevant as it will perhaps be thought. Shakspeare is in every hand; and it is therefore incumbent on all those who feel a due respect for youth and innocence, to take every opportunity of removing the impurities with which his pages are wantonly overcharged. As the sense of the words is now fully ascertained, we have a right to expect that the stupid and indecent comments of Collins and others on it shall be henceforth omitted. "*Withal*, the reading of the old copies," Mr. Malone tells us, "was *corrected* (corrected, with a vengeance!) "to *with all*, (as it stands in his and Steevens' editions) by Mr. Pope." Notwithstanding this cheering assurance, the future editors of Shakspeare will do well to let him speak his own language, and to print the line as it stands above, and as it ought always to have stood: "I could not do withal." *Withal* in Jonson, is a mere expletive.

[3] *I protest, Sir John, you* come *as high* from Tripoly *as I do, every whit*:] "A phrase, (Upton says), to signify feats of activity, vaulting, leaping, &c. Jonson has it again in his Epigrams, (cxv.)

"Can come from *Tripoly*, leap stools, and wink."

And so likewise his contemporaries:

"Get up to the window there, and presently,
Like a most compleat gentleman come from *Tripoly*."—*Monsieur Thomas*, act iv. sc. 2.

Tripoly, Whalley subjoins, "was famous for the justs and tournaments held there in the days of

and lift as many joined stools, and leap over them, if you would use it.

Cler. Well, agree on't together, knights; for between you, you divide the kingdom or commonwealth of ladies' affections. I see it, and can perceive a little how they observe you, and fear you indeed. You could tell strange stories, my masters, if you would, I know.

Daw. Faith, we have seen somewhat, sir.

La-F. That we have—velvet petticoats, and wrought smocks, or so.

Daw. Ay, and——

Cler. Nay, out with it, Sir John; do not envy your friend the pleasure of hearing, when you have had the delight of tasting.

Daw. Why—a—Do you speak, Sir Amorous.

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

Daw. I' faith, you shall.

La-F. I' faith, you shall.

Daw. Why, we have been——

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

Daw. Nay, do you, Sir Amorous.

Cler. And these ladies with you, knights?

La-F. No, excuse us, sir.

Daw. We must not wound reputation.

La-F. No matter—they were these, or others. Our bath cost us fifteen pound when we came home.

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

Daw. If I can, I will, sir.

Cler. You lay in the same house with the bride here?

Daw. Yes, and conversed with her hourly, sir.

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

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

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

Daw. O no, sir.

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

Cler. Tut, she is married now, and you cannot hurt her with any report; and therefore speak plainly: how many times, i' faith? which of you led first? ha!

La-F. Sir John had her maidenhead, indeed.

Daw. O, it pleases him to say so, sir; but Sir Amorous knows what's what as well.

Cler. Dost thou, i' faith, Amorous?

La-F. In a manner, sir.

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

Daw. Hang him, mad ox!

Cler. Speak softly; here comes his nephew, with the Lady Haughty: he'll get the ladies from you, sirs, if you look not to him in time.

La-F. Why, if he do, we'll fetch them home again, I warrant you.

[*Exit with* Daw. Cler. *walks aside.*

Enter Dauphine *and* Haughty.

Hau. I assure you, Sir Dauphine, it is the price and estimation of your virtue only that hath embarked me to this adventure; and I could not but make out to tell you so: nor can I repent me of the act, since it is always an argument of some virtue in ourselves, that we love and affect it so in others.

Daup. Your ladyship sets too high a price on my weakness.

Hau. Sir, I can distinguish gems from pebbles——

Daup. Are you so skilful in stones?

[*Aside.*

Hau. And howsoever I may suffer in such a judgment as yours, by admitting equality of rank or society with Centaure or Mavis——

Daup. You do not, madam; I perceive they are your mere foils.

Hau. Then are you a friend to truth, sir; it makes me love you the more. It is not the outward but the inward man that I affect. They are not apprehensive of an eminent perfection, but love flat and dully.

Cen. [*within.*] Where are you, my Lady Haughty?

Hau. I come presently, Centaure.—My chamber, sir, my page shall shew you; and

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chivalry, and from those feats perhaps the phrase was derived." I think not: "justs and tournaments," wherever held, were grave and serious amusements, and could scarcely give name to such apish tricks as leaping over sticks, &c. It seems far more probable that the phrase grew out of one of those *jests nominal*, (as Owen Feltham calls them,) of which our ancestors were so fond; and that the sole claim which Tripoly has to the honour conferred upon it, lies in the first part of its name.

Trusty, my woman, shall be ever awake for you: you need not fear to communicate anything with her, for she is a Fidelia. I pray you wear this jewel for my sake, Sir Dauphine.—

Enter Centaure.

Where's Mavis, Centaure?

Cen. Within, madam, a writing. I'll follow you presently. [*Exit* Hau.] I'll but speak a word with Sir Dauphine.

Daup. With me, madam?

Cen. Good Sir Dauphine, do not trust Haughty, nor make any credit to her[1] whatever you do besides. Sir Dauphine, I give you this caution, she is a perfect courtier, and loves nobody but for her uses; and for her uses she loves all. Besides, her physicians give her out to be none o' the clearest, whether she pay them or no, heaven knows; and she's above fifty too, and pargets![2] See her in a forenoon. Here comes Mavis, a worse face than she! you would not like this by candle-light.

