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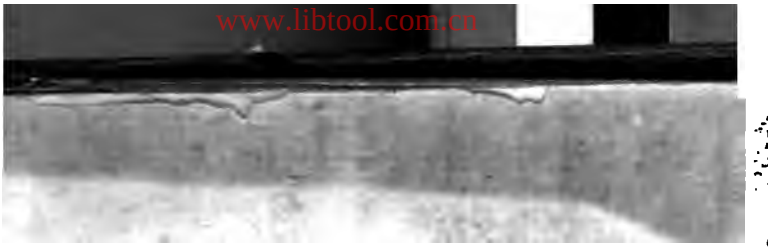

THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CONTAINING

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

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Perſons Repreſented.

Vincentio, *duke of* Vienna.
Angelo, *lord deputy in the duke's abſence.*
Eſcalus, *an ancient lord, joined with* Angelo *in the deputation.*
Claudio, *a young gentleman.*
Lucio, *a fantaſtick.*
Two other like gentlemen.
Varrius*, *a gentleman, ſervant to the duke.*
Provoſt.
Thomas, } *two friars.*
Peter, }
A juſtice.
Elbow, *a ſimple conſtable.*
Froth, *a fooliſh gentleman.*
Clown, ſervant to Mrs. Over-done.
Abhorſon, *an executioner.*
Barnardine, *a diſſolute priſoner.*

Iſabella, *ſiſter to* Claudio.
Mariana, *betrothed to* Angelo.
Juliet, *beloved by* Claudio.
Franciſca, *a nun.*
Miſtreſs Overdone, *a bawd.*

Lords, gentlemen, guards, officers, and other attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

* Varrius might be omitted, for he is only once ſpoken to, and ſays nothing. JOHNSON.

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MEASURE for MEASURE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A room in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Eſcalus,—
Eſcal. My Lord.
Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would ſeem in me to affect ſpeech and diſcourſe;

1 The ſtory is taken from Cinthio's *Novels*, Decad. 8. Novel 5. Pope.

We are ſent to Cinthio for the plot of *Meaſure for Meaſure*, and Shakſpeare's judgment hath been attacked for ſome deviations from him in the conduct of it, when probably all he knew of the matter was from Madam *Iſabella*, in the *Heptameron of Whetſtone*, Lond. 4to. 1582.—She *reports*, in the fourth dayes Exerciſe, the rare *Hiſtorie of Promos and Caſſandra*. A marginal note informs us, that *Whetſtone* was the author of the *Comedie* on that ſubject; which likewiſe had probably fallen into the hands of Shakſpeare. Farmer.

There is perhaps not one of Shakſpeare's plays more darkened than this by the peculiarities of its authour, and the unſkilfulneſs of its editors, by diſtortions of phraſe, or negligence of tranſcription. Johnson.

Shakſpeare took the fable of this play from the *Promos and Caſſandra* of G. Whetſtone, publiſhed in 1578. See Theobald's note at the end.

A hint, like a ſeed, is more or leſs prolifick, according to the qualities of the ſoil on which it is thrown. This ſtory, which in the hands of Whetſtone produced little more than barren inſipidity, under the culture of Shakſpeare became fertile of entertainment. The curious reader will find that the old play of *Promos and Caſſandra* exhibits an almoſt complete embryo of *Meaſure for Meaſure*; yet the hints on which it is formed are ſo ſlight, that it is nearly as impoſſible to detect them, as it is to point out in the acorn the future ramifications of the oak.

The reader will find the argument of G. Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, at the end of this play. It is too bulky to be inſerted here. See likewiſe the piece itſelf among *Six old Plays on which Shakſpeare founded* &c. publiſhed by S. Leacroft, Charing-croſs. Steevens.

Meaſure for Meaſure was, I believe, written in 1603. See an *Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, ante. Malone.

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Since I am put to know [2], that your own ſcience
Exceeds, in that, the liſts [3] of all advice
My ſtrength can give you: Then no more remains,
But that to your ſufficiency ** as your worth is able,
And let them work [4]. The nature of our people,
Our city's inſtitutions, and the terms

[2] *Since I am* put *to know*,—] *I am put to know* may mean, *I am obliged to acknowledge.* So, in *King Henry VI.* Part II. ſc. i:

" —— had I firſt been *put to* ſpeak my mind." STEEVENS.

[3] — *liſts*] Bounds, limits. JOHNSON.

[4] ——— *Then no more remains,*
But that to your ſufficiency ** *as your worth is able,*
And let them work.] I have not the ſmalleſt doubt that the compoſitor's eye glanced from the middle of the ſecond of theſe lines to that under it in the Mſ. and that by this means two half lines have been omitted. The very ſame error may be found in *Macbeth*, edit. 1632:

"——— which, being taught, return,
" To plague *the ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice*
" To our own lips."

inſtead of

" ——which, being taught, return,
" To plague the *inventor. This even-handed juſtice*
" *Commends the* ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice" &c.

Again, in *Much ado about nothing*, edit. 1623. p. 103:

" And I will break with her. Was't not to this end, &c."

inſtead of

" And I will break with her, *and with her father,*
" *And thou ſhalt have her.* Was't not to this end, &c."

Mr. Theobald would ſupply the defect thus:

But that to your ſufficiency *you add*
Due diligence, as your worth is able, &c.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

But that to your ſufficiency *you join*
A will to ſerve us, as your worth is able, &c.

The following paſſage, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. which is conſtructed in a manner ſomewhat ſimilar to the preſent when corrected, appears to me to ſtrengthen the ſuppoſition that two half lines have been loſt:

" Send *danger* from the eaſt unto the weſt,
" So *honour* croſs it from the north to ſouth,
" *And let them grapple.*"

Sufficiency is ſkill in government; ability to execute his office. *And let them work*, a figurative expreſſion; *Let them ferment.* MALONE.

Some words ſeem to have been loſt here, the ſenſe of which, perhaps, may be thus ſupplied:

———*then no more remains,*
But that to your ſufficiency you put
A zeal as willing *as your worth is able*, &c. TYRWHITT.

For

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For common juſtice[5], you are as pregnant in [6],
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our commiſſion,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I ſay, bid come before us Angelo.—[*Exit an attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you muſt know, we have with ſpecial ſoul [7]
Elected him our abſence to ſupply;
Lent him our terror, dreſt him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?

Eſcal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo ſuch ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleaſure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the obſerver, doth thy hiſtory [8]
Fully

[5] ——— *and the terms*

For common juſtice,] *Terms* means the technical language of the courts. An old book called *Les Termes de la Ley*, (written in Henry the Eighth's time) was in Shakſpeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young ſtudents in the law. BLACKSTONE.

[6] — *as* pregnant *in,*] *Pregnant* is ready, knowing. JOHNSON.

[7] — *with ſpecial ſoul*] By the words *with ſpecial ſoul elected him*, I believe, the poet meant no more than *that he was the immediate choice of his heart.* So, in the *Tempeſt*:

——— " for ſeveral virtues
" Have I lik'd ſeveral women, never any
" With ſo *full ſoul*, but ſome defect" &c. STEEVENS.

This ſeems to be only a tranſlation of the uſual formal words inſerted in all royal grants: ——— " de *gratia* noſtra *ſpeciali*, et ex mero " motu——." MALONE.

[8] *There is a kind of character in thy life,*
That, to the obſerver, doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold:] What is there peculiar in this, that a man's *life* informs the obſerver of his *hiſtory?*

Hiſtory may be taken in a more diffuſe and licentious meaning, for *future occurrences*, or the part of life yet to come. If this ſenſe be received, the paſſage is clear and proper. JOHNSON.

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Fully unfold: Thyſelf and thy belongings [9]
Are not thine own ſo proper [1], as to waſte
Thyſelf upon thy virtues, them on thee [2].
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues [3]
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues [4]: nor nature never lends [5]
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddeſs, ſhe determines
Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe [6]. But I do bend my ſpeech
To one that can my part in him advertiſe [7];

Shakſpeare has the ſame thought in *Henry IV.* which is ſome comment on this paſſage before us:

" There is a hiſtory in all men's lives,
" Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
" The which obſerv'd, a man may prophecy
" With a near aim, of the main chance of things
" As yet not come to life, &c. STEEVENS.

9 — *thy* belongings] i. e. endowments. MALONE.

1 — *are not thine own ſo proper,*] i. e. are not ſo much thy own property. STEEVENS.

2 — them on *thee.*] The old copy reads—*they* on thee. STEEVENS. Corrected by Sir Tho. Hanmer. MALONE.

3 ——— *for if our virtues* &c.]

Paulum ſepultæ diſtat inertiæ
Celata virtus.—Hor. THEOBALD.

4 — *to fine iſſues:*] To great conſequences; for high purpoſes. JOHNSON.

5 — nor *nature* never *lends*] Two negatives, not employed to make an affirmative, are common in our author. STEEVENS.

6 —— *ſhe* determines
Herſelf *the glory of a creditor,*
Both thanks and uſe.] i. e. She (Nature) *requires and allots* to *herſelf* the ſame advantages that creditors uſually enjoy,—thanks for the endowments ſhe has beſtowed, and extraordinary exertions in thoſe whom ſhe hath thus favoured, by way of *intereſt* for what ſhe has lent.

Uſe, in the phraſeology of our author's age, ſignified *intereſt of money.* MALONE.

7 —— *I do bend my ſpeech*
To one that can my part in him *advertiſe*;] I believe, the meaning is,—I am talking to one who is himſelf already ſufficiently converſant with the nature and duties of my office;—of that *office, which I have now delegated to him.* MALONE.

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Hold therefore, Angelo [8];
In our remove, be thou at full ourſelf;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Eſcalus,
Though firſt in queſtion [9], is thy ſecondary:
Take thy commiſſion.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be ſome more teſt made of my metal,
Before ſo noble and ſo great a figure
Be ſtamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evaſion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice [1]
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haſte from hence is of ſo quick condition,
That it prefers itſelf, and leaves unqueſtion'd
Matters of needful value. We ſhall write to you,
As time and our concernings ſhall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commiſſions.

[8] *Hold therefore, Angelo:*] That is, continue to be Angelo; *hold* as thou art. JOHNSON.

I believe that—*Hold therefore Angelo*, are the words which the duke utters on tendering his commiſſion to him. He concludes with—*Take thy commiſſion.* STEEVENS.

If a full point be put after *therefore*, the duke may be underſtood to ſpeak of himſelf. *Hold therefore*, i. e. Let me therefore hold, or ſtop. And the ſenſe of the whole paſſage may be this. The duke, who has begun an exhortation to Angelo, checks himſelf thus. "But I am ſpeaking *to one, that can in him* [in, or by himſelf] apprehend *my part* [all that I have to ſay]: I will therefore ſay no more [on that ſubject]." He then merely ſignifies to Angelo his appointment. TYRWHITT.

9—*firſt in queſtion,*] That is, firſt called for; firſt appointed. JOHNSON.

[1] *We have with a* leaven'd *and prepared choice*] *Leaven'd choice* is one of Shakſpeare's harſh metaphors. His train of ideas ſeems to be this. *I have proceeded to you with choice* mature, concocted, fermented, *leavened.* When bread is *leavened* it is left to ferment: a *leavened* choice is therefore a choice not haſty, but conſiderate, not declared as ſoon as it fell into the imagination, but ſuffered to work long in the mind. JOHNSON.

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Ang. Yet; give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you ſomething on the way [2].
Duke. My haſte may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any ſcruple: your ſcope [3] is as mine own;
So to inforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your ſoul ſeems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe, and *aves* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.
Ang. The heavens give ſafety to your purpoſes!
Eſcal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happineſs!
Duke. I thank you: Fare you well. [*Exit.*
Eſcal. I ſhall deſire you, ſir, to give me leave
To have free ſpeech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what ſtrength and nature
I am not yet inſtructed.
Ang. 'Tis ſo with me:—Let us withdraw together,
And we may ſoon our ſatisfaction have
Touching that point.
Eſcal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter LUCIO, *and two* Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to compoſition with the king of Hungary, why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.
1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!
2 *Gent.* Amen.

[2] — *bring you ſomething on the way.*] i. e. accompany you. The ſame mode of expreſſion is to be found in almoſt every writer of theſe times. REED.

[3] *your ſcope* —] That is, Your amplitude of power. JOHNSON.

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Lucio. Thou concludeſt like the ſanctimonious pirate, that went to ſea with the ten commandments, but ſcraped one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not ſteal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the reſt from their functions; they put forth to ſteal: There's not a ſoldier of us all, that, in the thankſgiving before meat, doth reliſh the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any ſoldier diſlike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou neve where grace was ſaid.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

1 *Gent.* What? in metre [4]?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, deſpight of all controverſy [5]: As for example; Thou thyſelf art a wicked villain, deſpight of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of ſheers between us [6].

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the liſts and the velvet: Thou art the liſt.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a liſt of an Engliſh kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet [7]. Do I ſpeak feelingly now? *Lucio.*

4 — *in metre?*] In the primers, there are metrical graces, ſuch as, I ſuppoſe, were uſed in Shakſpeare's time. JOHNSON.

5 *Grace is grace, deſpight of all controverſy:*] The queſtion is, whether the ſecond gentleman has ever heard grace. The firſt gentleman limits the queſtion to *grace in metre.* Lucio enlarges it to *grace in any form or language.* The firſt gentleman, to go beyond him, ſays, or *in any religion,* which Lucio allows, becauſe the nature of things is unalterable; grace is as immutably grace, as his merry antagoniſt is a *wicked villain.* Difference in religion cannot make a *grace* not to be *grace,* a *prayer* not to be *holy*; as nothing can make a *villain* not to be a *villain.* This ſeems to be the meaning, ſuch as it is. JOHNSON.

6 — *there went but a pair of ſheers between us.*] We are both of the ſame piece. JOHNSON.

7 — *pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet.*] The jeſt about the pile of a French velvet alludes to the loſs of hair in the French diſ-

eaſe,

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Lucio. I think thou doſt; and, indeed, with moſt painful feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine own confeſſion, learn to begin thy health; but, whilſt I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myſelf wrong; have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted or free.

1 *Gent.* Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes[8]! I have purchaſed as many diſeaſes under her roof, as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thouſand dollars a year[9].

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more[1].

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diſeaſes in me: but thou art full of error; I am ſound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would ſay, healthy; but ſo ſo ſound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feaſt of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the moſt profound ſciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arreſted, and carry'd to priſon, was worth five thouſand of you all.

eaſe, a very frequent topick of our author's jocularity. Lucio finding that the gentleman underſtands the diſtemper ſo well, and mentions it ſo *feelingly*, promiſes to remember to drink his *health*, but to forget *to drink after him*. It was the opinion of Shakſpeare's time, that the cup of an infected perſon was contagious. JOHNSON.

The jeſt lies between the ſimilar ſound of the words *pill'd* and *pil'd*. This I have elſewhere explained, under a paſſage in *Henry* VIII: "*Pill'd* prieſt thou lieſt." STEEVENS.

[8] *Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes!*] In the old copy this ſpeech, and the next but one, are attributed to Lucio. The preſent regulation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Pope. What Lucio ſays afterwards, "A *French* crown more," proves that it is right. He would not utter a ſarcaſm againſt himſelf. MALONE.

9 *To three thouſand dollars a year.*] A quibble intended between *dollars* and *dolours*. HANMER.

The ſame jeſt occurred before in the *Tempeſt*. JOHNSON.

[1] *A French crown more.*] Lucio means here not the piece of money ſo called, but that *venereal* ſcab, which among the ſurgeons is ſtyled *corona Veneris*. THEOBALD.

1 *Gent.*

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1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, ſir, that's Claudio, ſignior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to priſon! 'tis not ſo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis ſo: I ſaw him arreſted; ſaw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within theſe three days his head's to be chopp'd off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it ſo: Art thou ſure of this?

Bawd. I am too ſure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promiſed to meet me two hours ſince; and he was ever preciſe in promiſe-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Beſides, you know, it draws ſomething near to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpoſe.

1 *Gent.* But moſt of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt* LUCIO *and* gentlemen.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the ſweat [2], what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am cuſtom-ſhrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown [3].

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to priſon.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman [4].

Bawd.

[2] — *what with the ſweat,*] This may allude to the *ſweating ſickneſs*, of which the memory was very freſh in the time of Shakſpeare: but more probably to the method of cure then uſed for the diſeaſes contracted in brothels. JOHNSON.

[3] *Enter* Clown.] As this is the firſt *clown* who makes his appearance in the plays of our author, it may not be amiſs, from a paſſage in *Tarlton's News out of Purgatory*, to point out one of the ancient dreſſes appropriated to the character: "— I ſawe one attired in ruſſet, with a "button'd cap on his head, a bag by his ſide, and a ſtrong bat in his "hand; ſo artificially attired for a *clowne*, as I began to call Tarl"ton's woonted ſhape to remembrance." STEEVENS.

Such perhaps was the dreſs of the Clown in *All's well that ends well* and *Twelfth Night*; Touchſtone in *As you like it*, &c. The preſent clown however (as an anonymous writer has obſerved) is only the tapſter of a brothel, and probably was not ſo appareled. MALONE.

[4] — *What has he* done?

Clown. *A woman.*] The ancient meaning of the verb to *do* (though now obſolete) may be gueſs'd at from the following paſſage:

"*Chiron.*

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Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river [5].

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clown. All houſes in the ſuburbs [6] of Vienna muſt be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what ſhall become of thoſe in the city?

Clown. They ſhall ſtand for ſeed: they had gone down too, but that a wiſe burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the ſuburbs be pull'd down [7]?

Clown. To the ground, miſtreſs.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What ſhall become of me?

" *Chiron.* Thou haſt undone our mother.

" *Aaron.* Villain, I've *done* thy mother." *Titus Andronicus.*

Again, in Ovid's *Elegies*, tranſlated by Marlowe, printed at Middlebourg, no date:

" The ſtrumpet with the ſtranger will not *do*,

" Before the room is clear, and door put to."

Hence the name of Over-*done*, which Shakſpeare has appropriated to his *bawd* COLLINS.

[5] — *in a peculiar river.*] i. e. a river belonging to an individual; not publick property. MALONE.

[6] *All houſes in the ſuburbs*—] This is ſurely too general an expreſſion, unleſs we ſuppoſe that *all* the houſes in the ſuburbs were *bawdy-houſes*. It appears too, from what the *bawd* ſays below, " *But ſhall all our houſes of reſort* in the ſuburbs be pulled down?" that the clown had been particular in his deſcription of the houſes which were to be pulled down. I am therefore inclined to believe that we ſhould read here, *all bawdy-houſes*, or *all houſes of reſort* in the ſuburbs. TYRWHITT.

[7] *But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the* ſuburbs *be pull'd down?*] This will be underſtood from the Scotch law of *James*'s time, concerning *huires* (whores): " that comoun women be put at the *utmoſt endes of townes*, qucire leaſt peril of fire is." Hence *Urſula* the pig-woman, in *Bartholomew-Fair*: " I, I, gameſters, mock a plain, plump, ſoft *wench of the ſuburbs*, do!" FARMER.

See Martial, where *ſummœniana*, and *ſuburbana* are applied to proſtitutes. STEEVENS.

The licenced houſes of reſort at *Vienna* are at this time all in the ſuburbs, under the permiſſion of the Committee of Chaſtity. S. W.

Clown.

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Clown. Come; fear not you: good counſellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapſter ſtill. Courage; there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almoſt out in the ſervice, you will be conſidered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapſter? Let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes ſignior Claudio, led by the provoſt to priſon: and there's madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter Provoſt, CLAUDIO, JULIET, *and* Officers; LUCIO *and two* Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why doſt thou ſhew me thus to the world?
Bear me to priſon, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil diſpoſition,
But from lord Angelo by ſpecial charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, ſo; yet ſtill 'tis juſt[a].

Lucio.

[a] *Thus can the demi-god, authority,*
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, ſo; yet ſtill 'tis juſt.] *The demi-god, Authority, makes us pay the full penalty of our offence, and its decrees are as little to be queſtioned as the words of heaven, which pronounces its pleaſure thus;—I puniſh and remit puniſhment according to my own uncontroulable will; and yet who can ſay, what doſt thou?—Make us pay down for our offence by weight,* is a fine expreſſion to ſignify paying the full penalty. The metaphor is taken from paying money by *weight*, which is always exact; not ſo by *tale*, on account of the practice of diminiſhing the ſpecies. WARBURTON.

I ſuſpect that a line is loſt. JOHNSON.

It may be read, *the* ſword *of heaven.*

Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence, by weight;—
The ſword *of heaven;—on whom* &c.

Authority is then poetically called *the ſword of heaven*, which will ſpare or

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Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this reſtraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt,
So every ſcope by the immoderate uſe
Turns to reſtraint: Our natures do purſue
(Like rats that ravin [9] down their proper bane,)
A thirſty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could ſpeak ſo wiſely under an arreſt, I would ſend for certain of my creditors: And yet, to ſay the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality [1] of impriſonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to ſpeak of would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Claud. No.

or puniſh, as it is commanded. The alteration is ſlight, being made only by taking a ſingle letter from the end of the word, and placing it at the beginning.

This very ingenious and elegant emendation was ſuggeſted to me by the rev. Dr. Roberts, of Eaton; and it may be countenanced by the following paſſage in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"—In brief they are *the ſwords of heaven* to puniſh."

Sir *W. Davenant*, who incorporated this play of *Shakſpeare* with *Much ado about Nothing*, and formed out of them a Tragi-comedy called *The Law againſt Lovers*, omits the two laſt lines of this ſpeech; I ſuppoſe, on account of their ſeeming obſcurity. STEEVENS.

The very ingenious emendation propoſed by Dr. Roberts is yet more ſtrongly ſupported by another paſſage in the play before us, where this phraſe occurs [act III. ſc. laſt]:

"He who *the ſword of heaven* will bear,
"Should be as holy as ſevere:"

yet I believe the old copy is right. MALONE.

Notwithſtanding Dr. Roberts's ingenious conjecture, the text is certainly right. *Authority* being abſolute in Angelo, is finely ſtiled by Claudio, *the demi-god*. To his uncontroulable power, the poet applies a paſſage from St. Paul to the Romans, ch. ix. v. 15, 18, which he properly ſtiles, *the words of heaven*: for he ſaith to Moſes, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, &c. And again: Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy, &c. HENLEY.

9 *Like rats that* ravin &c.] To *ravin* was formerly uſed for eagerly or voraciouſly devouring any thing. REED.

Ravin is an ancient word for *prey*. STEEVENS.

1 — *as the* morality—] The old copy has *mortality*. It was corrected by Sir William Davenant. MALONE.

Lucio.

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Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it ſo.

Prov. Away, ſir; you muſt go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you. [*Takes him aſide.*

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—Is lechery ſo look'd after?

Claud. Thus ſtands it with me:—Upon a true contract,
I got poſſeſſion of Julietta's bed [2];
You know the lady; ſhe is faſt my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower [3]
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The ſtealth of our moſt mutual entertainment,
With character too groſs, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even ſo.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpſe of newneſs [4];
Or whether that the body publick be

[2] *I got poſſeſſion of Julietta's bed,* &c.] This ſpeech is ſurely too indelicate to be ſpoken concerning Juliet, before her face, for ſhe appears to be brought in with the reſt, though ſhe has nothing to ſay. The Clown points her out as they enter; and yet from Claudio's telling Lucio, *that he knows the lady,* &c. one would think ſhe was not meant to have made her perſonal appearance on the ſcene. STEEVENS.

Claudio may be ſuppoſed to ſpeak to Lucio apart. MALONE.

[3] *Only for* propagation *of a dower*—] The meaning of the ſpeaker is ſufficiently clear, yet this term appears a very ſtrange one. Sir William Davenant ſeems alſo to have thought ſo; for he reads

"*Only for the* aſſurance *of a dowry.*"

Perhaps we ſhould read—*only for* prorogation—. MALONE.

[4] *Whether it be the* fault and glimpſe *of newneſs;*] *Fault,* I apprehend, does not refer to any enormous act done by the deputy, (as Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have thought) but to *newneſs.* The *fault and glimpſe* is the ſame as *the faulty glimpſe.* And the meaning ſeems to be—*Whether it be* the fault of newneſs, *a fault ariſing from the mind being dazzled by a* novel *authority, of which the new governour has yet had only* a glimpſe,—*has yet taken only a haſty ſurvey; or whether* &c. Shakſpeare has many ſimilar expreſſions. MALONE.

A horſe.

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A horſe whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the ſeat, that it may know
He can command, let's it ſtraight feel the ſpur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I ſtagger in:—But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unſcour'd armour [5], hung by the wall,
So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowſy and neglected act
Freſhly on me [6]:—'tis, ſurely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head ſtands ſo tickle [7] on thy ſhoulders, that a milk-maid, if ſhe be in love, may ſigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done ſo, but he is not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind ſervice:
This day my ſiſter ſhould the cloiſter enter,
And there receive her approbation [8]:
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate;

5 —*like unſcour'd armour,*] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
"Like *ruſty mail* in monumental mockery." STEEVENS.

6 ——*But this new governor*
Awakes *me all the* enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unſcour'd armour, hung by the wall,
So long ——
Now puts the drowſy and neglected *act*
Freſhly on me:] Lord Strafford, in the concluſion of his Defence in the Houſe of Lords, had, perhaps, theſe lines in his thoughts:
"It is now full two hundred and forty years ſince any man was touched for this alledged crime, to this height, before myſelf.—Let us reſt contented with that which our fathers have left us; and not *awake* thoſe *ſleeping* lions, to our own deſtruction, by raking up *a few muſty records, that have lain ſo many ages by the walls*, quite *forgotten* and *neglected*." MALONE.

7 —*ſo tickle*] i. e. tickliſh. This word is frequently uſed by our old dramatick authors. STEEVENS.

8 —*her* approbation:] i. e. enter on her *probation*, or *noviciate*. So again, in this play:
"I, in *probation* of a ſiſterhood"—.
Again, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608;
"Madam, for a twelvemonth's *approbation*,
"We mean to make the trial of our child." MALONE.

Implore

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Implore her, in my voice, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict deputy; bid herſelf aſſay him;
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſs dialect [9],
Such as moves men; beſide, ſhe hath proſperous art,
When ſhe will play with reaſon and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſuade.

Lucio. I pray, ſhe may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which elſe would ſtand under grievous impoſition [1]; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be ſorry ſhould be thus fooliſhly loſt at a game of tick-tack [2]. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,—

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Monaſtery.

Enter Duke, *and Friar* Thomas.

Duke. No; holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love

9 — prone *and ſpeechleſs dialect,*] *Prone*, I believe, is uſed here for *prompt, ſignificant, expreſſive* (though ſpeechleſs), as in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* it means *ardent, head-ſtrong*, ruſhing forward to its object:

" O that *prone* luſt ſhould ſtain ſo pure a bed!" MALONE.

Prone, perhaps, may ſtand for *humble*, as *a prone poſture* is *a poſture of ſupplication*. So, in the *Opportunity*, by Shirley, 1640:

" You have *proſtrate* language."

The ſame thought occurs in the *Winter's Tale*:

" The ſilence often of pure innocence
" Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails."

Sir *W. D'Avenant*, in his alteration of the play, changes *prone* to *ſweet*. I mention ſome of his variations, to ſhew that what appear difficulties to us were difficulties to him, who living nearer the time of Shakſpeare, might be ſuppoſed to have underſtood his language more intimately. STEEVENS.

1 —*under grievous impoſition*;] I once thought it ſhould be *inquiſition*; but the preſent reading is probably right. *The crime would be under grievous* penalties impoſed. JOHNSON.

2 —*loſt at a game of* tick-tack.] *Tick-tack* is a game at tables. " Jouer au *tric-trac*" is uſed in French, in a wanton ſenſe. MALONE.

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Can pierce a cómplete boſom [3]: why I deſire thee
To give me ſecret harbour, hath a purpoſe
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your grace ſpeak of it?

Duke. My holy ſir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd [4];
And held in idle price to haunt aſſemblies,
Where youth, and coſt, and witleſs bravery [5] keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of ſtricture [6], and firm abſtinence)
My abſolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he ſuppoſes me travell'd to Poland;
For ſo I have ſtrew'd it in the common ear,
And ſo it is receiv'd: Now, pious ſir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have ſtrict ſtatutes, and moſt biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs to head-ſtrong ſteeds,)
Which for theſe fourteen years we have let ſleep [7];

Even

3 *Believe not that the dribbling dart of love*
Can pierce a cómplete boſom:] Think not that a breaſt *completely armed* can be pierced by the dart of love, that comes *fluttering without force.* JOHNSON.

4 — *the life* remov'd;] i. e. a life of retirement, a life removed from the buſtle of the world. STEEVENS.

So, in *Hamlet*: "It wafts you to a more *removed* ground." MALONE.

5 — and *witleſs* bravery—] *Bravery* in old language often means, *ſplen-dour of dreſs. And* was ſupplied by the ſecond folio. MALONE.

6 *A man of* ſtricture,] *Stricture* for *ſtrictneſs.* JOHNSON.

7 *We have ſtrict ſtatutes, and moſt biting laws,*
(The needful bits and curbs to head-ſtrong ſteeds,)
Which for theſe fourteen years we have let ſleep;] The old copy reads—head-ſtrong *weeds*, and—let *ſlip.* Both the emendations were made by Mr. Theobald. The latter may derive ſupport (as he has obſerved) from a ſubſequent line in this play:

"The law hath not been dead, though it hath *ſlept.*"

So, alſo, from a paſſage in *Hamlet*:

"——— How ſtand I then,
"That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
"Excitements of my reaſon and my blood,
"And *let* all *ſleep?*"

If *ſlip* be the true reading, (which, however, I do not believe,) the ſenſe

may

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Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to ſtick it in their children's ſight,
For terror, not to uſe; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd [8]: ſo our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead;
And liberty plucks juſtice by the noſe;
The baby beats the nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. T. It reſted in your grace
To unlooſe this tied-up juſtice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have ſeem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith [9] 'twas my fault to give the people ſcope,
'Twould be my tyranny to ſtrike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,
And not the puniſhment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office;
Who may, in the ambuſh of my name, ſtrike home,
And yet my nature never in the ſight,
To do it ſlander [1]: And to behold his ſway,

may be, — which for theſe fourteen years we have ſuffered to *paſs unnoticed, unobſerved*; for ſo the ſame phraſe is uſed in *Twelfth Night*: "Let him *let* this matter *ſlip*, and I'll give him my horſe, grey Capulet."

Mr. Theobald altered *fourteen* to *nineteen*, to make the Duke's account correſpond with a ſpeech of Claudio's in a former ſcene, but without neceſſity; for our author is often incorrect in the computation of time. MALONE.

Theobald's correction is miſplaced. If any correction is really neceſſary, it ſhould have been made where Claudio, in a foregoing line, ſays *nineteen* years. I am diſpoſed to take the Duke's words. WHALLEY.

[8] Becomes *more mock'd, than fear'd:*] *Becomes* was added by Mr. Pope to reſtore ſenſe to the paſſage, ſome ſuch word having been left out. STEEVENS.

9 *Sith*—] i. e. ſince. STEEVENS.

[1] *To do* it *ſlander:*] The original copy reads— To do *in* ſlander. The emendation was Sir Thomas Hanmer's. In the preceding line the firſt folio appears to have—*fight*; which ſeems to be countenanced by the words *ambuſh* and *ſtrike*. *Sight* was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

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I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Viſit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and inſtruct me
How I may formally in perſon bear me [2]
Like a true friar. More reaſons for this action,
At our more leiſure ſhall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is preciſe;
Stands at a guard [3] with envy; ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than ſtone: Hence ſhall we ſee,
If power change purpoſe, what our ſeemers be.

SCENE V.

A Nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA *and* FRANCISCA.

Iſab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?
Fran. Are not theſe large enough?
Iſab. Yes, truly: I ſpeak not as deſiring more;
But rather wiſhing a more ſtrict reſtraint
Upon the ſiſter-hood, the votariſts of ſaint Clare.
Lucio. [*within*] Ho! Peace be in this place!
Iſab. Who's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice: Gentle Iſabella,
Turn you the key, and know his buſineſs of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unſworn:
When you have vow'd, you muſt not ſpeak with men,
But in the preſence of the prioreſs:
Then, if you ſpeak, you muſt not ſhew your face;
Or, if you ſhew your face, you muſt not ſpeak.
He calls again; I pray you, anſwer him. [*Exit* FRAN.
Iſab. Peace and proſperity! Who is't that calls?

Hanmer's emendation is ſupported by a paſſage in *Henry IV.* P. I:
"*Do me no ſlander*, Douglaſs, I dare fight." STEEVENS.

[2] — *in perſon bear* me] *Me*, which ſeems to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, was inſerted by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.
So, in the *Tempeſt*:
"——— ſome good inſtruction give,
"How I may *bear me* here." STEEVENS.

[3] *Stands at a guard*—] Stands on terms of defiance. JOHNSON.

Ente

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Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as thoſe cheek-roſes
Proclaim you are no leſs! Can you ſo ſtead me,
As bring me to the ſight of Iſabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair ſiſter
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Iſab. Why her unhappy brother? let me aſk;
The rather, for I now muſt make you know
I am that Iſabella, and his ſiſter.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in priſon.

Iſab. Woe me! For what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myſelf might be his judge[4],
He ſhould receive his puniſhment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Iſab. Sir, mock me not:—your ſtory[5].

Lucio. 'Tis true:—I would not[6].—Though 'tis my familiar ſin

With

4 For that, which, *if myſelf might be his judge,*] Perhaps theſe words were tranſpoſed at the preſs. The ſenſe ſeems to require—That, for which, &c. MALONE.

5 *Sir,* make *me not your ſtory.*] Thus the old copy. I have no doubt that we ought to read (as I have printed,) Sir, *mock* me not:—your ſtory. So, in *Macbeth:*

"Thou com'ſt to uſe thy tongue:—*thy ſtory* quickly."

In *King Lear* we have—"Pray, do not *mock* me."

I beſeech you, Sir, (ſays Iſabel) do not play upon my fears; reſerve this idle talk for ſome other occaſion;—proceed at once to your tale. Lucio's ſubſequent words, ["'Tis true,"—i. e. you are right; I thank you for reminding me;] which, as the text has been hitherto printed, had no meaning, are then pertinent and clear. Mr. Pope was ſo ſenſible of the impoſſibility of reconciling them to what preceded in the old copy, that he fairly omitted them.

What Iſabella ſays afterwards, fully ſupports this emendation:

"You do blaſpheme the good, in *mocking* me."

I have obſerved that almoſt every paſſage in our author, in which there is either a broken ſpeech, or a ſudden tranſition without a connecting particle, has been corrupted by the careleſſneſs of either the tranſcriber or compoſitor. See a note on *Love's Labour's Loſt,* Act II. Sc. i:

"A man of—ſovereign, peerleſs, he's eſteem'd."

And another on *Coriolanus,* Act I. Scene iv:

"You ſhames of Rome! you herd of——Boils and plagues
"Plaiſter you o'er!" MALONE.

6 *I would not.*] i. e. Be aſſured, I would not mock you. So afterwards:

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With maids to ſeem the lapwing [7], and to jeſt,
Tongue far from heart [8],—play with all virgins ſo,
I hold you as a thing enſky'd, and ſainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal ſpirit;
And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a ſaint.

Iſab. You do blaſpheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewneſs and truth [9], 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd [1]:

wards: "Do not believe it:" i. e. Do not ſuppoſe that I would mock you. MALONE.

7 *With maids to ſeem the lapwing,*] The lapwings fly with ſeeming fright and anxiety far from their neſts, to deceive thoſe who ſeek their young. HANMER.

See Ray's Proverbs: "The *lapwing* cries, *tongue far from heart.*" The farther ſhe is from her neſt, where her heart is with her young ones, ſhe is the louder, or perhaps all tongue. SMITH.

See *the Comedy of Errors*, Act IV. Sc. iii. GREY.

8 *Though 'tis my familiar ſin*
With maids to ſeem the lapwing, and to jeſt,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins ſo, &c.] This paſſage has been pointed in the modern editions thus:

'Tis true:—I would not (though 'tis my familiar ſin
With maids to ſeem the lapwing, and to jeſt,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins ſo:
I hold you &c.

According to this punctuation, Lucio is made to deliver a ſentiment directly oppoſite to that which the author intended. *Though 'tis my common practice to jeſt with and to deceive all virgins, I would not ſo play with all virgins.*

The ſenſe, as the text is now regulated, appears to me clear and eaſy. 'Tis very true, (ſays he) *I ought indeed, as you ſay, to proceed at once to my ſtory. Be aſſured*, I would not *mock you.* Though it is my familiar practice to jeſt with maidens, and, like the lapwing, to deceive them by my inſincere prattle, *though, I ſay, it is my ordinary and habitual practice* to ſport in this manner with all virgins, *yet I ſhould never think of treating you ſo*; for I conſider you, in conſequence of your having renounced the world, as an immortal ſpirit, as one to whom I ought to ſpeak with as much ſincerity as if I were addreſſing a ſaint. MALONE.

9 Fewneſs *and truth,*] i. e. in *few words*, and thoſe true ones. *In few*, is many times thus uſed by Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

1 *Your brother and his* lover—] i. e. his miſtreſs; *lover*, in our author's time, being applied to the female as well as the male ſex. Thus, one of his poems, containing the lamentation of a deſerted maiden, is entitled "A *Lover's* Complaint." MALONE.

As

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As thoſe that feed grow full; as bloſſoming time,
That from the ſeedneſs the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyſon, even ſo her plenteous womb
Expreſſeth his full tilth and huſbandry[2].

Iſab. Some one with child by him?—My couſin Juliet?

Lucio. Is ſhe your couſin?

Iſab. Adoptedly; as ſchool-maids change their names,
By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Iſab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myſelf being one,
In hand, and hope of action[3]: but we do learn
By thoſe that know the very nerves of ſtate,
His givings out were of an infinite diſtance
From his true-meant deſign. Upon his place,
And with full line[4] of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man, whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton ſtings and motions of the ſenſe;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, ſtudy and faſt.
He (to give fear to uſe[5] and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act,

2 ——*as bloſſoming time,*
That from the ſeedneſs the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyſon; *ſo her plenteous womb*
Expreſſeth his full tilth *and huſbandry.*] This ſentence, as Dr. Johnſon has obſerved, is apparently ungrammatical. I ſuſpect two half lines have been loſt. Perhaps however an imperfect ſentence was intended, of which there are many inſtances in theſe plays:—or, *as* might have been uſed in the ſenſe of *like*. *Teeming foiſon* is abundant plenty. *Tilth* is *tillage*. MALONE.

3 *Bore many gentlemen,*——
In hand and hope of action:] *To bear in hand* is a common phraſe for *to keep in expectation and dependance*; but we ſhould read,
— with *hope of action*. JOHNSON.

4 *And with full line*—] With full extent, with the whole length. JOHNSON.

5 — *to give fear to uſe*—] To intimidate *uſe*, that is, practices long countenanced by *cuſtom*. JOHNSON.

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Under whoſe heavy ſenſe your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arreſts him on it;
And follows cloſe the rigour of the ſtatute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unleſs you have the grace [6] by your fair prayer
To ſoften Angelo: and that's my pith
Of buſineſs [7] 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Iſab. Doth he ſo ſeek his life?

Lucio. Has cenſur'd him [8]
Already; and, as I hear, the provoſt hath
A warrant for his execution.

Iſab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Aſſay the power you have.

Iſab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us loſe the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens ſue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs [9]
As they themſelves would owe them [1].

Iſab. I'll ſee what I can do.

Lucio. But, ſpeedily.

6 *Unleſs you have the grace*—] That is, the acceptableneſs, the power of gaining favour. So, when ſhe makes her ſuit, the provoſt ſays:

Heaven give thee moving graces! JOHNSON.

7 —— *my* pith
Of buſineſs] The inmoſt part, the main of my meſſage. JOHNS.

8 Has *cenſur'd him*——] We ſhould read, I think, He *has cenſured him*, &c. In the Mſs. of our author's time, and frequently in the printed copy of theſe plays, *he has*, when intended to be contracted, is written—*h'as*. Hence probably the miſtake here. MALONE.

— cenſur'd *him*—] I. e. ſentenced him. So, in *Othello*:

" —— to you, lord governor,
" Remains the *cenſure* of this helliſh villain." STEEVENS.

9 *All their petitions are as* freely *theirs*] All their requeſts are as freely granted to them, are granted in as full and beneficial a manner, as they themſelves could wiſh. The editor of the ſecond folio arbitrarily reads—*as* truly *theirs*; which has been followed in all the ſubſequent copies. MALONE.

1 —*would* owe *them*.] To *owe* ſignifies in this place, as in many others, to poſſeſs, to have. STEEVENS.

Iſab.

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Isab. I will about it ſtraight;
No longer ſtaying but to give the mother *
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: ſoon at night
I'll ſend him certain word of my ſucceſs.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good ſir, adieu. *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Angelo's *Houſe.*

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, *a* Juſtice, Provoſt [2], *Officers, and other Attendants.*

Ang. We muſt not make a ſcare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey [3],
And let it keep one ſhape, till cuſtom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Eſcal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruiſe to death [4]: Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would ſave, had a moſt noble father.
Let but your honour know [5],
(Whom I believe to be moſt ſtrait in virtue,)

* —*the mother*] The abbeſs, or prioreſs. JOHNSON.

2 *Provoſt,*] A provoſt is generally the executioner of an army. STEEVENS.

"A Provoſt martial" Minſheu explains "Prevoſt des Mareſchaux: "Præfectus *rerum capitalium*, prætor rerum capitalium." REED.

A priſon for military offenders is at this day, in ſome places, called the *Prevôt.* MALONE.

3 —*to* fear *the birds of prey,*] To *fear* is to *affright*, to *terrify.* STEEVENS.

4 *Than* fall, *and bruiſe to death:*] i. e. fall *the axe*;—or rather, let the criminal fall, &c. MALONE.

Shakſpeare has uſed the ſame verb active in *the Comedy of Errors*, and *As you like it.* STEEVENS.

5 *Let but your honour know,*] To *know* is here to *examine*, to *take cognizance.* So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"*Therefore, fair Hermia, queſtion your deſires*;
"Know of *your truth, examine well your blood.*" JOHNSON.

That,

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That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of your blood[6]
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpoſe,
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you cenſure him[7],
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Eſcalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, paſſing on the priſoner's life,
May, in the ſworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: What's open made
To juſtice, that juſtice ſeizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do paſs on thieves[8]? Tis very pregnant[9],
The jewel that we find, we ſtoop and take it,
Becauſe we ſee it; but what we do not ſee,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,
For I have had ſuch faults[1], but rather tell me,
When I that cenſure him do ſo offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he muſt die.

Eſcal. Be it as your wiſdom will.

Ang. Where is the provoſt?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

6 — *of* your *blood*] Old copy—*our* blood. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

7 —*which now you cenſure him,*] Some word ſeems to be wanting to make this line ſenſe. Perhaps, we ſhould read—which now you cenſure him *for*. STEEVENS.

8 ——————*What know the laws,*
That thieves do paſs on *thieves?*] How can the adminiſtrator of the laws take cognizance of what I have juſt mentioned? How can they know, whether the jurymen who *decide* on the life or death of thieves be themſelves as criminal as thoſe whom they try? *To paſs on* is a forenſick term. So, in the well-known proviſion of MAGNA CHARTA: —" nec *ſuper eum ibimus*, nec ſuper eum mittemus, niſi per legale judicium parium ſuorum, vel per legem terræ." MALONE.

9 *'Tis very pregnant,*] 'Tis *plain* that we muſt act with bad as with good; we puniſh the faults, as we take the advantages, that lie in our way, and what we do not ſee we cannot note. JOHNSON.

1 For *I have had ſuch faults,*] That is, *becauſe, by reaſon that* I have had ſuch faults. JOHNSON.

Ang.

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Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confeſſor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmoſt of his pilgrimage. [*Exit* Prov.

Eſcal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some riſe by ſin, and ſome by virtue fall[a]:
Some run from brakes of vice, and anſwer none;
And ſome condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, *Officers*, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if theſe be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but uſe their abuſes in common houſes, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, ſir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I am the poor duke's conſtable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon juſtice, ſir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? Are they not malefactors?

[a] *Some riſe* &c.] This line is in the firſt folio printed in Italicks, as a quotation. All the folios read in the next line:

Some run from brakes of ice, *and anſwer none.* JOHNSON.