Re-enter Mavis.

If you'll come to my chamber one o' these mornings early, or late in an evening, I'll tell you more. Where's Haughty, Mavis?

Mav. Within, Centaure.

Cen. What have you there?

Mav. An Italian riddle for Sir Dauphine,—you shall not see it, i' faith, Centaure.—[*Exit* Cen.] Good Sir Dauphine, solve it for me: I'll call for it anon. [*Exit.*

Cler. [*coming forward.*] How now, Dauphine! how dost thou quit thy self of these females?

Daup. 'Slight, they haunt me like fairies, and give me jewels here; I cannot be rid of them.

Cler. O, you must not tell though.[3]

Daup. Mass, I forgot that: I was never so assaulted. One loves for virtue, and bribes me with this [*shews the jewel*]—another loves me with caution, and so would possess me; a third brings me a riddle here: and all are jealous, and rail each at other.

Cler. A riddle! pray let me see it. [*Reads.*

"Sir Dauphine, I chose this way of intimation for privacy. The ladies here, I know, have both hope and purpose to make a collegiate and servant of you. If I might be so honoured as to appear at any end of so noble a work, I would enter into a fame of taking physic to-morrow, and continue it four or five days, or longer, for your visitation. MAVIS."

By my faith, a subtle one! Call you this a riddle? what's their plain-dealing, trow?

Daup. We lack Truewit to tell us that.

Cler. We lack him for somewhat else too: his knights reformadoes are wound up as high and insolent as ever they were.

Daup. You jest.

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

Daup. What, that they have lain with her?

Cler. Yes; and tell times and circumstances, with the cause why, and the place where. I had almost brought them to affirm that they had done it to-day.

Daup. Not both of them?

Cler. Yes, faith; with a sooth or two more I had effected it. They would have set it down under their hands.

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[1] *Do not trust* Haughty, *nor make any credit to her.*] i.e., nor give her any credit; from the Latin idiom, *fidem facere*. Jonson is too bold in introducing phrases from the learned languages.—WHAL.

It was the vice, or rather the fashion of the times. Shakspeare has as many words, if not phrases, as Jonson. I do not recollect to have yet marked a Latinism in him which is not to be found in his contemporaries, except perhaps in *Sejanus*.

[2] *She's above fifty too, and* pargets!] i.e., daubs, or plasters her face: see p. 204 *b*.

[3] *O, you must not tell, though.*] It was the received opinion, that it was extremely dangerous to betray the confidence of the fairies: the loss of all future favour from them was the least part of the evil; personal or family misfortune usually followed the indiscretion. To this the old Clown in the *Winter's Tale* cunningly alludes: "Tis *fairy gold*, boy, and will prove so. Up with it; *keep it close*." And so in the *Honest Man's Fortune*:

"*Mont.* Your ladyship cannot tell me when I kissed her.

Lady. But *she* can, sir.

Mont. But she will not, madam;
For when they talk once, 'tis like *fairy money*,
They get no more close kisses."

And again:

"A prince's secrets are like fairy favours;
Wholesome if kept: but poison if discovered."

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

Enter Truewit.

True. O, are you here? Come, Dauphine; go call your uncle presently: I have fitted my divine and my canonist, dyed their beards and all. The knaves do not know themselves, they are so exalted and altered. Preferment changes any man. Thou shalt keep one door and I another, and then Clerimont in the midst, that he may have no means of escape from their cavilling, when they grow hot once again. And then the women, as I have given the bride her instructions, to break in upon him in the l'envoy.[1] O, 'twill be full and twanging! Away! fetch him.

[*Exit* Dauphine.

Enter Otter, *disguised as a divine, and* Cutbeard *as a canon lawyer.*

Come, master doctor, and master parson, look to your parts now, and discharge them bravely; you are well set forth, perform it as well. If you chance to be out, do not confess it with standing still, or humming, or gaping one at another; but go on, and talk aloud and eagerly; use vehement action, and only remember your terms, and you are safe. Let the matter go where it will: you have many will do so. But at first be very solemn and grave, like your garments, though you loose yourselves after, and skip out like a brace of jugglers on a table. Here he comes: set your faces, and look superciliously while I present you.

Re-enter Dauphine *with* Morose.

Mor. Are these the two learned men?

True. Yes, sir; please you salute them.

Mor. Salute them! I had rather do anything than wear out time so unfruitfully, sir. I wonder how these common forms,[2] as *God save you*, and *You are welcome*, are come to be a habit in our lives: or, *I am glad to see you!* When I cannot see what the profit can be of these words, so long as it is no whit better with him whose affairs are sad and grievous, that he hears this salutation.

True. 'Tis true, sir; we'll go to the matter then.—Gentlemen, master doctor, and master parson, I have acquainted you sufficiently with the business for which you are come hither; and you are not now to inform yourselves in the state of the question, I know. This is the gentleman who expects your resolution, and therefore, when you please, begin.

Ott. Please you, master doctor.

Cut. Please you, good master parson.

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

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

Mor. Nay, good gentlemen, do not throw me into circumstances. Let your comforts arrive quickly at me, those that are. Be swift in affording me my peace, if so I shall hope any. I love not your disputations, or your court-tumults. And that it be not strange to you, I will tell you: My father, in my education, was wont to advise me,[3] that I should always collect and contain my mind, not suffering it to flow loosely; that I should look to what things were necessary to the carriage of my life, and what not; embracing the one and eschewing the other: in short, that I should endear myself to rest, and avoid turmoil; which now is grown to be another nature to me. So that I come not to your public pleadings, or your places of noise; not that I neglect those things that make for the dignity of the commonwealth; but for the mere avoiding of clamours and impertinences of orators, that know not how to be silent. And for the cause of noise, am I now a suitor to you. You do not know in what a misery I have been exercised this day, what a torrent of evil! my very house turns round with the tumult! I dwell in a windmill: the perpetual motion is here, and not at Eltham.[4]

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[1] *In the l'envoy.*] i.e., in the conclusion. See Massinger, vol. iv. p. 417.

[2] *I wonder how these common forms*, &c.] From Libanius: Και μην εκεινο δειν εξελασαι της αγορας, το της προσρησεως, ουκ οιδ' οθεν εις τον βιον επελθον, τον δεινα χαιρειν· ου γαρ εγωγε μα τους θεους ορω του ρηματος το κερδος· ου γαρ ωγε λυπης αξιως εχει τα πραγματα, βελτιω παρα το χαιρειν ακουσαι γιγνεται. *Ibid.* p. 302.

[3] *My father, in my education, was wont to advise me*, &c.] This also is from Libanius. Εμοι δ' ὁ πατηρ, ω βουλη, παρηνει, τον νουν αει συναγειν και συνεχειν, και μη συγχωρειν διαχεισθαι· διορᾳν των εν τω βιῳ τα τε αναγκαια και τα μη, και των μεν εχεσθαι, των δ' απεχεσθαι· τιμαν την ησυχιαν, φευγειν τας ταραχας· ἁ και ποιων, ω βουλη, διατελω· των εκκλησιων ου μαλα κοινωνων, ου δια τε των κοινῃ συμφερουτων αμελειν, αλλα δια τας των ου δυναμενων σιγησαι βοας ῥητορων.—*Ibid.* p. 301.

[4] *The perpetual motion is here, and not at Eltham.*] Here was a puppet-show of great

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

Cut. Sir, though unworthy, and the weaker, I will presume.

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

Mor. Yet again!

Cut. Your question is, For how many causes a man may have *divortium legitimum*, a lawful divorce? First, you must understand the nature of the word, divorce, *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 them, all which do not *dirimere contractum*, but *irritum reddere matrimonium*, as we say in the canon law, *not take away the bond, but cause a nullity therein.*

Mor. I understood you before: good sir, avoid your impertinency of translation.

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

Mor. Yet more!

True. O, you must give the learned men leave, sir.—To your impediments, master doctor.

Cut. The first is *impedimentum erroris.*

Ott. Of which there are several species.

Cut. Ay, as *error personæ.*

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

Cut. Then, *error fortunæ.*

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

Cut. Then, *error qualitatis.*

Ott. If she prove stubborn or headstrong, that you thought obedient.

Mor. How! is that, sir, a lawful impediment? One at once, I pray you, gentlemen.

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

Cut. Master parson says right. *Nec post nuptiarum benedictionem.* It doth indeed but *irrita reddere sponsalia*, annul the contract; after marriage it is of no obstancy.

True. Alas, sir, what a hope are we fallen from[1] by this time!

Cut. The next is *conditio:* if you thought her free born and she prove a bondwoman, there is impediment of estate and condition.

Ott. Ay, but, master doctor, those servitudes are *sublatæ* now, among us Christians.

Cut. By your favour, master parson——

Ott. You shall give me leave, master doctor.

Mor. Nay, gentlemen, quarrel not in that question; it concerns not my case: pass to the third.

Cut. Well then, the third is *votum:* if either party have made a vow of chastity. But that practice, as master parson said of the other, is taken away among us, thanks be to discipline.[2] 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 godfather, sir, then the marriage is incestuous.

Ott. That comment is absurd and superstitious, master doctor: I cannot endure it. Are we not all brothers and sisters, and as much akin in that as godfathers and god-daughters?

Mor. O me! to end the controversy, I never was a godfather, I never was a godfather 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 examined her, what religion she is of?

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

Ott. You may have it done for you, sir.

Mor. By no means, good sir; on to the rest: shall you ever come to an end, think you?

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celebrity in our author's time. It is called, in Peacham's verses to Coryat, "that *divine motion* at Eltham;" so that it was probably some piece of scripture history. Jonson introduces it again in his Epigrams, and in very bad company:

"See you yon motion? not the old Fa-ding,
Nor Captain Pod, nor yet the *Eltham* thing," &c.

[1] *What a hope are we fallen from!*] Literally from Terence: *Quanta de spe decidi!*—Whal.

[2] *Thanks be to* discipline.] This was a term much affected by the Puritans, when they spoke of the reformation of the Church. In *Bartholomew Fair* it is termed the *beauteous discipline.*

True. Yes, he has done half, sir. On to the rest.—Be patient, and expect, sir.

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

Mor. O no, it was too voluntary, mine; too voluntary.