A *brake* anciently meant not only a *ſharp bit*, a *ſnaffle*, but alſo the engine with which farriers confined the legs of ſuch unruly horſes as would not otherwiſe ſubmit themſelves to be ſhod, or to have a cruel operation performed on them. This in ſome places is ſtill called a ſmith's *brake*. I likewiſe find from Holinſhed, p. 670, that the *brake* was an engine of torture. It was called the duke of Exeter's daughter. See Blackſtone's COMMENT. IV. 320, 321.

If Shakſpeare alluded here to this engine, the ſenſe of this paſſage will be: *Some run more than once from engines of puniſhment, and anſwer no interrogatories; while ſome are condemned to ſuffer for a ſingle treſpaſs.*

A yet plainer meaning may be deduced from the ſame words. A *brake* meant a buſh. By *brakes of vice*, therefore, may be meant a collection, a number, a *thicket* of vices.

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that, by *brakes of vice*, Shakſpeare means only the *thorny paths of vice*. STEEVENS.

I am not ſatisfied with either the old or preſent reading of this very difficult paſſage; yet have nothing better to propoſe. The modern reading, *vice*, was introduced by Mr. Rowe. In *K. Henry VIII.* we have

"'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough *brake*
"That *virtue* muſt go through." MALONE.

Elb.

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Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I know not well wh they are: but preciſe villains they are, that I am ſure o and void of all profanation in the world, that go chriſtians ought to have.

Eſcal. This comes off well[3]; here's a wiſe officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is yo name? Why doſt thou not ſpeak, Elbow[4]?

Clown. He cannot, ſir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, ſir?

Elb. He, ſir? a tapſter, ſir; parcel-bawd[5]; one th ſerves a bad woman; whoſe houſe, ſir, was, as they ſa pluck'd down in the ſuburbs; and now ſhe profeſſes a h houſe[6], which, I think, is a very ill houſe too.

Eſcal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, ſir, whom I deteſt[7] before heaven a your honour,—

Eſcal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, ſir; whom, I thank heaven, is an hon woman;—

Eſcal. Doſt thou deteſt her therefore?

Elb. I ſay, ſir, I will deteſt myſelf alſo, as well as ſh that this houſe, if it be not a bawd's houſe, it is pity her life, for it is a naughty houſe.

3 *This* comes off *well*;] This is nimbly ſpoken; this is volubly tered. JOHNSON.

The ſame phraſe is employed in *Timon of Athens*, and elſewhe but in the preſent inſtance it is uſed ironically. The meaning of when ſeriouſly applied to ſpeech, is—This is well delivered, this ſtor well told. STEEVENS.

4 *Why doſt thou not ſpeak*, Elbow?] Says Angelo to the conſta "He cannot, ſir, quoth the *Clown*, he's *out at elbow*." I know whether this quibble be generally obſerved: he is *out* at the word *elb* and out at the *elbow* of his coat. The *Conſtable*, in his account maſter *Froth* and the Clown, has a ſtroke at the *puritans*, who w very zealous againſt the ſtage about this time. "Preciſe villains t "are, that I am ſure of; and void of all profanation in the world, t "good Chriſtians ought to have." FARMER.

5 —*a tapſter, ſir; parcel-bawd*;] This we ſhould now expreſs ſaying, *he* is half-tapſter, half bawd. JOHNSON.

Thus in *K Henry IV*: "a *parcel*-gilt goblet." STEEVENS.

6 —*ſhe profeſſes a hot-houſe*;] A *hot-houſe* is an Engliſh name f *balnic*. JOHNSON.

7 —*whom I* deteſt—] He means—*proteſt*. MALONE.

Eſc

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Eſcal. How doſt thou know that, conſtable?

Elb. Marry, ſir, by my wife; who, if ſhe had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accuſed in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanneſs there.

Eſcal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, ſir, by miſtreſs Over-done's means[8]: but as ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it pleaſe your honour, this is not ſo.

Elb. Prove it before theſe varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Eſcal. Do you hear how he miſplaces? [*To* Angelo.

Clown. Sir, ſhe came in great with child; and longing (ſaving your honour's reverence,) for ſtew'd prunes[9]; ſir, we had but two in the houſe, which at that very diſtant time[1] ſtood, as it were, in a fruit-diſh, a diſh of ſome three-pence; your honours have ſeen ſuch diſhes; they are not China diſhes, but very good diſhes.

Eſcal. Go to, go to; no matter for the diſh, ſir.

Clown. No, indeed, ſir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point: as I ſay, this miſtreſs Elbow, being, as I ſay, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I ſaid, for prunes; and having but two in the diſh, as I ſaid, maſter Froth here, this very man, having eaten the reſt, as I ſaid, and, as I ſay, paying for them very honeſtly; for, as you know, maſter Froth, I could not give you three pence again:

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid prunes;

Froth. Ay, ſo I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, were

[8] *Ay, ſir, by miſtreſs Over-done's means:*] Here ſeems to have been ſome mention made of Froth, who was to be accuſed, and ſome words therefore may have been loſt, unleſs the irregularity of the narrative may be better imputed to the ignorance of the conſtable. JOHNS.

[9] —*ſtew'd prunes*;] *Stewed prunes* were to be found in every brothel. See a note on the 3d ſcene of the 3d act of the Firſt Part of *King Henry IV.* In the old copy *prunes* are ſpelt, according to vulgar pronunciation, *prewyns*. STEEVENS.

[1] —*at that very* diſtant *time*—] He means *inſtant*. MALONE.

paſt

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paſt cure of the thing you wot of, unleſs they kept ver good diet, as I told you;

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Eſcal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpoſe.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cauſe to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Eſcal. No, ſir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your honour' leave: And, I beſeech you, look into maſter Froth here ſir; a man of fourſcore pound a year; whoſe father dy' at Hallowmas:—Was't not at Hallowmas, maſter Froth

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He ſir, ſitting, as I ſay, in a lower chair,[2] ſir;—'twas i *The Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a deligh to ſit, Have you not?

Froth. I have ſo; becauſe it is an open room, and goo for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truth

Ang. This will laſt out a night in Ruſſia,
When nights are longeſt there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cauſe;
Hoping, you'll find good cauſe to whip them all.

Eſcal. I think no leſs: Good morrow to your lordſhi
[*Exit* ANGELO

Now, ſir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife once more?

Clown. Once, ſir? there was nothing done to her once

Elb. I beſeech you, ſir, aſk him what this man did t my wife.

Clown. I beſeech your honour, aſk me.

Eſcal. Well, ſir; What did this gentleman to her?

Clown. I beſeech you, ſir, look in this gentleman

[2] —*in a lower* chair,] One of the editors, plauſibly enough, pr poſes to read—in a lower *chamber*, which derives ſome ſupport from t ſubſequent words—"*where*, indeed, you have a delight to ſit." B the old reading is intelligible, and therefore ſhould not be change A *lower* chair is a chair lower than *ordinary*. MALONE.

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face:—Good maſter Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpoſe: Doth your honour mark his face?

Eſcal. Ay, ſir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beſeech you mark it well.

Eſcal. Well, I do ſo.

Clown. Doth your honour ſee any harm in his face?

Eſcal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be ſuppoſed [3] upon a book, his face is the worſt thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worſt thing about him, how could maſter Froth do the conſtable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour?

Eſcal. He's in the right: conſtable, what ſay you to it?

Elb. Firſt, an it like you, the houſe is a reſpected houſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his miſtreſs is a reſpected woman.

Clown. By this hand, ſir, his wife is a more reſpected perſon than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lieſt; thou lieſt, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that ſhe was ever reſpected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, ſhe was reſpected with him before he marry'd with her.

Eſcal. Which is the wiſer here? Juſtice, or Iniquity [4]?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal [5]! I reſpected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was reſpected with her, or ſhe with me, let not your worſhip think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Eſcal. If he took you a box of the ear, you might have your action of ſlander too.

[3] *I'll be* ſuppoſed—] He means *depoſed.* MALONE.

[4] *Juſtice, or Iniquity?*] Elbow, the officer of juſtice, or Pompey, the inſtrument of vice? MALONE.

Juſtice and *Iniquity* were, I ſuppoſe, two perſonages well known to the audience by their frequent appearance in the old moralities. The words, therefore, at that time produced a combination of ideas, which they have now loſt. JOHNSON.

[5] —*Hannibal,*] Miſtaken by the conſtable for *Cannibal.* JOHNSON.

Elb.

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Elb. Marry, I thank your good worſhip for it: What is't your worſhip's pleaſure I ſhall do with this wicked caitiff?

Eſcal. Truly, officer, becauſe he hath ſome offences in him, that thou wouldſt diſcover if thou couldſt, let him continue in his courſes, till thou know'ſt what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worſhip for it:—Thou ſeeſt, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Eſcal. Where were you born, friend? [*To* Froth.

Froth. Here in Vienna, ſir.

Eſcal. Are you of fourſcore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't pleaſe you, ſir?

Eſcal. So.—What trade are you of, ſir? [*To the* Clown.

Clown. A tapſter; a poor widow's tapſter.

Eſcal. Your miſtreſs's name?

Clown. Miſtreſs Over-done.

Eſcal. Hath ſhe had any more than one huſband?

Clown. Nine, ſir; Over-done by the laſt.

Eſcal. Nine!—Come hither to me, maſter Froth. Maſter Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapſters; they will draw you [6], maſter Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worſhip: For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouſe, but I am drawn in.

Eſcal. Well; no more of it, maſter Froth: farewell. Come you hither to me, maſter tapſter; what's your name, maſter tapſter?

Clown. Pompey.

Eſcal. What elſe?

Clown. Bum, ſir.

Eſcal. Troth, and your bum is the greateſt thing about

[6]—*they will draw you,*] *Draw* has here a cluſter of ſenſes. As it refers to the tapſter, it ſignifies *to drain, to empty*; as it is related to *hang*, it means *to be conveyed to execution on a hurdle.* In Froth's anſwer, it is the ſame as *to bring along by ſome motive or power.* JOHNSON.

you;

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you [7]; ſo that, in the beaſtlieſt ſenſe, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howſoever you colour it in being a tapſter; Are you not? Come, tell me true; it ſhall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, ſir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Eſcal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, ſir.

Eſcal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it ſhall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clown. Does your worſhip mean to geld and ſpay all the youth of the city?

Eſcal. No, Pompey.

Clown. Truly, ſir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worſhip will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Eſcal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commiſſion for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it, after three pence a bay [8]: If you live to ſee this come to paſs, ſay, Pompey told you ſo.

Eſcal. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I adviſe you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatſoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I ſhall beat you to your tent, and prove a ſhrewd Cæſar to you;

[7] — *greateſt thing about you*;] This faſhion, of which, perhaps, ſome remains were to be found in the age of Shakſpeare, ſeems to have prevailed originally in that of Chaucer, who, in the *Perſones Tale* ſpeaks of it thus: "Som of hem ſhewen the boiſe and the ſhape &c. in the wrapping of hir hoſen, and *eke the buttokkes of hem behinde*, &c." Greene, in one of his pieces, mentions the *great bumme of Paris*.

STEEVENS.

[8] *I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it, after three pence* a bay:] A *bay* of building is, in many parts of England, a common term, of which the beſt conception that I could ever attain, is, that it is the ſpace between the main beams of the roof; ſo that a barn croſſed twice with beams is a barn of three *bays*. JOHNSON.

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in plain dealing, Pompey, I ſhall have you whipt: ſo for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your worſhip for your good counſel; but I ſhall follow it, as the fleſh and fortune ſhall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

Eſcal. Come hither to me, maſter Elbow; come hither, maſter conſtable. How long have you been in this place of conſtable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, ſir.

Eſcal. I thought, by your readineſs [9] in the office, you had continued in it ſome time: You ſay, ſeven years together?

Elb. And a half, ſir.

Eſcal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you ſo oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward ſufficient to ſerve it?

Elb. Faith, ſir, few of any wit in ſuch matters: as they are choſen, they are glad to chooſe me for them; I do it for ſome piece of money, and go through with all.

Eſcal. Look you, bring me in the names of ſome ſix or ſeven, the moſt ſufficient of your pariſh.

Elb. To your worſhip's houſe, ſir?

Eſcal. To my houſe: Fare you well.—What's o'clock, think you?

Juſt. Eleven, ſir.

Eſcal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Juſt. I humbly thank you.

Eſcal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Juſt. Lord Angelo is ſevere.

Eſcal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itſelf, that oft looks ſo;
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe:
But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.
Come, ſir. [*Exeunt.*

9 — *by* your *readineſs*—] Old Copy—*the* readineſs. Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the Mſs. of our author's age, y^{e}. and y^{r}. (for ſo they were frequently written) were eaſily confounded. MALONE.

SCENE

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SCENE II.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter Provoſt, *and a* Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cauſe; he will come ſtraight:
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit* Servant.] I'll know
His pleaſure; may be, he will relent: Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All ſects, all ages ſmack of this vice; and he
To die for it!—

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provoſt?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio ſhall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadſt thou not order?
Why doſt thou aſk again?

Prov. Leſt I might be too raſh:
Under your good correction, I have ſeen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you ſhall well be ſpared.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What ſhall be done, ſir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitter place; and that with ſpeed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd,
Deſires acceſs to you.

Ang. Hath he a ſiſter?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be ſhortly of a ſiſter-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit* Servant.
See you the fornicatreſs be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not laviſh, means;
There ſhall be order for it.

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Enter LUCIO, *and* ISABELLA.

Prov. Save your honour! [*offering to retire.*

Ang. Stay a little while[1].—[*to Iſab.*] You are welcome: What's your will?

Iſab. I am a woeful ſuitor to your honour,
Pleaſe but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your ſuit?

Iſab. There is a vice, that moſt I do abhor,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of juſtice;
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt;
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not[2].

Ang. Well; the matter?

Iſab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beſeech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother[3].

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To fine the faults[4], whoſe fine ſtands in record,
And let go by the actor.

[1] *Stay a little while.*] It is not clear why the provoſt is bidden to ſtay, nor when he goes out. JOHNSON.

Stay a little while is ſaid by Angelo, in anſwer to the words, "*Save your honour*;" which denoted the Provoſt's intention to *depart*. Iſabella uſes the ſame words to Angelo, when ſhe *goes out*, near the concluſion of this ſcene. So alſo, when ſhe offers to retire, on finding her ſuit ineffectual: "Heaven keep your honour!" MALONE.

[2] *For which I muſt not plead, but that I am*
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.] i. e. for which I muſt not plead, but that there is a conflict in my breaſt betwixt my affection for my brother, which induces me to plead for him, and my regard to virtue, which forbids me to intercede for one guilty of ſuch a crime; and I find the former more powerful than the latter. MALONE.

[3] ——— *let it be his fault,*
And not my brother.] i. e let his fault be condemned, or extirpated but let not my brother himſelf ſuffer. MALONE.

[4] *To* fine *the faults*—] To *fine* means, I think, to pronounce the *fine* or ſentence of the law, appointed for certain crimes. Mr. Theobald, without neceſſity, reads *find*. The repetition is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

Iſab.

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Iſab. O juſt, but ſevere law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!
[*retiring.*

Lucio. Give't not o'er ſo: to him again, intreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you ſhould need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue deſire it:
To him, I ſay.

Iſab. Muſt he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Iſab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Iſab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Iſab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If ſo your heart were touch'd with that remorſe [5]
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's ſentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold. [*To* Iſab.

Iſab. Too late? why, no; I, that do ſpeak a word,
May call it back again [6]: Well believe this [7],
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed ſword,
The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have ſlipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been ſo ſtern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Iſab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Iſabel! ſhould it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a priſoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him: there's the vein. [*Aſide.*

5 — with that *remorſe,*] *Remorſe* in this place, as in many others, is *pity.* See *Othello,* Act. III. STEEVENS.

6 *May call it* back *again:*] The word *back* was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio, for the ſake of the metre. MALONE.

7 Well *believe this,*] Be thoroughly aſſured of this. THEOBALD.

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Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waſte your words.
Iſab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the ſouls that were [8], were forfeit once;
And he that might the vantage beſt have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, ſhould
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made [9].
Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſon,
It ſhould be thus with him;—he muſt die to-morrow.
Iſab. To-morrow? O, that's ſudden! Spare him, ſpare him;
He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of ſeaſon; ſhall we ſerve heaven
With leſs reſpect than we do miniſter
To our groſs ſelves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.
Lucio. Ay, well ſaid.
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath ſlept:
Thoſe many had not dared to do that evil,
If the firſt man that did the edict infringe [1],
Had anſwer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glaſs [2], that ſhews what future evils,

Either

[8] — *all the ſouls that* were,] This is falſe divinity. We ſhould read, *are.* WARBURTON.

[9] *And mercy then will breathe within your lips,*
Like man new made.] You will then appear as tender-hearted and merciful as the firſt man was in his days of innocence, immediately after his creation. MALONE.

I rather think the meaning is, *You will then change the ſeverity of your preſent character.* In familiar ſpeech, *You will be quite another man.* JOHNSON.

[1] *If the firſt* man, &c.] The word *man* has been ſupplied by the modern editors. I would rather read, *If* he, *the firſt*, &c. TYRWHITT.

Man was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[2] —— *and, like a prophet,*
Looks in a glaſs—] See *Macbeth*, Act IV. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

This

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ither now, or by remiſſneſs new-conceiv'd,
ıd ſo in progreſs to be hatch'd and born,)
e now to have no ſucceſſive degrees,
t, where they live, to end [3].
Isab. Yet, ſhew ſome pity.
Ang. I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhew juſtice;
then I pity thoſe I do not know [4],
ich a diſmiſs'd offence would after gall;
d do him right, that, anſwering one foul wrong,
es not to act another. Be ſatisfied;
ır brother dies to-morrow; be content.
Isab. So you muſt be the firſt, that gives this ſentence;
d he that ſuffers: O, it is excellent
have a giant's ſtrength; but it is tyrannous,
uſe it like a giant.
Lucio. That's well ſaid.
Isab. Could great men thunder
Jove himſelf does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,

For

his alludes to the ſopperies of the *beril*, much uſed at that time heats and fortune-tellers to predict by. WARBURTON.

he *beril*, which is a kind of chryſtal, hath a weak tincture of red . Among other tricks of aſtrologers, the diſcovering of paſt or fu- events was ſuppoſed to be the conſequence of looking into it. See ›rey's *Miſcellanies*, p. 165, edit. 1721. REED.

But, where they live, to end.] The old copy reads—But, *here* they , to end. Sir Thomas Hanmer ſubſtituted *ere* for *here*; but *where* , I am perſuaded, the author's word.

he prophecy is not, that future evils ſhould end, *ere*, or before, they born; or, in other words, that there ſhould be no more evil in the ld (as Sir T. Hanmer by his alteration ſeems to have underſtood but, that they ſhould *end* WHERE they *began*, i. e. with the cri- al; who being puniſhed for his firſt offence, could not proceed by *eſſive degrees* in wickedneſs, nor excite others, by his impunity, to . So, in the next ſpeech:

" And do him right, that, anſwering *one* foul wrong,
" Lives not to act *another*."

t is more likely that a letter ſhould have been omitted at the preſs, ı that one ſhould have been added.

he ſame miſtake has happened in *the Merchant of Venice*, Folio, 3, p. 173. col. 2:— " ha, ha, *here* in Genoa." —inſtead of— *›here?* in Genoa?" MALONE.

I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhew juſtice;
For then I pity thoſe I do not know,] This was one of Hale's memo-

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For every pelting [5], petty officer,
Would uſe his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.—
Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy ſharp and ſulphurous bolt,
Split'ſt the unwedgeable and gnarled oak [6],
Than the ſoft myrtle;—But man, proud man [7]!
Dreſt in a little brief authority;
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
His glaſſy eſſence,—like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtick tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep [8]; who, with our ſpleens,
Would all themſelves laugh mortal [9].

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He's coming; I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heaven ſhe win him!

Iſab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourſelf [1]:
Great men may jeſt with ſaints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the leſs, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Iſab.

rials. *When I find myſelf ſwayed to mercy, let me remember, that there is a mercy likewiſe due to the country.* JOHNSON.

5 — *pelting*—] i. e. paltry. STEEVENS.

6 — *gnarled oak,*] *Gnarre* is the old Engliſh word for a *knot in wood.* STEEVENS.

7 *Than the ſoft myrtle;—But man, proud man!*] The defective metre of this line ſhews that ſome word was accidentally omitted at the preſs; probably ſome additional epithet to *man*; perhaps *weak*;—"but man, *weak*, proud man—." The editor of the ſecond folio, to ſupply the defect, reads— *O* but man, &c. which, like almoſt all the other emendations of that copy, is the worſt and the moſt improbable that could have been choſen. MALONE.

8 *As make the angels weep;*] The notion of angels weeping for the ſins of men is rabbinical.—*Ob peccatum flentes angelos inducunt Hebræorum magiſtri.*—Grotius ad S. Lucam. THEOBALD.

9 — *who, with our ſpleens,*
Would all themſelves laugh mortal.] i. e. who, if they were endued with the organs of man,—with our ſpleens, would laugh themſelves out of immortality; or, as we ſay in common life, laugh themſelves dead. THEOBALD.

The ancients thought that immoderate laughter was cauſed by the bigneſs of the ſpleen. WARBURTON

1 *We cannot weigh our brother with* ourſelf:] *We* mortals, proud and foolish, *cannot* prevail on our paſſions to *weigh* or compare *our brother*, a being

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Iſab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the ſoldier is flat blaſphemy.
Lucio. Art avis'd o' that? more on't.
Ang. Why do you put theſe ſayings upon me?
Iſab. Becauſe authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itſelf,
That ſkins the vice o' the top: Go to your boſom;
Knock there; and aſk your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confeſs
A natural guiltineſs, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a thought upon your tongue
Againſt my brother's life.
Ang. She ſpeaks, and 'tis
Such ſenſe, that my ſenſe breeds with it [2].—Fare you well.
Iſab. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.
Iſab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good, my lord, turn back.
Ang. How! bribe me?
Iſab. Ay, with ſuch gifts, that heaven ſhall ſhare with you.

a being of like nature and like frailty, *with ourſelf.* We have different names and different judgments for the ſame faults committed by perſons of different condition. JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copy, *ourſelf*, which Dr. Warburton changed to *yourſelf*, is ſupported by a paſſage in the fifth act:

" —— If he had ſo offended,
" He would have *weigh'd* thy *brother* by *himſelf*,
" And not have cut him off." MALONE.

2 — *that my ſenſe* breeds *with it.*] That is, new thoughts are ſtirring in my mind, new conceptions are *hatched* in my imagination. So we ſay to *brood* over thought. JOHNSON.

Sir W. Davenant's alteration favours the ſenſe of the old reading [*breeds*, which Mr. Pope changed to *bleeds*]:

——— *She ſpeaks ſuch ſenſe*
As with my reaſon breeds *ſuch images*
As ſhe has excellently form'd. STEEVENS.

I rather think the meaning is,—She delivers her ſentiments with ſuch propriety, force, and elegance, that my *ſenſual deſires* are inflamed by what ſhe ſays. *Senſe* has been already uſed in this play with the ſame ſignification:

" ——one who never feels
" The wanton ſtings and motions of the *ſenſe*." MALONE.

Lucio.

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Lucio. You had marr'd all elſe.
Iſab. Not with fond ſhekels [3] of the teſted gold [4],
Or ſtones, whoſe rates [5] are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That ſhall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere ſun-riſe; prayers from preſerved ſouls [6],
From faſting maids, whoſe minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well: come to me to-morrow.
Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; away. [*Aſide to* Iſabel.
Iſab. Heaven keep your honour ſafe!
Ang. Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croſs [7]. [*Aſide.*
Iſab.

3 —fond *ſhekels*] *Fond* means very frequently in our author *fooliſh*. It ſignifies in this place *valued or prized by folly*. STEEVENS.

4 —teſted *gold*,] cuppelled, brought to the *teſt*, refined. JOHNSON. The cuppell is called by the refiners a *teſt*. Vide Harris's Lex. Tech. Voce CUPPELL. Sir J. HAWKINS.

5 *whoſe* rates—] The old copy has—*rate*. This neceſſary emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

6 —*preſerved ſouls*,] i. e. preſerved from the corruption of the world. The metaphor is taken from fruits preſerved in ſugar. WARBURTON.

7 *Amen:*
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croſs.] Which way Angelo is going to temptation, we begin to perceive; but how *prayers croſs* that way, or croſs each other, at that way, more than any other, I do not underſtand.

Iſabella prays that his *honour* may be ſafe, meaning only to give him his title: his imagination is caught by the word *honour*: he feels that his honour is in danger, and therefore, I believe, anſwers thus:

I am that way going to temptation,
Which your *prayers croſs.*

That is, I am tempted to loſe that honour of which thou imploreſt the preſervation. The temptation under which I labour is that which thou haſt unknowingly *thwarted* with thy prayer. He uſes the ſame mode of language a few lines lower. Iſabella, parting, ſays: *Save your honour!* Angelo catches the word—*Save it! from what?*

From thee; even from thy virtue! JOHNSON.

The beſt method of illuſtrating this paſſage will be to quote a ſimilar one from the *Merchant of Venice*. Act III. ſc. i.

"*Sal.* I would it might prove the end of his loſſes!
"*Sola.* Let me ſay *Amen* betimes, *leſt the devil croſs thy prayer.*"

For the ſame reaſon Angelo ſeems to ſay *Amen* to Iſabella's prayer; but,

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Iſab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordſhip?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Iſab. Save your honour!
[*Exeunt* LUCIO, ISABELLA, *and* Provoſt.
Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who ſins moſt? Ha!
Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the violet, in the ſun[8],
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous ſeaſon. Can it be,
That modeſty may more betray our ſenſe
Than woman's lightneſs[9]? Having waſte ground enough,
Shall we deſire to raze the ſanctuary,

but, to make the expreſſion clear, we ſhould read perhaps—Where prayers *are croſſed*. TYRWHITT.

I believe, the meaning is—May Heaven grant your prayer! May my honour be preſerved! for I find I am going into that way or road of temptation, where prayers *only* can *thwart* the temptation, and prevent it from overcoming me.

To *croſs* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *Timon of Athens*: "The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick: he *croſſed* himſelf by it." Again, in the play before us: "I may make my caſe as Claudio's, to *croſs* this in the leaſt."

Or, perhaps, the ſpeaker means,—I am going into the road of temptation, into which we daily pray that we may not be led. Our Lord's prayer may have been here in Shakſpeare's thoughts. MALONE.

[8] ——— *it is I,*
That lying by the violet, in the ſun, &c.] I am not corrupted by her, but by my own heart, which excites foul deſires under the ſame benign influences that exalt her purity, as the carrion grows putrid by thoſe beams which increaſe the fragrance of the violet. JOHNSON.

[9] ——— *Can it be,*
That modeſty may more betray our ſenſe
Than woman's lightneſs?] So, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:
"I do proteſt her modeſt wordes hath wrought in me a maze,
"Though ſhe be faire, ſhe is not deackt with gariſh ſhewes for gaze.
"Hir bewtie lures, her lookes cut off fond ſuits with chaſt diſdain.
"O God, I feele a ſodaine change, that doth my freedome chayne.
"What didſt thou ſay? fie, *Promos*, fie, &c." STEEVENS.

Senſe has in this paſſage the ſame ſignification as in that above "—that my *ſenſe* breeds with it." MALONE.

And

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And pitch our evils there[1]? O, fie, fie, fie!
What doſt thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Doſt thou deſire her foully, for thoſe things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges ſteal themſelves. What? do I love her,
That I deſire to hear her ſpeak again,
And feaſt upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a ſaint,
With ſaints doſt bait thy hook! Moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To ſin in loving virtue: never could the ſtrumpet,
With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
Once ſtir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I ſmil'd, and wonder'd how[2].

SCENE III.

A Room in a Priſon.

Enter Duke, *habited like a Friar, and* Provoſt.

Duke. Hail to you, provoſt! ſo I think, you are.
Prov. I am the provoſt: What's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bleſs'd order,

[1] *And pitch our evils there?*] So, in *K. Henry VIII*:
" Nor build their *evils* on the graves of great men."
Neither of theſe paſſages appear to contain a very elegant alluſion.
Evils, in the preſent inſtance, undoubtedly ſtands for *foricæ*. Dr. Farmer aſſures me he has ſeen the word uſed in this ſenſe by our ancient writers; and it appears from Harrington's *Metamorphoſis of Ajax*, &c. that the privies were originally ſo ill contrived, even in royal palaces, as to deſerve the title of *evils* or nuiſances. STEEVENS.
One of Sir John Berkenhead's queries confirms the foregoing obſervation:
" Whether, ever ſince the Houſe of Commons has been locked up, the ſpeaker's chair has not been a *cloſe-ſtool?*"
" Whether it is not ſeaſonable to ſtop the noſe of my *evil?*" Two CENTURIES OF PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 8vo. no date. MALONE.

[2] *I ſmil'd, and wonder'd how.*] As a day muſt now intervene between this conference of Iſabella with Angelo, and the next, the act might more properly end here; and here, in my opinion, it was ended by the poet. JOHNSON.

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I come to viſit the afflicted ſpirits
Here in the priſon: do me the common right
To let me ſee them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may miniſter
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flames of her own youth[3],
Hath bliſter'd her report: She is with child;
And he that got it, ſentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another ſuch offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When muſt he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
I have provided for you; ſtay a while, [*to* Juliet.
And you ſhall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the ſin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the ſhame moſt patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you ſhall arraign your conſcience,
And try your penitence, if it be ſound,

3 *Who falling in the* flames *of her own youth,*
Hath bliſter'd *her report:*] The old copy has—*flawes*. The correction was made by Dr. Warburton. In ſupport of this emendation, it ſhould be remembered, that *flawes* (for ſo it was anciently ſpelled) and *flames* differ only by a letter that is very frequently miſtaken at the preſs. The ſame miſtake is found in *Macbeth*, Act II. ſc. i. edit. 1623: "— my ſteps, which they *may* walk,"—inſtead of—which *way*. Again, in this play of *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act V. ſc. i. edit. 1623: —"give *we* your hand;" inſtead of *me*.—In a former ſcene of the play before us we meet with—"*burning* youth." MALONE.

Sir W. Davenant reads *flames* inſtead of *flaws* in his *Law againſt Lovers*, a play almoſt literally taken from *Meaſure for Meaſure*, and *Much Ado about Nothing*. FARMER.

Shakſpeare has *flaming youth* in *Hamlet*, and Greene, in his *Never too Late*, 1616, ſays—"he meaſured the *flames of youth* by his own dead cinders." *Bliſter'd her report*, is *diſfigured her fame*. *Bliſter* ſeems to have reference to the *flames* mentioned in the preceding line. A ſimilar uſe of this word occurs in *Hamlet*:

"——— takes the roſe
"From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
"And ſets a *bliſter* there." STEEVENS.

Or

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Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it ſeems, your moſt offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your ſin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet I do confeſs it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet ſo daughter: But leſt you do repent[4],
As that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame,—
Which ſorrow is always toward ourſelves, not heaven;
Shewing, we would not ſpare heaven[5], as we love it,
But as we ſtand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the ſhame with joy.

Duke. There reſt[6].
Your partner, as I hear, muſt die to-morrow,
And I am going with inſtruction to him:
Grace go with you! *Benedicite.* [*Exit.*

Juliet. Muſt die to-morrow! O injurious love[7],
That reſpites me a life, whoſe very comfort
Is ſtill a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

4 *But leſt you do repent,*] is only a kind of negative imperative—*Ne te pœnitеat,*—and means, repent not on this account. STEEVENS.

I think that a line at leaſt is wanting after the firſt of the Duke's ſpeech. It would be preſumptuous to attempt to replace the words; but the ſenſe, I am perſuaded, is eaſily recoverable out of Juliet's anſwer. I ſuppoſe his advice, in ſubſtance, to have been nearly this. Take care, *leſt you repent* [not ſo much of your fault, as it is an evil,] *as that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame.*" Accordingly, Juliet's anſwer is explicit to this point:

" *I do repent me,* as it is an evil,
" *And take the ſhame with joy.*" TYRWHITT.

5 *Shewing, we would not* ſpare *heaven,*] i.e. ſpare *to offend* heaven. MALONE.

6 *There reſt.*] Keep yourſelf in this temper. JOHNSON.

7 *O injurious love,*] O love, that is injurious in expediting Claudio's death, and that reſpites me a life, which is a burthen to me worſe than death! TOLLET.

SCENE

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SCENE IV.

A Room in Angelo's *Houſe.*

Enter ANGELO.

ſing. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
ſeveral ſubjects: heaven hath my empty words;
ilſt my invention [8], hearing not my tongue,
:hors on Iſabel [9]: Heaven in my mouth [1],
if I did but only chew his name;
d in my heart, the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
my conception: The ſtate, whereon I ſtudied,
ike a good thing, being often read,
own fear'd and tedious [2]; yea, my gravity,
ierein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
ıld I, with boot [3], change for an idle plume,
ich the air beats for vain. O place! O form [4]!
How

Whilſt my invention,] By *invention*, I believe the poet means *imagination*. STEEVENS.

), in our author's 103d ſonnet:

" ——— a face,
" That overgoes my blunt *invention* quite."

gain, in *K. Henry V:*

" O for a muſe of fire, that would aſcend
" The brighteſt heaven of *invention!*" MALONE.

Anchors *on Iſabel.*] We meet with the ſame ſingular expreſſion in *ony and Cleopatra:*

" There would he *anchor* his aſpect, and die
" With looking on his life." MALONE.

Heaven in my mouth,] i. e. Heaven *being* in my mouth. MALONE.

Grown fear'd *and tedious;*] What we go to with reluctance may ıid to be *fear'd*. JOHNSON.

— *with boot,*] *Boot* is profit, advantage, gain. STEEVENS.

— *change for an idle plume,*
Which the air beats for vain. *O place! O form!* &c.] There is, lieve, no inſtance in Shakſpeare, or any other author, of "*for* vain" g uſed for "*in* vain." Beſides; has the air or wind *leſs* effect on a her than on twenty other things? or rather, is not the reverſe of this truth? An *idle plume* aſſuredly is not that "ever-fixed mark," of ch our author ſpeaks elſewhere, "that looks on tempeſts, and is ır ſhaken." The old copy has *vaine*, in which way a *vane* or wea-cock was formerly ſpelt. [*See Minſheu's* DICT. 1617, *in verb.*— ılſo, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act IV. ſc. i. edit. 1623: "What *e?* what weathercock?"] I would therefore read—*vane.*—I would exchange

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How often doſt thou with thy caſe [5], thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming [6]? Blood, thou ſtill art blood [7]:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn [8],
'Tis not the devil's creſt.

Enter

exchange my gravity, ſays Angelo, for an idle feather, which being driven along by the wind, ſerves, to the ſpectator, for a *vane* or weathercock. So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" I am a *feather* for each *wind* that blows."

And in the *Merchant of Venice* we meet with a kindred thought:

———" I ſhould be ſtill
" Plucking the *graſs, to know where ſits the wind.*"

The omiſſion of the article is certainly awkward, but not without example. Thus, in *K. Lear:*

" Hot queſtriſts after him met him *at gate.*"

Again, in *Coriolanus:* " Go, ſee him out at *gates.*"

Again, in *Titus Andronicus:* " Aſcend, fair queen, *Pantheon.*"

Again, in the *Winter's Tale:* " 'Pray heartily, he be *at palace!*"

Again, in *Cymbeline:* " Nor tent, to *bottom*, that."

The author, however, might have written—

———an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vane o' *the* place.—O form,
How often doſt *thou*—&c.

The pronoun *thou*, referring to only *one* antecedent, appears to me ſtrongly to ſupport ſuch a regulation. MALONE.

5 —*caſe,*] For outſide; garb; external ſhew. JOHNSON.

6 *Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls*
To thy falſe ſeeming?] Here Shakſpeare judiciouſly diſtinguiſhes the different operations of high place upon different minds. Fools are frighted, and wiſe men are allured. Thoſe who cannot judge but by the eye, are eaſily awed by ſplendour; thoſe who conſider men as well as conditions, are eaſily perſuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power. JOHNSON.

7 —*Blood, thou ſtill art blood:*] The old copy reads—Blood, thou art blood. Mr. Pope, to ſupply the ſyllable wanting to complete the metre, reads—Blood, thou art *but* blood! But the word now introduced appears to me to agree better with the context, and therefore more likely to have been the author's.—*Blood* is uſed here, as in other places, for *temperament of body.* MALONE.

8 *Let's write good angel on the devil's* horn,
'Tis not the devil's creſt.] i. e. let the moſt wicked thing have but a virtuous pretence, and it ſhall paſs for innocent. WARBURTON.

It ſhould be remembered that the devil is uſually repreſented with *horns* and cloven feet.—Dr. Johnſon would read—'Tis *yet* the devil's creſt. He acknowledges, however, that the paſſage may be underſtood, according to Dr. Warburton's explanation. " O place, how doſt thou impoſe

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Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Iſabel, a ſiſter, deſires acceſs to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit* Serv.] O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muſter to my heart[9];
Making both it unable for itſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſs?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwoons;
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive: and even ſo
The general, ſubject to a well-wiſh'd king[1],
Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
Crowd to his preſence, where their untaught love

Muſt

impoſe upon the world by falſe appearances! ſo much, that if we *write good angel on the devil's horn, 'tis not* taken any longer to be *the devil's creſt*. In this ſenſe, *Blood thou art*, &c. is an interjected exclamation." The old copy appears to me to require no alteration. MALONE.

[9] — *to my heart*;] Of this ſpeech there is no other trace in *Promos and Caſſandra* than the following:

"Both hope and dreade at once my harte doth tuch." STEEVENS.

[1] *The general, ſubject to a well-wiſh'd king,*] *General* was, in our author's time, a word for *people*, ſo that the *general* is the *people*, or *multitude, ſubject* to a king. So, in *Hamlet*: "The play pleaſed not the million: 'twas caviare to the *general*." JOHNSON.

The uſe of this phraſe, "*the general*," for the people, continued ſo late as to the time of lord Clarendon:—"as rather to be conſented to, than that *the general* ſhould ſuffer." Hiſt. B.V. p. 530. 8vo. MALONE.

Twice in *Hamlet* our author uſes *ſubject* for *ſubjects*:

"So nightly toils the *ſubject* of the land." Act I. ſc. i.

Again, Act I. ſc. ii:

"The liſts and full proportions all are made
"Out of his *ſubject*." STEEVENS.

So the duke had before (act I. ſcene ii.) expreſſed his diſlike of popular applauſe:

"I'll privily away. I love the people,
"But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes.
"Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
"Their loud applauſe and *aves* vehement:
"Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion,
"That does affect it."

I cannot help thinking that Shakſpeare, in theſe two paſſages, intended to flatter that unkingly weakneſs of James the Firſt, which made him ſo

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Muſt needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Iſab. I am come to know your pleaſure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better pleaſe me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Iſab. Even ſo?—Heaven keep your honour! [*retiring*

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: Yet he muſt die.

Iſab. Under your ſentence?

Ang. Yea.

Iſab. When, I beſeech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer, or ſhorter, he may be ſo fitted,
That his ſoul ſicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, theſe filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtolen
A man already made [2], as to remit
Their ſawcy ſweetneſs, that do coin heaven's image
In ſtamps that are forbid [3]: 'tis all as eaſy
Falſely

impatient of the crowds that flocked to ſee him, eſpecially upon his firſt coming, that, as ſome of our hiſtorians ſay, he reſtrained them by a proclamation. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, in his Memoirs of his own Life, [a Mſ. in the Britiſh Muſeum,] has a remarkable paſſage with regard to this humour of James. After taking notice, that the king going to parliament, on the 30th of January, 1620-1, "ſpake lovingly to the people, and ſaid, God bleſs ye, God bleſs ye;" he adds theſe words, "contrary to his former haſty and paſſionate cuſtom, which often, in his ſudden diſtemper, would bid a pox or a plague on ſuch as flocked to ſee him." TYRWHITT.

[2] ——— *that hath from nature ſtolen*
A man already made,] i. e. that hath killed a man. MALONE.

[3] *Their ſawcy ſweetneſs, that do coin* heaven's image
In ſtamps *that are* forbid:] We meet with nearly the ſame words in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596, certainly prior to this play:

"———And will your ſacred ſelf
"Commit high treaſon 'gainſt the *king of heaven*,
"To *ſtamp* his *image* in *forbidden metal?*"

Theſe lines are ſpoken by the counteſs of Saliſbury, whoſe chaſtity (like Iſabel's) was aſſailed by her ſovereign.

Their *ſawcy ſweetneſs* Dr. Warburton interprets, *their ſawcy indulgence*

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Falſely to take [4] away a life true made,
As to put mettle in reſtrained means,
To make a falſe one [5].

Iſab. 'Tis ſet down ſo in heaven, but not in earth [6].

Ang. Say you ſo? then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, That the moſt juſt law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him [7],

gence of the appetite. Perhaps it means nearly the ſame as what is afterwards called *ſweet uncleanneſs.* MALONE.

4 Falſely *to take*—] *Falſely* is the ſame with *diſhoneſtly*, *illegally*: ſo *falſe*, in the next lines, is *illegal*, *illegitimate*. JOHNSON.

5 *As to put* mettle *in reſtrained* means,
To make a falſe one.] *Mettle*, the reading of the old copy, which was changed to *metal* by Mr. Theobald, (who has been followed by the ſubſequent editors,) is ſupported not only by the general purport of the paſſage, (in which our author having already illuſtrated the ſentiment he has attributed to Angelo by an alluſion to coining, would not give the ſame image a ſecond time,) but by a ſimilar expreſſion in *Timon*:

" ——— thy father, that poor rag,
" Muſt be thy ſubject; who in ſpite *put ſtuff*
" To ſome ſhe-beggar, and compounded thee,
" Poor rogue hereditary."

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

" As rank as any flax-wench, that *puts* to,
" Before her troth-plight."

The controverted word is found again in the ſame ſenſe in *Macbeth*

" ——thy undaunted *mettle* ſhould compoſe
" Nothing but males."

Again, in *K. Richard II*:

" ——that bed, that womb,
" That *mettle*, that ſelf-ſame mould that faſhion'd thee,
" Made him a man."

Means is here uſed for *medium*, or *object*, and the ſenſe of the whole is this: *'Tis as eaſy wickedly to deprive a man born in wedlock of life, as to have unlawful commerce with a maid, in order to give life to an illegitimate child.* The thought is ſimply, that murder is as eaſy as fornication; and the inference which Angelo would draw, is, that it is as improper to pardon the latter as the former. The words—*to make a falſe one*—evidently referring to *life*, ſhew that the preceding line is to be underſtood in a natural, and not in a metaphorical, ſenſe. MALONE.

6 *'Tis ſet down ſo in heaven, but not in earth.*] What you have ſtated is undoubtedly the divine law: murder and fornication are both forbid by the *canon of ſcripture*;—but on *earth* the latter offence is conſidered as leſs heinous than the former. MALONE.

7 —or, *to redeem him*,] The old copy has—*and* to redeem him—. The emendation was made by Sir William D'Avenant. MALONE.

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Give up your body to ſuch ſweet uncleanneſs,
As ſhe that he hath ſtain'd?
Iſab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my ſoul[8].
Ang. I talk not of your ſoul; Our compell'd ſins
Stand more for number than for accompt[9].
Iſab. How ſay you?
Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can ſpeak
Againſt the thing I ſay. Anſwer to this;—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a ſentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in ſin,
To ſave this brother's life?
Iſab. Pleaſe you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my ſoul,
It is no ſin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your ſoul[1],
Were equal poize of ſin and charity.
Iſab. That I do beg his life, if it be ſin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my ſuit,
If that be ſin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, anſwer[2].

Ang.

[8] *I had rather* give my body *than my ſoul.*] Iſabel, I believe, uſes the words, "give my body," in a different ſenſe from that in which they had been employed by Angelo. She means, I think, *I had rather* die, *than forfeit my eternal happineſs by the proſtitution of my perſon.* MALONE.

[9] ——— *Our compell'd ſins*
Stand more for number *than for* accompt.] Actions to which we are compelled, however *numerous*, are not *imputed* to us by heaven as crimes. If you cannot ſave your brother but by the loſs of your chaſtity, it is not a voluntary but compelled ſin, for which you cannot be *accountable.* MALONE.

[1] *Pleas'd you to do't, at peril,* &c.] The reaſoning is thus: Angelo aſks whether there might *not be a charity in ſin to ſave this brother.* Iſabella anſwers, that *if Angelo will ſave him, ſhe will ſtake her ſoul that it were charity, not ſin.* Angelo replies, that if Iſabella would *ſave him at the hazard of her ſoul, it would be not indeed no ſin, but a ſin to which the charity would be equivalent.* JOHNSON.

[2] *And nothing of your, anſwer.*] This paſſage would be clear, I think, if it were pointed thus:

To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, anſwer.

So

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Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your ſenſe purſues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or ſeem ſo, craftily [3]; and that's not good.
Iſab. Let me be ignorant [4], and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax itſelf: as theſe black maſks
Proclaim an enſhield beauty [5] ten times louder
Than

So that the ſubſtantive *anſwer* may be underſtood to be joined in conſtruction with *mine* as well as *your*. The faults *of mine anſwer* are the faults *which I am to anſwer for*. TYRWHITT.

And nothing of your anſwer, means, *and make no part of thoſe for which you ſhall be called to anſwer*. STEEVENS.

3 *Or ſeem ſo*, craftily,] Old copy—*crafty*. Corrected by Sir William D'Avenant. MALONE.

4 *Let* me *be ignorant*,] *Me* is wanting in the original copy. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

5 *Proclaim an* enſhield *beauty*—] An *enſhield beauty* is *a ſhielded beauty, a beauty covered as with a ſhield*. STEEVENS.

This ſhould be written *en-ſhell'd*, or *in-ſhell'd*, as it is in *Coriolanus*, Act. IV. ſc. vi.

" Thruſts forth his horns again into the world
" That were *in-ſhell'd* when Marcius ſtood for Rome."

Theſe *Maſks* muſt mean, I think, the *Maſks of the audience*; however improperly a compliment to them is put into the mouth of Angelo. As Shakſpeare would hardly have been guilty of ſuch an indecorum to flatter a common audience, I think this paſſage affords ground for ſuppoſing that the play was written to be acted at court. Some ſtrokes of particular flattery to the king I have already pointed out; and there are ſeveral other general reflections, in the character of the duke eſpecially, which ſeem calculated for the royal ear. TYRWHITT.

I do not think ſo well of the conjecture in the latter part of this note, as I did ſome years ago; and therefore I ſhould wiſh to withdraw it. Not that I am inclined to adopt the idea of the author of REMARKS, &c. p. 20. as I ſee no ground for ſuppoſing that Iſabella *had* any *maſk in her hand*. My notion at preſent is, that the phraſe *theſe black maſks* ſignifies nothing more than *black maſks*; according to an old idiom of our language, by which the demonſtrative pronoun is put for the prepoſitive article. See the *Gloſſary to Chaucer*, Ed. 1775. v. *This*, *Thiſe*. Shakſpeare ſeems to have uſed the ſame idiom, not only in the paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Romeo and Juliet*, but alſo in 1 *H. IV.* Act I. ſc. iii.

——and, but for *theſe* vile guns,
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.

With reſpect to the former part of this note, though the *Remarker* has told us, that " *enſhield* is CERTAINLY put by contraction for *enſhielded*, I have no objection to leaving my conjecture in its place, till

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Than beauty could diſplay'd.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll ſpeak more groſs:
Your brother is to die.

Iſab. So.

Ang. And his offence is ſo, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain[6].

Iſab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to ſave his life,
(As I ſubſcribe not that[7], nor any other,
But in the loſs of queſtion,[8]) that you, his ſiſter,
Finding yourſelf deſir'd of ſuch a perſon,
Whoſe credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law[9]; and that there were
No earthly mean to ſave him, but that either
You muſt lay down the treaſures of your body
To this ſuppos'd, or elſe to let him ſuffer[1];

ſome authority is produced for ſuch an uſage of *enſhield* or *enſhielde*
TYRWHI

Sir *W. D'Avenant* reads—*as a black maſk*; but I am afraid Tyrwhitt is too well ſupported in his firſt ſuppoſition, by a paſſage a beginning of *Romeo and Juliet*:

" *Theſe* happy *maſks* that kiſs fair ladies' brows,
" Being *black*, put us in mind they hide the fair." STEEVI

6 —*upon that* pain.] *Pain* is here for *penalty, puniſhment.* JOHN

7 (*As I* ſubſcribe *not that,*] To *ſubſcribe* means, to *agree*
STEEVI

8 *But in the loſs of queſtion*)—] This expreſſion I believe me *but in idle ſuppoſition*, or *converſation that tends to nothing*, which therefore, in our author's language, be call'd *the loſs of queſtion.* Thus, in *Coriolanus*, Act III. ſc. i:

" The which ſhall turn you to no other harm,
" Than ſo much *loſs of time.*"

Queſtion, in Shakſpeare, often bears this meaning. So, in his *Ra Lucrece*:

" And after ſupper long he *queſtioned*
" With modeſt Lucrece, &c." STEEVENS.

Queſtion is uſed here, as in many other places, for *converſation.*
MALO

9 *Of the* all binding *law*;—] The old copy has—all-*building.* emendation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

1 —*or elſe* to *let him ſuffer*;] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads n grammatically—" or elſe let him ſuffer." But our author is quently inaccurate in the conſtruction of his ſentences. I have th fore adhered to the old copy. *You muſt be under the neceſſity* [to let, muſt be underſtood. MALONE.

W

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What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myſelf:
That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impreſſion of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And ſtrip myſelf to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been ſick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to ſhame.

Ang. Then muſt your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother died at once[2],
Than that a ſiſter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the ſentence
That you have ſlander'd ſo?

Isab. Ignomy in ranſom[3], and free pardon,
Are of two houſes: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the ſliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we ſpeak not what we mean:
I ſomething do excuſe the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Elſe let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he[4],

Owe,

[2] — *a brother died* at *once*,] Perhaps we ſhould read—*for* once. JOHNSON.

[3] Ignomy *in ranſom*,] *Ignomy* was in our author's time uſed for *ignominy*. So again, in *K. Henry IV.* Part I.

"Thy *ignomy* ſleep with thee in thy grave—."

Sir W. D'Avenant's alteration of theſe lines may prove a reaſonably good comment on them:

Ignoble ranſom no proportion bears
To pardon freely given. MALONE.

[4] *If not a* feodary, *but only he*, &c.] This is ſo obſcure, but the alluſion ſo fine, that it deſerves to be explained. A *feodary* was one that in the times of vaſſalage held lands of the chief lord, under the tenure of paying rent and ſervice, which tenures were called *feuda* amongſt the Goths. Now, ſays Angelo, "we are all frail; yes, replies Iſabella; if all mankind were not *feodaries*, who owe what they are to this tenure of *imbecility*, and who ſucceed each other by the ſame tenure, as well

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Owe [5], and ſucceed by weakneſs.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Iſab. Ay, as the glaſſes where they view themſelves;
Which are as eaſy broke as they make forms.
Women! — Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them[6]. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are ſoft as our complexions are,
And credulous to falſe prints[7].

Ang. I think it well:
And from this teſtimony of your own ſex,
(Since, I ſuppoſe, we are made to be no ſtronger
Than faults may ſhake our frames,) let me be bold;—
I do arreſt your words; Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, (as you are well expreſs'd
By all external warrants,) ſhew it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd livery.

Iſab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,

as my brother, I would give him up." The comparing mankind, lying under the weight of original ſin, to a *feodary*, who owes *ſuit* and *ſervice* to his lord, is, I think, not ill imagined. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare has the ſame alluſion in *Cymbeline*:

" ——— ſenſeleſs bauble,
" Art thou a *feodary* for this act?"

The old copy reads—*thy* weakneſs. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. I am by no means ſatisfied with it. *Thy* is much more likely to have been printed by miſtake for *this*, than the word which has been ſubſtituted. Yet *this* weakneſs and *by* weakneſs are equally difficult to be underſtood. Sir W. D'Avenant omitted the paſſage in his *Law againſt Lovers*, probably on account of its difficulty. MALONE.

5 *Owe*,—] To *owe* is, in this place, to *own*, to *hold*, to have poſſeſſion. JOHNSON.

6 *In* profiting *by them.*] In imitating them, in taking them for examples. JOHNSON.

I rather think the meaning is,—in *taking advantage* of their weakneſs. A French ſenſe: *ſe profiter*. MALONE.

7 *For we are ſoft as our complexions are,*
And credulous to falſe prints.] So, in *Twelfth Night*:

" How eaſy is it for the proper *falſe*
" *In women's waxen hearts* to ſet their *forms!*
" Alas! our frailty is the cauſe, not we;
" For, ſuch as we are made of, ſuch we be." MALONE.

And credulous to falſe prints, i. e. we take any impreſſion. WARBUR.

Let

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Let me intreat you, ſpeak the former language [8].
Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.
Iſab. My brother did love Juliet:
And you tell me, that he ſhall die for it.
Ang. He ſhall not, Iſabel, if you give me love.
Iſab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't [9],
Which ſeems a little fouler than it is [1],
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words expreſs my purpoſe.
Iſab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And moſt pernicious purpoſe!—Seeming, ſeeming [2]!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a preſent pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-ſtretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.
Ang. Who will believe thee, Iſabel?
My unſoil'd name, the auſtereneſs of my life,
My vouch againſt [3] you, and my place i' the ſtate,
Will ſo your accuſation over-weigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own report,
And ſmell of calumny [4]. I have begun;
And now I give my ſenſual race the rein:
Fit thy conſent to my ſharp appetite;

[8] — *ſpeak the* former *language.*] Iſabella anſwers to his circumlocutory courtſhip, that ſhe has but *one tongue*, ſhe does not underſtand this new phraſe, and deſires him to talk his *former language*, that is, to talk as he talked before. JOHNSON.

[9] *I know your virtue hath a* licence *in't,*] Alluding to the licences given by miniſters to their ſpies, to go into all ſuſpected companies, and join in the language of malecontents. WARBURTON.

[1] *Which ſeems a little fouler* &c.] So, in *Promos and Caſſandra:*
" *Caſ.* Renowned lord, you uſe this ſpeech (I hope) your thrall to trye;
" If otherwiſe, my brother's life ſo deare I will not bye.
" *Pro.* Fair dame, my outward looks my inward thoughts bewray;
" If you miſtruſt, to ſearch my harte, would God you had a kaye."
STEEVENS.

[2] *Seeming, ſeeming!*—] Hypocriſy, hypocriſy; counterfeit virtue. JOHNSON.

[3] *My* vouch *againſt*] means no more than denial. JOHNSON.

[4] *That you ſhall ſtifle in your own report,*
And ſmell of calumny.] A metaphor from a lamp or candle extinguiſhed in its own greaſe. STEEVENS.

Lay

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Lay by all nicety, and prolixious bluſhes [5],
That baniſh what they ſue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or elſe he muſt not only die the death [6],
But thy unkindneſs ſhall his death draw out
To lingering ſufferance: anſwer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me moſt,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can, my falſe o'erweighs your true [7]. [*Exit.*

Iſab. To whom ſhould I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the ſelf-ſame tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'ſy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow, as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture [8] of the blood,
Yet hath he in him ſuch a mind of honour [9],
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his ſiſter ſhould her body ſtoop
To ſuch abhorr'd pollution.

5 — *and* prolixious *bluſhes*,] That maiden modeſty, which is *ſlow* in yielding to the wiſhes of a lover. MALONE.

The word *prolixious* is not peculiar to Shakſpeare. It is uſed by Drayton, and by Naſhe. STEEVENS.

6 — *die the death*,] This ſeems to be a ſolemn phraſe for death inflicted by law. JOHNSON.

It is a phraſe taken from ſcripture, as is obſerved in a note on the *Midſummer Night's Dream*. STEEVENS.

The phraſe is *a good phraſe*, as Shallow ſays, but I do not conceive it to be either of *legal* or *ſcriptural* origin. Chaucer uſes it frequently. See Cant. Tales, ver. 607.

"They were adradde of him, as of *the deth*." ver. 1222.

"*The deth* he feleth thurgh his herte ſmite." It ſeems to have been originally a miſtaken tranſlation of the French. *La Mort*. TYRWHITT.

7 — *my falſe o'erweighs your* true.] *Falſe* and *true* are here uſed as ſubſtantives. My *falſehood* will outweigh your *truth*. So, in our author's 113th Sonnet:

"My moſt true mind thus maketh mine *untrue*." MALONE.

8 — *prompture*] Suggeſtion, temptation, inſtigation. JOHNSON.

9 — *ſuch a mind of honour*,] This, in Shakſpeare's language, may mean, *ſuch an honourable mind*, as he uſes elſewhere, *mind of love*, for *loving mind*. STEEVENS.

Then,

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Then, Iſabel, live chaſte, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chaſtity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's requeſt,
And fit his mind to death, for his ſoul's reſt. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Priſon.

Enter Duke, CLAUDIO, *and* Provoſt.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?
Claud. The miſerable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.
Duke. Be abſolute for death [1]; either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with life,—
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing,
That none but fools would keep [2]: a breath thou art,
(Servile to all the ſkiey influences,)
That doſt this habitation, where thou keep'ſt [3],
Hourly

[1] *Be abſolute for death*;] Be determined to die, without any hope of life. *Horace*, ——

"*The hour which exceeds expectation will be welcome.*" JOHNSON.

[2] *That none but fools would keep:*] The meaning is, that *none but fools would* wiſh *to keep life*; or, *none but fools would keep* it, if choice were allowed. JOHNSON.

Keep, in this place, I believe, may not ſignify *preſerve*, but *care for*. "No lenger for to liven I ne *kepe*," ſays Æneas, in *Chaucer*'s Dido queen of Carthage; and elſewhere, "That I *kepe not* rehearſed be:" i. e. which I *care not* to have rehearſed.

Again, in the *Knightes Tale*, late edit. ver. 2240:

"I *kepe* nought of armes for to yelpe." STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's explanation is confirmed by a paſſage in *the Dutcheſs of Malfy*, by Webſter, (1623) an author who has frequently imitated Shakſpeare, and who perhaps followed him in the preſent inſtance:

"Of what is't *fools* make ſuch vain *keeping?*
"Sin their conception, their birth weeping;
"Their *life* a general miſt of error;
"Their death a hideous ſtorm of terror."

See the Gloſſary to Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer. v. *kepe*. MALONE.

[3] *That* doſt *this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,*] The editors have changed

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Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet run'ſt toward him ſtill [4]: Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'ſt,
Are nurs'd by baſeneſs [5]: Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
Of a poor worm [6]: Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep [7],

And

changed *doſt* to *do* without neceſſity or authority. The conſtruction is not, "the ſkiey influences that do," but, "a breath thou art, that doſt" &c. If "ſervile to all the ſkiey influences" be incloſed in a parentheſis, all the difficulty will vaniſh. PORSON.

4 ——*merely thou art* death's fool:
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet run'ſt toward him ſtill:] In thoſe old farces called *Moralities*, the *fool* of the piece, in order to ſhew the inevitable approaches of death, is made to employ all his ſtratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *fool* at every turn into his very jaws. So that the repreſentations of theſe ſcenes would afford a great deal of good *mirth* and *morals* mixed together. WARBURTON.

It is obſerved by the editor of *the Sad Shepherd*, 8vo. 1783, p. 154, that the initial letter of Stowe's *Survey* contains a repreſentation of a ſtruggle between *Death* and the *Fool*; the figures of which were moſt probably copied from thoſe characters, as formerly exhibited on the ſtage. REED.

5 *Are nurs'd by baſeneſs:*] Dr. Warburton is undoubtedly miſtaken in ſuppoſing that by *baſeneſs* is meant *ſelf-love*, here aſſigned as the motive of all human actions. Shakſpeare only meant to obſerve, that a minute analyſis of life at once deſtroys that ſplendour which dazzles the imagination. Whatever grandeur can diſplay, or luxury enjoy, is procured by *baſeneſs*, by offices of which the mind ſhrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the ſhambles and the dunghill, all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament dug from among the damps and darkneſs of the mine. JOHNSON.

This is a thought which Shakſpeare delights to expreſs. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——our *dunny earth* alike
"Feeds man as beaſt."

Again:

"Which ſleeps, and never palates more the *dung*,
"The beggar's nurſe, and Cæſar's." STEEVENS.

6 — *the ſoft and tender fork*
Of a poor worm:] *Worm* is put for any creeping thing or *ſerpent*. Shakſpeare ſuppoſes falſely, but according to the vulgar notion, that

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And that thou oft provok'ſt [8]; yet groſsly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more: Thou art not thyſelf [9];
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains
That iſſue out of duſt: Happy thou art not:
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get;
And what thou haſt, forget'ſt: Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects [1],
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend haſt thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee ſire,
The mere effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the gout, ſerpigo [2], and the rheum,

that a ſerpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is *forked*. He confounds reality and fiction; a ſerpent's tongue is *ſoft*, but not *forked* nor hurtful. If it could hurt, it could not be ſoft. In the *Midſummer Night's Dream* he has the ſame notion:

"——— *With* doubler *tongue*
"*Than thine, O ſerpent, never adder* ſtung." JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare might have caught this idea from old tapeſtries or paintings, in which the tongues of ſerpents and dragons always appear barbed like the point of an arrow. STEEVENS.

7 *Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep*, &c.] Evidently from the following paſſage of Cicero: "*Habes ſomnum imaginem mortis, eamque quotidie induis, & dubitas quin ſenſus in morte nullus ſit cum in ejus ſimulacro videas eſſe nullum ſenſum.*" But the Epicurean inſinuation is, with great judgment, omitted in the imitation. WARBURTON.

Here Dr. Warburton might have found a ſentiment worthy of his animadverſion. I cannot without indignation find Shakſpeare ſaying that *death is only ſleep*, lengthening out his exhortation by a ſentence which in the friar is impious, in the reaſoner is fooliſh, and in the poet trite and vulgar. JOHNSON.

This was an overſight in Shakſpeare; for in the ſecond ſcene of the fourth act, the Provoſt ſpeaks of the deſperate Barnardine, as one who regards death only as a *drunken ſleep*. STEEVENS.

[8] — *thou oft* provok'ſt;] i. e. ſoliciteſt, procureſt. MALONE.

[9] *Thou art not thyſelf*;] Thou art perpetually repaired and renovated by external aſſiſtance; thou ſubſiſteſt upon foreign matter, and haſt no power of producing or continuing thy own being. JOHNSON.

[1] — *ſtrange* effects] For *effects* read *affects*; that is *affections*, *paſſions* of mind, or diſorders of body variouſly *affected*. So, in *Othello*: "*The young affects.*" JOHNSON.

[2] — *ſerpigo*,] The *ſerpigo* is a kind of tetter. STEEVENS.

For

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For ending thee no ſooner: Thou haſt nor youth, nor age
But, as it were, an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both [3]: for all thy bleſſed youth [4]
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied eld [5]; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty [6],
To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life

3 — *Thou haſt nor youth, nor age;*
But, as it were, an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both:] This is exquiſitely imagined. When we a young, we buſy ourſelves in forming ſchemes for ſucceeding time, ar miſs the gratifications that are before us; when we are old, we amu thel anguor of age with the recollection of youthful pleaſures or perform ances; ſo that our life, of which no part is filled with the buſineſs c the preſent time, reſembles our dreams after dinner, when the events c the morning are mingled with the deſigns of the evening. JOHNSON.

4 — —— *for all thy bleſſed youth*
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, &c.] Shakſpeare declares that man hatl *neither youth nor age*; for in *youth*, which is the *happieſt* time, or whicl might be the happieſt, he commonly wants means to obtain what h could enjoy; he is dependent on *palſied eld: muſt beg alms* from th coffers of hoary avarice; and being very niggardly ſupplied, *becomes a aged*, looks, like an old man, on happineſs which is beyond his reach And, when *he is old and rich*, when he has wealth enough for the pur chaſe of all that formerly excited his deſires, he has no longer the pow ers of enjoyment;
— *has neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,*
To make his *riches pleaſant.* JOHNSON.

The ſentiment contained in theſe lines, which Dr. Johnſon has ex plained with his uſual preciſion, occurs again in the forged letter tha Edmund delivers to his father, as written by Edgar; *K. Lear*, Act I ſc. ii.: "This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter t *the beſt of our times*; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldneſs canno reliſh them."—Dr. Johnſon would read *blaſted* youth; but the word above, printed in Italicks, ſupport, I think, the reading of the ol copy,—"*bleſſed* youth," and ſhew that any emendation is unneceſſary. MALONE

5 *Of palſied* eld;] *Eld* is generally uſed for *old age, decrepitude.* It i here put for *old people, perſons worn out with years.* STEEVENS.

6 *Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,*] By "heat" an "affection" the poet meant to expreſs *appetite*, and by "limb" an "beauty," *ſtrength.* EDWARDS.

Li

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Lie hid more thouſand deaths [7]: yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To ſue to live, I find, I ſeek to die;
And, ſeeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Iſab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wiſh deſerves a welcome.

Duke. Dear ſir, ere long I'll viſit you again.

Claud. Moſt holy ſir, I thank you.

Iſab. My buſineſs is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, ſignior, here's your ſiſter.

Duke. Provoſt, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you pleaſe.

Duke. Bring me to hear them ſpeak [8], where I may be Conceal'd. [*Exeunt* Duke *and* Provoſt.

Claud. Now, ſiſter, what's the comfort?

Iſab. Why,
As all comforts are; moſt good, moſt good, in deed [9]:
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends

7 — more *thouſand deaths:*] The meaning is not only *a thouſand deaths*, but *a thouſand deaths* beſides what have been mentioned. JOHNSON.

8 *Bring me to hear them ſpeak, where I may be*] The old copy reads:
Bring *them to hear me* ſpeak, &c.
The emendation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. The editor of the ſecond folio, after the word *Conceal'd*, has added,—"Yet hear them." But the alterations made in that copy do not deſerve the ſmalleſt credit. There are undoubted proofs that they were merely arbitrary; and in general they are alſo extremely injudicious. MALONE.

9 *As all comforts are; moſt good, moſt good, in deed:*] If this reading be right, Iſabella muſt mean that ſhe brings ſomething better than *words* of comfort, ſhe brings an aſſurance of *deeds*. This is harſh and conſtrained, but I know not what better to offer. JOHNSON.

I believe *in deed*, as explained by Dr. Johnſon, is the true reading. So in *Macbeth*:
"We're yet but young *in deed*." STEEVENS.

I would point the lines thus:
Claud. Now, ſiſter, what's the comfort?
Iſab. Why, as all comforts are, moſt good. Indeed lord Angelo, &c.
Indeed

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Intends you for his ſwift embaſſador,
Where you ſhall be an everlaſting leiger:
Therefore your beſt appointment [1] make with ſpeed;
To-morrow you ſet on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Iſab. None, but ſuch remedy, as, to ſave a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Iſab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a deviliſh mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Iſab. Ay, juſt, perpetual durance; a reſtraint,
Though all the world's vaſtidity [2] you had,
To a determin'd ſcope [3].

Claud. But in what nature?

Iſab. In ſuch a one as (you conſenting to't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Indeed is the ſame as *in truth*, or *truly*, the common beginning of ſpeeches in Shakſpeare's age. See Charles the Firſt's Trial. The king and Bradſhaw ſeldom ſay any thing without this preface: "Truly, Sir——." BLACKSTONE.

[1] —— *an everlaſting* leiger:

Therefore your beſt appointment—] *Leiger* is the ſame with reſident. *Appointment*; preparation; act of fitting, or ſtate of being fitted for any thing. So in old books, we have a knight well *appointed*; that is, well armed and mounted, or fitted at all points. JOHNSON.

The word *appointment*, on this occaſion, ſhould ſeem to comprehend confeſſion, communion, and abſolution. "Let him (ſays *Eſcalus*) be furniſhed with divines, and have all charitable preparation." The king in *Hamlet*, who was cut off prematurely, and without ſuch preparation, is ſaid to be dif-*appointed*. *Appointment*, however, may be more ſimply explained by the following paſſage in *The Antipodes*, 1638:

"——your lodging
"Is decently *appointed*." i. e. prepared, furniſhed. STEEVENS.

[2] Though *all the world's vaſtidity*—] The old copy has—*Through*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] —*a reſtraint*,—
To a determin'd ſcope.] A confinement of your mind to one painful idea; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be ſuppreſſed nor eſcaped. JOHNSON.

Claud.

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Claud. Let me know the point.
Iſab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Leſt thou a feverous life ſhould'ſt entertain,
And ſix or ſeven winters more reſpect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'ſt thou die?
The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;
And the poor beetle [4], that we tread upon,
In corporal ſufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this ſhame?
Think you I can a reſolution fetch
From flowery tenderneſs? If I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms [5].
Iſab. There ſpake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou muſt die:
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life
In baſe appliances. This outward-ſainted deputy,—
Whoſe ſettled viſage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew [6],
As faulcon doth the fowl [7],—is yet a devil;
His filth within being caſt [8], he would appear

4 *The poor beetle*, &c.] The reaſoning is, *that death is no more than every being muſt ſuffer, though the dread of it is peculiar to man*; or perhaps, *that* we are inconſiſtent with ourſelves, when we ſo much dread that which we careleſly inflict on other creatures, that feel the pain as acutely as we. JOHNSON.

5 ——*If I muſt* die,
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" ——I will be
" *A bridegroom* in my *death*; and run into 't,
" As to a lover's bed." MALONE.

6 —*follies doth* emmew,] Forces follies to lie in cover, without daring to ſhow themſelves. JOHNSON.

7 *As faulcon doth the fowl,*] In whoſe preſence the follies of youth are afraid to ſhow themſelves, as the fowl is afraid to flutter while the falcon hovers over it. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:
" ——not he that loves him beſt,
" The proudeſt he that holds up Lancaſter,
" *Dares ſtir a wing*, if Warwick ſhakes his bells."
To *enmew* is a term in falconry. STEEVENS.

8 —*being caſt,*] To *caſt* a pond is to empty it of mud. JOHNSON.

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A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo [9] ?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
In princely guards! Doſt thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'ſt be freed?

Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank offence [1],
So to offend him ſtill: This night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhor to name,
Or elſe thou dieſt to-morrow.

Claud. Thou ſhalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin [2].

Claud. Thanks, dear Iſabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the noſe,
When he would force it? Sure it is no ſin;
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt [3].

Iſab.

9 *The* princely *Angelo?*

—princely *guards!*] The firſt folio has, in both places, *prenzie*, from which the other folios made *princely*, and every editor may make what he can. JOHNSON.

Princely guards mean no more than the ornaments of royalty, which Angelo is ſuppoſed to aſſume during the abſence of the duke. STEEV.

A guard, in old language, meant a welt or border of a garment; "becauſe (ſays Minſheu) it *gards* and keeps the garment from tearing." Theſe borders were ſometimes of lace. So, in the *M. of Venice*:

" —Give him a livery
" More *guarded* than his fellows." MALONE.

1 —from *this rank offence,*] I believe means, *from the time* of my committing this offence, you might perſiſt in ſinning with ſafety. The advantages you would derive from my having ſuch a ſecret of his in my keeping would enſure you from further harm on account of the ſame fault, however frequently repeated. STEEVENS.

2 —*as a pin.*] So, in *Hamlet*:

" I do not ſet my life at a *pin*'s fee." STEEVENS.

3 Has he affections *&c.*] *Is he actuated by paſſions that impel him to tranſgreſs the law, at the very moment that he is* enforcing *it againſt others?*

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Iſab. Which is the leaſt?

Claud. If it were damnable [4], he, being ſo wiſe,
Why, would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd [5] ?—O Iſabel!

Iſab. What ſays my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Iſab. And ſhamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion [6] to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit [7]
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt

others? [I find, he is.] *Surely then*, ſince this is ſo general a propenſity, ſince the judge is as criminal as he whom he condemns, *it is no ſin, or at leaſt a venial one.* So, in the next Act:

" ——A deflower'd maid,
" And by an eminent body that *enforc'd*
" *The law* againſt it."

Force is again uſed for *enforce* in *K. Henry VIII:*

" If you will now unite in your complaints,
" And *force* them with a conſtancy."

Again, in *Coriolanus:*

" Why *force* you this?" MALONE.

4 *If it were damnable*, &c.] Shakſpeare ſhows his knowledge of human nature in the conduct of Claudio. When Iſabella firſt tells him of Angelo's propoſal, he anſwers, with honeſt indignation, agreeably to his ſettled principles, *Thou ſhalt not do't.* But the love of life being permitted to operate, ſoon furniſhes him with ſophiſtical arguments; he believes it cannot be very dangerous to the ſoul, ſince Angelo, who is ſo wiſe, will venture it. JOHNSON.

5 *Be* perdurably *fin'd?*] *Perdurably* is laſtingly. STEEVENS.

6 *This ſenſible warm* motion—] *Motion* for *organized body.* MALONE.

7 —*delighted ſpirit*] i. e. the ſpirit accuſtomed here to eaſe and delights. This was properly urged as an aggravation to the ſharpneſs of the torments ſpoken of. WARBURTON.

I think with Dr. Warburton, that by the *delighted* ſpirit is meant, *the ſoul once accuſtom'd to delight*, which of courſe muſt render the ſufferings, afterwards deſcribed, leſs tolerable. Thus our author calls youth, *bleſſed*, in a former ſcene, before he proceeds to ſhew its wants and its inconveniencies. STEEVENS.

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Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thoughts [8]
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury [9], and impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death [1].

Iſab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet ſiſter, let me live:
What ſin you do to ſave a brother's life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deed ſo far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Iſab. O you beaſt!
O faithleſs coward! O diſhoneſt wretch!

[8] —*lawleſs and incertain* thoughts] Conjecture ſent out to wander without any certain direction, and ranging through all poſſibilities of pain. JOHNSON.

Old Copy—*thought*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[9] —*penury*,] The old copy has—*perjury*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[1] *To what we fear of death.*] Moſt certainly the idea of the "ſpirit bathing in fiery floods," or of reſiding "in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," is not original to our poet; but I am not ſure that they came from the Platonick hell of Virgil.—The monks alſo had their hot and their cold hell; "the fyrſte is fyre that ever brenneth, and never gyveth lighte," ſays an old homily:—"The ſeconde is paſſying cold, that yf a greate hylle of fyre were caſt therin, it ſhold torne to yce." One of their legends, well remembered in the time of Shakſpeare, gives us a dialogue between a biſhop and a ſoul tormented in a piece of ice which was brought to cure a *brenning heate* in his foot.—Another tells us of the ſoul of a monk faſtened to a rock, which the winds were to blow about for a twelvemonth, and purge of its enormities. Indeed this doctrine was before now introduced into poetick fiction, as you may ſee in a poem, "where the lover declareth his pains to exceed far the pains of hell," among the many miſcellaneous ones ſubjoined to the works of Surrey: of which you will ſoon have a beautiful edition from the able hand of my friend Dr. Percy. Nay, a very learned and inquiſitive brother-antiquary hath obſerved to me, on the authority of Bleſkenius, that this was the ancient opinion of the inhabitants of Iceland, who were certainly very little read either in the poet or the philoſopher. FARMER.

Lazarus, in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, is repreſented to have ſeen theſe particular modes of puniſhment in the infernal regions:

"Secondly, I have ſeen in hell a floud frozen as ice, wherein the envious men and women were plunged unto the navel, and then ſuddainly came over them a right cold and great wind, that grieved and pained them right ſore, &c." STEEVENS.

Wilt

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Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of inceſt[2], to take life
From thine own ſiſter's ſhame? What ſhould I think?
Heaven ſhield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſs[3]
Ne'er iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance[4];
Die; periſh! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceed:
I'll pray a thouſand prayers for thy death,
No word to ſave thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Iſabel.

Iſab. O fie, fie, fie!
Thy ſin's not accidental, but a trade[5]:
Mercy to thee would prove itſelf a bawd:
'Tis beſt that thou dieſt quickly. [*going.*

Claud. O hear me, Iſabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchſafe a word, young ſiſter, but one word.

Iſab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you diſpenſe with your leiſure, I would by and by have ſome ſpeech with you: the ſatisfaction I would require is likewiſe your own benefit.

Iſab. I have no ſuperfluous leiſure; my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*to* Claudio *aſide.*] Son, I have over-heard what hath paſt between you and your ſiſter. Angelo had never the purpoſe to corrupt her; only he hath made an aſſay of her virtue, to practiſe his judgment with the diſpoſition of

[2] *Is't not a kind of inceſt,*—] In Iſabella's declamation there is ſomething harſh, and ſomething forced and far-fetched. But her indignation cannot be thought violent, when we conſider her not only as a virgin, but as a nun. JOHNSON.

[3] —*a warped ſlip of* wilderneſs] *Wilderneſs* is here uſed for *wildneſs*, the ſtate of being diſorderly. The word, in this ſenſe, is now obſolete, though employed by Milton:

"The paths, and bowers, doubt not, but our joint hands
"Will keep from *wilderneſs* with eaſe." STEEVENS.

[4] —*take my* defiance:] *Defiance* is *refuſal.* So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"I do *defy* thy commiſeration." STEEVENS.

[5] —*but a* trade:] A cuſtom; a practice; an eſtabliſhed habit. So we ſay of a man much addicted to any thing, *he makes a* trade *of it.* JOHNSON.

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natures: ſhe, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is moſt glad to receive: I am confeſſor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourſelf to death: Do not ſatisfy your reſolution with hopes that are fallible [6]: to-morrow you muſt die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me aſk my ſiſter pardon. I am ſo out of love with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there [7]: Farewell. [*Exit* CLAUDIO.

Re-enter Provoſt.

Provoſt, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promiſes with my habit, no loſs ſhall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time [8]. [*Exit* Provoſt.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodneſs, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſs; but grace, being the ſoul of your complexion, ſhould keep the body of it ever fair. The aſſault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my underſtanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at Angelo: How would you do to content this ſubſtitute, and to ſave your brother?

Iſab. I am now going to reſolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my ſon ſhould be unlawfully born. But oh, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can ſpeak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or diſcover his government.

Duke. That ſhall not be much amiſs: Yet, as the matter now ſtands, he will avoid your accuſation; he made

6 *Do not ſatisfy your reſolution with hopes that are fallible:*] Do not reſt with ſatisfaction on *hopes that are fallible.* STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is, Do not ſatisfy or content yourſelf with that kind of reſolution, which acquires ſtrength from a latent hope that it will not be put to the teſt; a hope, that in your caſe, if you rely upon it, will deceive you. MALONE.

7 *Hold you there:*] Continue in that reſolution. JOHNSON.

8 *In good time.*] i. e. *à la bonne heure,* ſo be it, very well. STEEVENS.

trial

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trial of you only. Therefore faſten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy preſents itſelf. I do make myſelf believe, that you may moſt uprighteouſly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no ſtain to your own gracious perſon; and much pleaſe the abſent duke, if, peradventure, he ſhall ever return to have hearing of this buſineſs.

Iſab. Let me hear you ſpeak further: I have ſpirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my ſpirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodneſs never fearful. Have you not heard ſpeak of Mariana the ſiſter of Frederick, the great ſoldier, who miſcarried at ſea?

Iſab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her ſhould this Angelo have marry'd; was affianced to her by oath [9], and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the ſolemnity [*], her brother Frederick was wreck'd at ſea, having in that periſh'd veſſel the dowry of his ſiſter. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there ſhe loſt a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever moſt kind and natural; with him the portion and ſinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate huſband [1], this well-ſeeming Angelo.

Iſab. Can this be ſo? Did Angelo ſo leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; ſwallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, diſcoveries of diſhonour: in few, beſtow'd her on her own lamentation [2], which yet ſhe wears for his ſake;

[9] —by *oath*,] *By* inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[*] —*and* limit *of the ſolemnity*,] So, in *King John*:

"Preſcribes how long the virgin ſtate ſhall laſt,—
"Gives *limits* unto holy nuptial rites." i. e. appointed times. MALONE.

[1] —*her* combinate *huſband*,] *Combinate* is *betrothed, ſettled by contract*. STEEVENS.

[2] —*beſtow'd* her on *her own lamentation*,] I once thought that we ought to read—beſtow'd *on her* her own lamentation, but the old copy may be right: and any change, grounded on unuſual phraſeology, is dangerous. In *Much ado about Nothing*, we find diction as uncommon:

"Impoſe *me* to what penance your invention
"Can lay upon my ſin."

Beſtow'd her on her own lamentation," is, left her to her ſorrows. MALONE.

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and he, a marble to her tears, is waſhed with them, but relents not.

Iſab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can ſhe avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may eaſily heal: and the cure of it not only ſaves your brother, but keeps you from diſhonour in doing it.

Iſab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firſt affection; his unjuſt unkindneſs, that in all reaſon ſhould have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; anſwer his requiring with a plauſible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourſelf to this advantage[3],—firſt, that your ſtay with him may not be long; that the time may have all ſhadow and ſilence in it; and the place anſwer to convenience; this being granted in courſe, now follows all. We ſhall adviſe this wronged maid to ſtead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itſelf hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother ſaved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy ſcaled[4]. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleneſs of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Iſab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I truſt, it will grow to a moſt proſperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Haſte you ſpeedily to Angelo; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promiſe of ſatisfaction. I will preſently

3 —*only refer yourſelf to this advantage,*] This is ſcarcely to be reconciled to any eſtabliſhed mode of ſpeech. We may read, *only* reſerve *yourſelf to*, or *only* reſerve to *yourſelf this advantage.* JOHNSON.

4 —*the corrupt deputy* ſcaled.] To *ſcale*, as may be learn'd from a note to *Coriolanus*, Act I. ſc. i. moſt certainly means, to *diſorder*, to *diſconcert*, to *put to flight*. An army routed is called by Hollinſhed, an army *ſcaled*. The word ſometime ſignifies to *diffuſe* or diſperſe; as others, as I ſuppoſe in the preſent inſtance, to *put into confuſion*. STEEVENS

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to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange [5] reſides this dejected Mariana: At that place call upon me; and diſpatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Iſab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

The Street before the Priſon.

Enter Duke *as a Friar; to him* ELBOW, Clown, *and* Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and ſell men and women like beaſts, we ſhall have all the world drink brown and white baſtard [6].

Duke. O heavens! what ſtuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world, ſince, of two uſuries [7], the merrieſt was put down, and the worſer allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-ſkins too, to ſignify, that craft, being richer than innocency, ſtands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, ſir:—Bleſs you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father [8]: What offence hath this man made you, ſir?

Elb.

[5] —*the moated* grange] A *grange* is a ſolitary farm-houſe. So, in *Othello*:

" ——— this is Venice;
" My houſe is not a *grange*." STEEVENS.

A *grange*, in its original ſignification, meant the farm-houſe of a monaſtery (from *grana* gerendo), from which it was always at ſome little diſtance. One of the monks was uſually appointed to inſpect the accounts of the farm. He was called the Prior of the Grange;—in barbarous latin, *Grangiarius*. Being placed at a diſtance from the monaſtery, and not connected with any other buildings, Shakſpeare, with his wonted licence, uſes it, both here and in *Othello*, in the ſenſe of a *ſolitary* farm-houſe. MALONE.

[6] *baſtard.*] A kind of ſweet wine, then much in vogue, from the Italian, *baſtardo*. WARBURTON.

See a note on *Hen. IV.* P. I. Act II. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

[7] —*ſince of two uſuries*, &c.] *Uſury* may be uſed by an eaſy licence for the *profeſſors of uſury*. JOHNSON.

[8] *And you, good* brother father:] In return to Elbow's blundering addreſs of *good father friar*, i. e. *good father brother*, the duke humorouſly calls him, in his own ſtyle, *good brother father*. This would appear

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Elb. Marry, ſir, he hath offended the law; and, ſir, we take him to be a thief too, ſir; for we have found upon him, ſir, a ſtrange pick-lock, which we have ſent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, ſirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live: Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From ſuch a filthy vice: ſay to thyſelf,—
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array myſelf, and live[9].
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it does ſtink in ſome ſort, ſir; but yet, ſir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for ſin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to priſon, officer;
Correction and inſtruction muſt both work,
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the deputy, ſir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whore-maſter: if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,
From our faults, as faults from ſeeming, free[1]!

Enter

appear ſtill clearer in French. *Dieu vous beniſſe,* mon pere frere.—*Et vous auſſi,* mon frere pere. There is no doubt that our *friar* is a corruption of the French *frere.* TYRWHITT.

9 —*I eat,* array *myſelf, and live.*] The old copy reads—I eat *away* myſelf——. The emendation was made by Mr. Biſhop. MALONE.

[1] *From our faults, as faults from* ſeeming, *free!*] I read,

Free from all faults, or *faults from ſeeming free;*

that men were really good, or *that their faults were known*; that men were free from faults, *or* faults from *hypocriſy.* So Iſabella calls Angelo's hypocriſy, *ſeeming, ſeeming.* JOHNSON.

I think we ſhould read with Hanmer:

Free from *all* faults, as *from faults* ſeeming free.

i. e. *I wiſh we were all as good as we appear to be*; a ſentiment very naturally prompted by his reflection on the behaviour of Angelo. Hanmer has only tranſpoſed a word to produce a convenient ſenſe. STEEV.

The original copy has not *Free* at the beginning of the line. It was added unneceſſarily by the editor of the ſecond folio, who did not perceive that *our,* like many words of the ſame kind, was uſed by Shakſpeare

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Enter LUCIO.

Elb. His neck will come to your waiſt, a cord, ſir[2].

Clown. I ſpy comfort; I cry, bail: Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels of Cæſar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pigmalion's images, newly made woman[3], to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What ſay'ſt thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the laſt rain[4]? Ha? What ſay'ſt thou, trot[5]? Is the world

ſpeare as a diſſyllable. The reading,—from *all* faults, which all the modern editors have adopted, (I think, improperly,) was firſt introduced in the fourth folio. Dr. Johnſon's conjectural reading, *or*, appears to me very probable. The compoſitor might have caught the word *as* from the preceding line. If *as* be right, Dr. Warburton's interpretation is perhaps the true one. Would we were all as free from faults, as faults are free from, or deſtitute of, comelineſs, or *ſeeming*. MALONE.

[2] *His neck will come to your waiſt, a cord, ſir.*] That is, his neck will be tied, like your waiſt, with a rope. The friars of the Franciſcan order, perhaps of all others, wear a hempen cord for a girdle. Thus Buchanan:

"*Fac gemant ſuis,*

"*Variata terga funibus.*" JOHNSON.

[3] — *Pigmalion's images, newly made woman,*] By *Pigmalion's images, newly made woman*, I believe, Shakſpeare meant no more than—Have you no women now to recommend to your cuſtomers, as freſh and untouched as *Pigmalion*'s ſtatue was, at the moment when it became fleſh and blood? The paſſage may, however, contain ſome alluſion to a pamphlet printed in 1598, called—*The Metamorphoſis of Pigmalion's Image, and certain Satires.* STEEVENS.

If *Marſton's Metamorphoſis of Pigmalion's Image* be alluded to, I believe it muſt be in the *argument*.—"The *maide* (by the power of Venus) was metamorphoſed into a living *woman*." FARMER.

Perhaps the meaning is,—Is there no courtezan, who being *newly made woman*, i. e. *lately debauched*, ſtill retains the appearance of chaſtity, and looks as cold as a ſtatue, to be had, &c.

The following paſſage in *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1602, ſeems to authorize this interpretation:

"*Lax.* Are all theſe *women*?

"*Imp.* No, no, they are half men, and half women.

"*Lax.* You apprehend too faſt. I mean by women, wives; for wives are no maids, *nor are maids women*."

Mulier in Latin had precifely the ſame meaning. MALONE.

[4] *What ſay'ſt thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the laſt rain?*] It is a common phraſe uſed in low raillery of a man

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world as it was, man? Which is the way[6]? Is it ſad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! ſtill worſe!

Lucio. How doth my dear morſel, thy miſtreſs? Procures ſhe ſtill? Ha?

Clown. Troth, ſir, ſhe hath eaten up all her beef, and ſhe is herſelf in the tub[7].

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it muſt be ſo: Ever your freſh whore, and your powder'd bawd: An unſhunn'd conſequence; it muſt be ſo: Art going to priſon, Pompey?

Clown. Yes, faith, ſir.

Lucio. Why 'tis not amiſs, Pompey: Farewell: Go; ſay, I ſent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how[8]?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then impriſon him: If impriſonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtleſs, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the priſon, Pompey: You will turn good huſband now, Pompey; you will keep the houſe[9].

Clown. I hope, ſir, your good worſhip will be my bail.

a man creſt-fallen and dejected, that *he looks like a drown'd puppy.* Lucio, therefore, aſks him, whether he was *drown'd in the laſt rain,* and therefore cannot ſpeak. JOHNSON.

He rather aſks him whether his *anſwer* was not drown'd in the laſt rain, for Pompey returns *no anſwer* to any of his queſtions: Or, perhaps, he means to compare Pompey's miſerable appearance to a *drown'd mouſe.* So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I. ſc. ii:

" Or piteous they will look, like *drowned mice.* STEEVENS.