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

Ott. That's superstitious too.

Mor. No matter, master parson; would she would go into a nunnery yet.

Cut. The ninth is, *ligamen;* if you were bound, sir, to any other before.

Mor. I thrust myself too soon into these fetters.

Cut. The tenth is, *publica honestas;* which is *inchoata quædam affinitas.*

Ott. Ay, or *affinitas orta ex sponsalibus;* and is but *leve impedimentum.*

Mor. I feel no air of comfort blowing to me in all this.

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

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

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

Ott. You say right, venerable doctor; and, *nascitur ex eo, quod per conjugium duæ personæ efficiuntur una caro*——

True. Hey-day, now they begin!

Cut. I conceive you, master parson: *Ita per fornicationem æque est verus pater, qui sic generat*——

Ott. Et vere filius qui sic generatur——

Mor. What's all this to me?

Cler. Now it grows warm.

Cut. The twelfth and last is, *si forte coire nequibis.*

Ott. Ay, that is *impedimentum gravissimum:* it doth utterly annul and annihilate, that. If you have *manifestam frigiditatem,* you are well, sir.

True. Why, there is comfort come at length, sir. Confess yourself but a man unable, and she will sue to be divorced first.

Ott. Ay, or if there be *morbus perpetuus, et insanabilis;* as *paralysis, elephantiasis,* or so——

Daup. O, but *frigiditas* is the fairer way, gentlemen.

Ott. You say troth, sir, and as it is in the canon, master doctor——

Cut. I conceive you, sir.

Cler. Before he speaks!

Ott. That a boy, or child, under years, is not fit for marriage, because he cannot *reddere debitum.* So your *omnipotentes*——

True. Your *impotentes,* you whoreson lobster! [*Aside to* Ott.

Ott. Your *impotentes,* I should say, are *minime apti ad contrahenda matrimonium.*

True. Matrimonium! we shall have most unmatrimonial Latin with you: *matrimonia,* and be hanged.

Daup. You put them out, man.

Cut. But then there will arise a doubt, master parson, in our case, *post matrimonium:* that *frigiditate præditus*—do you conceive me, sir?

Ott. Very well, sir.

Cut. Who cannot *uti uxore pro uxore,* may *habere eam pro sorore.*

Ott. Absurd, absurd, absurd, and merely apostatical!

Cut. You shall pardon me, master parson, I can prove it.

Ott. You can prove a will, master doctor, you can prove nothing else. Does not the verse of your own canon say:

Hæc socianda vetant connubia, facta retractant?[1]

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[1] *Does not the verse of your own canon say,* "*Hæc socianda vetant connubia, facta retractant?*"]

"The following (as Upton observes) are the verses alluded to:

1 2 3 4 5
'*Error, conditio, votum, cognatio, crimen,*
6 7 8 9
Cultûs disparitas, vis, ordo, ligamen,
10
honestas,
11 12
Si sis affinis, si forte coire nequibis:
Si parochi et duplicis desit præsentia testis,
Raptave sit mulier, nec parti reddita tutæ.
Hæc facienda vetant connubia, facta retractant.'

canon law allows fourteen impediments, which are comprehended in the verses above, though only twelve of them are enumerated by our author's casuists."

It is scarcely possible to read this humorous discussion without adverting to one of a serious kind, which took place on the divorce of Lord Essex. If it were not ascertained beyond a doubt that the *Silent Woman* appeared on the stage in 1609, four years at least prior to the date of that most infamous transaction, it would be difficult to persuade the reader that a strong burlesque of it was not here intended. The bishops Neal and Andrews are the very counterparts of Otter and Cutbeard; nor does Morose himself display more anxiety for the fortunate termination of his extraordinary suit than the credulous and ever-meddling James exhibited on that occasion for the success of his unworthy favourite.

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

Mor. O, this was it I feared.

Ott. In æternum, sir.

Cut. That's false in divinity, by your favour.

Ott. 'Tis false in humanity to say so. Is he not *prorsus inutilis ad therum?* Can he *præstare fidem datam?* I would fain know.

Cut. Yes; how if he do *convalere?*

Ott. He cannot *convalere*, it is impossible.

True. Nay, good sir, attend the learned men; they'll think you neglect them else.

Cut. Or if he do *simulare* himself *frigidum, odio uxoris*, or so?

Ott. I say he is *adulter manifestus* then.

Daup. They dispute it very learnedly, i' faith.

Ott. And *prostitutor uxoris;* and this is positive.

Mor. Good sir, let me escape.

True. You will not do me that wrong, sir?

Ott. And, therefore, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, sir——

Cut. Ay, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, I grant you——

Ott. Why, that was my conclusion.

Cut. And mine too.

True. Nay, hear the conclusion, sir.

Ott. Then, *frigiditatis causa*——

Cut. Yes, *causa frigiditatis*——

Mor. O, mine ears!

Ott. She may have *libellum divortii* against you.

Cut. Ay, *divortii libellum* she will sure have.

Mor. Good echoes, forbear.

Ott. If you confess it.——

Cut. Which I would do, sir——

Mor. I will do anything

Ott. And clear myself in *foro conscientiæ*——

Cut. Because you want indeed——

Mor. Yet more!

Ott. Exercendi potestate.