5 *What ſay'ſt thou,* trot?] *Trot,* or, as it is now often pronounced, honeſt *trout,* is a familiar addreſs to a man among the provincial vulgar. JOHNSON.

6 *Which is the way?*] *What is the* mode *now?* JOHNSON.

7 —*in the tub.*] The method of cure for venereal complaints is groſly called the *powdering tub.* JOHNSON.

It was ſo called from the method of cure. See the notes on the *tub-faſt* and the *diet,* in *Timon,* Act IV. STEEVENS.

8 —*Go; ſay, I ſent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?*] Lucio firſt offers him the uſe of his name to hide the ſeeming ignominy of his caſe; and then very naturally deſires to be informed of the true reaſon why he was ordered into confinement. STEEVENS.

9 *You will turn good* huſband *now, Pompey; you will* keep *the* houſe.] Alluding to the etymology of the word *huſband.* MALONE.

Lucio.

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Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear[1]. I will pray, Pompey, to increaſe your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: Adieu, truſty Pompey.—Bleſs you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint ſtill, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, ſir; come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, ſir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now[2].—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, ſir, come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go[3]:

[*Exeunt* ELBOW, Clown, *and Officers.*

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some ſay, he is with the emperor of Ruſſia; other ſome, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: But wherefoever, I wiſh him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantaſtical trick of him, to ſteal from the ſtate, and uſurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his abſence; he puts tranſgreſſion to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: ſomething too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice[4], and ſeverity muſt cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good ſooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd: But it is impoſſible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They

[1] —*it is not the wear.*] i. e. it is not the faſhion. STEEVENS.

[2] *Then Pompey, nor now.*] The meaning, I think, is, *I will neither bail thee* then, nor now. So again, in this play:

"*More nor leſs* to others paying." MALONE.

[3] *Go,—to kennel, Pompey,—go:*] It ſhould be remembered, that *Pompey* is the common name of a dog, to which alluſion is made in the mention of a *kennel.* JOHNSON.

[4] *It is too* general *a vice,*] *Yes,* replies Lucio, *the vice is of great kindred; it is well ally'd,* &c. As much as to ſay, Yes, truly, it is general; for the greateſt men have it as well as we little folks. A little lower he taxes the Duke perſonally with it. EDWARDS.

ſay,

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ſay, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way [5] of creation: Is it true, think you?

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a ſea-maid ſpawn'd him:—Some, that he was begot between two ſtock-fiſhes:—But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: And he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible [6].

Duke. You are pleaſant, ſir; and ſpeak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthleſs thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is abſent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred baſtards, he would have paid for the nurſing a thouſand: He had ſome feeling of the ſport; he knew the ſervice, and that inſtructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the abſent duke much detected for women [7]; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, ſir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not poſſible.

[5] —*after* the *downright way*—] Old copy—*this* downright. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[6] —*and he is a motion* ungenerative, *that's infallible*] In the former editions:—*And he is a motion* generative; *that's infallible.* This may be ſenſe; and Lucio, perhaps, may mean, that though Angelo have the organs of generation, yet that he makes no more uſe of them, than if he were an inanimate puppet. But I rather think our author wrote, —*and he is a motion* ungenerative, becauſe Lucio again in this very ſcene ſays,—*this* ungenitured agent *will unpeople the province with continency.* THEOBALD.

A *motion generative* certainly means a *puppet of the maſculine gend r*; a thing that appears to have thoſe powers of which it is not in reality poſſeſſed. STEEVENS.

See, however, p. 67, note 6. MALONE.

[7] —*much* detected *for women*;] This appears ſo like the language of *Dogberry*, that at firſt I thought the paſſage corrupt, and wiſhed to read *ſuſpected.* But perhaps *detected* had anciently the ſame meaning. So, in an old collection of tales, entitled, *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595: "—An officer whoſe daughter was *detected of* diſhoneſtie, and generally ſo reported—". That *detected* is there uſed for *ſuſpected*, and not in the preſent ſenſe of the word, appears, I think, from the words that follow—*and generally ſo report.d*, which ſeem to relate not to a *known* but *ſuſpected* fact. MALONE.

Lucio.

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Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; —and his uſe was, to put a ducat in her clack-diſh [8]; the duke had crochets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, ſurely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his [9]: A ſhy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cauſe of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cauſe?

Lucio. No,—pardon;— 'tis a ſecret muſt be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you underſtand,—The greater file of the ſubject [1] held the duke to be wiſe.

Duke. Wiſe? why, no queſtion but he was.

Lucio. A very ſuperficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or miſtaking; the very ſtream of his life, and the buſineſs he hath helmed [2], muſt, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his own bringings forth, and he ſhall appear, to the envious, a ſcholar, a ſtateſman, and a ſoldier: Therefore, you ſpeak unſkilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love [3].

Lucio. Come, ſir, I know what I know,

Duke. I can hardly believe that, ſince you know not what you ſpeak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me deſire you to make your anſwer before him: If it be honeſt you have ſpoke, you have

[8] —*clack-diſh:*] The beggars, two or three centuries ago, uſed to proclaim their want by a wooden-diſh with a moveable cover, which they clacked, to ſhew that their veſſel was empty. STEEVENS.

[9] —*an* inward *of his:*] *Inward* is intimate. STEEVENS.

[1] *The greater file of the ſubject*] The larger liſt, the greater number. JOHNSON. So, in *Macbeth:* "— the valued *file.*" STEEVENS.

[2] —*the buſineſs he hath helmed,*] *The difficulties he hath ſteer'd through.* A metaphor from navigation. STEEVENS.

[3] —*with* dearer *love.*] Old copy—*dear.* Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

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courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke

Duke. He ſhall know you better, ſir, if I may live t report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more or you imagine me too unhurtful an oppoſite[4]. But, in deed, I can do you little harm: you'll forſwear this again

Lucio. I'll be hang'd firſt: thou art deceived in me friar. But no more of this: Canſt thou tell, if Claudi die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why ſhould he die, ſir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-diſh. would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: th ungenitur'd agent[5] will unpeople the province with co tinency; ſparrows muſt not build in his houſe-eves, b cauſe they are lecherous. The duke yet would have da deeds darkly anſwer'd; he would never bring them light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio condemn'd for untruſſing. Farewell, good friar; I pr' thee, pray for me. The duke, I ſay to thee agai would eat mutton on Fridays[6]. He's now paſt it; y and I ſay to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, thou ſhe ſmelt brown bread and garlick[7]: ſay, that I ſaid Farewell. [*Ex*

Duke. No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure 'ſcape; back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes: What king ſo ſtrong,
Can tie the gall up in the ſlanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

4 —*an oppoſite.*] In old language meant an *adverſary.* MALON

5 —ungenitur'd *agent*] This word ſeems to be form'd from *genito* a word which occurs in Holland's Pliny, tom. ii. p. 321, 560, 5 and comes from the French *genitoires*, the *genitals.* TOLLET.

6 —mutton *on Fridays.*] A wench was called a *laced mutton.* THE So, in *Doctor Fauſtus*, 1604, Lechery ſays: "I am one that loves inch of raw *mutton* better than an ell of *Friday* ſtockfiſh." STEEVE See *the Two Gent. of Verona*, p. 110, n. 9. MALONE.

7 —*though ſhe* ſmelt brown bread and garlick:] This was the phr ology of our author's time. In the *M. W. of Windſor*, Maſter Fen is ſaid to "*ſmell April and May*," not, "to ſmell *of*, &c. MALO

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Enter ESCALUS, Provoſt, Bawd, *and* Officers.

Eſcal. Go, away with her to priſon.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Eſcal. Double and treble admonition, and ſtill forfeit in the ſame kind? This would make mercy ſwear, and play the tyrant[8].

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it pleaſe your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information againſt me: miſtreſs Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time, he promiſed her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myſelf; and ſee how he goes about to abuſe me.

Eſcal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:— let him be called before us.—Away with her to priſon: Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt* Bawd *and* Officers.] Provoſt, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio muſt die to-morrow: let him be furniſh'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it ſhould not be ſo with him.

Prov. So pleaſe you, this friar hath been with him, and adviſed him for the entertainment of death.

Eſcal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliſs and goodneſs on you!

Eſcal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To uſe it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the ſee[9],
In ſpecial buſineſs from his holineſs.

[8] —*mercy ſwear, and play the tyrant.*] I do not much like *mercy ſwear*, the old reading; or *mercy ſwerve*, Dr. Warburton's correction. I believe it ſhould be,—This would make mercy *ſevere*. FARMER.

There is ſurely no need of emendation. We ſay at preſent, Such a thing *is enough to make a parſon ſwear*, i. e. deviate from a proper reſpect to decency, and the ſanctity of his character.

The idea of *ſwearing* agrees very well with that of a *tyrant* in our ancient myſteries. STEEVENS.

[9] —*from the* ſee,] The folio reads, *from the* ſea. JOHNSON.

The emendation, which is undoubtedly right, was made by Mr. Theobald. In Hall's Chronicle, *ſea* is often written for *ſee*. MALONE.

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Eſcal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is ſo great a fever o neſs, that the diſſolution of it muſt cure it: novelty in requeſt; and it is as dangerous to be aged in ai of courſe, as it is virtuous to be conſtant in any taking. There is ſcarce truth enough alive, to m cieties ſecure; but ſecurity enough, to make fell accurs'd: much upon this riddle runs the wiſdom world. This news is old enough, yet it is every news. I pray you, ſir, of what diſpoſition was the

Eſcal. One, that, above all other ſtrifes, con eſpecially to know himſelf.

Duke. What pleaſure was he given to?

Eſcal. Rather rejoicing to ſee another merry, merry at any thing which profeſs'd to make him r a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him events, with a prayer they may prove proſperous; me deſire to know, how you find Claudio prepared made to underſtand, that you have lent him viſitati

Duke. He profeſſes to have received no ſiniſter n from his judge, but moſt willingly humbles himſelf determination of juſtice: yet had he framed to himſ the inſtruction of his frailty, many deceiving prom life; which I, by my good leiſure, have diſcredi him, and now is he reſolved[1] to die.

Eſcal. You have paid the heavens your functio the priſoner the very debt of your calling. I ha bour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremeſt ſl my modeſty; but my brother juſtice have I found vere, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is inc juſtice[2].

Duke. If his own life anſwer the ſtraitneſs of hi ceeding, it ſhall become him well; wherein if he c to fail, he hath ſentenced himſelf.

Eſcal. I am going to viſit the priſoner: fare you

Duke. Peace be with you! [*Exeunt* Escal. *and*

He, who the ſword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as ſevere;

1 — *reſolved*] i. e. ſatisfied. Reed.

2 — *he is indeed—juſtice.*] Summum jus, ſumma injuria. Ste

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Pattern in himſelf to know,
Grace to ſtand, and virtue go[3];
More nor leſs to others paying,
Than by ſelf-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whoſe cruel ſtriking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble ſhame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow[4]!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward ſide[5]!
How may likeneſs, made in crimes,
Mocking, practiſe on the times,
To draw with idle ſpiders' ſtrings
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things[6]!

Craft

[3] *Pattern in himſelf to know,*
Grace to ſtand, and virtue go;] This paſſage is very obſcure, nor can be cleared without a more licentious paraphraſe than any reader may be willing to allow. *He that bears the ſword of heaven ſhould be not leſs holy than ſevere: ſhould be able to diſcover in himſelf a pattern of ſuch grace as can avoid temptation, together with ſuch virtue as dares venture abroad into the world without danger of ſeduction.* STEEVENS.

"*Pattern* in himſelf to know," is, to experience in his own boſom an *original* principle of action, which, inſtead of being borrowed or copied from others, might ſerve as a *pattern* to them. Our author, in *the Winter's Tale*, has again uſed the ſame kind of imagery:

"By the *pattern* of mine own thoughts I cut out
"The purity of his."

In *the Comedy of Errors* he uſes an expreſſion equally hardy and licentious—"And will have no *attorney* but *myſelf*;"—which is an abſolute catachreſis; an attorney importing preciſely a perſon appointed to act for *another*. MALONE.

[4] *To weed* my *vice, and let his grow!*] *My*, does not, I apprehend relate to the duke in particular, who had not been guilty of any vice, but to my indefinite perſon.—The meaning ſeems to be—*To deſtroy by extirpation* (as it is expreſſed in another place) a fault that I have committed, and to ſuffer his own vices to grow to a rank and luxuriant height.—The ſpeaker, for the ſake of argument, puts himſelf in the caſe of an offending perſon. MALONE.

[5] *Though* angel *on the outward ſide!*] Here we ſee what induced our author to give the outward-ſainted deputy the name of Angelo. MALONE.

[6] *How may likeneſs, made in crimes,*
Mocking, *practiſe on the times,*
To draw with idle ſpiders' ſtrings
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things!] The old copy reads—*Making* practiſe, &c. which renders the paſſage ungrammatical, and unintelligible.

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Craft againſt vice I muſt apply:
With Angelo to-night ſhall lie
His old betrothed, but deſpis'd;
So diſguiſe ſhall, by the diſguis'd[7],
Pay with falſhood falſe exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

gible. For the emendation now made the preſent editor is anſwerable. A line in *Macbeth* may add ſome ſupport to it:

"Away, and *mock the time* with faireſt ſhow."

There is no one more convinced of the general propriety of adhering to old readings. I have ſtrenuouſly followed the courſe which was pointed out and ſucceſsfully purſued by Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens, that of elucidating and ſupporting our author's genuine text by illuſtrations drawn from the writings of his contemporaries. But in ſome caſes alteration is a matter not of choice, but neceſſity; and ſurely the preſent is one of them. Dr. Warburton, to obtain ſome ſenſe, omitted the word *To* in the third line; in which he was followed by all the ſubſequent editors. But omiſſion, in my apprehenſion, is, of all the modes of emendation, the moſt exceptionable.—In the paſſage before us, it is clear from the context, that ſome *verb* muſt have ſtood in either the firſt or ſecond of theſe lines. Some years ago I conjectured that, inſtead of *made*, we ought to read *wade*, which was uſed in our author's time in the ſenſe of *to proceed*. But having ſince had occaſion to obſerve how often the words *mock* and *make* have been confounded in theſe plays, I am now perſuaded that the ſingle error in the preſent paſſage is, the word *Making* having been printed inſtead of *Mocking*, a word of which our author has made very frequent uſe, and which exactly ſuits the context. In this very play we have had *make* inſtead of *mock*. [See p. 21.] In the hand-writing of that time the ſmall *c* was merely a ſtraight line; ſo that if it happened to be ſubjoined and written very cloſe to an *o*, the two letters might eaſily be taken for an *a*. Hence I ſuppoſe it was, that theſe words have been ſo often confounded.—The awkwardneſs of the expreſſion—"*Making* practice," of which I have met with no example, may be likewiſe urged in ſupport of this emendation.

Likeneſs is here uſed for *ſpecious* or *ſeeming* virtue. So, before: "O ſeeming, ſeeming!" The ſenſe then of the paſſage is,—How may perſons aſſuming the *likeneſs* or ſemblance of virtue, *while they are in fact guilty of the groſſeſt crimes, impoſe with this* counterfeit *ſanctity upon the world*, in order *to draw to themſelves by the ſlimſieſt pretenſions the moſt ſolid advantages*; i. e. pleaſure, honour, reputation, &c. I

In *Much Ado about Nothing* we have a ſimilar thought:

"O, what authority and ſhow of truth
"Can cunning ſin cover itſelf withall!" MALONE.

[7] *So diſguiſe ſhall, by the diſguis'd,*] So '*diſguiſe* ſhall, by means of a perſon *diſguiſed*, return an *injurious demand* with a *counterfeit perſon*. JOHNSON.

ACT

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Mariana's *Houſe.*

Enter MARIANA, *and a Boy who ſings.*

SONG. *Take, oh, take thoſe lips away* [1],
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn:
But my kiſſes bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain,
ſeal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy ſong, and haſte thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whoſe advice
Hath often ſtill'd my brawling diſcontent.— [*Exit* Boy.

Enter Duke.

I cry you mercy, ſir; and well could wiſh,
You

[1] *Take, oh, take* &c.] This is part of a little ſong of Shakſpeare's own writing, conſiſting of two ſtanzas, and ſo extremely ſweet, that the reader won't be diſpleaſed to have the other.

Hide, oh, hide theſe hills of ſnow,
Which thy frozen boſom bears,
On whoſe tops the pinks that grow,
Are of thoſe that April wears.
But firſt ſet my poor heart free,
Bound in thoſe icy chains by thee. WARBURTON.

This ſong is entire in Beaumont's *Bloody Brother*. The latter ſtanza is omitted by Mariana, as not ſuiting a female character. THEOBALD.

This ſong is found entire in Shakſpeare's Poems, printed in 1640; but that is a book of no authority: Yet I believe that both theſe ſtanzas were written by our author. MALONE.

Our poet has introduced one of the ſame thoughts in his 142d ſonnet:

" ——not from thoſe lips of thine
" That have prophan'd their ſcarlet ornaments,
" And *ſeal'd falſe bonds of love*, as oft as mine." STEEVENS.

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

" Pure lips, ſweet *ſeals* in my ſoft lips imprinted,
" What bargains may I make, ſtill to be ſealing?" MALONE.

It occurs alſo in the old black letter tranſlation of Amadis of Gaule,

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You had not found me here ſo muſical:
Let me excuſe me, and believe me ſo,—
My mirth it much diſpleas'd, but pleas'd my woe[2].

Duke. 'Tis good: though muſick oft hath ſuch a charm,
To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promiſed here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have ſat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do conſtantly[3] believe you:—The time is come, even now. I ſhall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon for ſome advantage to yourſelf.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Iſab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick[4],
Whoſe weſtern ſide is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate[5],
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promiſe to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night[6].

quarto, p. 171:—"rather with *kiſſes* (which are counted the *ſeals* of *love*) they choſe to confirm their unanimitie, than otherwiſe to offend a reſolved patience." REED.

[2] *My mirth it much diſpleas'd, but pleas'd my woe.*] Though the muſick ſooth'd my ſorrows, it had no tendency to produce light merriment. JOHNSON.

3 — *conſtantly*—] Certainly, without fluctuation of mind. JOHNSON.

4 — *circummur'd with brick,*] *Circummur'd*, walled round. JOHNSON.

5 — *a* planched *gate,*] i. e. a gate made of boards. *Planche*, Fr. STEEVENS.

6 *There have I* &c.] In the old copy the lines ſtand thus:

There have I made my promiſe upon the
Heavy middle of the night, to call upon him. STEEVENS.

The preſent regulation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Duke

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Duke. But ſhall you on your knowledge find this way?
Iſab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whiſpering and moſt guilty diligence,
In action all of precept [7], he did ſhew me
The way twice o'er.
Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her obſervance?
Iſab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have poſſeſs'd him [8], my moſt ſtay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a ſervant comes with me along,
That ſtays upon me [9]; whoſe perſuaſion is,
I come about my brother.
Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.
Iſab. I do deſire the like.
Duke. Do you perſuade yourſelf that I reſpect you?
Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.
Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a ſtory ready for your ear:
I ſhall attend your leiſure; but make haſte;
The vaporous night approaches.
Mari. Will't pleaſe you walk aſide?
[*Exeunt* MARI. *and* ISAB.
Duke. O place and greatneſs, millions of falſe eyes [1]

7 *In action all of precept,*] i. e. ſhewing the ſeveral turnings of the way with his hand: which action contained ſo many precepts, being given for my direction. WARBURTON.
I rather think we ſhould read, *In precept all of action*, that is, *in direction given not by words, but by mute ſigns.* JOHNSON.
8 — *I have poſſeſs'd him,*] I have made him clearly and ſtrongly comprehend. JOHNSON.
9 *That* ſtays upon *me*;] So, in *Macbeth*:
" Worthy Macbeth, we *ſtay upon* your leiſure." STEEVENS.
1 —*falſe eyes*] That is, Eyes infidious and traiterous. JOHNSON.

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Are ſtuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſts [2]
Upon thy doings! thouſand 'ſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome! How agreed?

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Iſab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you adviſe it.

Duke. It is not my conſent,
But my intreaty too.

Iſab. Little have you to ſay,
When you depart from him, but, ſoft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your huſband on a pre-contráct:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no ſin;
Sith that the juſtice of your title to him
Doth flouriſh the deceit [3]. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to ſow [4]. [*Exeunt.*

[2] — *theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſts*] Lying and contradictory meſſengers. ANONYMOUS.
So, in *Othello*:
" The ſenate has ſent out three ſeveral *queſts*." STEEVENS.

[3] *Doth* flouriſh *the deceit.*] *Flouriſh* is *ornament in general*. So, in another play of Shakſpeare:
" —empty trunks *o'er-flouriſh'd* by the devil." STEEVENS.

[4] — *for yet our* tithe's *to ſow.*] Mr. Theobald reads *tilth*, which Dr. Farmer obſerves is provincially uſed for *land till'd*, prepared for ſowing; and Mr. Steevens has ſhewn, that to *ſow tilth* was a phraſe once in uſe. This conjecture appears to me extremely probable. It muſt however be confeſſed that our author has already uſed the word *tilth* in this play, in its common acceptation, for *tillage*; which would not ſuit here:
" —— ſo, her plenteous womb
" Expreſſeth his full *tilth* and huſbandry." MALONE.
I believe *tythe* is right, and that the expreſſion is proverbial, in which *tythe* is taken, by an eaſy metonymy, for *harveſt*. JOHNSON.

SCENE

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SCENE II.

A Room in the Priſon.

Enter Provoſt *and* Clown.

Prov. Come hither, ſirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

Clown. If the man be a bachelor, ſir, I can: but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, ſir, leave me your ſnatches, and yield me a direct anſwer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: here is in our priſon a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to aſſiſt him, it ſhall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you ſhall have your full time of impriſonment, and your deliverance with an unpity'd whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive ſome inſtruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorſon! Where's Abhorſon, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, ſir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, uſe him for the preſent, and diſmiſs him: He cannot plead his eſtimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, ſir? Fie upon him, he will diſcredit our myſtery.

Prov. Go to, ſir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the ſcale. [*Exit.*

Clown. Pray, ſir, by your good favour, (for, ſurely, ſir, a good favour[5] you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, ſir, your occupation a myſtery?

5 — *a good favour*] *Favour* is countenance. STEEVENS.

Abhor.

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Abhor. Ay, ſir; a myſtery.

Clown. Painting, ſir, I have heard ſay, is a myſtery; and your whores, ſir, being members of my occupation, uſing painting, do prove my occupation a myſtery: but what myſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a myſtery.

Clown. Proof.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief[6]: If it

[6] *Every* true man's *apparel fits your thief,*] So, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578, the Hangman ſays:

"Here is nyne and twenty ſutes of apparell for my ſhare."

STEEVENS.

A *true man*, in the language of our author's time, meant an *honeſt man*, and was generally oppoſed to a *thief*. Our jurymen are to this day called "good men and *true*." The following words—"If it be too little, &c." are given in the old copy to the *Clown:* the train of the argument ſhews decifively that they belong to Abhorſon. The preſent arrangement, which is clearly right, was ſuggeſted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

The ſenſe of this ſpeech is this: Every true man's apparel, which the thief robs him of, fits the thief; becauſe, if it be too little for the thief, the true man thinks it big enough; i.e. a purchaſe too good for him. So that this fits the thief in the opinion of the true man. But if it be too big for the thief, yet the thief thinks it little enough; i.e. of value little enough. So that this fits the thief in his own opinion. The pleaſantry of the joke conſiſts in the equivocal ſenſe of *big enough*, and *little enough*. WARBURTON.

There is ſtill a further equivoque. The true man's *apparel*, which way ſoever it be taken, *fitting* the thief, the ſpeaker conſiders him as a *fitter of apparel*, i. e. a tailor.

This, it muſt be acknowledged, on the firſt view, ſeems only to prove the *thief*'s trade, not the *bangman*'s, a myſtery; which latter was the thing to be proved; but the argument is brought home to the hangman alſo, by the following ſtate of it. "If (ſays Mr. Heath) Dr. Warburton had attended to the argument by which the bawd proves his own profeſſion to be a myſtery, he would not have been driven to the groundleſs ſuppoſition, 'that part of the dialogue had been loſt or dropped.' The argument of the hangman is exactly ſimilar to that of the bawd. As the latter puts in his claim to the whores, as members of his occupation, and, in virtue of their painting, would enroll his own fraternity in the myſtery of painters; ſo the former equally lays claim to the thieves as members of his occupation, and in *their* right endeavours to rank his brethren, the hangmen, under the myſtery of *fitters of apparel*, or tailors." MALONE.

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e too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big nough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks t little enough: ſo every true man's apparel fits your hief.

Re-enter Provoſt.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will ſerve him; for I do find, your angman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he loth oftner aſk forgiveneſs [7].

Prov. You, ſirrah, provide your block and your axe, o-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will inſtruct thee in my rade; follow.

Clown. I do deſire to learn, ſir; and, I hope, if you ave occaſion to uſe me for your own turn, you ſhall find ne yare [8]: for, truly ſir, for your kindneſs, I owe you a ood turn [9].

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt* Clown *and* Abhorson

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou muſt be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As faſt lock'd up in ſleep, as guiltleſs labour
When it lies ſtarkly [1] in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?

[7] — *aſk forgiveneſs.*] So, in *As You Like It*:

" ———The common executioner,
" Whoſe heart the accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
" Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
" But firſt *begs pardon.*" Steevens.

[8] — *yare:*] i. e. handy. Steevens.

[9] *a good turn.*] i. e. a turn off the ladder. He quibbles on the phraſe according to its common acceptation. Farmer.

[1] — *ſtarkly*] Stiffly. Theſe two lines afford a very pleaſing image. Johnson.

Well,

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Well, go, prepare yourſelf. But hark, what noiſe?
[*Knocking within.*
Heaven give your ſpirits comfort!—[*Exit* CLAUDIO.]
By and by:—
I hope it is ſome pardon, or reprieve,
For the moſt gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beſt and wholeſomeſt ſpirits of the night
Envellop you, good Provoſt! Who call'd here of late?
Prov. None, ſince the curfew rung?
Duke. Not Iſabel?
Prov. No.
Duke. They will then [2], ere't be long.
Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?
Duke. There's ſome in hope.
Prov. It is a bitter deputy.
Duke. Not ſo, not ſo; his life is parallel'd
Even with the ſtroke [3] and line of his great juſtice;
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf, which he ſpurs on his power
To qualify [4] in others: were he meal'd [5]
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being ſo [6], he's juſt.—Now are they come.—
[*Knocking within.* Provoſt *goes out.*
This is a gentle provoſt; Seldom, when
The ſteeled gaoler is the friend of men.—
How now? What noiſe? That ſpirit's poſſeſs'd with haſte,

[2] They *will then.*] Perhaps, *ſhe* will then. Sir J. HAWKINS.

[3] *Even with the ſtroke*—] *Stroke* is here put for the *ſtroke* of a pen or a line. JOHNSON.

[4] —*To qualify*] To temper, to moderate; as we ſay, wine is *qualified* with water. JOHNSON.

[5] —*were he meal'd*] Were he ſprinkled; were he defiled. A figure of the ſame kind our author uſes in *Macbeth*:

"*The* blood bolter'd *Banquo.*" JOHNSON.

Meal'd is mingled, compounded; from the French *meſler.* BLACKSTONE.

[6] *But this being ſo,*—] The tenor of the argument ſeems to require—But this *not* being ſo——. Perhaps, however, the author meant only to ſay—But, his life being paralleled, &c. he's juſt. MALONE.

That

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That wounds the unfifting poſtern [7] with theſe ſtrokes.

Provoſt *returns, ſpeaking to one at the door.*

Prov. There he muſt ſtay, until the officer
Ariſe to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he muſt die to-morrow?

Prov. None, ſir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Provoſt, as it is,
You ſhall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You ſomething know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no ſuch example have we:
Beſides, upon the very ſiege of juſtice [8],
Lord Angelo hath to the publick ear
Profeſs'd the contrary.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Duke. This is his lordſhip's man [9].

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon [1].

Meſſ.

[7] *That wounds the* unfifting *poſtern*] *Unfifting* may ſignify "never at reſt," always opening. BLACKSTONE.

Mr. Rowe reads—*unreſiſting*; Sir T. Hanmer—*unreſting*. MALONE.

[8] —ſiege *of juſtice,*] i.e. *ſeat* of juſtice. *Siege,* Fr. STEEVENS.

[9] *This is his lord*ſhip's *man.*] The old copy has—his *lord*'s man. Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the Mſ. plays of our author's time they often wrote *Lo.* for Lord, and *Lord.* for Lordſhip; and theſe contractions were ſometimes improperly followed in the printed copies. MALONE.

[1] Enter a Meſſenger.

Duke. *This is his lordſhip's man.*

Prov. *And here comes Claudio's pardon.*] The Provoſt has juſt declared a fixed opinion that the execution will not be countermanded, and yet, upon the firſt appearance of the Meſſenger, he immediately gueſſes that his errand is to bring Claudio's pardon. It is evident, I think, that the names of the ſpeakers are miſplaced. If we ſuppoſe the Provoſt to ſay:

This is his lordſhip's man,

it is very natural for the Duke to ſubjoin,

And here comes Claudio's pardon.

The Duke might believe, upon very reaſonable grounds, that Angelo had now ſent the pardon. It appears that he did ſo, from what he ſays to himſelf, while the Provoſt is reading the letter:

This is his pardon; purchas'd by ſuch ſin—. TYRWHITT.

When,

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Meſſ. My lord hath ſent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you ſwerve not from the ſmalleſt article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumſtance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almoſt day.

Prov. I ſhall obey him. [*Exit* Meſſenger.

Duke. This is his pardon; purchas'd by ſuch ſin, [*Aſide.*
For which the pardoner himſelf is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's ſo extended,
That for the fault's love, is the offender friended.—
Now, ſir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiſs in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on: methinks, ſtrangely; for he hath not uſed it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [reads.] *Whatſoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better ſatisfaction, let me have Claudio's head ſent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more depends on it than we muſt yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will anſwer it at your peril.*

What ſay you to this, ſir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nurſed up and bred: one that is a priſoner nine years old[2].

Duke. How came it, that the abſent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do ſo.

Prov. His friends ſtill wrought reprieves for him.

When, immediately after the Duke had hinted his expectation of a pardon, the Provoſt ſees the Meſſenger, he ſuppoſes the Duke to have *known ſomething*, and changes his mind. Either reading may ſerve equally well. JOHNSON.

[2] — *one that is a priſoner nine years* old.] i. e. That has been confined theſe nine years. So, in *Hamlet*: "Ere we were two days *old* at ſea a pirate of very warlike preparation, &c." MALONE.

And

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And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Moſt manifeſt, and not deny'd by himſelf.

Duke. Hath he borne himſelf penitently in priſon? How ſeems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken ſleep; careleſs, reckleſs, and fearleſs of what's paſt, preſent, or to come; inſenſible of mortality, and deſperately mortal[3].

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the priſon; give him leave to eſcape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and ſhew'd him a ſeeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provoſt, honeſty and conſtancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient ſkill beguiles me; but in the boldneſs of my cunning, I will lay myſelf in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath ſentenced him: To make you underſtand this in a manifeſted effect, I crave but four days reſpite; for the which you are to do me both a preſent and a dangerous courteſy.

Prov. Pray, ſir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? Having the hour limitted; and an expreſs command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my caſe as Claudio's, to croſs this in the ſmalleſt.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if

[3] —*deſperately mortal.*] This expreſſion is obſcure. I am inclined to believe, that *deſperately mortal* means *deſperately miſchievous*. Or *deſperately mortal* may mean a man likely to die in a *deſperate* ſtate, without reflection or repentance. JOHNSON.

The word is often uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſenſe firſt affixed to it by Dr. Johnſon, which I believe to be the true one. So, in *Othello*:

"And you, ye *mortal* engines," &c. MALONE.

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my inſtructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath ſeen them both, and will diſcover the favour[4].

Duke. O, death's a great diſguiſer: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard[5]; and ſay, it was the deſire of the penitent to be ſo bared[6] before his death: You know, the courſe is common[7]. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the ſaint whom I profeſs, I will plead againſt it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is againſt my oath.

Duke. Were you ſworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his ſubſtitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the juſtice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a reſemblance, but a certainty. Yet ſince I ſee you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor perſuaſion can with eaſe attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, ſir, here is the hand and ſeal of the duke: You know the

4 — *the* favour.] See p. 89, n. 5. MALONE.

5 — *and tie the beard*;] A beard tied would give a very new air to that face, which had never been ſeen but with the beard looſe, long, and ſqualid. JOHNSON.

Mr. Simpſon propoſed to read—*die* the beard; and Mr. Steevens has ſhewn, that it was the cuſtom to *die* beards in our author's time. The text being intelligible, I have made no change, though the conjecture appears extremely probable. MALONE.

6 — *to be ſo* bared—] Theſe words relate to what has juſt preceded, —*ſhave the head.* The modern editions following the fourth folio, read—to be ſo *barb'd*; but the old copy is certainly right. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "I would the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn, or the *baring* of my beard; and to ſay it was in ſtratagem." MALONE.

7 *You know, the courſe is common.*] P. *Mathieu*, in his *Heroyke Life and Death of Henry the Fourth of France*, ſays, that Ravilliac, in the midſt of his tortures, lifted up his head, and ſhooke a ſpark of fire from his *beard*. "This unprofitable care, he adds, to ſave it, being noted, afforded matter to diverſe to praiſe the *cuſtome* in *Germany*, *Swiſſerland*, and divers other places, *to ſhove off*, and then to burn all the haire from all parts of the bodies of thoſe who are convicted for any notorious crimes." Grimſton's *Tranſlation*, 4to. 1612, p. 181. REED.

character,

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character, I doubt not; and the ſignet is not ſtrange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you ſhall anon over-read it at your pleaſure; where you ſhall find, within theſe two days he will be here. This is a thing, that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of ſtrange tenor; perchance of the duke's death; perchance, entering into ſome monaſtery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ[8]. Look, the unfolding ſtar calls up the ſhepherd: Put not yourſelf into amazement, how theſe things ſhould be: all difficulties are but eaſy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a preſent ſhrift, and adviſe him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this ſhall abſolutely reſolve you. Come away; it is almoſt clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our houſe of profeſſion[9]: one would think, it were miſtreſs Over-done's own houſe, for here be many of her old cuſtomers. Firſt, here's young maſter Raſh[1]; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nineſcore and ſeventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in requeſt,

[8] — *nothing of what is writ.*] We ſhould read—here *writ*;—the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand. WARBURTON.

[9] — *in our houſe of* profeſſion:] i. e. in my late miſtreſs's houſe, which was a *profeſſed*, a notorious bawdy-houſe. MALONE.

[1] *Firſt, here's young maſter* Raſh, &c.] All the names here mentioned are characteriſtical. *Raſh* was a ſtuff formerly worn. MALONE.

This enumeration of the inhabitants of the priſon affords a very ſtriking view of the practices predominant in Shakſpeare's age. Beſides thoſe whoſe follies are common to all times, we have four fighting men and a traveller. It is not unlikely that the originals of the pictures were then known. JOHNSON.

[2] — *a commodity of brown* paper *and old ginger,*] In our author's time it was a common practice of money-lenders to give the borrower a

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queſt, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one maſter Caper, at the ſuit of maſter Three-pile the mercer, for ſome four ſuits of peach-colour'd ſatin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young maſter Deep-vow, and maſter Copper-ſpur, and maſter Starve-lacky the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd luſty Pudding, and maſter Forthright [3] the tilter, and brave maſter Shoe-tye the great traveller [4], and wild Half-can that ſtabb'd Pots, and, I think forty more; all great doers in our trade [5], and are now for the Lord's ſake [6].

Enter

ſmall ſum of money, and ſome commodity of little value, which in the loan was eſtimated at perhaps ten times its value: The borrower gave a bond or other ſecurity, as if the whole had been advanced in money, and ſold the commodity for whatever he could. Sometimes no money whatſoever was advanced; but the unfortunate borrower accepted of ſome goods of a trifling value, as equivalent to a large ſum. The following paſſage in Greene's *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592, (the quotation is Mr. Steevens's) fully illuſtrates that before us: "—ſo that if he borrow an hundred pound, he ſhall have forty in ſilver, and threeſcore in wares, as luteſtrings, hobby-horſes, or *brown paper*, or cloath, &c." MALONE.

3 — *maſter* Forthright] The old copy reads *Fortbright*; but ſhould not *Fortbright* be *Forthright*, alluding to the line in which the thruſt is made? JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare uſes this word in the *Tempeſt*: "Through *forthrights* and meanders." Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act III. ſc. iii:

"Or hedge aſide from the direct *forthright*." STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that Dr. Johnſon's correction is right. An anonymous writer defends the old reading, by ſuppoſing the alluſion to be to the fencer's threat of making the *light* ſhine through his antagoniſt. Had he produced any proof that ſuch an expreſſion was in uſe in our author's time, his obſervation might have had ſome weight. It is probably a phraſe of the preſent century. MALONE.

4 — *and* brave *maſter* Shoetye *the great traveller*,] At this time *ſhoe-ſtrings* were generally worn. STEEVENS.

Brave, in old language, meant *fine*, *ſplendid in dreſs*. The finery which induced our author to give his traveller the name of *Shoe-tye*, was uſed on the ſtage in his time. "Would not this, ſir, (ſays Hamlet) and a foreſt of feathers,—with two *Provincial roſes* on my raz'd *ſhoes*, get me a fellowſhip in a cry of players, ſir?" MALONE.

5 — *all great* doers *in our trade*.] The word *doers* is uſed here in a wanton ſenſe. See Mr. Collins's note, Act I. ſc. ii. MALONE.

6 — *for the Lord's ſake*.] i. e. to beg for the reſt of their lives. WARB.

I rather

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Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clown. Maſter Barnardine! you muſt riſe and be hang'd, maſter Barnardine!

Abhor. What ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noiſe there? What are you?

Clown. Your friends, ſir; the hangman: You muſt be ſo good, ſir, to riſe and be put to death.

Barnar. [*within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am ſleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he muſt awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, maſter Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and ſleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, ſir, he is coming; I hear his ſtraw ruſtle.

I rather think this expreſſion intended to ridicule the puritans, whoſe turbulence and indecency often brought them to priſon, and who conſidered themſelves as ſuffering for religion.

It is not unlikely that men impriſoned for other crimes, might repreſent themſelves to caſual enquirers, as ſuffering for puritaniſm, and that this might be the common cant of the priſons. In Donne's time, every priſoner was brought to jail by ſuretiſhip. JOHNSON.

The phraſe which Dr. Johnſon has juſtly explained, is uſed in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636: "—I held it, wife, a deed of charity, and did it *for the Lord's ſake.*" STEEVENS.

I believe Dr. Warburton's explanation is right. It appears from a poem entitled, *Paper's Complaint*, printed among Davies's epigrams, [about the year 1611] that this was the language in which priſoners who were confined for debt, addreſſed paſſengers:

"Good gentle writers, *for the Lord's ſake, for the Lord's ſake,*
"Like *Ludgate priſoner*, lo, I, *begging*, make
"My mone."

The meaning, however, may be, to beg or *borrow* for the reſt of their lives. A paſſage in *Much Ado about Nothing* may countenance this interpretation:—"he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging to it, and *borrows* money in *God's name*, the which he hath uſed ſo long, and never paid, that men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing *for God's ſake.*"

Mr. Pope reads—and are now *in* for the Lord's ſake. Perhaps unneceſſarily. In *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Falſtaff ſays,—"there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and *they are for* the town's end,—to beg during life." MALONE.

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Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, ſirrah?

Clown. Very ready, ſir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorſon? What's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, ſir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. O, the better, ſir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may ſleep the ſounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, ſir, here comes your ghoſtly father; Do we jeſt now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to adviſe you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they ſhall beat out my brains with billets: I will not conſent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O ſir, you muſt: and therefore, I beſeech you, Look forward on the journey you ſhall go.

Barnar. I ſwear, I will not die to-day for any man's perſuaſion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to ſay to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter Provoſt.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O gravel heart!—
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.
[*Exeunt* ABHORSON *and* Clown.

Prov. Now, ſir, how do you find the priſoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to tranſport him [7] in the mind he is,

[7] — *to tranſport him*] To remove him from one world to another. The French *trépas* affords a kindred ſenſe. JOHNSON.

Were

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Vere damnable.

Prov. Here in the priſon, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a moſt notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,
uſt of his colour: What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd;
And ſatisfy the deputy with the viſage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Diſpatch it preſently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done,
And ſent according to command; whiles I
Perſuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This ſhall be done, good father, preſently.
But Barnardine muſt die this afternoon:
And how ſhall we continue Claudio,
To ſave me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;—Put them
In ſecret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the ſun hath made his journal greeting
To yond generation[8], you ſhall find
Your ſafety manifeſted.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, diſpatch, and ſend the head to Angelo.
[*Exit* Provoſt.

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The Provoſt, he ſhall bear them,—whoſe contents
Shall witneſs to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publickly: him I'll deſire
To meet me at the conſecrated fount,

[8] *To yond generation,*] Priſons are generally ſo conſtructed as not to admit the rays of the ſun. Hence the Duke here ſpeaks of its greeting only thoſe *without* the doors of the jail, to which he muſt be ſuppoſed to point when he ſpeaks theſe words. Sir T. Hanmer, I think without neceſſity, reads—To *the under* generation, which has been followed by the ſubſequent editors.

Journal, in the preceding line, is *daily*. Journalier, Fr. MALONE.

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A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form [9],
We ſhall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provoſt.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myſelf.
Duke. Convenient is it: Make a ſwift return;
For I would commune with you of ſuch things,
That want no ear but yours.
Prov. I'll make all ſpeed. [*Exit.*
Iſab. [*within.*] Peace, ho, be here!
Duke. The tongue of Iſabel:—She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of deſpair,
When it is leaſt expected [1].

Enter Isabella.

Iſab. Ho, by your leave.
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Iſab. The better, given me by ſo holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy ſent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath releas'd him, Iſabel, from the world;
His head is off, and ſent to Angelo.
Iſab. Nay, but it is not ſo.
Duke. It is no other:
Shew your wiſdom, daughter, in your cloſe patience.
Iſab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.
Duke. You ſhall not be admitted to his ſight.
Iſab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Iſabel!
Injurious world! Moſt damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cauſe to heaven.
Mark, what I ſay; which you ſhall find

9 —weal-balanced *form,*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Heath thinks that *well*-balanced is the true reading; and Hammer was of the ſame opinion. Steevens.

1 *When it is leaſt expected.*] A better reaſon might have been given. It was neceſſary to keep Iſabella in ignorance, that ſhe might with more keenneſs accuſe the deputy. Johnson.

By

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By every ſyllable, a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confeſſor,
Gives me this inſtance: Already he hath carry'd
Notice to Eſcalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wiſdom
In that good path, that I would wiſh it go;
And you ſhall have your boſom [2] on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Iſab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give;
'Tis that he ſent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I deſire his company
At Mariana's houſe to-night. Her cauſe, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal; and he ſhall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuſe him home, and home. For my poor ſelf,
I am combined by a ſacred vow [3],
And ſhall be abſent. Wend [4] you with this letter:
Command theſe fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; truſt not my holy order,
If I pervert your courſe.—Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even!
Friar, where is the Provoſt?

Duke. Not within, ſir.

Lucio. O, pretty Iſabella, I am pale at mine heart, to ſee thine eyes ſo red: thou muſt be patient: I am fain to dine and ſup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would ſet me to't: But they ſay the duke will be here to-morrow. By my

[2] —*your boſom*—] Your wiſh; your heart's deſire. JOHNSON.

[3] *I am* combined *by a ſacred vow*,] I once thought this ſhould be *confined*, but Shakſpeare uſes *combine* for to *bind by a pact or agreement*; ſo he calls Angelo the *combinate* huſband of Mariana. JOHNSON.

[4] Wend *you*—] To *wend* is to *go*. STEEVENS.

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troth, Iſabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantaſtical duke of dark corners [5] had been at home, he had lived.

[*Exit* ISABELLA.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the beſt is, he lives not in them [6].

Lucio. Friar, thou knoweſt not the duke ſo well as I do: he's a better woodman [7] than thou takeſt him for.

Duke. Well, you'll anſwer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, ſir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you ſuch a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forſwear it; they would elſe have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honeſt: Reſt you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I ſhall ſtick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Angelo's *Houſe.*

Enter ANGELO *and* ESCALUS.

Eſcal. Every letter he hath writ hath diſvouch'd other.

Ang. In moſt uneven and diſtracted manner. His actions

[5] *if the old fantaſtical duke of dark* corners—] This duke who meets his miſtreſſes in by-places. So, in *K. Henry VIII:*

" There is nothing I have done yet, o' my conſcience,
" Deſerves a *corner.*" MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *the* odd *fantaſtical duke*, but *old* is a common word of aggravation in ludicrous language, as, *there was* old *revelling.* JOHNSON.

[6] —*he lives not in them.*] i. e. his character depends not on them. STEEVENS.

[7] —*woodman,*] A *woodman* ſeems to have been an attendant or ſervant to the officer called *Forreſter.* See Manhood *on the Foreſt Laws*, 4to.

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w much like to madneſs; pray heaven, his wiſ-
not tainted! And why meet him at the gates,
leliver our authorities there?

I gueſs not.

And why ſhould we proclaim it in an hour before
ing, that, if any crave redreſs of injuſtice, they
xhibit their petitions in the ſtreet?

He ſhews his reaſon for that: to have a diſpatch
laints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter,
all then have no power to ſtand againſt us.

Well; I beſeech you, let it be proclaim'd:
i' the morn [8], I'll call you at your houſe:
tice to ſuch men of ſort and ſuit [9],
:o meet him.

I ſhall, ſir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Good night.—
:d unſhapes me quite, makes me unpregnant [1],
l to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
an eminent body, that enforc'd
againſt it!—But that her tender ſhame
: proclaim againſt her maiden loſs,
ght ſhe tongue me? Yet reaſon dares her?—no [2]:

, p. 46. It is here however uſed in a wanton ſenſe, and was in our author's time, generally ſo received. REED.
the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Falſtaff aſks his miſtreſſes,—
woodman? Ha!" STEEVENS.
it be proclaim'd:
ves i' the morn, &c.] Perhaps it ſhould be pointed thus:
——*let it be proclaim'd*
Betimes i' the morn: I'll call you at your houſe.
And why ſhould we *proclaim it an hour* before his entering—?
MALONE.
t and ſuit,] Figure and rank. JOHNSON.
kes me unpregnant,] In the firſt ſcene the Duke ſays that *pregnant*, i. e. ready, in the forms of law. *Unpregnant* in the inſtance before us, is *unready, unprepared.* STEEV.
et reaſon dares her? no:] Yet does not reaſon *challenge* or to accuſe me?—no, (anſwers the ſpeaker) for my authority *dare*, in this ſenſe, is yet a ſchool-phraſe: Shakſpeare probably here. He has again uſed the word with the ſame ſignification teevens obſerves) in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.:
Unleſs a brother ſhould a brother *dare*
To gentle exerciſe, &c." MALONE.

For

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For my authority bears off a credent bulk,
That no particular ſcandal [3] once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He ſhould have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous ſenſe,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By ſo receiving a diſhonour'd life,
With ranſom of ſuch ſhame. 'Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not[4]. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke *in his own habit, and Friar* PETER.

Duke. Theſe letters [5] at fit time deliver me.
[*Giving letters.*
The Provoſt knows our purpoſe, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your inſtruction,
And hold you ever to our ſpecial drift;
Though ſometimes you do blench [6] from this to that,
As cauſe doth miniſter. Go, call at Flavius' houſe,
And tell him, where I ſtay: give the like notice
To Valentius, Rowland, and to Craſſus,

[3] —*my authority bears off a* credent *bulk,*
That no particular *ſcandal,* &c.] *Credent* is *creditable, inforcing credit, not queſtionable.* The old Engliſh writers often confound the active and paſſive adjectives. So Shakſpeare, and Milton after him, uſe *inexpreſſive* for *inexpreſſible.*—*Particular* is *private,* a French ſenſe. No ſcandal from any *private* mouth can reach a man in my authority. JOHNS.

The old copy reads—bears *of,* in which way *off* was formerly often ſpelt. *Bears off* Mr. Steevens interprets—*carries with it.* Perhaps Angelo means, that his authority will ward off or ſet aſide the weightieſt and moſt probable charge that can be brought againſt him. MALONE.

[4] —*we would, and we would not.*] Here undoubtedly the act ſhould end, and was ended by the poet; for here is properly a ceſſation of action, and a night intervenes, and the place is changed, between the paſſages of this ſcene, and thoſe of the next. The next act beginning with the following ſcene, proceeds without any interruption of time or change of place. JOHNSON.

[5] *Theſe letters*—] Peter never delivers the letters, but tells his ſtory without any credentials. The poet forgot the plot which he had formed. JOHNSON.

[6] —*you do* blench—] To *blench* is to ſtart off, to fly off. STEEV.

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l them bring the trumpets to the gate;
l me Flavius firſt.
P. It ſhall be ſpeeded well. [*Exit* Friar.

Enter VARRIUS.

I thank thee, Varrius; thou haſt made good haſte:
we will walk: There's other of our friends
:et us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Street near the City Gate.

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA.

To ſpeak ſo indirectly, I am loth;
ſay the truth; but to accuſe him ſo,
your part: yet I'm advis'd to do it;
, to veil full purpoſe [7].
Be rul'd by him.
Beſides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
k againſt me on the adverſe ſide,
not think it ſtrange; for 'tis a phyſick,
›itter to ſweet end.
. I would, friar Peter—
O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER [8].

P. Come, I have found you out a ſtand moſt fit,
you may have ſuch vantage on the duke,

ys, *to* veil full *purpoſe.*] *To vail full purpoſe*, may, with very : on the words, mean, *to hide the whole extent of our deſign*, ore the reading may ſtand; yet I cannot but think Mr. Theo- ration [t' availful *purpoſe*] either lucky or ingenious. JOHNS. Johnſon's explanation be right, (as I think it is,) the word written—*veil*, as it is now printed in the text. MALONE.

- *Friar* PETER.] This play has two friars, either of whom gly have ſerved. I ſhould therefore imagine, that Friar Tho- he firſt act, might be changed, without any harm, to Friar r why ſhould the Duke unneceſſarily truſt two in an affair uired only one. The name of Friar Thomas is never men- the dialogue, and therefore ſeems arbitrarily placed at the he ſcene. JOHNSON.

He

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He ſhall not paſs you: Twice have the trumpets ſounded
The generous[9] and graveſt citizens
Have hent the gates[1], and very near upon
The duke is ent'ring; therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A publick Place near the City Gate.

MARIANA *(veil'd)*, ISABELLA, *and* PETER, *at a diſtance*—*Enter at oppoſite Doors*, Duke, VARRIUS, Lords, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provoſt, *Officers, and Citizens.*

Duke. My very worthy couſin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to ſee you.
Ang. and Eſcal. Happy return be to your royal grace!
Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodneſs of your juſtice, that our ſoul
Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
Fore-running more requital.
Ang. You make my bonds ſtill greater.
Duke. O, your deſert ſpeaks loud; and I ſhould wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert boſom,
When it deſerves with characters of braſs
A forted reſidence, 'gainſt the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion: Give me your hand,
And let the ſubjects ſee, to make them know
That outward courteſies would fain proclaim

[9] *The* generous *&c.*] i. e. the *moſt noble*, &c. *Generous* is here uſed in its Latin ſenſe. "Virgo *generoſa* et nobilis." Cicero. Shakſpeare uſes it again in *Othello*:

"——— the *generous* iſlanders
"By you invited——." STEEVENS.

[1] *Have* hent *the gates*,] Have ſeized or taken poſſeſſion of the gates. JOHNSON.

Hent, henten, hende, (ſays Junius, in his *Etymologicon*,) Chaucero eſt, capere, aſſequi, prehendere, arripere, ab. A. S. hendan. MALONE.

Favours

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Favours that keep within.—Come, Eſcalus;
You muſt walk by us on our other hand;—
And good ſupporters are you.

PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

Fri. P. Now is your time; ſpeak loud, and kneel before him.

Iſab. Juſtice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard[8]
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have ſaid, a maid!
O worthy prince, diſhonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me juſtice, juſtice, juſtice, juſtice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom? Be brief:
Here is lord Angelo ſhall give you juſtice;
Reveal yourſelf to him.

Iſab. O worthy duke,
You bid me ſeek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourſelf; for that which I muſt ſpeak
Muſt either puniſh me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redreſs from you: hear me, O hear me, here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a ſuitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by courſe of juſtice.

Iſab. By courſe of juſtice!

Ang. And ſhe will ſpeak moſt bitterly, and ſtrange.

Iſab. Moſt ſtrange, but yet moſt truly, will I ſpeak:
That Angelo's forſworn; is it not ſtrange?
That Angelo's a murtherer; is't not ſtrange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater;
Is it not ſtrange, and ſtrange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times ſtrange.

Iſab. It is not truer he is Angelo,

[8] —*Vail your regard*] That is, withdraw your thoughts from higher things, let your notice deſcend upon a wronged woman. To *vail*, is to lower. JOHNSON.

This is one of the few expreſſions which might have been borrowed from the old play of *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

" —— *vail* thou thine ears." STEEVENS.

Than

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Than this is all as true as it is ſtrange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning [2].

Duke. Away with her:—Poor ſoul,
She ſpeaks this in the infirmity of ſenſe.

Iſab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'ſt
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſs: make not impoſſible
That which but ſeems unlike: 'tis not impoſſible,
But one, the wicked'ſt caitiff on the ground,
May ſeem as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute [3],
As Angelo; even ſo may Angelo,
In all his dreſſings [4], characts [5], titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be leſs, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badneſs.

Duke. By mine honeſty,
If ſhe be mad, (as I believe no other,)
Her madneſs hath the oddeſt frame of ſenſe,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madneſs [6].

2 —— *truth is truth*
To the end of reckoning.] That is, truth has no gradations; nothing which admits of increaſe can be ſo much what it is, as *truth* is *truth*. There may be a *ſtrange* thing, and a thing *more ſtrange*; but if a propoſition be *true*, there can be none *more true*. JOHNSON.

3 —*as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute,*] *As ſhy*; as reſerved, as abſtracted: *as juſt*; as nice, as exact: *as abſolute*; as complete in all the round of duty. JOHNSON.

4 *In all his dreſſings*, &c.] In all his ſemblance of virtue, in all his habiliments of office. JOHNSON.

5 —*characts,*] i. e. characters. See *Dugdale Orig. Jurid.* p. 81—"That he uſe, ne hide, no charme, ne *carecte*." TYRWHITT.
Charact ſignifies an inſcription. The ſtat. 1 Edw. VI. c. 2, directed the ſeals of office of every biſhop to have "certain *characts* under the king's arms, for the knowlege of the dioceſe." *Characters* are the letters in which an inſcription is written. *Charactery* is the materials of which characters are compoſed.
"Fairies uſe flowers for their *charactery*." *M. W. of Windſor.*
BLACKSTONE.

6 *As e'er I heard in madneſs.*] I ſuſpect Shakſpeare wrote:
As *ne'er* I heard in madneſs. MALONE.

Iſab.

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Isab. Gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not baniſh reaſon
For inequality [7]: but let your reaſon ſerve
To make the truth appear, where it ſeems hid;
And hide the falſe, ſeems true [8].
Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, ſure, more lack of reaſon.—What would you ſay?
Isab. I am the ſiſter of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To loſe his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a ſiſterhood,
Was ſent to by my brother: One Lucio
As then the meſſenger;—
Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and deſir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.
Isab. That's he, indeed.
Duke. You were not bid to ſpeak.
Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wiſh'd to hold my peace.
Duke. I wiſh you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A buſineſs for yourſelf, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your honour.
Duke. The warrant's for yourſelf; take heed to it.
Isab. This gentleman told ſomewhat of my tale.
Lucio. Right.

[7] ——*do not baniſh reaſon*
For inequality:] Let not the high quality of my adverſary prejudice you againſt me. JOHNSON.
I imagine, the meaning rather is—*Do not* ſuppoſe I am mad, becauſe I ſpeak paſſionately and *unequally*. MALONE.

[8] *And* hide *the falſe, ſeems true.*] And for ever *hide*, i. e. plunge into eternal darkneſs, the falſe *one*, i. e. Angelo, who now ſeems honeſt. Many other words would have expreſſed our poet's meaning better than *hide*; but he ſeems to have choſen it merely for the ſake of oppoſition to the preceding line. Mr. Theobald unneceſſarily reads—*Not* hide the falſe,—which has been followed by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

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Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To ſpeak before your time.—Proceed.
Iſab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.
Duke. That's ſomewhat madly ſpoken.
Iſab. Pardon it;
The phraſe is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again: the matter;—Proceed.
Iſab. In brief,—to ſet the needleſs proceſs by,
How I perſwaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me [9], and how I reply'd;
(For this was of much length,) the vile concluſion
I now begin with grief and ſhame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaſte body
To his concupiſcible intemperate luſt,
Releaſe my brother; and, after much debatement,
My ſiſterly remorſe [1] confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpoſe ſurfeiting [2], he ſends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is moſt likely!
Iſab. O, that it were as like, as it is true [3]!
Duke. By heaven, fond wretch [4], thou know'ſt not what
thou ſpeak'ſt;
Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honour,
In hateful practice [5]: Firſt, his integrity
Stands without blemiſh:—next, it imports no reaſon,
That with ſuch vehemency he ſhould purſue
Faults proper to himſelf: if he had ſo offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himſelf,
And not have cut him off: Some one hath ſet you on;

9 *How he* refell'd *me,*] To *refel* is to refute. STEEVENS.
1 *My ſiſterly* remorſe—] i. e. pity. STEEVENS.
2 *His purpoſe* ſurfeiting,] So, in *Othello:*
" —my hopes, not *ſurfeited* to death." STEEVENS.
3 *O, that it were as* like, *as it is true!*] The meaning, I think, is: O, that it had as much of the *appearance,* as it has of the *reality,* of truth! MALONE.
4 —fond *wretch,*] *Fond* wretch is *fooliſh* wretch. STEEVENS.
5 *In hateful* practice:] *Practice* was uſed by the old writers for any unlawful or inſidious ſtratagem. JOHNSON.

Confeſs

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Confeſs the truth, and ſay by whoſe advice
Thou cam'ſt here to complain.

Iſab. And is this all?
Then, oh, you bleſſed miniſters above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance [6]!—Heaven ſhield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone:—An officer!
To priſon with her:—Shall we thus permit
A blaſting and a ſcandalous breath to fall
On him ſo near us? This needs muſt be a practice [7].—
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Iſab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghoſtly father, belike:—Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he ſpake againſt your grace
In your retirement, I had ſwing'd him ſoundly.

Duke. Words againſt me? This' a good friar, belike!
And to ſet on this wretched woman here
Againſt our ſubſtitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yeſternight, my lord, ſhe and that friar
I ſaw them at the priſon: a ſawcy friar,
A very ſcurvy fellow.

Friar P. Bleſſed be your royal grace!
I have ſtood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: Firſt, hath this woman
Moſt wrongfully accus'd your ſubſtitute;
Who is as free from touch or ſoil with her,
As ſhe from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no leſs.
Know you that friar Lodowick, that ſhe ſpeaks of?

Friar P. I know him for a man divine and holy;

6 *In countenance!*] i. e in partial favour. WARBURTON.
Perhaps rather, in fair appearance, in the external ſanctity of this *outward*-ſainted Angelo. MALONE.

7 — practice.] *Practice*, in Shakſpeare, very often means *ſhameful artifice*, unjuſtifiable ſtratagem. STEEVENS.

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Not ſcurvy, nor a temporary medler [8],
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my truſt, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, miſreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, moſt villainouſly; believe it.

Friar P. Well, he in time may come to clear himſelf;
But at this inſtant he is ſick, my lord,
Of a ſtrange fever: Upon his mere requeſt [9],
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainſt lord Angelo,) came I hither,
To ſpeak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and falſe; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whenſoever he's convented [1]. Firſt, for this woman;
(To juſtify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly [2] and perſonally accus'd,)
Her ſhall you hear diſproved to her eyes,
Till ſhe herſelf confeſs it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

ISABELLA *is carried off, guarded; and* MARIANA *comes forward.*

Do you not ſmile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us ſome ſeats. Come, couſin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial [3]; be you judge
Of your own cauſe.—Is this the witneſs, friar?

Firſt,

[8] — *nor a* temporary *medler,*] It is hard to know what is meant by a *temporary* medler. In its uſual ſenſe, as oppoſed to *perpetual*, it cannot be uſed here. It may ſtand for *temporal*: the ſenſe will then be, *I know him for a holy man, one that meddles not with* ſecular *affairs*. It may mean *temporiſing*: *I know him to be a holy man, one who would not* temporiſe, *or take the opportunity of your abſence to defame you*. JOHNSON.

9 — *his* mere *requeſt,*] *Solely, entirely* upon his requeſt. MALONE.

[1] *Whenſoever he's* convented.] To *convent* and to *convene* are derived from the ſame Latin verb, and have exactly the ſame meaning. STEEV.

[2] *So* vulgarly—] Meaning either ſo *groſsly*, with ſuch *indecency* of invective, or by ſo *mean* and inadequate witneſſes. JOHNSON.

Vulgarly, I believe, means *publickly*. The *vulgar* are *the common people*. Daniel uſes *vulgarly* for *among the common people*:

" ——— and which pleaſes *vulgarly*. STEEVENS.

[3] *In this I'll be* impartial;] *Impartial* was ſometimes uſed in the ſenſe of

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Firſt, let her ſhew her face[4]; and, after, ſpeak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not ſhew my face,
Until my huſband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then:—neither maid, widow, nor wife*?

Lucio. My lord, ſhe may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had ſome cauſe.
To prattle for himſelf.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confeſs, I ne'er was marry'd;
And I confeſs, beſides, I am no maid:
I have known my huſband; yet my huſband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of ſilence, 'would thou wert ſo too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

of *partial*. In the old play of *Swetnam the Woman-hater*, Atlanta cries out, when the judges decree againſt the women:

"You are *impartial*, and we do appeal
"From you to judges more indifferent." FARMER.

So, in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 2d part, 1602:

"———There's not a beauty lives,
"Hath that *impartial* predominance
"O'er my affects, as your enchanting graces."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597:

"Cruel, unjuſt, *impartial* deſtinies!"

Again: "—— this day, this unjuſt, *impartial* day."

In the language of our author's time *im* was frequently uſed as an augmentative or intenſive particle. MALONE.

4 — her *face*;] The original copy reads—*your* face. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

* *Neither maid, widow, nor wife?*] This is a proverbial phraſe to be found in Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

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Duke. This is no witneſs for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:
She, that accuſes him of fornication,
In ſelf-ſame manner doth accuſe my huſband;
And charges him, my lord, with ſuch a time,
When I'll depoſe I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges ſhe more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you ſay, your huſband.

Mari. Why, juſt, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Iſabel's.

Ang. This is a ſtrange abuſe[5]:—Let's ſee thy face.

Mari. My huſband bids me; now I will unmaſk. [*unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which, once thou ſwor'ſt, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was faſt belock'd in thine: this is the body,
That took away the match from Iſabel,
And did ſupply thee at thy garden-houſe[6],
In her imagin'd perſon.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, ſhe ſays.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I muſt confeſs, I know this woman;
And, five years ſince, there was ſome ſpeech of marriage

5 *This is a ſtrange* abuſe:] *Abuſe* ſtands in this place for *deception*, or *puzzle*. So, in *Macbeth*, "— *my ſtrange and ſelf* abuſe," means, *this ſtrange* deception *of myſelf*. JOHNSON.

6 *And did ſupply thee at thy* garden-houſe,] A *garden-houſe* in the time of our author was uſually appropriated to purpoſes of intrigue. So, in SKIALETHIA, *or a ſhadow of truth, in certain Epigrams and Satyres*, 1598:

"Who coming from The CURTAIN, ſneaketh in
"To ſome old *garden* noted *houſe* for ſin."

Again, in the *London Prodigal*, a com. 1605: "Sweet lady, if you have any friend, or *garden-houſe*, where you may employ a poor gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all ſecret ſervice." MALONE.

Betwixt

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Betwixt myſelf and her: which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promiſed proportions
Came ſhort of compoſition[7]; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was diſvalued
In levity: ſince which time, of five years,
I never ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is ſenſe in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as ſtrongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tueſday night laſt gone, in his garden-houſe,
He knew me as a wife: As this is true,
Let me in ſafety raiſe me from my knees;
Or elſe for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but ſmile till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the ſcope of juſtice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
Theſe poor informal women[8] are no more
But inſtruments of ſome more mightier member,
That ſets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;

[7] —— *her promiſed proportions*
Came ſhort of compoſition;] Her fortune, which was promiſed *proportionate* to mine, fell ſhort of the *compoſition*, that is, contract or bargain. JOHNSON.

[8] *Theſe poor* informal *women*—] *Informal* ſignifies *out of their ſenſes*. In the *Comedy of Errors*, we meet with theſe lines:

" —— I will not let him ſtir,
" Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
" With wholeſome ſyrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
" To make of him a *formal* man again."

Formal, in this paſſage, evidently ſignifies *in his ſenſes*. The lines are ſpoken of Antipholis of Syracuſe, who is behaving like a madman. Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Thou ſhouldſt come like a fury crown'd with ſnakes,
" Not like a *formal* man." STEEVENS.

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And puniſh them unto your height of pleaſure.—
Thou fooliſh friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone! think'ſt thou, thy oaths,
Though they would ſwear down each particular ſaint,
Were teſtimonies againſt his worth and credit,
That's ſeal'd in approbation [9]?—You, lord Eſcalus,
Sit with my couſin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuſe, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
There is another friar that ſet them on;
Let him be ſent for.

Friar P. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
Hath ſet the women on to this complaint:
Your provoſt knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it inſtantly.— [*Exit* Provoſt.
And you, my noble and well-warranted couſin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth [1],
Do with your injuries as ſeems you beſt,
In any chaſtiſement: I for a while
Will leave you; but ſtir not you, till you have well
Determined upon theſe ſlanderers.

Eſcal. My lord, we'll do it throughly.—[*Exit* Duke.
Signior Lucio, did not you ſay, you knew that friar Lodowick to be a diſhoneſt perſon?

Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum: honeſt in nothing, but in his cloaths; and one that hath ſpoke moſt villainous ſpeeches of the duke.

Eſcal. We ſhall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them againſt him: we ſhall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Eſcal. Call that ſame Iſabel here once again; [*to an Attendant.*]

[9] *That's ſeal'd in approbation?*] When any thing ſubject to counterfeits is tried by the proper officers and approved, a ſtamp or *ſeal* is put upon it, as among us on plate, weights, and meaſures. So the duke ſays, that Angelo's faith has been tried, *approved*, and *ſeal'd* in teſtimony of that *approbation*, and, like other things ſo *ſealed*, is no more to be called in queſtion. JOHNSON.

[1] — *to bear this matter forth,*] To hear it to the end; to ſearch it to the bottom. JOHNSON.

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Attendant.] I would ſpeak with her: pray you, my lord, give me leave to queſtion; you ſhall ſee how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Eſcal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, ſir, I think, if you handled her privately, ſhe would ſooner confeſs; perchance, publickly ſhe'll be aſhamed.

Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA; *the* Duke *in the Friar's habit, and* Provoſt.

Eſcal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight[2].

Eſcal. Come on, miſtreſs; [*to* Iſabella.] here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have ſaid.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the raſcal I ſpoke of; here with the provoſt.

Eſcal. In very good time:—ſpeak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Eſcal. Come, ſir, did you ſet theſe women on to ſlander lord Angelo? they have confeſs'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis falſe.

Eſcal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Reſpect to your great place! and let the devil[3]
Be ſometimes honour'd for his burning throne:—
Where is the duke? 'tis he ſhould hear me ſpeak.

Eſcal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you ſpeak:
Look, you ſpeak juſtly.

Duke. Boldly, at leaſt:—But, O, poor ſouls,
Come you to ſeek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redreſs. Is the duke gone?

[2] — *are* light *at midnight.*] This is one of the words on which Shakſpeare chiefly delights to quibble. Thus, Portia in the *M. of V.* "Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*." STEEVENS.

[3] *Reſpect to your great place! and let the devil* &c.] I ſuſpect that a line preceding this has been loſt. MALONE.

Shakſpeare was a reader of Philemon Holland's tranſlation of Pliny; and in the vth book and 8th chapter, might have met with this idea: "The Augylæ *do no worſhip* to any but to the *devils* beneath." STEEV.

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Then is your cauſe gone too. The duke's unjuſt,
Thus to retort your manifeſt appeal [4],
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuſe.

Lucio. This is the raſcal; this is he I ſpoke of.

Eſcal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is't not enough, thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women
To accuſe this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witneſs of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himſelf;
To tax him with injuſtice?—Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—We'll touze you joint by joint,
But we will know this purpoſe [5]: What, unjuſt?

Duke. Be not ſo hot; the duke
Dare no more ſtretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his ſubject am I not,
Nor here provincial [6]: My buſineſs in this ſtate
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have ſeen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the ſtew: laws, for all faults;
But faults ſo countenanc'd, that the ſtrong ſtatutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's ſhop [7],

As

4 — *to retort your manifeſt appeal,*] To *refer back* to Angelo the cauſe in which you *appealed* from Angelo to the Duke. JOHNSON.

5 — this *purpoſe:*] The old copy has—*bis* purpoſe. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. I believe the paſſage has been corrected in the wrong place; and would read:

——We'll touze *him* joint by joint,
But we will know *his* purpoſe. MALONE.

6 *Nor here provincial:*] Nor here *accountable*. The meaning ſeems to be, I am not one of his natural ſubjects, nor of any dependent province. JOHNSON.

7 *Stand like the forfeits in a barber's ſhop,*] Barbers' ſhops were, at all times, the reſort of idle people:

"*Tonſtrina erat quædam: hic ſolebamus ferè*
"*Plerumque eam opperiri*——"

which Donatus calls *apta ſedes otioſis*. Formerly with us, the better ſort of people went to the barber's ſhop to be trimmed; who then practiſed the under parts of ſurgery: ſo that he had occaſion for numerous inſtruments, which lay there ready for uſe; and the idle people, with whom

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much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the ſtate! Away with him to priſon.

Ang. What can you vouch againſt him, ſignior Lucio? his the man, that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, ſir, by the ſound of your voice: et you at the priſon, in the abſence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you ſo? And do you remember what you of the duke?

Duke. Moſt notedly, ſir.

Lucio. Do you ſo, ſir? And was the duke a fleſh-mon-, a fool, and a coward[8], as you then reported him e?

Duke. You muſt, ſir, change perſons with me, ere you e that my report: you, indeed, ſpoke ſo of him; and h more, much worſe.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee he noſe, for thy ſpeeches?

Duke. I proteſt, I love the duke, as I love myſelf.

n his ſhop was generally crowded, would be perpetually handling miſuſing them. To remedy which, I ſuppoſe, there was placed up aſt the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this ; which, it is not likely, would long preſerve its authority. WARB. his explanation may ſerve till a better is diſcovered. But whoever ſeen the inſtruments of a chirurgeon, knows that they may very be kept out of improper hands in a very ſmall box, or in his et. JOHNSON.

was formerly part of a *barber's* occupation to *pick* the *teeth* and STEEVENS.

e forfeits in a barber's ſhop were brought forward by Mr. Kenrick, a parade worthy of the ſubject. FARMER.

may be proper to add, that in a newſpaper called *the Daily Ma-e, or, London Advertiſer*, Oct. 15, 1773, which, I am informed, was ucted by Mr. Kenrick, he almoſt acknowledges, that the Verſes ex-ing a catalogue of theſe forfeits, which he pretended to have met at Malton or Thirſk, in Yorkſhire, were a *forgery*. MALONE.

— *and a coward*,] So, again afterwards:

" *You, ſirrah, that know me for a fool, a* coward,

" *One all of luxury* —."

Lucio had not, in the former converſation, mentioned *cowardice* ng the faults of the duke. Such failures of memory are incident to ters more diligent than this poet. JOHNSON.

Ang.

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Ang. Hark! how the villain would cloſe now, after his treaſonable abuſes.

Eſcal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal:—Away with him to priſon:—Where is the Provoſt?—Away with him to priſon; lay bolts enough upon him: let him ſpeak no more: Away with thoſe giglots too[9], and with the other confederate companion.

[*The* Provoſt *lays hands on the* Duke.

Duke. Stay, ſir; ſtay a while.

Ang. What! reſiſts he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, ſir; come, ſir; come, ſir: foh, ſir; Why, you bald-pated, lying raſcal! you muſt be hooded, muſt you? Show your knave's viſage, with a pox to you! ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour[1]! Will't not off? [*Pulls off the friar's hood, and diſcovers the* Duke.

Duke. Thou art the firſt knave, that e'er made a duke.—
Firſt, provoſt, let me bail theſe gentle three:
Sneak not away, ſir; [*to* Lucio.] for the friar and you
Muſt have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worſe than hanging.

Duke. What you have ſpoke, I pardon; ſit you down.—

[*to* Eſcalus.

We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave: [*to* Ang.
Haſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do the office? If thou haſt,
Rely upon it, till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,

9 — *thoſe* giglots *too,*] A *giglot* is a wanton wench. STEEVENS.

1 *Show your ſheep-biting face, and be* hang'd an hour!] Dr. Johnſon's alteration [an how?] is wrong. In the *Alchemiſt*, we meet with "a man that has been *ſtrangled an hour.*"—"What, Piper, ho! *be hang'd a-while,*" is a line of an old madrigal. FARMER.

A ſimilar expreſſion is found in Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614: "Leave the bottle behind you, and be curſt *a while.*" MALONE.

The poet evidently refers to the ancient mode of puniſhing by the *colliſtrigium*, or the original pillory, made like that part of the pillory at preſent which receives the neck, only it was placed horizontally, ſo that the culprit hung ſuſpended in it by his chin, and the back of his head. A diſtinct account of it may be found, if I miſtake not, in Mr. Barrington's *Obſervations on the Statutes.* HENLEY.

I ſhould

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I ſhould be guiltier than my guiltineſs,
To think I can be undiſcernable,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my paſſes[2]: Then, good prince,
No longer ſeſſion hold upon my ſhame,
But let my trial be mine own confeſſion;
Immediate ſentence then, and ſequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, waſt thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her inſtantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which conſummate[3],
Return him here again:—Go with him, provoſt.

[*Exeunt* ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, *and* Provoſt.

Eſcal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his diſhonour,
Than at the ſtrangeneſs of it.

Duke. Come hither, Iſabel:
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advértiſing, and holy[4] to your buſineſs,
Not changing heart with habit, I am ſtill
Attorney'd at your ſervice.

Iſab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vaſſal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown ſovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Iſabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us[5].
Your brother's death, I know, ſits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obſcur'd myſelf,
Labouring to ſave his life; and would not rather
Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden power,
Than let him ſo be loſt: O, moſt kind maid,
It was the ſwift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with ſlower foot came on,

2 — *my* paſſes:] i. *e.* what has paſt in my adminiſtration. STEEV.
3 — *which conſummate,*] i. e. which *being* conſummated. MALONE.
4 *Advértiſing, and holy*—] Attentive and faithful. JOHNSON.
5 — *be you as free to us.*] Be as *generous* to us; pardon us as we have pardoned you. JOHNSON.

That

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That brain'd my purpoſe [6]: But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, paſt fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, *and* Provoſt.

Iſab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whoſe ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you muſt pardon
For Mariana's ſake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of ſacred chaſtity, and of promiſe-breach [7],
Thereon dependant, for your brother's life,)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Moſt audible, even from his proper tongue [8],
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
Haſte ſtill pays haſte, and leiſure anſwers leiſure;
Like doth quit like, and *Meaſure* ſtill *for Meaſure* [9].
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifeſted;
Which though thou would'ſt deny, denies thee vantage [1]:
We do condemn thee to the very block

[6] *That brain'd my purpoſe:*] We now uſe in converſation a like phraſe. *This it was that knocked my deſign on the head.* JOHNSON.

[7] —*and of promiſe*-breach,] Our author ought to have written—"in double violation of ſacred chaſtity, and of *promiſe*," inſtead of—promiſe-*breach*. Sir T. Hanmer reads—and *in* promiſe-breach; but change is certainly here improper, Shakſpeare having many ſimilar inaccuracies. *Double* indeed may refer to Angelo's conduct to Mariana and Iſabel; yet ſtill ſome difficulty will remain: for then he will be ſaid to be "*criminal* [inſtead of *guilty*] *of* promiſe-breach." MALONE.

[8] — *even from his proper tongue,*] Even from Angelo's *own tongue*. So, above: "—*in the witneſs of his* proper *ear*—" &c. JOHNSON.

[9] So, in the Third Part of *K. Henry VI:*

"*Meaſure for Meaſure* muſt be anſwered." STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare might have remembered theſe lines in *A Warning for faire Women*, a tragedy, 1599 (but apparently written ſome years before):

"The trial now remains, as ſhall conclude
"*Meaſure for Meaſure*, and loſt blood for blood." MALONE.

[1] *Which though thou would'ſt deny, denies thee vantage:*] The denial of which will avail thee nothing. So, in the *Winter's Tale:*

"Which to deny, concerns more than avails." MALONE.

Where

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Where Claudio ſtoop'd to death, and with like haſte;—
Away with him.

Mari. O, my moſt gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a huſband!

Duke. It is your huſband mock'd you with a huſband:
Conſenting to the ſafeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; elſe imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his poſſeſſions,
Although by confiſcation they are ours [2],
We do inſtate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better huſband.

Mari. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [*kneeling.*

Duke. You do but loſe your labour;
Away with him to death.—Now, ſir, [*to* Lucio.] to you.

Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Iſabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you, all my life to do you ſervice.

Duke. Againſt all ſenſe you do impórtune her [3]:
Should ſhe kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghoſt his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Iſabel,
Sweet Iſabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, ſay nothing, I'll ſpeak all.
They ſay, beſt men are moulded out of faults;

[2] *Although by* confiſcation *they are ours,*] This reading was furniſhed by the editor of the ſecond folio. The original copy has *confutation*, which may be right:—by his being confuted, or proved guilty of the fact which he had denied. This however being rather harſh, I have followed all the modern editors in adopting the emendation that has been made. MALONE.

[3] *Againſt all* ſenſe *you do impórtune her:*] The meaning required is, againſt all reaſon and natural affection; Shakſpeare, therefore, judiciouſly uſes a ſingle word that implies both; *ſenſe* ſignifying both reaſon and affection. JOHNSON.

The ſame expreſſion occurs in the *Tempeſt*, Act II.

"You cram theſe words into my ears, againſt
"The ſtomach of my *ſenſe*." STEEVENS.

And,

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And, for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad: ſo may my huſband.
O Iſabel! will you not lend a knee!

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Iſab. Moſt bounteous ſir, [*kneeling.*
Look, if it pleaſe you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due ſincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me [4]; ſince it is ſo,
Let him not die: My brother had but juſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent [5];
And muſt be bury'd but as an intent,
That periſh'd by the way: thoughts are no ſubjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your ſuit's unprofitable; ſtand up, I ſay.—
I have bethought me of another fault:—
Provoſt, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unuſual hour?

4 *Till he did look on me*;] The duke has juſtly obſerved that Iſabel is *importuned againſt all ſenſe* to ſolicit for Angelo, yet here *againſt all ſenſe* ſhe ſolicits for him. Her argument is extraordinary.

A due ſincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me; ſince it is ſo,
Let him not die.

That Angelo had committed all the crimes charged againſt him, as far as he could commit them, is evident. The only *intent* which *his act did not overtake*, was the defilement of Iſabel. Of this Angelo was only intentionally guilty.

Angelo's crimes were ſuch, as muſt ſufficiently juſtify puniſhment, whether its end be to ſecure the innocent from wrong, or to deter guilt by example; and I believe every reader feels ſome indignation when he finds him ſpared. From what extenuation of his crime, can Iſabel, who yet ſuppoſes her brother dead, form any plea in his favour? *Since he was good 'till he looked on me, let him not die.* I am afraid our varlet poet intended to inculcate, that women think ill of nothing that raiſes the credit of their beauty, and are ready, however virtuous, to pardon any act which they think incited by their own charms. JOHNSON.

5 *His act did not o'ertake his bad intent*;] So, in *Macbeth*:

"The flighty purpoſe never is *o'ertook*,
"Unleſs the *deed* go with it." STEEVENS.

Prov.

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Prov. It was commanded ſo.
Duke. Had you a ſpecial warrant for the deed?
Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private meſſage.
Duke. For which I do diſcharge you of your office:
ive up your keys.
Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
et did repent me, after more advice [6]:
or teſtimony whereof, one in the priſon,
hat ſhould by private order elſe have died,
have reſerv'd alive.
Duke. What's he?
Prov. His name is Barnardine.
Duke. I would thou had'ſt done ſo by Claudio.—
o, fetch him hither; let me look upon him. [*Exit* Prov.
Eſcal. I am ſorry, one ſo learned and ſo wiſe
s you, lord Angelo, have ſtill appear'd,
hould ſlip ſo groſly, both in the heat of blood,
nd lack of temper'd judgement afterward.
Ang. I am ſorry, that ſuch ſorrow I procure:
nd ſo deep ſticks it in my penitent heart,
hat I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'is my deſerving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provoſt, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, *and* JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?
Prov. This, my lord.
Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
irrah, thou art ſaid to have a ſtubborn ſoul,
hat apprehends no further than this world,
nd ſquar'ſt thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd;
ut, for thoſe earthly faults [7], I quit them all;
nd pray thee, take this mercy to provide
or better times to come:—Friar, adviſe him;
leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?

6 — *after more advice:*] i. e. after more conſideration. STEEVENS.
7 — *for thoſe earthly faults,*] Thy faults, ſo far as they are puniſhable on earth, ſo far as they are cogniſable by temporal power, I forgive. JOHNSON.

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Prov. This is another priſoner, that I ſav'd,
Who ſhould have died when Claudio loſt his head;
As like almoſt to Claudio, as himſelf. [*unmuffles* Claudio.

Duke. If he be like your brother, [*to* Iſab.] for his ſake
Is he pardon'd; And, for your lovely ſake,
Give me your hand, and ſay you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's ſafe [8];
Methinks, I ſee a quick'ning in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well [9]:
Look that you love your wife [1]; her worth, worth yours [2].—
I find an apt remiſſion in myſelf:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon [3];—
You, ſirrah, [*to* Lucio.] that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury [4], an aſs, a mad-man;
Wherein have I ſo deſerved of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick [5]: If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would pleaſe you, I might be whip'd.

Duke. Whip'd firſt, ſir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provoſt, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him ſwear himſelf, there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,

8 —*perceives he's ſafe*;] It is ſomewhat ſtrange that Iſabel is not made to expreſs either gratitude, wonder, or joy, at the ſight of her brother. JOHNSON.

9 —*your evil* quits *you well*:] *Quits you*, recompenſes, requites you. JOHNSON.

1 *Look, that you love your wife*;] So, in *Promos*, &c.
"Be loving to good Caſſandra, thy wife." STEEVENS.

2 —*her worth, worth yours.*] That is, her value is equal to your value; the match is not unworthy of you. JOHNSON.

3 —*here's one in place I cannot pardon*;] The duke only means to frighten *Lucio*, whoſe final ſentence is to marry the woman whom he had wronged, on which all his other puniſhments are remitted. STEEV.

4 *One all of* luxury,—] *Luxury*, in our author's time, ſignified *concupiſcence*. MALONE.

5 —*according to the trick*:] To my cuſtom, my habitual practice. JOHNSON.

And

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nd he ſhall marry her: the nuptial finiſh'd,
:t him be whip'd and hang'd.
Lucio. I beſeech your highneſs, do not marry me to a
ore! Your highneſs ſaid even now, I made you a duke;
d my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a
:kold.
Duke. Upon mine honour, thou ſhalt marry her.
y ſlanders I forgive; and therewithal
mit thy other forfeits [6]:—Take him to priſon:
d ſee our pleaſure herein executed.
Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is preſſing to death,
ipping, and hanging.
Duke. Sland'ring a prince deſerves it.—
e, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you reſtore.—
/ to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo;
ave confeſs'd her, and I know her virtue.—
anks, good friend Eſcalus, for thy much goodneſs [7]:
ere's more behind, that is more gratulate [8].
anks, provoſt, for thy care, and ſecreſy;
e ſhall employ thee in a worthier place:—
rgive him, Angelo, that brought you home

The

[6] —*thy other forfeits:*] Thy other puniſhments. JOHNSON.
To *forfeit* anciently ſignified *to commit a carnal offence.* STEEVENS.

[7] *Thanks, good friend Eſcalus, for thy much goodneſs:*] I have always thought that there is great confuſion in this concluding ſpeech. If my criticiſm would not be cenſured as too licentious, I ſhould regulate it thus:

Thanks, good friend Eſcalus, for thy much goodneſs.
Thanks, Provoſt, for thy care and ſecreſy;
We ſhall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's.
Ang. *The offence pardons itſelf.*
Duke. *There's more behind*
That is more gratulate. Dear Iſabel,
I have a motion, &c. JOHNSON.

[8] —*that is more* gratulate] i. e. *to be more rejoiced in*; meaning, I ſuppoſe, that there is another world, where he will find yet greater reaſon to rejoice in conſequence of his upright miniſtry. *Eſcalus* is repreſented as an ancient nobleman, who, in conjunction with *Angelo*, had reached the higheſt office of the ſtate. He, therefore, could not be ſufficiently rewarded here; but is neceſſarily referred to a future and more exalted recompence. STEEVENS.

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The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itſelf.—Dear Iſabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:—
So bring us to our palace; where we'll ſhow
What's yet behind, that's meet you all ſhould know[9].

[*Exeunt.*

I think the Duke means to ſay,—I thank thee, Eſcalus, for thy upright conduct during thy adminiſtration of government. At ſome future time I ſhall ſhew you ſome more ſubſtantial, more *gratulatory*, and *acceptable* marks of my approbation, than mere thanks. MALONE.

9 I cannot help taking notice with how much judgment Shakſpeare has given turns to this ſtory from what he found it in Cynthio Giraldi's novel. In the firſt place, the brother is there actually executed, and the governour ſends his head in a bravado to the ſiſter, after he had debauched her on promiſe of marriage: a circumſtance of too much horror and villainy for the ſtage. And, in the next place, the ſiſter afterwards is, to ſolder up her diſgrace, married to the governour, and begs his life of the emperour, though he had unjuſtly been the death of her brother. Both which abſurdities the poet has avoided by the epiſode of Mariana, a creature purely of his own invention. The duke's remaining incognito at home to ſuperviſe the conduct of his deputy, is alſo entirely our authour's fiction.

This ſtory was attempted for the ſcene before our author was fourteen years old, by one George Whetſtone, in *Two Comical Diſcourſes*, as they are called, containing the right excellent and famous hiſtory of Promos and Caſſandra, printed with the black letter, 1578. The author going that year with Sir Humphrey Gilbert to Norimbega, left them with his friends to publiſh. THEOBALD.

The novel of Cynthio Giraldi, from which Shakſpeare is ſuppoſed to have borrowed this fable, may be read in *Shakſpeare illuſtrated*, elegantly tranſlated, with remarks which will aſſiſt the enquirer to diſcover how much abſurdity Shakſpeare has admitted or avoided.

I cannot but ſuſpect that ſome other had new-modelled the novel of Cynthio, or written a ſtory which in ſome particulars reſembled it, and that Cynthio was not the author whom Shakſpeare immediately followed. The emperor in Cynthio is named Maximine; the duke, in Shakſpeare's enumeration of the perſons of the drama, is called Vincentio. This appears a very ſlight remark; but ſince the duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by his title, why ſhould he be called Vincentio among the *perſons*, but becauſe the name was copied from the ſtory, and placed ſuperfluouſly at the head of the liſt by the mere habit of tranſcription? It is therefore likely that there was then a ſtory of Vincentio duke of Vienna, different from that of Maximine emperor of the Romans.

Of

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Of this play the light or comick part is very natural and pleaſing, but grave ſcenes, if a few paſſages be excepted, have more labour than ance. The plot is rather intricate than artful. The time of the on is indefinite; ſome time, we know not how much, muſt have ſed between the receſs of the duke and the impriſonment of Claudio; he muſt have learned the ſtory of Mariana in his diſguiſe, or he de- ed his power to a man already known to be corrupted. The unities ction and place are ſufficiently preſerved. JOHNSON.

The duke probably had learnt the ſtory of Mariana in ſome of his ner retirements, "having ever loved the life removed" (page 18): d he had a ſuſpicion that Angelo was but a *ſeemer* (page 20), and efore he ſtays to watch him. BLACKSTONE.

The Fable of Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578.

"The Argument of the whole *Hiſtory*."