Epicœne *rushes in, followed by* Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mistress Otter, Daw, *and* La-Foole.

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

Mor. O the variety and changes of my torment!

Hau. Let them be cudgelled out of doors by our grooms.

Cen. I'll lend you my footman.

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

Mrs. Ott. As there was one at our house, madam, for peeping in at the door.

Daw. Content, i' faith.

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

Mav. I'd have the bridegroom blanketted too.

Cen. Begin with him first.

Hau. Yes, by my troth.

Mor. O mankind generation![1]

Daup. Ladies, for my sake forbear.

Hau. Yes, for Sir Dauphine's sake.

Cen. He shall command us.

La-F. He is as fine a gentleman of his inches, madam, as any is about the town, and wears as good colours when he lists.

True. Be brief, sir, and confess your infirmity; she'll be a-fire to be quit of you, if she but hear that named once, you shall not entreat her to stay: she'll fly you like one that had the marks upon him.[2]

Mor. Ladies, I must crave all your pardons——

True. Silence, ladies.

Mor. For a wrong I have done to your whole sex, in marrying this fair and virtuous gentlewoman——

Cler. Hear him, good ladies.

Mor. Being guilty of an infirmity which,

[1] *O mankind generation!*] i.e., simply masculine, always a term of reproach, when applied to a female. Upton quotes several passages to prove that it means *wicked*, in every one of which it means *mannish*. That the word, however, is sometimes used in an ill sense as an augmentative, for violent, outrageous, &c., is certain: Cotgrave calls some fierce animal "a *mankind* wild beast;" and Hall (Mass. vol. iv. p. 53) speaks of "stripes for the correction of a *mankind* ass."

[2] *She'll fly you like one that had the* marks *upon him.*] Of the plague or some contagious distemper.—WHAL.

before I conferred with these learned men, I thought I might have concealed——

True. But now being better informed in his conscience by them, he is to declare it, and give satisfaction by asking your public forgiveness.

Mor. I am no man, ladies.

All. How!

Mor. Utterly unabled in nature, by reason of frigidity, to perform the duties or any the least office of a husband.

Mav. Now out upon him, prodigious creature!

Cen. Bridegroom uncarnate!

Hau. And would you offer it to a young gentlewoman?

Mrs. Ott. A lady of her longings?

Epi. Tut, a device, a device, this! it smells rankly, ladies. A mere comment of his own.

True. Why, if you suspect that, ladies, you may have him searched——

Daw. As the custom is, by a jury of physicians.

La-F. Yes, faith, 'twill be brave.

Mor. O me, must I undergo that?

Mrs. Ott. No, let women search him, madam: we can do it ourselves.

Mor. Out on me! worse.

Epi. No, ladies, you shall not need, I'll take him with all his faults.

Mor. Worst of all!

Cler. Why then, 'tis no divorce, doctor, if she consent not?

Cut. No, if the man be *frigidus*, it is *de parte uxoris*, that we grant *libellum divortii*, in the law.

Ott. Ay, it is the same in theology.

Mor. Worse, worse than worst!

True. Nay, sir, be not utterly disheartened; we have yet a small relick of hope left, as near as our comfort is blown out. Clerimont, produce your brace of knights. What was that, master parson, you told me *in errore qualitatis*, e'en now? —Dauphine, whisper the bride, that she carry it as if she were guilty and ashamed. [*Aside.*

Ott. Marry, sir, *in errore qualitatis* (which master doctor did forbear to urge), if she be found *corrupta*, that is, vitiated or broken up, that was *pro virgine desponsa*, espoused for a maid——

Mor. What then, sir?

Ott. It doth *dirimere contractum*, and *irritum reddere* too.

True. If this be true, we are happy again, sir, once more. Here are an honourable brace of knights that shall affirm so much.

Daw. Pardon us, good Master Clerimont.

La-F. You shall excuse us, Master Clerimont.

Cler. Nay, you must make it good now, knights, there is no remedy; I'll eat no words for you, nor no men: you know you spoke it to me.

Daw. Is this gentleman-like, sir?

True. Jack Daw, he's worse than Sir Amorous; fiercer a great deal. [*Aside to* Daw.]—Sir Amorous, beware, there be ten Daws in this Clerimont.

[*Aside to* La-Foole.

La-F. I'll confess i., sir.

Daw. Will you, Sir Amorous, will you wound reputation?

La-F. I am resolved.

True. So should you be too, Jack Daw: what should keep you off? she's but a woman, and in disgrace: he'll be glad on t.

Daw. Will he? I thought he would have been angry.

Cler. You will dispatch, knights; it must be done, i' faith.

True. Why, an it must, it shall, sir, they say: they'll ne'er go back.—Do not tempt his patience. [*Aside to them.*

Daw. It is true indeed, sir.

La-F. Yes, I assure you, sir.

Mor. What is true, gentlemen? what do you assure me?

Daw. That we have known your bride, sir——

La-F. In good fashion. She was our mistress, or so——

Cler. Nay, you must be plain, knights, as you were to me.

Ott. Ay, the question is, if you have *carnaliter*, or no?

La-F. Carnaliter! what else, sir?

Ott. It is enough; a plain nullity.

Epi. I am undone, I am undone!

Mor. O let me worship and adore you, gentlemen!

Epi. I am undone! [*Weeps.*

Mor. Yes, to my hand, I thank these knights. Master parson, let me thank you otherwise. [*Gives him money.*

Cen. And have they confessed?

Mav. Now out upon them, informers!

True. You see what creatures you may bestow your favours on, madams.

Hau. I would except[1] against them as

[1] *I would except against them as beaten knights, wench, and not good witnesses in law.*]

beaten knights, wench, and not good witnesses in law.

Mrs. Ott. Poor gentlewoman, how she takes it!

Haw. Be comforted, Morose, I love you the better for 't.

Cen. So do I, I protest.

Cut. But, gentlemen, you have not known her since *matrimonium*?

Daw. Not to-day, master doctor.

La-F. No, sir, not to-day.

Cut. Why, then I say, for any act before, the *matrimonium* is good and perfect; unless the worshipful bridegroom did precisely, before witness, demand, if she were *virgo ante nuptias*.

Epi. No, that he did not, I assure you, master doctor.

Cut. If he cannot prove that, it is *ratum conjugium*, notwithstanding the premisses; and they do no way *impedire*. And this is my sentence, this I pronounce.

Ott. I am of master doctor's resolution too, sir; if you made not that demand *ante nuptias*.

Mor. O my heart! wilt thou break? wilt thou break? this is worst of all worst worsts that hell could have devised! Marry a whore, and so much noise!

Daup. Come, I see now plain confederacy in this doctor and this parson, to abuse a gentleman. You study his affliction. I pray be gone, companions.—And, gentlemen, I begin to suspect you for having parts with them.—Sir, will it please you hear me?

Mor. O do not talk to me; take not from me the pleasure of dying in silence, nephew.[1]

Daup. Sir, I must speak to you. I have been long your poor despised kinsman, and many a hard thought has strengthened you against me: but now it shall appear if either I love you or your peace, and prefer them to all the world beside. I will not be long or grievous to you, sir. If I free you of this unhappy match absolutely and instantly, after all this trouble, and almost in your despair, now——

Mor. It cannot be.

Daup. Sir, that you be never troubled with a murmur of it more, what shall I hope for, or deserve of you?

Mor. O, what thou wilt, nephew! thou shalt deserve me, and have me.

Daup. Shall I have your favour perfect to me, and love hereafter?

Mor. That, and anything beside. Make thine own conditions. My whole estate is thine; manage it, I will become thy ward.

Daup. Nay, sir, I will not be so unreasonable.

Epi. Will Sir Dauphine be mine enemy too?

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

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

Daup. If I quit you not presently, and for ever, of this cumber, you shall have power instantly, afore all these, to revoke your act, and I will become whose slave you will give me to for ever.

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

Epi. O me, most unfortunate, wretched gentlewoman!

Haw. Will Sir Dauphine do this?

When the method of determining causes by *wager*, or *trial* of battle, subsisted, either on a writ of right, or in an appeal, or an approvement, if either of the combatants, and particularly the appellant, became *recreant*, and pronounced the horrible word *craven*, he became infamous, and was no longer accounted *liber et legalis homo*; and being by the event supposed to be forsworn, he was never put upon a jury, or admitted as a witness in any cause. It is to this custom that our poet alludes. See *Blackstone's Commentaries*, vol. iii. p. 337, and vol. iv. p. 340, with Mr. Reed's note on Ford's '*Tis Pity she's a Whore*, act i.—WHAL.

[1] *Take not from me the pleasure of dying in silence, nephew.*] Thus Morose in Libanius: Δοτε δη, δοτε την χαριν, ω βουλη, πεμψατε με ταχεως εις την τελειαν ησυχιαν. Ibid. 312. In conclusion he meditates an escape from the loquacity of his wife by a dose of hemlock, though somewhat alarmed at the tales which he has heard of law suits, and other clamorous affairs among the ghosts. Upon the whole, however, he resolves, in opposition to Hamlet, that it is better to venture on an uncertain evil than to bear a certain one; and he winds up his long harangue with a supplication which, for a sophist, must be allowed to possess a considerable degree of humour: Ω θεοι παντες και πασαι, ει λογον μετεστι τοι; απελθουσι, δοιητε τη γυναικι προς εσχατον γηρως ελθειν, ως τε με τυχειν εν ᾅδου τελειονος αναπαυσεως. Ibid. p. 314.

Epi. Good sir, have some compassion on me.

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

Cen. He does it not sure without good ground.

Daup. Here, sir.

[*Gives him the parchments.*

Mor. Come, nephew, give me the pen; I will subscribe to anything, 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 [heaven] I will not take the advantage. [*Returns the writings.*

Daup. Then here is your release, sir. [*Takes off* Epicœne's *periuke and other disguises.*] You have married a boy, 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.

Daup. I thank you, good doctor Cutbeard, and parson Otter. [*Pulls their false beards and gowns off.*] You are beholden to them, sir, that have taken this pains for you; and my friend, Master Truewit, who enabled them for the business. Now you may go in and rest; be as private as you will, sir. [*Exit* Morose.] I'll not trouble you till you trouble me with your funeral, which I care not how soon it come.—Cutbeard, I'll make your lease good. *Thank me not, but with your leg, Cutbeard.* And Tom Otter, your princess shall be reconciled to you.—How now, gentlemen, do you look at me?