"In the cyttie of *Julio* (ſometimes under the dominion of *Corvinus* ge of *Hungarie*, and *Bohemia*,) there was a law, that what man ſo r committed adultery ſhould loſe his head, and the woman offender uld weare ſome diſguiſed apparel, during her life, to make her infa- ſly noted. This ſevere lawe, by the favour of ſome mercifull ma- rate, became little regarded, untill the time of lord *Promos'* auctority; convicting a young gentleman named *Andrugio* of incontinency, demned both him and his minion to the execution of this ſtatute. *drugio* had a very virtuous and beautiful gentlewoman to his ſiſter, ned *Caſſandra*: *Caſſandra*, to enlarge her brother's life, ſubmitted an nble petition to the lord *Promos*: *Promos* regarding her good beha- urs, and fantaſying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the ette order of her talke; and doyng good, that evill might come reof, for a time he repryved her brother: but wicked man, tourning liking into unlawfull luſt, he ſet downe the ſpoile of her honour, nſome for her brothers life: chaſte *Caſſandra*, abhorring both him l his ſute, by no perſuaſion would yeald to this raunſome. But in , wonne with the importunitye of hir brother (pleading for life), n theſe conditions ſhe agreed to *Promos*. Firſt, that he ſhould par- her brother, and after marry her. *Promos*, as feareles in promiſſe, areleſſe in performance, with ſollemne vowe ſygned her conditions; worſe then any infydell, his will ſatiſfyed, he performed neither the nor the other: for to keepe his auctoritye unſpotted with favour, to prevent *Caſſandra*'s clamors, he commaunded the gayler ſecretly, reſent *Caſſandra* with her brother's head. The gayler, [touched] h the outcryes of *Andrugio*, (abhorryng *Promos'* lewdenes) by the vidence of God provided thus for his ſafety. He preſented *Caſſandra* h a felons head newlie executed; who knew it not, being mangled, m her brothers (who was ſet at libertie by the gayler). [She] was ſo eeved at this trecherye, that, at the point to kyl her ſelf, ſhe ſpared t ſtroke, to be avenged of *Promos*: and devyſing a way, ſhe con- ded, to make her fortunes knowne unto the kinge. She, executing

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this reſolution, was ſo highly favoured of the king, that forthwith hafted to do iuſtice on *Promos*: whoſe judgment was, to marry C *ſandra*; to repaire her craſed honour; which donne, for his hain offence, he ſhould loſe his head. This maryage ſolempniſed, *Caſſan* tyed in the greateſt bondes of affection to her huſband, became an earn ſuter for his life: the kinge, tendringe the generall benefit of the cōm weale before her ſpecial caſe, although he favoured her much, wo not graunt her ſute. *Andrugio* (diſguiſed amonge the company) f rowing the grieſe of his ſiſter, bewrayde his ſafety, and craved pard The kinge, to renowne the vertues of *Caſſandra*, pardoned both h and *Promos*. The circumſtances of this rare hiſtorye, in action live foloweth."

Whetſtone, however, has not afforded a very correct analyſis of play, which contains a mixture of comick ſcenes, between a Bawd Pimp, Felons, &c. together with ſome ſerious ſituations which are deſcribed. STEEVENS.

One paragraph of the foregoing narrative being ſtrangely conſuſed the old copy, by ſome careleſſneſs of the printer, I have endeavoure rectify it, by tranſpoſing a few words, and adding two others, which included within crotchets. MALONE.

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OMEDY of ERRORS.

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Perſons Repreſented.

Solinus, *Duke of* Epheſus.
Ægeon, *a Merchant of* Syracuſe.
Antipholus *of* Epheſus*, } *Twin Brothers, and Sons to*
Antipholus *of* Syracuſe, } Ægeon *and* Æmilia, *but unknown to each other.*
Dromio *of* Epheſus, } *Twin Brothers, and Attendants on*
Dromio *of* Syracuſe, } *the two* Antipholus's.
Balthazar, *a Merchant.*
Angelo, *a Goldſmith.*
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus *of* Syracuſe.
Pinch, *a School-maſter, and a Conjurer.*

Æmilia, *Wife to* Ægeon, *an Abbeſs at* Epheſus.
Adriana, *Wife to* Antipholus *of* Epheſus.
Luciana, *her Siſter.*
Luce, *her Servant.*
A Courtezan.

Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Epheſus.

* In the old copy, theſe brothers are occaſionally ſtyled, Antipholus *Erotes*, or *Errotis*; and Antipholus *Sereptus*; meaning, perhaps—*erraticus*, and *ſurreptus*. One of theſe twins *wandered* in ſearch of his brother, who had been *forced* from Æmilia by fiſhermen of Corinth. The following acroſtic is the argument to the *Menæchmi* of Plautus. Delph. Edit. p. 654.

Mercator Siculus, cui erant gemini filii,
Ei, ſurrepto altero, mors obtigit.
Nomen ſurreptitii illi indit qui domi eſt
Avus paternus, facit Menæchmum Soſiclem.
Et is germanum, poſtquam adolevit, quæritat
Circum omnes oras. Poſt Epidamnum devenit:
Hic fuerat auctus ille ſurreptitius.
Menæchmum civem credunt omnes advenam:
Eumque appellant, meretrix, uxor, et ſocer.
Ii ſe cognoſcunt fratres poſtremò invicem.

The *tranſlator*, W. W. calls the brothers, Menæchmus *Soſicles*, and *Menæchmus* the *traveller*. Whenceſoever *Shakſpeare* adopted *erratica* and *ſurreptus* (which either he or his editors have miſ-ſpelt) their diſtinctions were ſoon dropt, and throughout the reſt of the entries the *twins* are ſtyled of *Syracuſe* or *Epheſus*. STEEVENS.

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COMEDY of ERRORS[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, ÆGEON, *Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants.*

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracuſa, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and diſcord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,

[1] Shakſpeare certainly took the general plan of this comedy from a tranſlation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whoſe verſion of the acroſtical argument already quoted, is as follows:

" Two twinne-borne ſonnes a Sicill marchant had,
" Menechmus one, and Soſicles the other;
" The firſt his father loſt, a little lad;
" The grandſire namde the latter like his brother:
" This (growne a man) long travell tooke to ſeeke
" His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
" Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him ſo like,
" That citizens there take him for the ſame:
" Father, wife, neighbours, each miſtaking either,
" Much pleaſant error, ere they meete togither."

Perhaps the laſt of theſe lines ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare the title for his piece.—See this tranſlation of the *Menæchmi*, among *Six old Plays on which Shakſpeare founded*, &c. publiſhed by S. Leacroft, Charing-Croſs. STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect this and all other plays where much rhime is uſed, and eſpecially in long hobbling verſes, to have been among Shakſpeare's more early productions. BLACKSTONE.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1593. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

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Have ſeal'd his rigorous ſtatutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, ſince the mortal and inteſtine jars
'Twixt thy ſeditious countrymen and us,
It hath in ſolemn ſynods been decreed,
Both by the Syracuſans and ourſelves,
To admit no traffick to our adverſe towns:
Nay, more,
If any, born at Epheſus, be ſeen
At any Syracuſan marts and fairs,
Again, If any, Syracuſan born,
Come to the bay of Epheſus, he dies,
His goods confiſcate to the duke's diſpoſe;
Unleſs a thouſand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ranſom him.
Thy ſubſtance, valued at the higheſt rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewiſe with the evening ſun.

Duke. Well, Syracuſan, ſay, in brief, the cauſe
Why thou departedſt from thy native home;
And for what cauſe thou cam'ſt to Epheſus.

Æge. A heavier taſk could not have been impos'd,
Than I to ſpeak my griefs unſpeakable:
Yet, that the world may witneſs, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence[2],
I'll utter what my ſorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuſa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too[3], had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By proſperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;

[2] — *by nature, not by vile offence,*] Not by any criminal act, but by *natural affection*, which prompted me to ſeek my ſon at Epheſus. MALONE.

[3] *And by me* too,—] *Too*, which is not found in the original copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio, to complete the metre. MALONE

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ınd he, great care of goods at random left[4],
'rew me from kind embracements of my ſpouſe:
rom whom my abſence was not ſix months old,
:fore herſelf (almoſt at fainting, under
he pleaſing puniſhment that women bear,)
ad made proviſion for her following me,
nd ſoon, and ſafe, arrived where I was.
here had ſhe not been long, but ſhe became
joyful mother of two goodly ſons;
ıd, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
: could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.
ıat very hour, and in the ſelf-ſame inn,
poor mean woman[5] was delivered
ſuch a burden, male twins, both alike:
hoſe, for their parents were exceeding poor,
ought, and brought up to attend my ſons.
y wife, not meanly proud of two ſuch boys,
ade daily motions for our home return:
ıwilling I agreed; alas, too ſoon.
e came aboard:
league from Epidamnum had we ſail'd,
fore the always-wind-obeying deep
ıve any tragick inſtance of our harm:
t longer did we not retain much hope;
ır what obſcured light the heavens did grant
:d but convey unto our fearful minds
doubtful warrant of immediate death;
hich, though myſelf would gladly have embrac'd,
:t the inceſſant weepings of my wife,
eeping before for what ſhe ſaw muſt come,
ıd piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
ıat mourn'd for faſhion, ignorant what to fear,

[4] *And* he, *great care of goods at random left,*] Surely we ſhould read:
And *the* great care of goods at random left
Drew me, &c.
The text, as exhibited in the old copy, can ſcarcely be reconciled to
mmar. MALONE.

[5] *A* poor *mean woman*—] *Poor* is not in the original copy. It was
rted for the ſake of the metre by the editor of the ſecond folio.
MALONE.

Forc'd

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Forc'd me to ſeek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The ſailors ſought for ſafety by our boat,
And left the ſhip, then ſinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare maſt,
Such as ſea-faring men provide for ſtorms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilſt I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus diſpos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Faſten'd ourſelves at either end the maſt;
And floating ſtraight, obedient to the ſtream,
Were carry'd towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the ſun, gazing upon the earth,
Diſpers'd thoſe vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wiſh'd light,
The ſeas wax'd calm, and we diſcovered
Two ſhips from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me ſay no more!
Gather the ſequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off ſo;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us!
For, ere the ſhips could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon [6],
Our helpful ſhip was ſplitted in the midſt,
So that, in this unjuſt divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for.
Her part, poor ſoul! ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer weight, but not with leſſer woe,
Was carried with more ſpeed before the wind;
And in our ſight they three were taken up

[6] —*borne* upon,] The original copy reads—borne *up*. The a
tional ſyllable was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALO

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hermen of Corinth, as we thought.
ngth, another ſhip had ſeiz'd on us;
knowing whom it was their hap to ſave,
helpful welcome[7] to their ſhipwreck'd gueſts;
vould have reft the fiſhers of their prey,
ıot their bark been very ſlow of ſail,
herefore homeward did they bend their courſe.—
have you heard me ſever'd from my bliſs;
by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
ll ſad ſtories of my own miſhaps.
ke. And, for the ſake of them thou ſorroweſt for,
e the favour to dilate at full
hath befall'n of them, and thee[8], till now.
ge. My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
ghteen years became inquiſitive
his brother; and impórtun'd me,
his attendant, (for his caſe was like[9],
f his brother, but retain'd his name,)
t bear him company in the queſt of him:
ı whilſt I labour'd of a love to ſee,
arded the loſs of whom I lov'd.
ummers have I ſpent in fartheſt Greece,
ing clean through[1] the bounds of Aſia,
coaſting homeward, came to Epheſus;
leſs to find, yet loth to leave unſought,
at, or any place that harbours men.
ere muſt end the ſtory of my life;
ıappy were I in my timely death,
l all my travels warrant me they live.
ke. Hapleſs Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
:ar the extremity of dire miſhap!

ove helpful *welcome*—] Old Copy—*healthful* welcome. Corrected editor of the ſecond folio.—So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.
" And gave the tongue a *helpful* welcome." MALONE.
and thee, *till now.*] The firſt copy erroneouſly reads—and The correction was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.
for his caſe was like—] The original copy has—*ſo* his. The ıtion was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.
clean *through*—] In the northern parts of England this word ſed inſtead of *quite, fully, perfectly, completely.* STEEVENS.

Now

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Now, truſt me, were it not againſt our laws,
Againſt my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not diſannul,
My ſoul ſhould ſue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great diſparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To ſeek thy help [2] by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou haſt in Epheſus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the ſum,
And live; if not [3], then thou art doom'd to die:—
Jailer, take him to thy cuſtody.

Jail. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeleſs, and helpleſs, doth Ægeon wend [4],
But to procraſtinate his lifeleſs end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A publick Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of Syracuſe, and a* Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Leſt that your goods too ſoon be confiſcate.
This very day, a Syracuſan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the town,
Dies ere the weary ſun ſet in the weſt.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner time:

[2] *To ſeek thy* help—] Mr. Pope and ſome other modern editors read—To ſeek thy *life* &c. But the jingle has much of Shakſpeare's manner. MALONE.

[3] —*if* not,] Old Copy—*no*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] —*wend*,] i. e. go. An obſolete word. STEEVENS.

Till

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that, I'll view the manners of the town,
ſe the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
then return, and ſleep within mine inn;
with long travel I am ſtiff and weary.
thee away.
ro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
go indeed, having ſo good a mean. [*Exit* DRO. S.
it. S. A truſty villain, ſir; that very oft,
n I am dull with care and melancholy,
tens my humour with his merry jeſts.
t, will you walk with me about the town,
then go to my inn, and dine with me?
er. I am invited, ſir, to certain merchants,
hom I hope to make much benefit;
ve your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
ſe you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
afterwards conſort you till bed-time[5];
reſent buſineſs calls me from you now.
it. S. Farewell till then: I will go loſe myſelf,
wander up and down to view the city.
er. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit* Merchant.
it. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
mends me to the thing I cannot get.
the world am like a drop of water,
t in the ocean ſeeks another drop;
, falling there to find his fellow forth,
en, inquiſitive, confounds himſelf:
, to find a mother, and a brother,
ueſt of them, unhappy, loſe myſelf.

Enter DROMIO *of* Epheſus.

comes the almanack of my true date.—
it now? How chance, thou art return'd ſo ſoon?
ro. E. Return'd ſo ſoon! rather approach'd too late:

And afterwards conſort you *till bed-time*;] We ſhould read, I
e,
"And afterwards conſort *with* you till bed-time."
in Romeo and Juliet:
"Mercutio, thou *conſort'ſt with* Romeo." MALONE.

The

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The capon burns, the pig falls from the ſpit;
The clock hath ſtrucken twelve upon the bell,
My miſtreſs made it one upon my cheek:
She is ſo hot, becauſe the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, becauſe you come not home;
You come not home, becauſe you have no ſtomach;
You have no ſtomach, having broke your faſt;
But we, that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, ſir; tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—ſixpence, that I had o'Wedneſday laſt,
To pay the ſadler for my miſtreſs' crupper;—
The ſadler had it, ſir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a ſportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine own cuſtody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jeſt, ſir, as you ſit at dinner:
I from my miſtreſs come to you in poſt;
If I return, I ſhall be poſt indeed [6];
For ſhe will ſcore your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, ſhould be your clock[7],
And ſtrike you home without a meſſenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, theſe jeſts are out of ſeaſon;
Reſerve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, ſir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, ſir knave, have done your fooliſhneſs,
And tell me how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge.

6 ——— *I ſhall be* poſt *indeed,*
For ſhe will ſcore your fault upon my pate.] Perhaps, before writing was a general accompliſhment, a kind of rough reckoning concerning wares iſſued out of a ſhop was kept by chalk or notches on a *poſt*, till it could be entered on the books of a trader. So *Kitely* the merchant making his jealous enquiries concerning the familiarities uſed to his wife, *Cob* anſwers: "—if I ſaw any body to be kiſs'd, unleſs they would have kiſs'd the *poſt* in the middle of the warehouſe; &c." STEEVENS.

7 —*your* clock,] The old copy reads—your *cook*. Mr. Pope made the change. MALONE.

Dro. E.

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Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your houſe, the Phœnix, ſir, to dinner;
My miſtreſs, and her ſiſter, ſtay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a chriſtian, anſwer me,
In what ſafe place you have diſpos'd my money;
Or I ſhall break that merry ſconce [8] of yours,
That ſtands on tricks when I am undiſpoſ'd:
Where is the thouſand marks thou had'ſt of me?

Dro. E. I have ſome marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my miſtreſs' marks upon my ſhoulders,
But not a thouſand marks between you both.—
If I ſhould pay your worſhip thoſe again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy miſtreſs' marks! what miſtreſs, ſlave, haſt thou?

Dro. E. Your worſhip's wife, my miſtreſs at the Phœnix;
She that doth faſt, till you come home to dinner.
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, ſir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, ſir? for God's ſake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not ſir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit* DROMIO, E.

Ant. S. Upon my life, by ſome device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught [9] of all my money.
They ſay, this town is full of cozenage [1];
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working ſorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body [2];

Diſ-

[8] —*that merry* ſconce—] *Sconce* is *head.* STEEVENS.

[9] —*o'er-raught*—] That is, *over-reached.* JOHNSON.

[1] *They ſay, this town is full of cozenage*;] This was the character he ancients give of it. Hence Ἐφέσια ἁλεξιφάρμακα was proverbial mongſt them. Thus Menander uſes it, and Ἐφέσια γράμματα, in the ame ſenſe. WARBURTON

[2] *As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,*
Dark-working *ſorcerers, that change the mind,*
Soul-killing *witches, that deform the body*;] Perhaps the epithets have

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Diſguiſed cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many ſuch like liberties of ſin[3]:
If it prove ſo, I will be gone the ſooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go ſeek this ſlave;
I greatly fear, my money is not ſafe. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my huſband, nor the ſlave return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeek his maſter!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, ſome merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner.
Good ſiſter, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is maſter of his liberty:
Time is their maſter; and, when they ſee time,
They'll go, or come: If ſo, be patient, ſiſter.

have been miſplaced, and the lines ſhould be read thus:

Soul killing *ſorcerers, that change the mind,*
Dark-working *witches, that deform the body;*

This change ſeems to remove all difficulties.—By *ſoul-killing* I underſtand deſtroying the rational faculties by ſuch means as make men fancy themſelves beaſts. JOHNSON.

Witches or ſorcerers themſelves, as well as thoſe who employed them, were ſuppoſed to forfeit their ſouls by making uſe of a forbidden agency. In that ſenſe, they may be ſaid to deſtroy the ſouls of others as well as their own. I believe Dr. Johnſon has done as much as was neceſſary to remove all difficulty from the paſſage.

The hint for this enumeration of cheats, &c. Shakſpeare received from the old tranſlation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595. "For this aſſure yourſelfe, this towne *Epidamnum* is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and laſciviouſneſſe; and (I heare) as full of ribaulds, paraſites, drunkards, catchpoles cony-catchers, and ſycophants, as it can hold: then for curti-zans, &c." STEEVENS.

[3] — liberties *of ſin*:] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *libertines*, which, as the author has been enumerating not acts but perſons, ſeems right. JOHNSON.

Adr.

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. Why ſhould their liberty than ours be more?
Becauſe their buſineſs ſtill lies out o' door.
. Look, when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill [4].
O, know, he is the bridle of your will.
There's none, but aſſes, will be bridled ſo.
Why head-ſtrong liberty is laſh'd with woe [5].
s nothing, ſituate under heaven's eye,
th his bound, in earth, in ſea, in ſky:
:afts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
eir males' ſubject, and at their controls:
more divine, the maſters of all theſe *,
of the wide world, and wild watry ſeas,
l with intellectual ſenſe and ſouls,
re pre-eminence than fiſh and fowls,
afters to their females, and their lords:
let your will attend on their accords.
This ſervitude makes you to keep unwed.
Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.
But, were you wedded, you would bear ſome ſway.
Ere I learn love, I'll practiſe to obey.
How if your huſband ſtart ſome other where [6]?
Till he come home again, I would forbear.
. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though ſhe pauſe [7];
:an be meek, that have no other cauſe.
tched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,
d be quiet, when we hear it cry;

ll.] This word, which the rhime ſeems to countenance, was fur- r the editor of the ſecond folio. The firſt has—*thus*. MALONE.
. *There's none, but aſſes, will be bridled ſo.*
. *Why head-ſtrong liberty is* laſh'd *with woe.*] The meaning aſſuage may be, that thoſe who refuſe the *bridle* muſt bear the that woe is the puniſhment of head-ſtrong liberty. STEEVENS.
n—*the* maſters *&c.*] The old copy has *Man*—the *maſter* &c. ie next line—*Lord*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.
lart ſome other where?] I ſuſpect that *where* has here the power e. So, in *K. Lear*:
" Thou loſeſt *here*, a better *where* to find."
e is, *How, if your huſband fly off in purſuit of ſome other wo-* again, p. 149: "—his eye doth homage *otherwhere*."
vhere ſignifies—*in other places*. STEEVENS.
be pauſe;] To *pauſe* is to reſt, to be in quiet. JOHNSON.

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But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we ſhould ourſelves complain:
So thou, that haſt no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpleſs patience* would'ſt relieve me;
But, if thou live to ſee like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd[8] patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
Here comes your man, now is your huſband nigh.

Enter DROMIO *of* Epheſus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy maſter now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witneſs.

Adr. Say, didſt thou ſpeak with him? Know'ſt thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: Beſhrew his hand, I ſcarce could underſtand it.

Luc. Spake he ſo doubtfully, thou couldſt not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he ſtruck ſo plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce underſtand them[9].

Adr. But ſay, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It ſeems, he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.

Dro. E. Why, miſtreſs, ſure my maſter is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, ſure, he's ſtark mad:
When I deſir'd him to come home to dinner,

* *With urging* helpleſs *patience*—] By exhorting me to patience, which *affords no help*. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:
"As thoſe poor birds that *helpleſs* berries ſaw." MALONE.

[8] —*fool-begg'd*—] She ſeems to mean, by *fool-begg'd patience*, that *patience* which is ſo near to *idiotical ſimplicity*, that your next relation would take advantage from it to repreſent you as a *fool*, and beg the guardianſhip of your fortune. JOHNSON.

[9] —*that I could ſcarce* underſtand *them*.] i. e. that I could ſcarce *ſtand under* them. This quibble, poor as it is, ſeems to have been the favourite of Shakſpeare. It has been already introduced in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "—my ſtaff *underſtands* me." STEEVENS.

He

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He aſk'd me for a thouſand marks in gold[1]:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I: My gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; My gold, quoth he:
Will you come home, quoth I[2]? My gold, quoth he:
Where is the thouſand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; My gold, quoth he:
My miſtreſs, ſir, quoth I; Hang up thy miſtreſs;
I know not thy miſtreſs; out on thy miſtreſs!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my maſter:
I know, quoth he, no houſe, no wife, no miſtreſs;—
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my ſhoulders;
For, in concluſion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou ſlave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's ſake, ſend ſome other meſſenger.

Adr. Back, ſlave, or I will break thy pate acroſs.

Dro. E. And he will bleſs that croſs with other beating:
Between you I ſhall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peaſant; fetch thy maſter home.

Dro. E. Am I ſo round with you, as you with me[3],
That like a foot-ball you do ſpurn me thus?
You ſpurn me hence, and he will ſpurn me hither:
If I laſt in this ſervice, you muſt caſe me in leather[4].
[*Exit.*

Luc. Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company muſt do his minions grace,
Whilſt I at home ſtarve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took

[1] —*a* thouſand *marks in gold:*] The old copy reads—a *hundred* marks. The correction was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[2] —*will you come home, quoth I?*] The word *home*, which the metre requires, but is not in the authentick copy of this play, was ſuggeſted by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

[3] *Am I ſo* round *with you, as you with me,*] He plays upon the word *round*, which ſignified *ſpherical* applied to himſelf, and *unreſtrained*, or *rude in ſpeech* or *action*, ſpoken of his miſtreſs. So the king, in *Hamlet*, bids the queen be *round* with her ſon. JOHNSON.

[4] —*caſe me in leather.*] Still alluding to a football, the bladder of which is always covered with leather. STEEVENS.

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From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's master of my state:
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures[5]: My decayed fair[6]
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer[7], he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale[8].

Luc.

[5] *Of my* defeatures:] By *defeatures* is here meant *alteration of features*. At the end of this play the same word is used with a somewhat different signification. STEEVENS.

[6] — *My decayed fair*] Shakspeare uses the adjective *gilt*, as a substantive, for *what is gilt*, and in this instance *fair* for *fairness*. Τὸ μὴ καλὸν, is a similar expression. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream* the old quartos read:

"Demetrius loves your *fair*."

Again, in *Shakspeare's 68th Sonnet*:

"Before these bastard signs of *fair* were born."

Again, in the 83*d Sonnet*:

"And therefore to your *fair* no painting set." STEEVENS.

Fair is frequently used *substantively* by the writers of Shakspeare's time. So Marston, in one of his satires:

"As the greene meads, whose native outward *faire*
"Breathes sweet perfumes into the neighbour air." FARMER.

[7] *But, too unruly deer,*] The ambiguity of *deer* and *dear* is borrowed, poor as it is, by Waller, in his poem on a lady's *Girdle*:

"This was my heaven's extremest sphere,
"The pale that held my lovely *deer*." JOHNSON.

Shakspeare has played upon this word in the same manner in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Fondling, saith she, since I have hemm'd thee here,
"Within the circuit of this ivory *pale*,
"I'll be thy park, and thou shalt be my *deer*;
"Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or on dale."

The lines of Waller seem to have been immediately copied from these. MALONE.

[8] — *poor I am but his stale.*] "*Stale* to catch these thieves;" in the *Tempest*, undoubtedly means a *fraudulent bait*. Here it seems to imply the same as *stalking-horse*, *pretence*. I am, says Adriana, but his pre-

tended

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c. Self-harming jealouſy!—fye, beat it hence.
r. Unfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpenſe.
ow his eye doth homage otherwhere;
ſe, what lets it but he would be here?
, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—
d that alone alone he would detain[9],
would keep fair quarter with his bed!
the jewel, beſt enamelled,
loſe his beauty; and though gold 'bides ſtill,
others touch, yet often touching will
gold: and no man, that hath a name,
alſhood and corruption doth it ſhame[1].
: that my beauty cannot pleaſe his eye,
reep what's left away, and weeping die.
c. How many fond fools ſerve mad jealouſy!

[*Exeunt.*

wife, the maſk under which he covers his amours. So, in the *tunes of Arthur*, 1587:
"Was I then choſe and wedded for his *ſtale*,
"To looke and gape for his retireleſs layles
"Puft back and flittering ſpread to every winde?"
, in the old tranſlation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595, from e Shakſpeare borrowed the expreſſion: "He makes me a *ſtale* laughing-ſtock." STEEVENS.
hape *ſtale* may here have the ſame meaning as the French word on. *Poor I am but the cover for his infidelity.* COLLINS.
Would that alone alone *he would detain,*] The firſt copy reads:
Would that alone a *leave* &c.
orrection was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.
ſee, the jewel, beſt enamelled,
Will loſe his beauty; and though *gold 'bides ſtill,*
That others touch, yet *often touching will*
Wear gold: and no man, that hath a name,
But falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame.] This paſſage in the ori- copy is very corrupt. It reads—
——— *yet the* gold 'bides ſtill
That others touch; *and* often touching will
Where gold; and no man, that hath a name
By falſhood &c.
: word *though* was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens; all the other ations by Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton. *Wear* is uſed as a diſ- e. The commentator laſt mentioned, not perceiving this, reads *ſo* no man &c. which has been followed, I think improperly, by bſequent editors. MALONE.

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SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuſe.

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful ſlave
Is wander'd forth, in care to ſeek me out,
By computation, and mine hoſt's report.
I could not ſpeak with Dromio, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

How now, ſir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love ſtrokes, ſo jeſt with me again.
You know no Centaur? You receiv'd no gold?
Your miſtreſs ſent to have me home to dinner?
My houſe was at the Phœnix? Waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madly thou didſt anſwer me?

Dro. S. What anſwer, ſir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour ſince.

Dro. S. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didſt deny the gold's receipt;
And told'ſt me of a miſtreſs, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to ſee you in this merry vein:
What means this jeſt? I pray you, maſter, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, doſt thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'ſt thou, I jeſt? Hold, take thou that, and that.
[*beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, ſir, for God's ſake: now your jeſt is earneſt:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Becauſe that I familiarly ſometimes
Do uſe you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your ſawcineſs will jeſt upon my love,
And make a common of my ſerious hours[2].

[2] *And make a common of my ſerious hours.*] i. e. intrude on them when you pleaſe. The alluſion is to thoſe tracts of ground deſtined to *common* uſe, which are thence called *commons*. STEEVENS.

When

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When the ſun ſhines, let fooliſh gnats make ſport,
But keep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jeſt with me, know my aſpect,
And faſhion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? ſo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you uſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and inſconce it too[3]; or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders. But, I pray, ſir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Doſt thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, ſir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, ſir, and wherefore; for, they ſay, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, firſt,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—For urging it the ſecond time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of ſeaſon?
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhime nor reaſon?—
Well, ſir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, ſir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next[4], to give you nothing for ſomething. But ſay, ſir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, ſir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, ſir, what's that?

Dro. S. Baſting.

Ant. S. Well, ſir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, ſir, pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reaſon?

Dro. S. Leſt it make you cholerick[5], and purchaſe me

3.—*and* inſconce it] A *ſconce* was a petty fortification. STEEVENS.

4.—*next,*] Our author probably wrote—next *time.* MALONE.

5 *Leſt it make you cholerick,* &c.] So, in the *Taming of the Shrew:*

" I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
" And I expreſsly am forbid to touch it,
" For it engenders choler, planteth anger, &c." STEEVENS.

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another dry-baſting.

Ant. S. Well, ſir, learn to jeſt in good time: There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durſt have deny'd that, before you were ſo cholerick.

Ant. S. By what rule, ſir?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himſelf.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the loſt hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts: and what he hath ſcanted men in hair [6], he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of thoſe, but he hath the wit to loſe his hair [7].

Ant. S. Why, thou didſt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt: Yet he loſeth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reaſon?

Dro. S. For two; and ſound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not ſound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

[6] —*and what he hath ſcanted* men *in hair,*] The old copy reads—ſcanted *them*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's.—The ſame error is found in the Induction to *K. Henry IV.* P. II. edit. 1623:

" Stuffing the ears of *them* with falſe reports." MALONE.

[7] *Not a man of thoſe, but he hath the wit to loſe his hair.*] That is, *Thoſe who have more hair than wit*, are eaſily entrapped by looſe women, and ſuffer the conſequences of lewdneſs, one of which, in the firſt appearance of the diſeaſe in Europe, was the loſs of hair. JOHNSON.

Ant.

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Ant. S. Nay, not ſure, in a thing falſing[8].

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to ſave the money that he ſpends in tiring[9]; the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time[1] for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, ſir; namely, no time[2] to recover hair loſt by nature.

Ant. S. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himſelf is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald concluſion:
But ſoft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look ſtrange, and frown;
Some other miſtreſs hath thy ſweet aſpects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'ſt vow
That never words were muſick to thine ear[3],
That never object pleaſing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat ſweet-ſavour'd in thy taſte,

[8] —*falſing.*] This word is now obſolete. Spenſer and Chaucer often uſe the verb to *falſe*. The author of the *Reviſal* would read *falling*. STEEVENS.

[9] —*that he ſpends in* tiring;] The old copy reads—in *trying*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[1] — there *is no time*] The old copy reads—*here* is &c. The editor of the ſecond folio made the correction. MALONE.

[2] —*no time* &c.] The firſt folio has—*in* no time &c. *In* was rejected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Perhaps the word ſhould rather have been corrected. The author might have written—*e'en* no time, &c. See many inſtances of this corruption in a note on *All's Well that ends Well*, Act I. ſc. i. MALONE.

[3] *That never words were muſick to thine ear,*] Imitated by Pope in his *Epiſtle from Sappho to Phaon*:

"My muſick then you could for ever hear,
"And all *my words were muſick to your ear.*" MALONE.

Unleſs

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Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my huſband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then eſtranged from thyſelf?
Thyſelf I call it, being ſtrange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear ſelf's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyſelf from me;
For know, my love, as eaſy may'ſt thou fall[4]
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminiſhing,
As take from me thyſelf, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'ſt thou but hear I were licentious?
And that this body, conſecrate to thee,
By ruffian luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Would'ſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of huſband in my face,
And tear the ſtain'd ſkin off my harlot-brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canſt; and therefore, ſee, thou do it.
I am poſſeſs'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of luſt[5]:
For, if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted[6] by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live diſ-ſtain'd[7], thou undiſhonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Epheſus I am but two hours old,
As ſtrange unto your town, as to your talk;

4 —*may'ſt thou* fall—] To *fall* is here a verb active. STEEVENS.

5 —*with the* crime *of luſt*:] Dr. Warburton reads—with the *grime*—. So again in this play: "A man may go over ſhoes in the *grime* of it." MALONE.

6 *Being* ſtrumpeted—] Shakſpeare is not ſingular in his uſe of this verb. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"By this adultreſs baſely *ſtrumpeted*." STEEVENS.

7 *I live* diſ-ſtain'd,] i. e. *unſtained, undefiled.* THEOBALD.

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Who, every word by all my wit being ſcann'd,
Want wit in all one word to underſtand.
Luc. Fye, brother! how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to uſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by Dromio home to dinner.
Ant. S. By Dromio?
Dro. S. By me?
Adr. By thee; and this thou didſt return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Deny'd my houſe for his, me for his wife.
Ant. S. Did you converſe, ſir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the courſe and drift of your compact?
Dro. S. I, ſir? I never ſaw her till this time.
Ant. S. Villain, thou lieſt; for even her very words
Didſt thou deliver to me on the mart.
Dro. S. I never ſpake with her in all my life.
Ant. S. How can ſhe thus then call us by our names,
Unleſs it be by inſpiration?
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus groſly with your ſlave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt [8],
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will faſten on this ſleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my huſband, I a vine [9];
Whoſe weakneſs, marry'd to thy ſtronger ſtate [1],
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate:

[8] —*you are from me* exempt,] *Exempt*, ſeparated, parted. The ſenſe is, *If I am doomed to ſuffer the wrong of ſeparation, yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured.* JOHNSON.

[9] *Thou art an elm, my huſband; I a vine;*]

"Lenta, qui, velut affitas
Vitis implicat arbores,
Implicabitur in tuum
Complexum." *Catul.* 57.

So Milton, Par. Loſt. B. V t

"——— They led the vine
"To wed her elm. She ſpous'd, about him twines
"Her marriageable arms." MALONE.

[1] —ſtronger *ſtate*,] The old copy has—*ſtranger*. Corrected by *Mr. Rowe.* MALONE.

If

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If aught poſſeſs thee from me, it is droſs,
Uſurping ivy, briar, or idle moſs [2];
Who, all for want of pruning, with intruſion
Infect thy ſap, and live on thy confuſion.

Ant. S. To me ſhe ſpeaks; ſhe moves me for her theme:
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?
Or ſleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiſs?
Until I know this ſure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy [3].

Luc. Dromio, go bid the ſervants ſpread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I croſs me for a ſinner.
This is the fairy land;—O, ſpight of ſpights!—
We talk with goblins, owls [4], and elviſh ſprights [5];

If

[2] —idle *moſs*;] i. e. moſs that produces no fruit, but being unfertile is uſeleſs. So, in *Othello*:—"antres vaſt, and deſerts *idle*." STEEV.

[3] —*the* offer'd fallacy.] The old copy reads—"the *freed* fallacy." The emendation was ſuggeſted by an anonymous correſpondent of Mr. Steevens. Mr. Pope reads, I think, with leſs probability,—the *favour'd* fallacy; which has been followed by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

[4] *We talk with goblins*, owls,—] It was an old popular ſuperſtition, that the ſcrietch-owl ſucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the Italians called witches, who were ſuppoſed to be in like manner miſchievouſly bent againſt children, *ſtrigæ* from *ſtrix*, the *ſcrietch-owl*. This ſuperſtition they derived from their pagan anceſtors. See Ovid. Faſt. Lib. vi. WARBURTON.

Ghaſtly owls accompany *elviſh ghoſts* in *Spenſer*'s Shepherd's *Calendar* for *June*. So, in *Sherringham*'s Diſcerptatio de Anglorum Gentis Origine, p. 333. Lares, Lemures, *Stryges*, Lamiæ, *Manes* (Gaſtæ dicti) et ſimiles monſtrorum Greges, Elvarum Chorea dicebatur." Much the ſame is ſaid in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, *p.* 112, 113. TOLLET.

Owls are alſo mentioned in *Cornucopiæ*, *or Paſquil's Nightcap*, *or Antidote for the Headach*, 1623, *p.* 38:

"Dreading no dangers of the darkſome night,
"No *oules*, hobgoblins, ghoſts, nor water-ſpright." STEEV.

Owls was changed by Mr. Theobald into *ouphs*; and how, it is objected, ſhould Shakſpeare know that *ſtriges* or ſcrietch-owls were conſidered by the Romans as witches? The notes of Mr. Tollet and Mr. Steevens, as well as the following paſſage in the *London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605, afford the beſt anſwer to this queſtion: "'Soul, I think, I am ſure croſs'd or *witch'd* with an *owl*." MALONE.

[5] —elviſh *ſprights*;] The epithet *elviſh* is not in the firſt folio, but the ſecond has—*elves* ſprights. STEEVENS.

All

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: obey them not, this will enſue,
'll ſuck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
:. Why prat'ſt thou to thyſelf, and anſwer'ſt not?
io, thou drone[6], thou ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot!
». S. I am transformed, maſter, am not I *?
'. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and ſo am I.
». S. Nay, maſter, both in mind, and in my ſhape.
'. S. Thou haſt thine own form.
». S. No, I am an ape.
'. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an aſs.
». S. 'Tis true; ſhe rides me, and I long for graſs.
'o, I am an aſs; elſe it could never be,
ſhould know her as well as ſhe knows me.
r. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
it the finger in the eye and weep,
t man, and maſter, laugh my woes to ſcorn.—
, ſir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
nd, I'll dine above with you to-day,
brive you[7] of a thouſand idle pranks:
ı, if any aſk you for your maſter,
he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
, ſiſter:—Dromio, play the porter well.
t. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
ing or waking? mad, or well-adviſ'd?
n unto theſe, and to myſelf diſguis'd!
y as they ſay, and perſever ſo,
n this miſt at all adventures go.
». S. Maſter, ſhall I be porter at the gate?
r. Ay, let none enter, leſt I break your pate.
'. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

the emendations made in the ſecond folio having been merely ry, any other ſuitable epithet of two ſyllables may have been et's word. Mr. Rowe firſt introduced—elviſh. MALONE.

romio, thou drone,] The old copy reads—Dromio, thou *Dromio,* The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

—am not I?] Old copy—am *I not.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

And ſhrive you—] That is, I will *call you to confeſſion,* and make ell your tricks. JOHNSON.

ACT

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ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Epheſus, DROMIO *of* Epheſus, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good ſignior Angelo, you muſt excuſe us all;
My wife is ſhrewiſh, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your ſhop,
To ſee the making of her carkanet [8],
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thouſand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and houſe:—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didſt thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, ſir, but I know what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to ſhow:
If the ſkin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an aſs.

Dro. E. Marry, ſo it doth appear
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear [9].
I ſhould kick, being kick'd; and, being at that paſs,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an aſs.

[8] —*carkanet,*] ſeems to have been a necklace or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck. JOHNSON.

"*Quarquan*, ornement d'or qu'on mit au col des damoiſelles." *Le grand Dict. de Nicot.*—A *Carkanet* ſeems to have been a necklace ſet with ſtones, or ſtrung with pearls. STEEVENS.

[9] *Marry, ſo it* doth *appear*
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear.] Mr. Theobald, inſtead of *doth*, reads—*don't*. MALONE.

I do not think this emendation neceſſary. He firſt ſays, that his *wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *aſs*; but immediately, with a correction of his former ſentiment, ſuch as may be hourly obſerved in converſation, he obſerves that, if he had been an *aſs*, he ſhould, when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again. JOHNSON.

Ant.

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st. E. You are ſad, ſignior Balthazar: Pray god, our cheer
anſwer my good-will, and your good welcome here.
il. I hold your dainties cheap, ſir, and your welcome dear.
st. E. O, ſignior Balthazar, either at fleſh or fiſh,
ble-full of welcome makes ſcarce one dainty diſh.
il. Good meat, ſir, is common; that every churl affords.
st. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.
il. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feaſt.
st. E. Ay, to a niggardly hoſt, and more ſparing gueſt:
hough my cates be mean, take them in good part;
r cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
oft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.
o. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!
o. S. [*within*] Mome[1], malt-horſe, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch[2]!
r get thee from the door, or ſit down at the hatch:
thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'ſt for ſuch ſtore,
n one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.
o. E. What patch is made our porter? My maſter ſtays in the ſtreet.
o. S. Let him walk from whence he came, leſt he catch cold on's feet.
st. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.
o. S. Right, ſir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Mome,] a dull ſtupid blockhead, a ſtock, a poſt. This owes its al to the French word *Momon*, which ſignifies the gaming at in maſquerade, the cuſtom and rule of which is, that a ſtrict e is to be obſerved: whatever ſum one ſtakes, another covers, but word is to be ſpoken: from hence alſo comes our word *mum!* for e. HAWKINS.

—*patch!*] i. e. fool. Alluding to the parti-colour'd coats worn e licens'd fools or jeſters of the age. STEEVENS.

Ant.

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Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not dîn'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you muſt not; come again, when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'ſt me out from the houſe I owe[3]?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, ſir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou haſt ſtolen both mine office and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadſt been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'ſt have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an aſs.

Luce. [*within*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are thoſe at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my maſter in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;

And ſo tell your maſter.

Dro. E. O Lord, I muſt laugh:—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I ſet in my ſtaff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou haſt anſwer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope[4]?

Luce. I thought to have aſk'd you.

Dro. S. And you ſaid, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well ſtruck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whoſe ſake?

Dro. E. Maſter, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

[3] —*I* owe?] i. e. I *own*. STEEVENS.

[4] —*I* hope?] A line either preceding or following this, has, I believe, been loſt. Mr. Theobald and the ſubſequent editors read—I *trow*; but that word, and *hope*, were not likely to be confounded by either the eye or the ear. MALONE.

Ant.

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Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of ſtocks in the town?

Adr. [*within*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noiſe?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, ſir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, maſter, this knave would go ſore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, ſir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was beſt, we ſhall part with neither [5].

Dro. E. They ſtand at the door, maſter; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is ſomething in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would ſay ſo, maſter, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you ſtand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be ſo bought and ſold [6].

Ant. E. Go, fetch me ſomething, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

[5] — *we ſhall part with neither.*] In our old language, *to part* ſignified *to have part*. See Chaucer, Cant. Tales, ver. 9504:
"That no wight with his bliſſe *parten* ſhall."
The French uſe *partir* in the ſame ſenſe. TYRWHITT.

[6] — *bought and ſold.*] This is a proverbial phraſe. "To be *bought and ſold* in a company." See Ray's Collection, p. 179. edit. 1737. STEEVENS.

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Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, ſir; a
words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, ſo he break it not behin
Dro. S. It ſeems, thou wanteſt breaking; Out up
thee, hind!
Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray th
let me in.
Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fiſh ha
no fin.
Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow
Dro. E. A crow without feather; maſter, mean you
For a fiſh without a fin, there's a fowl without a feathe
If a crow help us in, ſirrah, we'll pluck a crow togethe
Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.
Bal. Have patience, ſir; O, let it not be ſo;
Herein you war againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this [8],—Your long experience of her wiſdom,
Her ſober virtue, years, and modeſty,
Plead on her part [9] ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not, ſir, but ſhe will well excuſe
Why at this time the doors are made [1] againſt you.
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner:

[7] —*we'll pluck a crow together.*] We find the ſame quibble on a occaſion in one of the comedies of Plautus.—The children of diſtinc among the Greeks and Romans had uſually birds of different k given them for their amuſement. This cuſtom Tyndarus in the *tives* mentions, and ſays, that for his part he had *tantum upu Upupa* ſignifies both a *lapwing* and a *mattock*, or ſome inſtrumen the ſame kind, employed to dig ſtones from the quarries. STEEVE

[8] *Once this,*—] This expreſſion appears to me ſo ſingular, th cannot help ſuſpecting the paſſage to be corrupt. MALONE.

Once this may mean, Once for all, let me recommend *this* to conſideration. STEEVENS.