Cler. A boy!

Daup. Yes, Mistress Epicœne.

True. Well, Dauphine, you have lurched your friends of the better half of the garland, by concealing this part of the plot:[1] 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. Nay, Sir Daw and Sir La-Foole, you see the gentlewoman that has done you the favours! we are all thankful to you, and so should the woman-kind here, specially for lying on her, though not with her! you meant so, I am sure. But that we have stuck it upon you to-day, in your own imagined 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 cuckoos as you are. You are they that,[2] when no merit or fortune can make you hope to enjoy their bodies, will yet lie with their reputations, and make their fame suffer. Away, you common moths of these, and all ladies' honours. Go, travel to make legs and faces, and come home with some new matter to be laughed at: you deserve to live in an air as corrupted as that wherewith you feed rumour. [*Exeunt* Daw *and* La-Foole.] Madams, you are mute upon this new metamorphosis! But here stands

[1] True. *Well, Dauphine, you have lurched your friends of the better half of the garland,* &c.] "I formerly" (says Mr. Malone) "thought this a *sneer* at Shakspeare, but have lately met with nearly the same phrase in a pamphlet written by Nashe, and suppose it to have been a common phrase of the time." A better specimen of the manner with which Jonson is commonly criticised, or, more properly calumniated, cannot be desired. If Mr. Malone, whose reading is not universal, had not fortunately met with another example of this expression, he would, it seems, have continued to think (i.e., to call) it a *sneer* at Shakspeare! I can furnish Mr. Malone with several examples of it: but—suppose none had existed, why must it be a "*sneer?*" It is not an inelegant phrase; it is used in the text with perfect sincerity, and with a degree of taste and propriety which admits of no dispute. The words, if really taken from Shakspeare, might indeed be construed into a compliment to our great bard: but could appear only to a jaundiced eye, and perverted mind, as a designed ridicule upon him. They were, however, public property, and as free for Jonson as for any of his contemporaries. Much more might be said on the subject: but I gladly turn from such splenetic revilings to the just and liberal observation with which Upton concludes his strictures on this play. "Hardly, I believe, can be given a better instance of a happy discovery, and unravelling of the whole plot than we have now before us. The persons of the play are all met together, and all in the highest suspense of the catastrophe: by concealing this part of the plot, Dauphine has lurched his friends of the better half of the garland. And let this praise which Truewit gives to his friend, be returned back again to our poet."

[2] *You are they,* &c.]

"*Parva queror: fingunt quidam, quæ vera negarent,*
Et nulli non se concubuisse ferunt.
Corpora si nequeant, quæ possint nomina tractant,
Famæque, non tacto corpore, crimen habet."
Art. Aman. ii. v. 633.

she that has vindicated your fames. Take heed of such insectæ hereafter. And let it not trouble you, that you have discovered any mysteries to this young gentleman: he is almost of years, and will make a good visitant within this twelvemonth. In the mean time, we'll all undertake for his secrecy, that can speak so well of his silence. [*Coming forward.*] *Spectators, if you like this comedy, rise cheerfully, and now Morose is gone in, clap your hands. It may be that noise will cure him, at least please him.*

[*Exeunt.*[1]

[1] Now we have gone through this celebrated poem of our author, it would be unjust not to take notice of the judgment passed upon it by a greater genius than Jonson, and one who fell very little short of him, or who was perhaps his equal, in critical abilities and learning. The genius I mean is Mr. Dryden; whose just and great commendations of this play are such as the poet would have thought himself honoured in receiving, had he been then alive.—WHAL.

With all my respect for Dryden, whose critical examination of the *Silent Woman* is undoubtedly creditable to his talents, I cannot subscribe to this extravagant encomium. I do not believe that he was "a greater genius than Jonson;" and I am quite sure that in "learning and critical abilities" he was not to be compared with him. Jonson was a most profound scholar, fixed in his sentiments, and uniform in his principles of criticism, which were drawn from the ancient masters. Dryden had merely the Greek and Latin of a clever schoolboy, derived his critical notions (principles he never possessed) from the French writers, and shifted them without care, as flattery or resentment occupied his mind. But to what he calls his "*Examen of the Silent Woman*:"

"To begin first with the length of the action; it is so far from exceeding the compass of a natural day, that it takes not up an artificial one. It is all included in the limits of three hours and an half, which is no more than is required for the presentment on the stage: a beauty perhaps not much observed; if it had we should not have looked on the Spanish translation of *Five Hours* with so much wonder. The scene of it is laid in London; the latitude of place is almost as little as you can imagine; for it lies all within the compass of two houses, and after the first act in one. The continuity of scenes is observed more than in any of our plays, except his own *Fox* and *Alchemist*. They are not broken above twice or thrice at most in the whole comedy; and in the two best of Corneille's plays, the *Cid* and *Cinna*, they are interrupted once. The action of the play is entirely one; the end or aim of which is the settling of Morose's estate on Dauphine. The intrigue of it is the greatest and most noble of any pure unmixed comedy in any language: you see in it many persons of various characters and humours, and all delightful. As first, Morose, or an old man, to whom all noise but his own talking is offensive. Some who would be thought critics say this humour of his is forced: but to remove that objection, we may consider him first to be naturally of a delicate hearing, as many are to whom all sharp sounds are unpleasant; and secondly, we may attribute much of it to the peevishness of his age, or the wayward authority of an old man in his own house, where he may make himself obeyed; and to this the poet seems to allude in his name Morose. Besides this, I am assured from divers persons, that Ben Jonson was actually acquainted with such a man, one altogether as ridiculous as he is here represented.