[9] *Your long experience of* her *wiſdom*—
Plead on her *part*—] The old copy reads *your*, in both pl Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[1] —*the doors are* made—] To *make* the door, is the expreſſion to this day in ſome counties of England, inſtead of, *to bar the door.*

STEEV

A

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And, about evening, come yourſelf alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint.
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rout [2]
Againſt your yet ungalled eſtimation,
That may with foul intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion [3];
For ever hous'd, where it gets poſſeſſion.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in deſpight of mirth [4], mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,—
Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I proteſt, without deſert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the houſe; that chain will I beſtow,
(Be it for nothing but to ſpight my wife,)
Upon mine hoſtess there: good ſir, make haſte:
Since mine own doors refuſe to entertain me,
I'll knock elſewhere, to ſee if they'll diſdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, ſome hour hence.

Ant. E. Do ſo; This jeſt ſhall coſt me ſome expence.
[*Exeunt.*

[2] —*ſuppoſed by the common rout*] *Suppoſed* is *founded on ſuppoſition*, made by conjecture. JOHNSON.

[3] —*upon ſucceſſion*;] *Succeſſion* is often uſed as a quadriſyllable by our author, and his contemporaries. So below, p. 172, *ſatisfaction* compoſes half a verſe:

"Therefore make preſent *ſatisfaction*—." MALONE.

[4] *And, in deſpight of* mirth,—] Though mirth hath withdrawn herſelf from me, and ſeems determined to avoid me, yet in deſpight of her, and whether ſhe will or not, I am reſolved to be merry. HEATH.

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SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A huſband's office? Shall, Antipholus, hate,
Even in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings rot?
Shall love, in building, grow ſo ruinate[5]?

[5] *And may it be, that you have quite forgot*
An huſband's office? Shall, Antipholus, hate
Even in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings rot?
Shall love in building grow ſo ruinate?] So, in our author's 119th Sonnet:

And *ruin'd love*, when it is *built* anew—".

The word *hate* at the end of the ſecond line was ſupplied by Mr. Theobald; *building*, inſtead of *buildings*, is alſo his correction. In ſupport of the former emendation, a paſſage in our author's 10th Sonnet may be produced:

" —— thou art ſo poſſeſs'd with murderous *hate*,
" That 'gainſt thyſelf thou ſtick'ſt not to conſpire,
" Seeking that beauteous roof to *ruinate*,
" Which to repair ſhould be thy chief deſire."

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

" To *ruinate* proud *buildings* with thy hours."

Stowe uſes the adjective *ruinate* in his *Annales*, p. 892. " The laſt year at the taking down of the old *ruinate* gate——". MALONE.

The meaning is, Shall thy love-ſprings rot, even in the ſpring of love? and ſhall thy love grow ruinous, even while 'tis but building up? THEOBALD.

Love-ſprings are young plants of love. See a note on the ſecond ſcene of the fifth act of *Coriolanus*, where the meaning of this expreſſion is more fully dilated.

The rhime which Mr. Theobald would reſtore, ſtands thus in the old edition: —ſhall Antipholus—. If therefore inſtead of *ruinate* we ſhould read *ruinous*, the paſſage may remain as it was originally written, and perhaps, indeed, throughout the play we ſhould read *Antipholus*, the name which Shakſpeare might have found in P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny, B. xxxv, and xxxvii. *Antiphilus* was a famous painter, and rival to Apelles.

Ruinous is juſtified by a paſſage in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act V. ſc. iv:

" Left growing *ruinous* the building fall."

Throughout the firſt folio, *Antipholus* occurs much more often than *Antiphilus*

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If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's ſake, uſe her with more kindneſs:
Or, if you like elſewhere, do it by ſtealth;
Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhow of blindneſs;
Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own ſhame's orator;
Look ſweet, ſpeak fair, become diſloyalty;
Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair preſence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach ſin the carriage of a holy ſaint;
Be ſecret-falſe; What need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thief brags of his own attaint[6]?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a baſtard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe[7],
Being compact of credit[8], that you love us;
Though others have the arm, ſhew us the ſleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my ſiſter, chear her, call her wife:
'Tis holy ſport, to be a little[9] vain,
When the ſweet breath of flattery conquers ſtrife.

Ant. S. Sweet miſtreſs, (what your name is elſe, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,)
Leſs, in your knowledge, and your grace, you ſhow not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.

Antipholis, even where the rhime is not concerned; and were the rhime defective here, ſuch tranſgreſſions are accounted for in other places. STEEVENS.

Antipholis occurs, I think, but thrice in the original copy. I have therefore adhered to the other ſpelling. MALONE.

6 — *his own* attaint?] The old copy has—*attaine*. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

7 — *make us* but *believe*,] The old copy reads—*not* believe. It was corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

8 *Being compact of credit*,] Means, *being made altogether of credulity*. STEEVENS.

9 — *vain*,] Is *light of tongue, not veracious*. JOHNSON.

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Teach me, dear creature, how to think and ſpeak;
Lay open to my earthy groſs conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, ſhallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Againſt my ſoul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping ſiſter is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, ſweet mermaid [1], with thy note,
To drown me in thy ſiſter's flood [2] of tears;
Sing, ſyren, for thyſelf, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the ſilver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee [3], and there lie;
And, in that glorious ſuppoſition, think
He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to die:—
Let love, being light, be drowned if ſhe ſink [4]!

Luc. What are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated [5]; how, I do not know.

[1] — mermaid,] is only another name for *ſyren*. STEEVENS.

[2] — *in thy* ſiſter's *flood*—] The old copy reads—*ſiſter*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[3] — *as a* bed *I'll take* thee,] *Bed*, which the word *lie* fully ſupports, was introduced in the ſecond folio. The old copy has—*bud*. MALONE.

Mr. Edwards ſuſpects a miſtake of one letter in the paſſage, and would read—I'll take *them*.—Perhaps, however, both the ancient readings may be right:—as a *bud* I'll take *thee*, &c. i. e. I, like an inſect, will take thy boſom for a roſe, or ſome other flower, and,

" ——phœnix-like beneath thine eye
" Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die."

It is common for Shakſpeare to ſhift haſtily from one image to another.—Mr. Edwards's conjecture may, however, receive ſupport from the following paſſage in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. ſc. ii:

" ——my boſom as a *bed*
" Shall lodge thee." STEEVENS.

[4] *Let* love, *being light, be drowned if* ſhe *ſink!*] *Love* means—the *Queen* of love. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Now for the love of *love*, and *her* ſoft hours—." MALONE.

[5] *Not mad, but* mated,] i. e. confounded.—So, in *Macbeth*:

" *My mind ſhe has* mated, *and amaz'd my ſight.*" STEEVENS.

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It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eye.
S. For gazing on your beams, fair ſun, being by.
Gaze where [6] you ſhould, and that will clear your ſight.
S. As good to wink, ſweet love, as look on night.
Why call you me love? call my ſiſter ſo.
S. Thy ſiſter's ſiſter.
That's my ſiſter.
S. No;
myſelf, mine own ſelf's better part;
eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
od, my fortune, and my ſweet hope's aim,
le earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim [7].
. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be.
. Call thyſelf ſiſter, ſweet, for I aim thee [8]:
will I love, and with thee lead my life;
haſt no huſband yet, nor I no wife:
me thy hand.
. O, ſoft, ſir, hold you ſtill;
tch my ſiſter, to get her good-will. [*Exit* Luc.

from the houſe of Antipholus *of* Epheſus, Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

t. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'ſt thou ſo

o. S. Do you know me, ſir? am I Dromio? am I man? am I myſelf?
t. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art f.
o. S. I am an aſs, I am a woman's man, and be-myſelf.

ere where—] The old copy reads; *when*. Steevens.
: correction was made by Mr. Pope. Malone.
ſy ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.] When he calls the *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot underſtand him. Perhaps means that which he aſks of heaven. Johnson.
– *for I* aim *thee:*] The old copy reads—for I *am* thee. The ation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. Antipholus has juſt told s the ſame gentleman obſerves,—that ſhe was his ſweet hope's Malone.

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Ant. S. What woman's man? and how beſides thyſelf?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, beſides myſelf, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays ſhe to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, ſuch a claim as you would lay to your horſe; and ſhe would have me as a beaſt: not that, I being a beaſt, ſhe would have me; but that ſhe, being a very beaſtly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is ſhe?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, ſuch a one as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay, ſir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is ſhe a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How doſt thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, ſhe's the kitchen-wench, and all greaſe; and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if ſhe lives till doomſday, ſhe'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is ſhe of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my ſhoe, but her face nothing like ſo clean kept; For why? ſhe ſweats, a man may go over ſhoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, ſir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, ſir;—but her name and three quarters[9],

[9] *Nell, ſir; but her name* and *three quarters* &c.] The old copy has —her name *is* three quarters, &c. The emendation was made by Dr. Thirlby. This poor conundrum is borrowed by Maſſinger, in *The Old Law*, 1653:

"*Cook.* That *Nell* was Hellen of Greece.

"*Clown.* As long as ſhe tarried with her huſband ſhe was *Ellen*, but after ſhe came to Troy ſhe was *Nell* of Troy.

"*Cook.* Why did ſhe grow ſhorter when ſhe came to Troy?

"*Clown.* She grew longer, if you mark the ſtory, when ſhe grew to be an *ell*, &c." MALONE.

that

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is, an ell and three quarters, will not meaſure her
hip to hip.

ut. S. Then ſhe bears ſome breadth?

ro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to
ſhe is ſpherical, like a globe; I could find out
tries in her.

ut. S. In what part of her body ſtands Ireland?

ro. S. Marry, ſir, in her buttocks; I found it out by
ogs.

ut. S. Where Scotland?

ro. S. I found it by the barrenneſs; hard, in the
of the hand.

ut. S. Where France?

ro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making
againſt her hair [1].

Ant.

's her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war againſt her hair.] old copy has—her *beir*. The preſent reading was introduced by ſitor of the ſecond folio. Mr. Theobald prefers the old reading, ſing the alluſion to be to Henry IV. "whoſe claim, on the death father, in 1589, [and for ſeveral years afterwards] the States ance reſiſted, on account of his being a proteſtant." MALONE. th this explication Dr. Warburton concurs; and Sir Thomas Han- hinks an equivocation was intended, though he retains *bair* in the

Yet ſurely they have all loſt the ſenſe in looking beyond it. Our r, in my opinion, only ſports with an alluſion, in which he takes uch delight, and means that his miſtreſs had the French diſeaſe. ideas are rather too offenſive to be dilated. By a forehead *armed*, eans covered with incruſted eruptions: by *reverted*, he means g the hair turning backward. An equivocal word muſt have applicable to both the ſubjects to which it is applied. Both *fore-* nd *France* might in ſome ſort make war againſt their *bair*, but lid the *forehead* make war againſt its *beir*? JOHNSON.

ink with Sir T. Hanmer, that an equivocation *may* have been led. It is of little conſequence which of the two words is pre- in the text, if the author meant that two ſenſes ſhould be ed under the ſame term.—Dr. Johnſon's objection, that "an ocal term muſt have ſenſes applicable to both the ſubjects to which pplied," appears to me not ſo well founded as his obſervations in al are; for, though a correct writer would obſerve that rule, our r is very ſeldom ſcrupulous in this particular, the terms which he n compariſons ſcarcely ever anſwering exactly on both ſides. How- as *bair* affords the cleareſt and moſt obvious ſenſe, I have placed he text. In *King Henry V.* 4to. 1600, we have—

"This

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Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteneſs in them: but I gueſs, it ſtood in her chin, by the ſalt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I ſaw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, ſir, upon her noſe, all o'er embelliſh'd with rubies, carbuncles, ſapphires, declining their rich aſpect to the hot breath of Spain; who ſent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballaſt[2] at her noſe.

Ant. S. Where ſtood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, ſir, I did not look ſo low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; ſwore, I was aſſured to her[3]; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my ſhoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of faith[4], and my heart of ſteel, ſhe had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee preſently poſt to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

"This your *heire* of France hath blown this vice in me—" inſtead of *air*. MALONE.

2 — *to be* ballaſt] i. e. *ballaſted*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"———to have the engineer
"*Hoiſt* with his own petar." i. e. *hoiſted*. STEEVENS.

3 — *aſſured* to her;] i. e. affianced to her. STEEVENS.

4 — *if my breaſt had not been made of* faith, &c.] Alluding to the ſuperſtition of the common people, that nothing could reſiſt a witch's power of transforming men into animals, but a great ſhare of *faith*. WARBURTON.

Ant.

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Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such inchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong [5],
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine [6]:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then strait away. [*Exit.*

5 — to *self-wrong,*] I have met with other instances of this kind of phraseology, but omitted to note them. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*of* self-wrong. MALONE.

6 — *at the* Porcupine;] It is remarkable, that throughout the old editions of Shakspeare's plays, the word *Porpentine* is used instead of *Porcupine.* Perhaps it was so pronounced at that time. I have since observed the same spelling in the plays of other ancient authors. Mr. Tollet finds it likewise in p. 66 of Ascham's Works by Bennet, and in Stowe's Chronicle in the years 1117, 1135. STEEVENS.

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, *and an Officer.*

Mer. You know, ſince pentecoſt the ſum is due,
And ſince I have not much impórtun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Perſia, and want gilders [7] for my voyage:
Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even juſt the ſum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me [8] by Antipholus:
And, in the inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I ſhall receive the money for the ſame:
Pleaſeth you walk with me down to his houſe,
I will diſcharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Epheſus, *and* DROMIO *of* Epheſus.

Off. That labour may you ſave; ſee where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldſmith's houſe, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I beſtow
Among my wife and her confederates [9],
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But ſoft, I ſee the goldſmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thouſand pound a year! I buy a rope!
[*Exit* DROMIO.

Ant. E. A man is well holp up, that truſts to you:
I promiſed your preſence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldſmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would laſt too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

7 — *want* gilders] A *gilder* is a coin valued from one ſhilling and ſixpence, to two ſhillings. STEEVENS.

8 *Is* growing *to me*—] i. e. accruing to me. STEEVENS.

9 — *and* her *confederates*,] The old copy has—*their* confederates. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Ang.

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ng. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
r much your chain weighs to the utmoſt carrat;
fineneſs of the gold, and chargeful faſhion;
ch doth amount to three odd ducats more
n I ſtand debted to this gentleman:
ay you, ſee him preſently diſcharg'd,
he is bound to ſea, and ſtays but for it.
nt. E. I am not furniſh'd with the preſent money;
des, I have ſome buſineſs in the town:
d ſignior, take the ſtranger to my houſe,
. with you take the chain, and bid my wife
ıurſe the ſum on the receipt thereof;
:hance, I will be there as ſoon as you.
ng. Then you will bring the chain to her yourſelf?
nt. E. No; bear it with you, leſt I come not time enough.
ng. Well, ſir, I will: Have you the chain about you?
nt. E. An if I have not, ſir, I hope you have;
:lſe you may return without your money.
ng. Nay, come, I pray you, ſir, give me the chain;
ı wind and tide ſtays for this gentleman,
l I, to blame, have held him here too long.
nt. E. Good lord, you uſe this dalliance, to excuſe
ır breach of promiſe to the Porcupine:
ould have chid you for not bringing it,
, like a ſhrew, you firſt begin to brawl.
ſer. The hour ſteals on; I pray you, ſir, diſpatch.
ng. You hear, how he impórtunes me; the chain—
nt. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
ng. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;
ıer ſend the chain, or ſend me by ſome token.
nt. E. Fye, now you run this humour out of breath?
ne, where's the chain? I pray you, let me ſee it.
ſer. My buſineſs cannot brook this dalliance:
ɔd ſir, ſay, whe'r you'll anſwer me, or no;
ıot, I'll leave him to the officer.
nt. E. I anſwer you! what ſhould I anſwer you?
ng. The money, that you owe me for the chain.
nt. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang.

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Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour ſince.
Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much ſay ſo.
Ang. You wrong me more, ſir, in denying it:
Conſider, how it ſtands upon my credit.
Mer. Well, officer, arreſt him at my ſuit.
Off. I do;
And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation:—
Either conſent to pay this ſum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
Ant. E. Conſent to pay thee that I never had!
Arreſt me, fooliſh fellow, if thou dar'ſt.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arreſt him, officer;—
I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorn me ſo apparently.
Off. I do arreſt you, ſir; you hear the ſuit.
Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—
But, ſirrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as dear
As all the metal in your ſhop will anſwer.
Ang. Sir, ſir, I ſhall have law in Epheſus,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

Dro. S. Maſter, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That ſtays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, ſir, ſhe bears away: our fraughtage, ſir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balſammum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ſhip is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their owner, maſter, and yourſelf.
Ant. E. How now, a madman! Why, thou peeviſh ſheep,[1]
What ſhip of Epidamnum ſtays for me?
Dro. S. A ſhip you ſent me to, to hire waftage.
Ant. E. Thou drunken ſlave, I ſent thee for a rope
And told thee to what purpoſe, and what end.

1 — *thou* peeviſh *ſheep,*] *Peeviſh* is *filly*. So, in *Cymbeline*:
"Deſire my man's abode where I did leave him;
"He's ſtrange and *peeviſh*." See a note on Act I. ſc. vii.
STEEVENS.

Dro

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Dro. S. You ſent me for a ropes end as ſoon [1]:
You ſent me to the bay, ſir, for a bark.
Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leiſure,
And teach your ears to liſt me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee ſtraight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the deſk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkiſh tapeſtry,
There is a purſe of ducats; let her ſend it;
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreet,
And that ſhall bail me: hie thee, ſlave be gone.
On, officer, to priſon till it come.
[*Exeunt* Merchant, ANGELO, *Officer, and* ANT. E.
Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowſabel [2] did claim me for her huſband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compaſs.
Thither I muſt, although againſt my will,
For ſervants muſt their maſters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceive auſterely in his eye
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or ſad, or merrily?
What obſervation mad'ſt thou in this caſe,
Of his heart's meteors [4] tilting in his face?

Luc.

[1] *You ſent me for a* ropes *end as ſoon:*] *Ropes* is here a diſſyllable; the Saxon genitive caſe. MALONE.

[2] *Where* Dowſabel—] This name occurs in one of Drayton's Paſtorals:

"He had, as antique ſtories tell,
"A daughter cleaped *Dowſabel*, &c." STEEVENS.

[4] *Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?*] Alluding to thoſe meteors in the ſky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the ſhock. To this appearance he compares civil wars in another place:

"*Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,*
"*All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,*
"*Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock*
"*And furious cloſe of civil butchery.*" WARBURTON.

The

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Luc. Firſt he deny'd you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my ſpight.
Luc. Then ſwore he, that he was a ſtranger here.
Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what ſaid he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what perſuaſion did he tempt thy love?
Lua. With words, that in an honeſt ſuit might move.
Firſt, he did praiſe my beauty; then, my ſpeech.
Adr. Did'ſt ſpeak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beſeech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me ſtill;
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and ſere [5],
Ill-fac'd, worſe-body'd, ſhapeleſs every where;
Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making [6], worſe in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of ſuch a one?
No evil loſt is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I ſay,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worſe:
Far from her neſt the lapwing cries away [7]:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curſe.

Enter

The alluſion is more clearly explained by the following compariſon in the ſecond book of *Paradiſe Loſt*:

"As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
"Wag'd in the troubled ſky, and armies ruſh
"To battle in the clouds, before each van
"Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their ſpears,
"Till thickeſt legions cloſe; with feats of arms
"From either end of heaven the welkin burns." STEEVENS.

The original copy reads—*Ob*, his heart's meteors, &c. The correction was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

5 — *jere*,] that is, *dry*, withered. JOHNSON.

6 *Stigmatical in making*,] That is, *marked* or *ſtigmatiſed* by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious diſpoſition. JOHNSON.

7 *Far from her neſt the* lapwing *&c.*] This expreſſion ſeems to be proverbial. I have met with it in many of the old comick writers. Greene, in his Second Part of *Coney-catching*, 1592, ſays: "But again to our priggers, who, as before I ſaid—*cry with the lapwing farthest from her neſt*, and from their place of reſidence where their moſt abode is."

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Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

Dro. S. Here, go; the deſk, the purſe; ſweet now, make haſte.

Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?

Dro. S. By running faſt.

Adr. Where is thy maſter, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worſe than hell:
devil in an everlaſting garment [8] hath him,
ıe, whoſe hard heart is button'd up with ſteel;
fiend, a fairy, pitileſs and rough [9];
wolf, nay, worſe, a fellow all in buff;
back-friend, a ſhoulder-clapper [1], one that countermands
ıe paſſages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well [2];
ıe that, before the judgment, carries poor ſouls to hell [3].
Adr.

[7] Naſh, ſpeaking of Gabriel Harvey, ſays—"he withdraweth in, *lapwing-like*, from his neſt, as much as might be." See this paſſage yet more amply explained *ante*, p. 22. n. 8. STEEVENS.

[8] — *an* everlaſting *garment*] *Everlaſting* was in the time of Shakſpeare, as well as at preſent, the name of a kind of durable ſtuff. The quibble intended here, is likewiſe met with in B. and Fletcher's *Woman hater*:

"———— I'll quit this tranſitory
"Trade, and get me an *everlaſting* robe,
"Sear up my conſcience, and turn *ſerjeant*." STEEVENS.

[9] — a fairy, *pitileſs and rough*;] There were fairies like *hobgoblins*, pitileſs and rough, and deſcribed as malevolent and miſchievous. JOHNS.

So Milton: "No goblin, or ſwart *fairy* of the mine,
"Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity." MALONE.

[1] — *a* ſhoulder-clapper,] is a bailiff. STEEVENS.

[2] *A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well*;] To *run counter* is to *run backward*, by miſtaking the courſe of the animal purſued; to *draw dry-foot* is, I believe, to purſue by the *track* or *prick of the foot*; to *run counter* and *draw dry-foot well* are, therefore, inconſiſtent. The jeſt conſiſts in the ambiguity of the word *counter*, which means the *wrong way in the chaſe*, *and* a priſon in London. The officer that arreſted him was a ſerjeant of the *counter*. For the congruity of this jeſt with the ſcene of action, let our authour anſwer. JOHNSON.

To draw *dry-foot*, is when the dog purſues the game by the ſcent of the foot: for which the blood-hound is famed. GREY.

[3] — *to* hell.] Hell was the cant term for an obſcure dungeon in ıy of our priſons. It is mentioned in the *Counter-rat*, a poem, 1658:

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Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'reſted on the caſe[4].

Adr. What, is he arreſted? tell me, at whoſe ſuit?

Dro. S. I know not at whoſe ſuit he is arreſted, well; But he's in [5] a ſuit of buff, which 'reſted him, that can I tell:

Will you ſend him, miſtreſs, redemption, the money in his deſk?

Adr. Go fetch it, ſiſter.—This I wonder at,

[*Exit* LUCIANA.

That he [6], unknown to me, ſhould be in debt:—

Tell me, was he arreſted on a band [7]?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a ſtronger thing;

A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell; 'tis time, that I were gone:

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock ſtrikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes, If any hour meet a ſerjeant, 'a turns back for very fear.

" In Wood-ſtreet's hole, or Poultry's *bell*."

There was likewiſe a place of this name under the Exchequer chamber, where the king's debtors were confined till they had paid the uttermoſt farthing. STEEVENS.

4 — *on the caſe*.] An action upon the caſe is a general action given for the redreſs of a wrong done any man without force, and not eſpecially provided for by law. GREY.

Dromio, I believe, is ſtill quibbling. His maſter's *caſe* was touched by the ſhoulder-clapper. See p. 180:—" in a *caſe* of leather &c." MALONE.

5 *But* he's *in*—] The old copy reads—But *is* in. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

6 That *he*—] The original copy has—*Thus* he. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

7 — *was he arreſted on a* band?] Thus the old copy, and I believe rightly, though the modern editors read *bond*. A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a ſum of money, was anciently ſpelt *band*. A *band* is likewiſe a *neckcloth*. On this circumſtance, I believe, the humour of the paſſage turns. STEEVENS.

See Minſheu's Dict. 1617, in v. " BAND or Obligation." In the ſame column is found " A BAND or thong to tie withal." Alſo " A BAND for the neck, becauſe it ſerves to *bind* about the neck." Theſe ſufficiently explain the equivoque. MALONE.

Adr.

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Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly doſt thou reaſon?

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to ſeaſon.
Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men ſay,
That time comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt [8], and theft, and a ſerjeant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it ſtraight;
And bring thy maſter home immediately.—
Come, ſiſter; I am preſs'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuſe.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth ſalute me
As if I were their well acquainted friend;
And every one doth call be by my name.
Some tender money to me, ſome invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;
Some offer me commodities to buy;
Even now a tailor call'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me ſilks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took meaſure of my body.
Sure, theſe are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland ſorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

Dro. S. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for: What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd [9]?

Ant. S.

[8] *If* he *be in debt,*] The old edition reads—If *I* be in debt. STEEVENS.

For the emendation now made the preſent editor is anſwerable. Mr. Rowe reads—If *time* &c. but *I* could not have been confounded by the ear with *time*, though it might with *be*. MALONE.

[9] *What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?*] A

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Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam doſt thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradiſe, but that Adam, that keeps the priſon: he that goes in the calf's-ſkin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, ſir, like an evil angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

Ant. S. I underſtand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain caſe: he that went like a baſe-viol, in a caſe of leather; the man, ſir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'reſts them; he, ſir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them ſuits of durance; he that ſets up his reſt to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris pike [1].

Ant. S.

ſhort word or two muſt have ſlipt out here, by ſome accident, in copying, or at preſs; otherwiſe I have no conception of the meaning of the paſſage. The caſe is this. Dromio's maſter had been arreſted, and ſent his ſervant home for money to redeem him: he running back with the money, meets the twin Antipholus, whom he miſtakes for his maſter, and ſeeing him clear of the officer before the money was come, he cries, in a ſurprize; *What, have you got* rid of *the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?* For ſo I have ventured to ſupply, by conjecture. But why is the officer call'd old Adam new apparell'd? The alluſion is to Adam in his ſtate of innocence going naked; and immediately after the fall being cloath'd in a frock of ſkins. Thus he was new apparell'd: and in like manner, the ſerjeants of the Counter were formerly clad in buff, or calf's-ſkin, as the author humorouſly a little lower calls it. THEOBALD.

The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to be amended. JOHNSON.

Theſe jeſts on Adam's dreſs are common among our old writers. STEEVENS.

[1] — *he that ſets up his* reſt *to do more exploits with his mace than a* morris-pike.] The *reſt* of a *pike* was a common term, and ſignified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the ruſh of the enemy. A *morris-pike* was a pike uſed in a *morris* or a military-dance, and with which great *exploits* were *done*, that is, great feats of dexterity were ſhewn. JOHNSON.

A *morris pike* is mentioned by the old writers as a formidable weapon. "*Morreſpikes* (ſays Langley, in his tranſlation of *Polydore Virgil*) were uſed firſt in the ſiege of Capua." And in *Reynard's Deliverance of certain Chriſtians from the Turks*, "the Engliſh mariners laid about them with brown bills, halberts, and *morrice-pikes*." FARMER.

Polydore Virgil does not mention *morris-pikes* at the ſiege of Capua, though Langley's tranſlation of him advances their antiquity ſo high. *Morris-pikes*, or the pikes of the Moors, were excellent formerly; and ſince

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Ant. S. What! thou mean'ſt an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, ſir, the ſerjeant of the band; he, that brings any man to anſwer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and ſays, *God give you good reſt!*

Ant. S. Well, ſir, there reſt in your foolery. Is there any ſhip puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, ſir, I brought you word an hour ſince, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the ſerjeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you ſent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I;
And here we wander in illuſions:
Some bleſſed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, maſter Antipholus.
I ſee, ſir, you have found the goldſmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

Dro. S. Maſter, is this miſtreſs Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe's the devil's dam; and here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes, that the wenches ſay, *God damn me*, that's as much as to ſay, *God make me a light wench.* It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, ſir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here*.

Dro. S. Maſter, if you do expect ſpoon-meat, or beſpeak a long ſpoon[2].

Ant. S.

ſince, the Spaniſh pikes have been equally famous. See Hartlib's legacy, p. 48. TOLLET.

* *We'll mend our dinner* here.] i. e. by purchaſing ſomething additional in the adjoining market. MALONE.

[2] — *if* you *do expect ſpoon-meat*, or *beſpeak a long ſpoon.*] In the old copy *you* is accidentally omitted. It was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. I believe ſome other words were paſſed over by the

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Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he muſt have a long ſpoon, that muſt eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art, as you are all, a ſorcereſs:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, ſir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils
Aſk but the parings of one's nail, a ruſh,
A hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut,
A cherry-ſtone; but ſhe, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Maſter, be wiſe; and if you give it her,
The devil will ſhake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, ſir, my ring, or elſe the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me ſo.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, ſays the peacock: Miſtreſs, that you know. [*Exeunt.* ANT. *and* DRO.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Elſe would he never ſo demean himſelf:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the ſame he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reaſon that I gather he is mad,
(Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being ſhut againſt his entrance.

compoſitor,—perhaps of this import:—"if you do expect ſpoon-meat, either ſtay away, or beſpeak a long ſpoon." *Or* in the ſenſe of *before*, which it ſignified in old language, is hardly admiſſible here. In all the old writers, if I miſtake not, when employed in this ſenſe, it is joined with a perſonal pronoun,—"or ere *I* went,"—"or ere *he* ſpoke"; &c. or with an article; as in the inſtance quoted by Mr. Steevens:

"He ſhall be murder'd *or* the gueſts come in."

I do not recollect to have ever met with it uſed as an adverb, for *beforehand*.—The proverb mentioned afterwards by Dromio, is again alluded to in *the Tempeſt*. See Vol. I. p. 51, n. 5. MALONE.

Belike,

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his wife, acquainted with his fits,
poſe ſhut the doors againſt his way.
r is now, to hie home to his houſe,
ll his wife, that, being lunatick,
'd into my houſe, and took perforce
g away: This courſe I fitteſt chooſe;
y ducats is too much to loſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame.

ter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Epheſus, *and an* Officer.

E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
e thee, ere I leave thee, ſo much money,
rant thee, as I am 'reſted for.
ſe is in a wayward mood to-day;
ll not lightly truſt the meſſenger,
ſhould be attach'd in Epheſus:
ou, 'twill ſound harſhly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO *of* Epheſus *with a rope's-end.*

omes my man; I think he brings the money.
w, ſir? have you that I ſent you for?
E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all*.
E. But where's the money?
E. Why, ſir, I gave the money for the rope?
E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?
E. I'll ſerve you, ſir, five hundred at the rate.
E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?
E. To a rope's end, ſir; and to that end am I
d.
E. And to that end, ſir, I will welcome you.
[*beating him.*
Good ſir, be patient.
S. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in ad-
Good now, hold thy tongue.
E. Nay, rather perſuade him to hold his hands.
E. Thou whoreſon, ſenſeleſs villain!

will pay *them all.*] See Vol. I. p. 34, n. 1. MALONE.

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Dro. E. I would I were ſenſeleſs, ſir, that I might *not* feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blows, and *ſo* is an aſs.

Dro. E. I am an aſs, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have ſerv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this inſtant, and have nothing at his hands for my ſervice, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it, when I ſleep,; rais'd with it, when I ſit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my ſhoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I ſhall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and the* Courtezan, *with* PINCH[3], *and Others.*

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Miſtreſs, *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end[4]; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end.*

Ant. E. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*beats him.*

[3] — *Pinch.*] The direction in the old copy is,—"and a *ſchoolmaſter* called Pinch." In many country villages the pedagogue is ſtill a reputed conjurer. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Staple of News*: "I would have ne'er a cunning *ſchool-maſter* in England, I mean a cunning man as a ſchoolmaſter; that is, a *conjurer*, &c." STEVENS.

[4] *Miſtreſs*, reſpice finem, *reſpect your end*; *or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, Beware the rope's end.*] Theſe words ſeem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by Buchanan againſt the lord of Liddington; which ends with theſe words, *Reſpice finem, reſpice funem.* But to what purpoſe, unleſs our authour would ſhew that he could quibble as well in Engliſh, as the other in Latin, I confeſs I know not. As for *proph'eſying like the parrot*, this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any paſſenger was offended, it was the ſtanding joke of the wiſe owner to ſay, *Take heed, ſir, my parrot prophecies.* To this, Butler hints, where, ſpeaking of Ralpho's ſkill in augury, he ſays:

"*Could tell what ſubtleſt parrots mean,*
"*That ſpeak, and think contrary clean;*
"*What member 'tis of whom they talk,*
"*When they cry* rope, *and* walk, knave, walk." WARB.

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. How ſay you now? is not your huſband mad?
. His incivility confirms no leſs.—
loctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
ſh him in his true ſenſe again,
will pleaſe you what you will demand.
Alas, how fiery and how ſharp he looks!
. Mark, how he trembles in his ecſtacy!
b. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.
E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.
b. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
ld poſſeſſion to my holy prayers,
thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtraight;
ire thee by all the ſaints in heaven.
E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.
O, that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul!
E. You minion, you, are theſe your cuſtomers* ?
is companion with the ſaffron face
ınd feaſt it at my houſe to day,
upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,
leny'd to enter in my houſe?
O, huſband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
'would you had remain'd until this time,
om theſe ſlanders, and this open ſhame!
E. I din'd at home[4]! Thou villain, what ſay'ſt thou?
E. Sir, ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.
E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I ſhut out?
E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you ſhut out.
E. And did not ſhe herſelf revile me there?
E. Sans fable, ſhe herſelf revil'd you there.
E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and ſcorn me?
E. Certes[5], ſhe did; the kitchen-veſtal[6] ſcorn'd you.

your cuſtomers?] A *cuſtomer* is uſed in *Othello* for a common wo-ere it ſeems to ſignify one who viſits ſuch women. MALONE.
n'd at home!] *I* is not found in the old copy. It was inſerted Theobald. MALONE.
'es,] i. e. *certainly*. Obſolete. STEEVENS.
kitchen-veſtal] Her charge being like that of the veſtal virgins, the fire burning. JOHNSON.

Ant.

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Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
Dro. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear witneſs,
That ſince have felt the vigour of his rage.
Adr. Is't good to ſooth him in theſe contraries?
Pinch. It is no ſhame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
Ant. E. Thou haſt ſuborn'd the goldſmith to arreſt me.
Adr. Alas, I ſent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haſte for it.
Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But, ſurely, maſter, not a rag of money.
Ant. E. Went'ſt not thou to her for a purſe of ducats?
Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witneſs with her, that ſhe did.
Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witneſs,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope!
Pinch. Miſtreſs, both man and maſter is poſſeſs'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They muſt be bound, and laid in ſome dark room.
Ant. E. Say, wherefore didſt thou lock me forth to-day,
And why doſt thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle huſband, lock thee forth.
Dro. E. And, gentle maſter, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confeſs, ſir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Diſſembling villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.
Ant. E. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with theſe nails I'll pluck out theſe falſe eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhameful ſport.

[PINCH *and his aſſiſtants bind* ANT. *and* DROMIO.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company;—the fiend is ſtrong within him.
Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou jailer, thou,
I am thy priſoner; wilt thou ſuffer them
To make a reſcue?
Off. Maſters, let him go:
He is my priſoner, and you ſhall not have him.
Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr.

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Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh officer[7] ?
ſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelf?
Off. He is my priſoner; if I let him go,
e debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will diſcharge thee, ere I go from thee:
r me forthwith unto his creditor,
l, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
d maſter doctor, ſee him ſafe convey'd
ne to my houſe.—O moſt unhappy day!
Ant. E. O moſt unhappy ſtrumpet[8]!
Dro. E. Maſter, I am here enter'd in bond for you.
Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore doſt thou mad me?
Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
d maſter; cry, the devil.—
Luc. God help, poor ſouls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go bear him hence.—Siſter, go you with me.—
[*Exeunt* PINCH *and aſſiſtants with* ANT. *and* DRO.
now, whoſe ſuit is he arreſted at?
Off. One Angelo, a goldſmith; Do you know him?
Adr. I know the man: What is the ſum he owes?
Off. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a chain, your huſband had of him.
Adr. He did beſpeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Lour. When as your huſband, all in rage, to-day
me to my houſe, and took away my ring,
he ring I ſaw upon his finger now,)
aight after did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be ſo, but I did never ſee it.—
me, jailer, bring me where the goldſmith is,
ng to know the truth hereof at large.

[7] —*thou* peeviſh *officer?*] This is the ſecond time that in the courſe his play, *peeviſh* has been uſed for *fooliſh*. STEEVENS.

[8] —unhappy *ſtrumpet!*] *Unhappy* is here uſed in one of the ſenſes *unlucky*; i. e. *miſchievous*. STEEVENS.

Enter

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Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuſe, *with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are looſe again.

Adr. And come with naked ſwords; let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Officer,* ADR. *and* LUC.

Ant. S. I ſee, theſe witches are afraid of ſwords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our ſtuff[2] from thence:
I long, that we were ſafe and ſound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, ſtay here this night, they will ſurely do us no harm; you ſaw, they ſpeak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are ſuch a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad fleſh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to ſtay here ſtill, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not ſtay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our ſtuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter Merchant *and* ANGELO.

Ang. I am ſorry, ſir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I proteſt, he had the chain of me,
Though moſt diſhoneſtly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man eſteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, ſir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;

2 — *our ſtuff*] i. e. our baggage. In the orders that were iſſued for the royal Progreſſes in the laſt century, the king's baggage was always thus denominated. MALONE.

His

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·d might bear my wealth at any time.
Speak ſoftly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

ter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

'Tis ſo; and that ſelf-chain about his neck,
he forſwore, moſt monſtrouſly, to have.
r, draw near to me, I'll ſpeak to him.—
Antipholus, I wonder much
ou would put me to this ſhame and trouble;
t without ſome ſcandal to yourſelf,
rcumſtance, and oaths, ſo to deny :
ain, which now you wear ſo openly:
the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
ve done wrong to this my honeſt friend;
ut for ſtaying on our controverſy,
ifted ſail, and put to ſea to-day:
ain you had of me, can you deny it?
S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.
Yes, that you did, ſir; and forſwore it too.
S. Who heard me to deny it, or forſwear it?
Theſe ears of mine, thou knoweſt, did hear thee:
thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'ſt
: where any honeſt men reſort.
S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
ve mine honour and mine honeſty
thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand.
I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*

ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, *and Others.*

Hold, hurt him not, for God's ſake; he is mad;—
et within him, take his ſword away:
omio too, and bear them to my houſe.
S. Run, maſter, run; for God's ſake, take a houſe.
ſome priory;—In, or we are ſpoil'd.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPH. *and* DROMIO *to the Priory.*

Enter the Abbeſs.

Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?
To fetch my poor diſtracted huſband hence:

Let

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Let us come in, that we may bind him faſt,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I am ſorry now, that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, ſour, ſad,
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his paſſion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wreck of ſea?
Bury'd ſome dear friend? Hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A ſin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to?
Adr. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt;
Namely, ſome love, that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, ſo I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly, as my modeſty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in aſſemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy [1] of our conference:
In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the ſubject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And therefore came it, that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It ſeems, his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt, his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;

[1] —*the* copy] i. e. the theme. We ſtill talk of ſetting *copies* for boys. STEEVENS.

An

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what's a fever but a fit of madneſs?
ı ſay'ſt, his ſports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
t recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
noody and dull melancholy,
ſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair;)
at her heels [2], a huge infectious troop
ale diſtemperatures, and foes to life?
ɔd, in ſport, and life-preſerving reſt
: diſturb'd, would mad or man, or beaſt:
conſequence is then, thy jealous fits
: ſcared thy huſband from the uſe of wits.
c. She never reprehended him but mildly,
n he demean'd himſelf rough, rude and wildly.
bear you theſe rebukes, and anſwer not?
ſr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
l people, enter, and lay hold on him.
ɔb. No, not a creature enters in my houſe.
'r. Then, let your ſervants bring my huſband forth.
ɔb. Neither; he took this place for ſanctuary,
it ſhall privilege him from your hands,
I have brought him to his wits again,
ɔſe my labour in aſſaying it.
ſr. I will attend my huſband, be his nurſe,
his ſickneſs, for it is my office,
will have no attorney but myſelf;
therefore let me have him home with me.
ɔb. Be patient; for I will not let him ſtir,
I have uſed the approved means I have,
ı wholeſome ſyrups, drugs, and holy prayers,

[2] *but moody and dull melancholy,*
(Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair;)
And, at her *heels,*—] Mr. Heath, to remedy the defective metre : firſt line, propoſed to read—moody, *moping* &c. and to obviate eming impropriety of making Melancholy a male in one line and ale in the other, he would read—And at *their* heels—. The lat- ɔendation is highly probable. In another place in this play, we *'heir* for *her*. See p. 172. n. 9. *Kinſman*, however, (as an anony- critick has obſerved,) might have been uſed by Shakſpeare in his ious way, for *nearly related*. MALONE.

To

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To make of him a formal man again [3]:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him.
[*Exit* Abbess.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five;
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death [4] and sorry execution [5],
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

3 — *a* formal *man again:*] i. e. to bring him back to his senses, and the forms of sober behaviour. So, in *Measure for Measure*,—"*informal* women," for just the contrary. STEEVENS.

4 *The place of* death—] The original copy has—*depth*. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. MALONE.

5 —sorry *execution*,] So, in *Macbeth*:

"Of *sorriest* fancies your companions making."

Sorry had anciently a stronger meaning than at present. Thus, in Chaucer's *Prologue to The Sompnoures Tale*, v. 7283, late edit.:

"This Frere, whan he loked had his fill
"Upon the turments of this *sory* place."

Again, in the *Knightes Tale*, where the temple of Mars is described:

"All full of chirking was that *sory* place." STEEVENS.

Enter

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Enter Duke *attended*; ÆGEON *bare-headed*; *with the Headſman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the ſum for him,
He ſhall not die, ſo much we tender him.

Adr. Juſtice, moſt ſacred duke, againſt the abbeſs!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that ſhe hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it pleaſe your grace, Antipholus, my huſband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters [6],—this ill day
A moſt outrageous fit of madneſs took him;
That deſperately he hurry'd through the ſtreet,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing diſpleaſure to the citizens
By ruſhing in their houſes, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whilſt to take order [7] for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what ſtrong eſcape [8],
He broke from thoſe that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himſelf [9],

6 *Whom I made lord of me and all I had,*
At your-important *letters,*] *Important* for *importunate.* JOHNSON.
So, in one of Shakſpeare's Hiſtorical plays:
" ——great France
" My mourning and *important* tears hath pitied."
Shakſpeare, who gives to all nations the cuſtoms of his own, ſeems from this paſſage to allude to a *court of wards* in Epheſus. The *court of wards* was always conſidered as a grievous oppreſſion. STEEVENS.
See a note on *King Henry IV.* P. I. Act III. ſc. v. MALONE.

7 — *to* take order] i. e. to *take meaſures.* STEEVENS.

8 — *by what* ſtrong *eſcape,*] Though *ſtrong* is not unintelligible, I ſuſpect we ſhould read—*ſtrange.* The two words are often confounded in the old copies. See p. 155, n. 1. MALONE.

9 *And, with his mad attendant* and *himſelf,*] We ſhould read—*mad* himſelf. WARBURTON.
We might read:
" *And* here *his mad attendant and himſelf.*" STEEVENS.
I ſuſpect, Shakſpeare is himſelf anſwerable for this inaccuracy. MALONE.

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Each one with ireful paſſion, with drawn ſwords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chaſed us away; till, raiſing of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we purſued them;
And here the abbeſs ſhuts the gates on us,
And will not ſuffer us to fetch him out,
Nor ſend him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, moſt gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long ſince, thy huſband ſerv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didſt make him maſter of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, ſome of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbeſs come to me;
I will determine this, before I ſtir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O miſtreſs, miſtreſs, ſhift and ſave yourſelf!
My maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the maids a-row[9], and bound the doctor,
Whoſe beard they have ſinged off with brands of fire[1];
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My maſter preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool[2]:

And,

9 — a-row,] i. e. ſucceſſively, one after another. STEEVENS.

1 *Whoſe beard they have ſinged off with brands of fire*;] Such a ludicrous circumſtance is not unworthy of the farce in which we find it introduced; but is rather out of place in an epic poem, amidſt all the horrors and carnage of a battle:

" *Obvius ambuſtum torrem Corinæus ab ara*
" *Corripit, et venienti Ebuſo, plagamque ferenti,*
" *Occupat os flammis: Illi ingens barba reluxit,*
" *Nidoremque ambuſta dedit.*" Virg. Æneis, lib. xii.

STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare was a great reader of Plutarch, where he might have ſeen this method of ſhaving, in the life of Dion, p. 167, 4to. See North's Tranſlation, in which ἀνθρακες may be tranſlated *brands*. S. W.