"Besides Morose, there are at least nine or ten different characters and humours in the *Silent Woman*; all which persons have several concernments of their own, yet are all used by the poet to the conducting of the main design to perfection. I shall not waste time in commending the writing of this play: but I will give you my opinion, that there is more wit and acuteness of fancy in it than in any of Ben Jonson's. Besides, that he has here described the conversation of gentlemen in the persons of Truewit and his friends with more gaiety, air, and freedom than in the rest of his comedies. For the contrivance of the plot, 'tis extreme elaborate, and yet withal easy; for the λύσις, or untying of it, 'tis so admirable that when it is done no one of the audience would think the poet could have missed it; and yet it was concealed so much before the last scene, that any other way would sooner have entered into your thoughts. But I dare not take upon me to commend the fabric of it, because it is altogether so full of art, that I must unravel every scene in it to commend it as I ought. And this excellent contrivance is still the more to be admired, because 'tis comedy where the persons are only of common rank and their business private, not elevated by passions or high concernments, as in serious plays. Here every one is a proper judge of all he sees: nothing is represented but that with which he daily converses: so that by consequence all faults lie open to discovery, and few are pardonable. 'Tis this which Horace has judiciously observed:

Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum; sed habet Comedia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus.

"But our poet, who was not ignorant of these difficulties, has made use of all advantages; as he who designs a large leap, takes his rise from the highest ground. One of these advantages is that which Corneille has laid down as the greatest which can arrive to any poem, and which he himself could never compass above thrice in all his plays; viz., the making choice of some signal and long-expected day, whereon the action of the play is to depend. This day was that designed by Dauphine for the settling of his uncle's estate upon him; which to compass, he contrives to marry him. That the

marriage had been plotted by him long beforehand, is made evident by what he tells Truewit in the second act, that in one moment he had destroyed what he had been raising many months.

"There is another artifice of the poet, which I cannot here omit, because by the frequent practice of it in his comedies he has left it to us almost as a rule; that is, when he has any character or humour wherein he would show a *coup de maître*, or his highest skill, he recommends it to your observation by a pleasant description of it before the person first appears. Thus in *Bartholomew Fair* he gives you the pictures of Numps and Cokes, and in this those of Daw, La-Foole, Morose, and the Collegiate Ladies; all which you hear described before you see them. So that before they come upon the stage you have a longing expectation of them, which prepares you to receive them favourably; and when they are there, even from their first appearance, you are so far acquainted with them, that nothing of their humour is lost to you.

"I will observe yet one thing further of this admirable plot; the business of it rises in every act. The second is greater than the first; the third than the second; and so forward to the fifth. There too you see, till the very last scene, new difficulties arising to obstruct the action of the play; and when the audience is brought into despair that the business can naturally be effected, then, and not before, the discovery is made. But that the poet might entertain you with more variety all this while, he reserves some new characters to show you, which he opens not till the second and third act. In the second, Morose, Daw, the Barber, and Otter; in the third, the Collegiate Ladies; all which he moves afterwards in bye-walks, or under-plots, as diversions to the main design, lest it should grow tedious, though they are still naturally joined with it, and somewhere or other subservient to it. Thus, like a skilful chess-player, by little and little he draws out his men, and makes his pawns of use to his greater persons."—*Essay on Dramatic Poesy*; Dryden's *Works*, vol. xv. p. 354.

It appears that Dryden, as well as the modern critics who have favoured us with their remarks on this play, was utterly ignorant of the source from which the character of Morose was derived. The poet's "actual acquaintance with such a man" is now placed upon certain grounds:—and those who accuse him of dealing in illiberal personalities, or extravagancies peculiar to himself, may if they please derive a lesson of forbearance from the instance in the text, and not eagerly press, as they always do, to decide every point against Jonson before the smallest part of the question has been examined. Not only the name of *Morose* (which Dryden seems to think so happily allusive), but the whole frame and contexture of his character, our poet found in Libanius. He has, however, rendered him far more natural and interesting than he appears in the sophist of Antioch, and thrown him into situations calculated, with admirable address, to place the peculiarities of his humour in the strongest light, and render them at once instructive and amusing.

It is somewhat singular that Dryden should dismiss the Collegiates with a bare mention. They merited more of his care. The comic stage cannot boast of more legitimate objects of satire: and while their profligacy is treated with unmixed severity, their absurd pretensions to literature are advanced with such serious mockery, ridiculed with such natural and easy dexterity, and exposed with such sarcastic and overwhelming contempt, that though we hear of some combinations of this kind about the period of the *Silent Woman's* appearance, no traces of them as here drawn are afterwards discoverable. "They vanished at the crowing of the cock."—Our days have witnessed an attempt to revive the Collegiates—but this was a water-suchy club, merely ridiculous; and so unsubstantial as not to require the clarion of the cock: but to "melt into thin air" at the twittering of a wren.

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