2 *His man with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool:*] The force of this alluſion I am unable to explain. Perhaps it was once the cuſtom to cut the

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nd, ſure, unleſs you ſend ſome preſent help,
etween them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy maſter and his man are here;
nd that is falſe, thou doſt report to us.

Serv. Miſtreſs, upon my life, I tell you true;
have not breath'd almoſt, ſince I did ſee it.
le cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
o ſcorch your face [1], and to diſfigure you: [*Cry within.*
lark, hark, I hear him, miſtreſs; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, ſtand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my huſband! Witneſs you,
hat he is borne about inviſible:
ven now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
nd now he's there, paſt thought of human reaſon.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Epheſus.

Ant. E. Juſtice, moſt gracious duke, oh, grant me juſtice!
ven for the ſervice that long ſince I did thee,
hen I beſtrid thee in the wars, and took
eep ſcars to ſave thy life; even for the blood
hat then I loſt for thee, now grant me juſtice.

Æge. Unleſs the fear of death doth make me dote,
ſee my ſon Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Juſtice, ſweet prince, againſt that woman there.
he whom thou gav'ſt to me to be my wife;
hat hath abuſed and diſhonour'd me,
ven in the ſtrength and height of injury!
eyond imagination is the wrong,
hat ſhe this day hath ſhameleſs thrown on me.

Duke. Diſcover how, and thou ſhalt find me juſt.

a hair of ideots or jeſters cloſe to their heads. There is a proverbial ile—"Like *crop* the conjurer;" which might have been applied to ther of theſe characters. STEEVENS.

There is a penalty of ten ſhillings in one of king Alfred's eccleſiaſtical ws, if one opprobriouſly *ſhave* a common man like a *fool*. TOLLET.

[1] *To ſcorch your face,*—] We ſhould read—*ſcotch*, i. e. hack, cut. WARBURTON.

To *ſcorch*, I believe, is right. He would have puniſhed her as he had nished the conjurer before. STEEVENS.

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Ant. E. This day, great duke, ſhe ſhut the doors upon me,
While ſhe with harlots [4] feaſted in my houſe.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didſt thou ſo?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myſelf, he, and my ſiſter,
To-day did dine together: So befal my ſoul,
As this is falſe, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor ſleep on night,
But ſhe tells to your highneſs ſimple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forſworn,
In this the madman juſtly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am adviſed [5] what I ſay;
Neither diſturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-raſh, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſs it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promiſing to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to ſeek him: in the ſtreet I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldſmith ſwear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I ſaw not: for the which,
He did arreſt me with an officer.
I did obey; and ſent my peaſant home

4 —*with harlots*] By this deſcription he points out *Pinch* and his followers. *Harlot* was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men, as well as to wantons among women. Thus, in the *Fox*, Corbaccio ſays to Volpone,—"Out, harlot!"

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"——for the harlot king
"Is quite beyond mine arm."

The learned editor of *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, 4 vols. 8vo. 1775, obſerves, that in *The Romaunt of the Roſe*, v. 6068, *King of Harlot* is Chaucer's Tranſlation of *Roy des ribaulx*. STEEVENS.

5 —*I am adviſed*—] i. e. I am not going to ſpeak precipitately or raſhly, but on reflexion and conſideration. STEEVENS.

For

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r certain ducats: he with none return'd.
hen fairly I beſpoke the officer,
o go in perſon with me to my houſe.
y the way we met
y wife, her ſiſter, and a rabble more
f vile confederates; along with them
hey brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-faced villain,
meer anatomy, a mountebank,
thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch,
living dead man: this pernicious ſlave,
orſooth, took on him as a conjurer;
nd, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulſe,
nd with no face, as it were, out-facing me,
ries out, I was poſſeſs'd: then altogether
hey fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
nd in a dark and dankiſh vault at home
here left me and my man, both bound together;
ill gnawing with my teeth my bonds in ſunder,
gain'd my freedom, and immediately
an hither to your grace; whom I beſeech
o give me ample ſatisfaction
or theſe deep ſhames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witneſs with him;
hat he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he ſuch a chain of thee or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
heſe people ſaw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Beſides, I will be ſworn, theſe ears of mine,
eard you confeſs, you had the chain of him,
fter you firſt forſwore it on the mart,
nd, thereupon, I drew my ſword on you;
nd then you fled into this abbey here,
rom whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within theſe abbey-walls,
or ever didſt thou draw thy ſword on me:
never ſaw the chain, ſo help me heaven!
nd this is falſe, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup.

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If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead ſo coldly:—
You ſay, he dined at home; the goldſmith here
Denies that ſaying:—Sirrah, what ſay you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger ſnatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As ſure, my liege, as I do ſee your grace.

Duke. Why, this is ſtrange:—Go call the abbeſs hither;
I think you are all mated[6], or ſtark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Æge. Moſt mighty duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word;
Haply, I ſee a friend will ſave my life,
And pay the ſum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracuſan, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, ſir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bond-man, ſir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am ſure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourſelves we do remember, ſir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, ſir?

Æge. Why look you ſtrange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never ſaw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, ſince you ſaw me laſt;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed[7] hand
Have written ſtrange defeatures[8] in my face:
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

[6] —*mated,*] See p. 166. n. 5. MALONE.

[7] —*deformed*] for *deforming*. STEEVENS.

[8] —*ſtrange* defeatures] *Defeature* is the privative of *feature*. The meaning is, time hath cancelled my features. JOHNSON.

Defeature is, I think, *alteration of feature, marks of deformity*. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" ——to croſs the curious workmanſhip of nature,
" To mingle beauty with infirmities,
" And pure perfection with impure *defeature*." MALONE.

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e. Dromio, nor thou?
. *E.* No, truſt me, ſir, nor I.
e. I am ſure, thou doſt.
. *E.* Ay, ſir? but I am ſure, I do not; and what-
a man denies, you are now bound to believe him[a].
e. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
hou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue,
n ſhort years, that here my only ſon
not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
h now this grained face[b] of mine be hid
-conſuming winter's drizled ſnow,
ll the conduits of my blood froze up;
ith my night of life ſome memory,
aſting lamps ſome fading glimmer left,
ll deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
eſe old witneſſes[c] (I cannot err)
ie, thou art my ſon Antipholus.
. *E.* I never ſaw my father in my life.
e. But ſeven years ſince, in Syracuſa, boy,
know'ſt, we parted: but, perhaps, my ſon,
ſham'ſt to acknowledge me in miſery.
. *E.* The duke, and all that know me in the city,
itneſs with me that it is not ſo;
r ſaw Syracuſa in my life.
e. I tell thee, Syracuſan, twenty years
I been patron to Antipholus,
g which time he ne'er ſaw Syracuſa:
thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Abbeſs, *with* ANTIPHOLUS Syracuſan *and* DROMIO Syracuſan.

. Moſt mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to ſee him.*

you are now bound *to believe him.*] Dromio is ſtill quibbling on urite topick. See p. 198. MALONE.
this grained *face*] i. e. furrow'd, like the *grain of wood.* So, *lanus:* "—my *grained* aſh." STEEVENS.
l theſe old *witneſſes*—] By *old witneſſes*, I believe, he means *ced, accuſtom'd ones*, which are therefore leſs likely to err. So, *Tempeſt:*
If theſe be *true ſpies* that I wear in my head"—. STEEVENS.

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Adr. I ſee two huſbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of theſe men is Genius to the other;
And ſo of theſe: Which is the natural man,
And which the ſpirit? Who deciphers them?
Dro. S. I, ſir, am Dromio; command him away.
Dro. E. I, ſir, am Dromio; pray, let me ſtay.
Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt?
Dro. S. O, my old maſter! who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will looſe his bonds,
And gain a huſband by his liberty:—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'ſt the man
That hadſt a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair ſons:
O, if thou be'ſt the ſame Ægeon, ſpeak,
And ſpeak unto the ſame Æmilia!
Æge. If I dream not[2], thou art Æmilia;
If thou art ſhe, tell me, where is that ſon
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fiſhermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my ſon from them,
And me they left with thoſe of Epidamnum:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you ſee me in.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning ſtory right:
Theſe two Antipholus's, theſe two ſo like,
And theſe two Dromios, one in ſemblance[3],—
Beſides her urging of her wreck at ſea[4],—

Theſe

[2] *If I dream not,*—] In the old copy this ſpeech of Egeon, and the ſubſequent one of the Abbeſs, follow the ſpeech of the Duke, beginning with the words—"Why, here" &c. The tranſpoſition was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. It ſcarcely requires any juſtification. Ægeon's anſwer to Æmilia's adjuration would neceſſarily immediately ſucceed to it. Beſides, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, as theſe ſpeeches ſtand in the old copy, the Duke comments on Æmilia's words before ſhe has uttered them: The ſlight change now made renders the whole clear. MALONE.

[3] —*ſemblance,*] Is here a triſyllable. MALONE.

[4] —*of her wreck at ſea,*—] I ſuſpect that a line following this has been loſt; the import of which was, that *Theſe circumſtances all con-*

curred

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Theſe are the parents to theſe children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'ſt from Corinth firſt.
Ant. S. No, ſir, not I; I came from Syracuſe.
Duke. Stay, ſtand apart; I know not which is which.
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my moſt gracious lord.
Dro. E. And I with him.
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that moſt famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your moſt renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle miſtreſs.
Adr. And are not you my huſband?
Ant. E. No, I ſay, nay, to that.
Ant. S. And ſo do I, yet did ſhe call me ſo;
And this fair gentlewoman, her ſiſter here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope, I ſhall have leiſure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I ſee, and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, ſir, which you had of me.
Ant. S. I think it be, ſir; I deny it not.
Ant. E. And you, ſir, for this chain arreſted me.
Ang. I think, I did, ſir; I deny it not.
Adr. I ſent you money, ſir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think, he brought it not.
Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purſe of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I ſee, we ſtill did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon theſe Errors are aroſe.
Ant. E. Theſe ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It ſhall not need, thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I muſt have that diamond from you.
Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

carred to prove—that Theſe were the parents &c. The line which I ſuppoſe to have been loſt, and the following one, beginning perhaps with the ſame word, the omiſſion might have been occaſioned by the compoſitor's eye glancing from one to the other. MALONE.

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Abb. Renowned duke, vouchſafe to take the paine
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large diſcourſed all our fortunes:—
And all that are aſſembled in this place,
That by this ſympathized one day's error
Have ſuffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we ſhall make full ſatisfaction.—
Twenty-five years[5] have I but gone in travail
Of you, my ſons; nor, till this preſent hour[6],
My heavy burdens are delivered:—
The duke, my huſband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a goſſip's feaſt, and go with me;
After ſo long grief ſuch nativity[7]!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll goſſip at this feaſt.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Abbeſs, ÆGEON, Courtezan, Merchant, ANGELO, *and Attendants.*

Dro. S. Maſter, ſhall I fetch your ſtuff from ſhip-board?

Ant. E. Dromio, what ſtuff of mine haſt thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at hoſt, ſir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He ſpeaks to me; I am your maſter, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS S. *and* E. ADR. *and* LUC.

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your maſter's houſe,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glaſs, and not my brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-faced youth.

[5] Twenty-five *years*—] The old copy reads—*thirty-three*: The emendation, which is Mr. Theobald's, is ſupported by a paſſage in the firſt Act—My youngeſt boy—At *eighteen* years &c. compared with another in the preſent Act—But *ſeven* years ſince &c. MALONE.

[6] — nor, *till this preſent hour*,] The old copy reads—*and* till—. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. *Burden*, in the next line, was corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[7] *After ſo long grief ſuch nativity!*] We ſhould ſurely read—ſuch *feſtivity*. Nativity lying ſo near, and the termination being the ſame of both words, the miſtake was eaſy. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be right. She has juſt ſaid, that to her, her ſons were not *born* till now. STEEVENS.

Will

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ou walk in to ſee their goſſiping?
. *S.* Not I, ſir; you are my elder.
. *E.* That's a queſtion: how ſhall we try it?
. *S.* We'll draw cuts for the ſenior: till then, lead
irſt.
. *E.* Nay, then thus:
me into the world, like brother and brother;
ow let's go hand in hand, not one before another[9].
[*Exeunt.*

this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than diſtinction of
er; and our attention is leſs forcibly engaged, becauſe we can
a great meaſure how the denoüement will be brought about. Yet
it ſeems unwilling to part with his ſubject, even in this laſt and
ſtary ſcene, where the ſame miſtakes are continued, till their
of affording entertainment is entirely loſt. STEEVENS.
long doggrel verſes that Shakſpeare has attributed in this play
two Dromios, are written in that kind of metre which was
attributed by the dramatick poets before his time, in their co-
ieces, to ſome of their inferior characters; and this circumſtance
of many that authorize us to place the preceding comedy, as
Love's Labour's Loſt, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, (where the
ind of verſification is likewiſe found,) among our author's earlieſt
ions; compoſed probably at a time when he was imperceptibly
with the prevailing mode, and before he had completely learned
eviate boldly from the common track." As theſe early pieces
not eaſily met with, I ſhall ſubjoin a few extracts from ſome
m:

LIKE WILL TO LIKE.

1568.

oyſ. If your name to me you will declare and ſhowe,
may in this matter my minde the ſooner knowe.
of. Few wordes are beſt among freends, this is true,
erefore I ſhall briefly ſhow my name unto you.
a Toſpot it is, it need not to be painted,
erefore I with Raiſe Roiſter muſt needs be acquainted." &c.

COMMONS CONDITIONS.

[About 1570.]

Shift. By gogs bloud, my maiſters, we were not beſt longer here to
ſtaie,
ainke was never ſuch a craftie knave before this daie. [*Ex.* Ambo.
" *Cond.*

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" *Cond.* Are thei all gone? Ha, ha, well fare old Shift at a neede!
" By his woundes had I not deviſed this, I had hanged indeed.
" Tinkers, (q^d you) tinke me no tinkes; I'll meddle with them no more;
" I thinke was never knave ſo uſed by a companie of tinkers before.
" By your leave I'll be ſo bolde as to looke about me and ſpie,
" Leaſt any knaves for my coming down in ambuſh do lie.
" By your licence I minde not to preache longer in this tree,
" My tinkerly ſlaves are packed hence, as farre as I maie ſee." &c.

PROMOS AND CASSANDRA,

1578.

" The wind is yl blows no man's gaine; for cold I neede not care,
" Here is nine and twentie ſutes of apparel for my ſhare;
" And ſome, berlady, very good, for ſo ſtandeth the caſe,
" As neither gentleman nor other Lord Promos ſheweth any grace;
" But I marvel much, poore ſlaves, that they are hanged ſo ſoone,
" They were wont to ſtaye a day or two, now ſcarce an afternoone." &c.

THE THREE LADIES OF LONDON.

1584.

" You think I am going to market to buy roſt meate, do ye not?
" I thought ſo, but you are deceived, for I wot what I wot:
" I am neither going to the butchers, to buy veale, mutton, or beefe,
" But I am going to a bloodſucker, and who is it? faith Uſurie, that theefe."

THE COBLER'S PROPHECY.

1594.

" Quoth Niceneſs to Newfangle, thou art ſuch a Jacke,
" That thou deviſeſt fortie faſhions for my ladie's backe.
" And thou, quoth he, art ſo poſſeſst with everie frantick toy,
" That following of my ladie's humour thou doſt make her coy:
" For once a day for faſhion-ſake my lady muſt be ſicke,
" No meat but mutton, or at moſt the pinion of a chicke:
" To-day her owne haire beſt becomes, which yellow is as gold,
" A periwig is better for to-morrow, blacke to behold:
" To-day in pumps and cheveril gloves to walk ſhe will be bold,
" To-morrow cuffes and countenance, for feare of catching cold:
" Now is ſhe bareſaſt to be ſeene, ſtraight on her muffler goes;
" Now is ſhe hufft up to the crowne, ſtraight nuſled to the noſe."

See alſo *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, *Damon and Pythias*; &c. MALONE.

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UCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

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Perſons Repreſented.

Don Pedro, *Prince of* Arragon.
Don John, *his Baſtard Brother.*
Claudio, *a young Lord of* Florence, *Favourite to Don* Pedro.
Benedick, *a young Lord of* Padua, *favoured likewiſe by Don* Pedro.
Leonato, *Governor of* Meſſina.
Antonio, *his Brother.*
Balthazar, *Servant to Don* Pedro.
Borachio, Conrade, } *Followers of Don* John.
Dogberry, Verges, } *two fooliſh Officers.*
A Sexton.
A Friar.
A Boy.

Hero, *Daughter to* Leonato.
Beatrice, *Niece to* Leonato.
Margaret, Urſula, } *Gentlewomen attending on* Hero.

Meſſengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE, Meſſina.

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JCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING [1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's *Houſe.*

LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and Others, with a* Meſſenger.

on. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon
es this night to Meſſina.
eſſ. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues
hen I left him.
on. How many gentlemen have you loſt in this action?
eſſ. But few of any ſort [2], and none of name.

he ſtory is from Arioſto, Orl. Fur. B. v. POPE.
s true, as Mr. Pope has obſerved, that ſomewhat reſembling the
f this play is to be found in the fifth book of the Orlando Furioſo.
enſer's Faery Queen, B. ii. c. 4. as remote an original may be
. A novel, however, of Belleforeſt, copied from another of
llo, ſeems to have furniſhed Shakſpeare with his fable, as it ap-
es nearer in all its particulars to the play before us, than any
performance known to be extant. I have ſeen ſo many verſions
this once popular collection, that I entertain no doubt but that a
majority of the tales it comprehends, have made their appearance
Engliſh dreſs. Of that particular ſtory which I have juſt men-
, viz. the 18th hiſtory in the third volume, no tranſlation has
to been met with.
is play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Aug. 23, 1600. STEEV.
ioſto is continually quoted for the fable of *Much Ado about Nothing*;
ſuſpect our poet to have been ſatisfied with the *Geneura* of Turber-
"The tale (ſays Harington) is a pretie comical matter, and hath
ritten in *Engliſh* verſe ſome few years paſt, learnedly and with
grace, by M. George Turbervil." *Arioſto*, fol. 1591, p. 39.
FARMER.
uppoſe this comedy to have been written in 1600, in which year it
rinted. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*,
I. MALONE.
—*of any* ſort,] i. e. of any kind. *Sort*, in our author's age, was
uſed for *high rank*, (ſee p. 208.) but it ſeems from the context to
here the ſame ſignification as at preſent. MALONE.

Leon.

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Leon. A victory is twice itſelf, when the atchiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath beſtowed much honour on a young Florentine, call'd Claudio.

Meſſ. Much deſerved on his part, and equally remember'd by Don Pedro: He hath borne himſelf beyond the promiſe of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you muſt expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Meſſina will be very much glad of it.

Meſſ. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even ſo much, that joy could not ſhew itſelf modeſt enough, without a badge of bitterneſs [3].

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Meſſ. In great meaſure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindneſs: There are no faces truer [4] than thoſe that are ſo waſh'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is ſignior Montanto return'd [5] from the wars, or no?

Meſſ. I know none of that name, lady; there was none ſuch in the army of any ſort [6].

Leon. What is he that you aſk for, niece?

Hero. My couſin means ſignior Benedick of Padua.

[3] — *joy could not ſhew itſelf modeſt enough, without a* badge *of bitterneſs.*] This is an idea which Shakſpeare ſeems to have been delighted to introduce. It occurs again in *Macbeth:*

" ——— *my plenteous joys*
" *Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves*
" *In drops of ſorrow.*" STEEVENS.

A *badge* being the diſtinguiſhing *mark* worn in our author's time by the ſervants of noblemen, &c. on the ſleeve of their liveries, with his uſual licence he employs the word to ſignify a *mark* or *token* in general. So, in *Macbeth:*

" Their hands and faces were all *badg'd* with blood." MALONE.

[4] — *no faces* truer] That is, none *honeſter*, none *more ſincere.* JOHNSON.

[5] — *is ſignior* Montanto *return'd*—] So, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor:* " — thy reverſe, thy diſtance, thy *montant.*" STEEVENS.

[6] — *of any* ſort.] i. e. of *any quality above the common.* WARBURT.

Meſſ.

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ess. O, he's return'd; and as pleasant as ever he was.
eat. He set up his bills [7] here in Messina, and chal-
ed Cupid at the flight [8]: and my uncle's fool, read-
the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged
at the bird-bolt [9].—I pray you, how many hath he
d and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he
d? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.
on. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much;
he'll be meet with you [1], I doubt it not.
ess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.
eat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat
he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent
ach.
ess. And a good soldier too, lady.
eat. And a good soldier to a lady;—But what is he
lord?
ess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuff'd with
honourable virtues [2].

Beat.

He set up his bills &c.] Beatrice means, that Benedick published a
ral challenge, like a prize-fighter. So, in Nashe's *Have with you to*
ron Walden &c. 1596: "—*setting up bills* like a bearward or fencer,
t fights we shall have, and what weapons she will meet me at."
STEEVENS.

[8] —*challenged Cupid at the* flight:] To challenge at the *flight*, was
hallenge to shoot with an *arrow*. *Flight* means an arrow. STEEV.
The *flight*, which in the Latin of the middle ages was called *flecta*,
s a fleet arrow with narrow feathers, usually shot at rovers. See
ant's *Ancient Tenures*, p. 64, edit. 1679. MALONE.

[9] —*at the* bird-bolt.] A *bolt* seems to have been a general, though
t an universal, term for an arrow. See Minsheu's *Dict.* in v. The
rd is still used in the common proverb, "A fool's *bolt* is soon shot."
at particular species of arrow which was employed in killing birds,
s called a *bird*-bolt. MALONE.
The *bird-bolt* is a short thick arrow without point, and spreading at
extremity so much, as to leave a flat surface, about the breadth of
illing. Such are to this day in use to kill rooks with, and are shot
m a cross-bow. STEEVENS.

—*he'll be meet with you*,] This is a very common expression in the
lland counties, and signifies *he'll be your match, he'll be even with*
. STEEVENS.

—stuff'd *with all honourable virtues*.] *Stuff'd*, in this first instance,
no ridiculous meaning. Mr. Edwards observes, that *Mede*, in his
ourses on Scripture, speaking of Adam, says, "—he whom God
had

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Beat. It is ſo, indeed; he is no leſs than a ſtuff'd man: but for the ſtuffing,—well, we are all mortal [3].

Leon. You muſt not, ſir, miſtake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt ſignior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there's a ſkirmiſh of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our laſt conflict, four of his five wits [4] went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: ſo that if he have wit enough to keep himſelf warm, let him bear it for a difference [5] between himſelf and his horſe; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reaſonable creature.—Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new ſworn brother.

Meſſ. Is it poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible: he wears his faith [6] but as the faſhion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block [7].

Meſſ. I ſee, lady, the gentleman is not in your books [8].

Beat.

had *ſtuffed* with ſo many excellent qualities." Edwards's MS. Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

" ——whom you know
" Of *ſtuff'd ſufficiency*." STEEVENS.

3 — *he is no leſs than a* ſtuff'd *man: but for the* ſtuffing,—*well, we are all mortal.*] Beatrice ſtarts an idea at the words *ſtuff'd man*; and prudently checks herſelf in the purſuit of it. A *ſtuff'd man* was one of the many cant phraſes for a *cuckold*. FARMER.

4 — *four of his five wits*—] In our author's time *wit* was the general term for intellectual powers. The *wits* ſeem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five ſenſes, or the five inlets of ideas. JOHNSON.

5 — *if he have wit enough to keep himſelf* warm, *let him bear it for a* difference &c.] *Such a one has wit enough to keep himſelf warm*, is a proverbial expreſſion. To bear any thing for a *difference*, is a term in heraldry. So, in *Hamlet*, Ophelia ſays: "—you may wear yours with a *difference*. STEEVENS.

6 — *he wears his* faith—] Not religious profeſſion, but *profeſſion of friendſhip*. WARBURTON.

7 — *with the next* block.] A *block* is the mould on which a hat is formed. The old writers ſometimes uſe the word *block*, for the hat itſelf. STEEVENS.

8 — *the gentleman is not in your books.*] This is a phraſe that, I believe, by more than underſtand it. *To be in one's books* is *to be in one's* codicils *or* will, *to be among friends ſet down for legacies*. JOHNSON.

I rather

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Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my ſtudy. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young ſquarer[9] now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Meſſ. He is moſt in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O lord! he will hang upon him like a diſeaſe: he is ſooner caught than the peſtilence, and the taker runs preſently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will coſt him a thouſand pound ere he be cured.

Meſſ. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Meſſ. Don Pedro is approach'd.

I rather think that the *books* alluded to, are memorandum-books, like the viſiting-books of the preſent age. It appears to have been anciently the cuſtom to *chronicle the ſmall beer* of every occurrence, whether literary or domeſtic, in *Table-books*.

It ſhould ſeem from the following paſſage in the *Taming of the Shrew*, that this phraſe might have originated from the *Herald's Office*:

"A herald, Kate! oh, put me *in thy books!*"

After all, the following note in one of the Harleian MSS. No. 847, may be the beſt illuſtration:

"W. C. to Henry Fradſham, Gent. the owener of this book:

"Some write their fantaſies in verſe
"*In theire bookes* where they friendſhippe ſhewe,
"Wherein oft tymes they doe rehearſe
"The great good will that they do owe, &c." STEEVENS.

To be in a man's books originally meant, to be in the liſt of his *retainers*. Sir John Mandevile tells us, "alle the mynſtrelles that comen before the great Chan ben witholden with him, as of his houſhold, and entred in his *bookes*, as for his own men." FARMER.

A *ſervant* and a *lover*, in Cupid's Vocabulary, were ſynonymous. Hence perhaps the phraſe—*to be in a perſon's books*—was applied equally to the lover and the menial attendant. MALONE.

[9] —*young ſquarer*—] A *ſquarer* I take to be a cholerick, quarrelſome fellow, for in this ſenſe Shakſpeare uſes the word to *ſquare*. So, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, it is ſaid of Oberon and Titania, that *they never meet but they* ſquare. So the ſenſe may be, *Is there no* hot-blooded *youth that will keep him company through all his mad pranks?* JOHNSON.

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Enter Don PEDRO, *attended by* BALTHAZAR *and others; Don* JOHN, CLAUDIO, *and* BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the faſhion of the world is to avoid coſt, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my houſe in the likeneſs of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remain; but, when you depart from me, ſorrow abides, and happineſs takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge [1] too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me ſo.

Bene. Were you in doubt, ſir, that you aſk'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may gueſs by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herſelf [2]:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If ſignior Leonato be her father, ſhe would not have his head on her ſhoulders for all Meſſina, as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will ſtill be talking, ſignior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Diſdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it poſſible, diſdain ſhould die, while ſhe hath ſuch meet food to feed it, as ſignior Benedick [3]? Courteſy itſelf muſt convert to diſdain, if you come in her preſence.

Bene. Then is courteſy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would

[1] —*your charge*—] That is, your *burthen*, your *incumbrance*. JOHNSON.

[2] *Truly, the lady fathers herſelf:*]

Sit ſuo ſimilis patri
Manlio, et facile inſciis
Noſcitetur ab omnibus,
Et pudicitiam ſuæ
Matris indicet ore. *Catul.* 57. MALONE.

[3] —*ſuch meet food to feed it, as ſignior Benedick?*] A kindred thought occurs in *Coriolanus*, Act II. ſc. i: "Our very prieſts muſt become *mockers*, if they encounter ſuch ridiculous ſubjects as you are." STEEV.

I could

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I find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, I love none.

r. A dear happineſs to women; they would elſe been troubled with a pernicious ſuitor. I thank and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man he loves me.

r. God keep your ladyſhip ſtill in that mind! ſo gentleman or other ſhall 'ſcape a predeſtinate d'd face.

r. Scratching could not make it worſe, an 'twere face as yours were.

e. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

r. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beaſt of

r. I would, my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue; good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's ; I have done.

r. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you

edro. This is the ſum of all: Leonato,—ſignior Cland ſignior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath d you all. I tell him, we ſhall ſtay here at the leaſt th; and he heartily prays, ſome occaſion may des longer: I dare ſwear he is no hypocrite, but prays his heart.

e. If you ſwear, my lord, you ſhall not be forſworn. me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

ohn. I thank you[4]: I am not of many words, but k you.

e. Pleaſe it your grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but* BENEDICK *and* CLAUDIO.

ud. Benedick, didſt thou note the daughter of ſigeonato?

e. I noted her not; but I look'd on her.

hank you:] The poet has judiciouſly marked the gloominess of his character, by making him averſe to the common forms of Sir J. HAWKINS.

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Claud. Is ſhe not a modeſt young lady?

Bene. Do you queſtion me, as an honeſt man ſhould do, for my ſimple true judgment? or would you have me ſpeak after my cuſtom, as being a profeſſed tyrant to their ſex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, ſpeak in ſober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks ſhe is too low for a high praiſe, too brown for a fair praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe: only this commendation I can afford her; that were ſhe other than ſhe is, ſhe were unhandſome; and being no other but as ſhe is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'ſt, I am in ſport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likeſt her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy ſuch a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a caſe to put it into. But ſpeak you this with a ſad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack[5]; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder[6], and Vulcan a rare

[5] — *the flouting* Jack;] *Jack*, in our author's time, I know not why, was a term of contempt. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. Act III: "—the prince is a *Jack*, a ſneak-cup." Again, in the *Taming of the Shrew*:

"——raſcal fidler,

"And twangling *Jack*, with ſuch vile terms, &c."

See in *Minſheu's Dict.* 1617, "A *Jack*, ſauce, or ſaucie *Jack*." See alſo Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*, ver. 14816, and the note, edit. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

[6] — *to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder*, &c.] I believe no more is meant by thoſe ludicrous expreſſions than this:—Do you mean, ſays Benedick, to amuſe us with improbable ſtories?

An ingenious correſpondent, whoſe ſignature is R. W. explains the paſſage in the ſame ſenſe, but more amply. "Do you mean to tell us that love is not blind, and that fire will not conſume what is combuſtible?"—for both theſe propoſitions are implied in making Cupid *a good hare-finder*, and Vulcan (the God of fire) *a good carpenter*. In other words, *would you convince me, whoſe opinion on this head is well known, that you can be in love without being blind, and can play with the flame of beauty without being ſcorched?* STEEVENS.

I explain the paſſage thus: *Do you ſcoff and mock in telling us that Cupid, who is blind, is a good hare-finder, which requires a quick eye-ſight; and that Vulcan, a blackſmith, is a rare carpenter?* TOLLET.

After ſuch attempts at decent illuſtration, I am afraid that he who wiſhes to know why Cupid is a good *hare-finder*, muſt diſcover it by the aſſiſtance of many quibbling alluſions of the ſame ſort, about *hair* and *boar*, in Mercutio's ſong in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. COLLINS.

carpenter?

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carpenter? Come, in what key ſhall a man take you, to go in the ſong[7]?

Claud. In mine eye, ſhe is the ſweeteſt lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can ſee yet without ſpectacles, and I ſee no ſuch matter: there's her couſin, an ſhe were not poſſeſs'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the firſt of May doth the laſt of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn huſband; have you?

Claud. I would ſcarce truſt myſelf, though I had ſworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with ſuſpicion[8]? Shall I never ſee a bachelor of threeſcore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thruſt thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and ſigh away Sundays[9]. Look, Don Pedro is return'd to ſeek you.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What ſecret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would, your grace would conſtrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be ſecret as a dumb man, I would have you think ſo; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how ſhort his anſwer is:—With Hero, Leonato's ſhort daughter.

Claud.

7 —*to go in the ſong?*] i. e. to join with you in your ſong. STEEV.

8 —*wear his cap with ſuſpicion?*] That is, ſubject his head to the diſquiet of jealouſy. JOHNSON.

In the *Palace of Pleaſure*, 8vo. 1566, p. 233, we have the following paſſage: "All they that wear *hornes*, be pardoned to weare their *cappes* upon their heads." HENDERSON.

In our author's time none but the inferior claſſes wore caps, and ſuch perſons were termed in contempt *flat-caps*. All gentlemen wore *hats*. Perhaps therefore the meaning is, Is there not one man in the world prudent enough to keep out of that ſtate where he muſt live in apprehenſion that his *night-cap* will be worn occaſionally by another. So, in *Othello*:

"For I *fear* Caſſio with my *night-cap* too." MALONE.

9 —*ſigh away Sundays.*] A proverbial expreſſion to ſignify that a man has no reſt at all; when Sunday, a day formerly of eaſe and diverſion, was paſſed ſo uncomfortably. WARBURTON.

The alluſion is moſt probably to the ſtrict manner in which the ſab-

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Claud. If this were ſo, ſo were it uttered [1].

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not ſo, nor 'twas not ſo; but, indeed, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Claud. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You ſpeak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I ſpeak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I ſpoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I ſpeak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That ſhe is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how ſhe ſhould be loved, nor know how ſhe ſhould be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the ſtake.

D. Pedro. Thou waſt ever an obſtinate heretick in the deſpight of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will [2].

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that ſhe brought me up, I likewiſe give her moſt humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead [3], or hang my bugle in an inviſible baldrick [4], all women

bath was obſerved by the *puritans*, who uſually ſpent that day in *faſts* and *gruntings*, and other hypocritical marks of devotion. STEEVENS.

[1] Claud. *If this were ſo, ſo were it uttered.*] Claudio, evading at firſt a confeſſion of his paſſion, ſays; if I had really confided ſuch a ſecret to him, yet he would have blabbed it in this manner. In his next ſpeech, he thinks proper to avow his love; and when Benedick ſays, *God forbid it ſhould be ſo*, i. e. God forbid he ſhould even wiſh to marry her; Claudio replies, God forbid I ſhould not wiſh it. STEEVENS.

[2] — *but in the force of his will.*] Alluding to the definition of a heretick in the ſchools. WARBURTON.

[3] — *but that I will have a* recheat *winded in my forehead,*] That is, *I will wear a horn on my forehead which the huntſman may blow.* A *recheate* is the ſound by which dogs are called back. Shakſpeare had no mercy upon the poor cuckold, his *horn* is an inexhauſtible ſubject of merriment. JOHNSON.

A *recheate* is a particular leſſon upon the horn, to call dogs back from the ſcent: from the old French word *recet*. HANMER.

[4] — *hang my bugle in an inviſible baldrick,*] *Bugle*, i. e. bugle-horn—hunting-

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women ſhall pardon me: Becauſe I will not do them the wrong to miſtruſt any, I will do myſelf the right to truſt none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I ſhall ſee thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with ſickneſs, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I loſe more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-houſe for the ſign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou doſt fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument [5].

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat [6], and ſhoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clap'd on the ſhoulder, and call'd Adam [7].

D. Pedro. Well, as time ſhall try:

In time the ſavage bull doth bear the yoke [8].

Bene. The ſavage bull may; but if ever the ſenſible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and ſet them

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hunting-horn. The meaning ſeems to be—or that I ſhould be compelled to carry any horn that I muſt wish to remain inviſible, and that I ſhould be aſhamed to hang openly in my belt or baldrick, as is ſtill ſaid of the mercenary cuckold, that he *carries his horns in his pocket.* Steev.

5 —*notable argument.*] An eminent ſubject for ſatire. Johnson.

6 —*in a bottle like a cat,*] As to *the cat and bottle,* I can procure no better information than the following, which does not exactly ſuit with the text. In ſome counties of England, a cat was formerly cloſed up with ſoot in a wooden bottle, (ſuch as that in which ſhepherds carry their liquor) and was ſuſpended on a line. He who beat out the bottom as he ran under it, and was nimble enough to eſcape its contents, was regarded as the hero of this inhuman diverſion. Steevens.

To *ſhoot at a cat* in a wooden *bottle,* with its head only viſible, might have been one of the cruel ſports of our anceſtors; for I find another kind of torment was formerly practiſed on this animal, at fairs, &c. So, in Braithwaite's *Strappado for the Divell,* 8vo. 1615; p. 164:

"——who'd not thither runne,

"As 'twere to *whip the cat* at Abington?" Malone.

7 —*and call'd* Adam.] Adam Bell was a noted outlaw, and celebrated for his archery. Malone.

See *Reliques of Anc. Eng. Poet.* Vol. I. p. 143. Steevens.

8 *In time the ſavage bull doth bear the yoke.*] This line is taken from the *Spaniſh Tragedy,* or *Hieronymo,* &c. 1605. See a note on the laſt edit. of Dodſley's Old Plays, Vol. XII. p. 387. Steevens.

The *Spaniſh Tragedy* was written and acted before 1593. Malone.

in

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in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in ſuch great letters as they write, *Here is good horſe to hire*, let them ſignify under my ſign,—*Here you may ſee Benedick the marry'd man.*

Claud. If this ſhould ever happen, thou would'ſt be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not ſpent all his quiver in Venice [9], thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good ſignior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at ſupper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an embaſſage; and ſo I commit you——

Claud. To the tuition of God; from my houſe, (if I had it,)——

D. Pedro. The ſixth of July; your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your diſcourſe is ſometimes guarded with fragments [1], and the guards are but ſlightly baſted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conſcience [2]; and ſo I leave you. [*Exit* BENEDICK.

Claud.

[9] —*if Cupid hath not ſpent all his quiver in* Venice,] All modern writers agree in repreſenting Venice in the ſame light as the ancients did Cyprus. And it is this character of the people that is here alluded to. WARBURTON.

[1] —guarded *with fragments*,] *Guards* were ornamental laces or borders. STEEVENS.

See p. 66, n. 9. MALONE.

[2] — *ere you flout* old ends *any further, examine your conſcience*;] *Before you endeavour to diſtinguiſh yourſelf any more by antiquated alluſions, examine whether you can fairly claim them for your own.* This, I think, is the meaning; or it may be underſtood in another ſenſe, *examine, if your ſarcaſms do not touch yourſelf.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's latter explanation is, I believe, the true one. By *old ends* the ſpeaker may mean the concluſion of letters commonly uſed in Shakſpeare's time; "From my houſe this ſixth of July, &c." So, in the concluſion of a letter which our author ſuppoſes Lucrece to write:

"So I *commend* me *from our houſe* in grief;
"My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

See

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d. My liege, your highness now may do me good.
edro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,
ou shalt see how apt it is to learn
ard lesson that may do thee good.
d. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?
edro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir:
ou affect her, Claudio?
d. O my lord,
you went onward on this ended action,
d upon her with a soldier's eye,
ik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
to drive liking to the name of love:
w I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
left their places vacant, in their rooms
thronging soft and delicate desires,
ompting me how fair young Hero is,
, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.
edro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
re the hearer with a book of words:
dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
will break with her, and with her father,
ou shalt have her: Was't not to this end,
hou began'st to twist so fine a story?
d. How sweetly do you minister to love,
know love's grief by his complexion!
t my liking might too sudden seem,
d have salv'd it with a longer treatise.
edro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
irest grant is the necessity [3]:

Rape of Lucrece, p. 547, edit. 1780, and the note there.
dy, however, may refer to the quotation that D. Pedro had
m the *Spanish Tragedy*. "Ere you attack me on the subject
with fragments of old plays, examine whether you are yourself
its power." So, King Richard:
With odd *old ends*, stol'n forth of holy writ." MALONE.
by Googe thus ends his dedication to the first edition of *Palin-*
ramo. 1560: "And thus *committyng* your Ladiship with all
the *tuicion* of the most merciful *God*, I *ende*. From Staple-
London, the eighte and twenty of March." REED.
fairest grant *is the necessity*.] No one can have a better reason
ting a request than the necessity of its being granted. WARB.

Look,

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Look, what will ſerve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lov'ſt[4];
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we ſhall have revelling to-night;
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her boſom I'll unclaſp my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force
And ſtrong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And, the concluſion is, ſhe ſhall be thine:
In practice let us put it preſently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my couſin, your ſon? Hath he provided this muſick?

Ant. He is very buſy about it. But, brother, I can tell you ſtrange news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event ſtamps them; but they have a good cover, they ſhow well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley[5] in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: The prince diſcover'd to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the preſent time by the top, and inſtantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good ſharp fellow; I will ſend for him, and queſtion him yourſelf.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itſelf:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that

4 —once, *thou lov'ſt*;] *Once* has here, I believe, the force of—*once for all*. So, in *Coriolanus*: "*Once*, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him." Malone.

5 —a thick-pleached *alley*] *Thick-pleached* is thickly interwoven. Stevens.

ſhe

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e may be the better prepared for an anſwer, if peradnture this be true: Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several perſons croſs the ſtage here.*] Couſins, you know hat you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go ou with me, and I will uſe your ſkill:—Good couſin, ave a care this buſy time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don JOHN *and* CONRADE.

Con. What the good-year[6], my lord! why are you thus t of meaſure ſad?

D. John. There is no meaſure in the occaſion that eeds it, therefore the ſadneſs is without limit.

Con. You ſhould hear reaſon.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what bleſſing ngeth it?

Con. If not a preſent remedy, yet a patient ſufferance.

D. John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou ſay'ſt u art) born under Saturn, goeſt about to apply a moral dicine to a mortifying miſchief. I cannot hide what m[7]: I muſt be ſad when I have cauſe, and ſmile at no an's jeſts; eat when I have ſtomach, and wait for no an's leiſure; ſleep when I am drowſy, and tend on no an's buſineſs; laugh when I am merry, and claw no an in his humour[8].

Con. Yea, but you muſt not make the full ſhow of is, till you may do it without controlment. You have late ſtood out againſt your brother, and he hath ta'en u newly into his grace; where it is impoſſible you ould take root, but by the fair weather that you make

[6] —good-year,] A corruption of *goujeres*, lues venerea. MALONE.

[7] *I cannot hide what I am:*] This is one of our author's natural eches. An envious and unſocial mind, too proud to give pleaſure, d too ſullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity m the world and from itſelf, under the plainneſs of ſimple honeſty, the dignity of haughty independence. JOHNSON.

[8] — claw *no man in his humour.*] To *claw* is to flatter. So *the pope's w-backs*, in biſhop Jewel, are the pope's *flatterers*. The ſenſe is the ne in the proverb, *Mulus mulum ſcabit*. JOHNSON.

yourſelf.

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yourſelf: it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your own harveſt.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace [9]; and it better fits my blood to be diſdain'd of all, than to faſhion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man, it muſt not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am truſted with a muzzle, and infranchiſed with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to ſing in my cage: If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and ſeek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no uſe of your diſcontent?

D. John. I make all uſe of it, for I uſe it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great ſupper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it ſerve for any model to build miſchief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himſelf to unquietneſs?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the moſt exquiſite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

9 *I had rather be a* canker *in a hedge, than a* roſe *in his grace*;] A *canker* is the *canker* roſe, *dog-roſe, cynoſbatus*, or *hip*. The ſenſe is, I would rather live in obſcurity the wild life of nature, than owe dignity or eſtimation to my brother. He ſtill continues his wiſh of gloomy independence. But what is the meaning of *a roſe in his grace*? JOHNSON.

The latter words are intended as an anſwer to what Conrade has juſt ſaid—"he hath ta'en you newly into his *grace*, where it is impoſſible that you ſhould take *root*, &c." In *Macbeth* we have a kindred expreſſion:

" ——— Welcome hither:
" I have begun to *plant* thee, and will labour
" To make thee full of *growing*."

Again, in *K. Henry VI. P. III.*:

" I'll *plant* Plantagenet, *root* him up who dares." MALONE.

So, in Shakſpeare's 54th Sonnet:

" The *canker* blooms have full as deep a die,
" As the perfumed tincture of the *roſes*." STEEVENS.

D. John.

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D. John. A proper ſquire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoking a muſty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in ſad conference[1]: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince ſhould woo Hero for himſelf, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my diſpleaſure: that young ſtart-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can croſs him any way, I bleſs myſelf every way: You are both ſure[2], and will aſſiſt me.

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great ſupper; their cheer is the greater, that I am ſubdued: 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and Others.*

Leo. Was not count John here at ſupper?

Ant. I ſaw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after[3].

Hero. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

[1] —ſad *conference?*] *Sad* in this, as in a former inſtance, ſignifies *ſerious.* STEEVENS.

[2] —*both* ſure,] i. e. to be depended on. STEEVENS.

[3] —*heart-burn'd an hour after.*] The pain commonly called the *heart-burn*, proceeds from an *acid* humour in the ſtomach, and is therefore properly enough imputed to *tart* looks. JOHNSON.

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Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made juſt in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and ſays nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldeſt ſon, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half ſignior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in ſignior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purſe, Such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a huſband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, ſhe's too curſt.

Beat. Too curſt is more than curſt: I ſhall leſſen God's ſending that way: for it is ſaid, *God ſends a curſt cow ſhort horns*; but to a cow too curſt he ſends none.

Leon. So, by being too curſt, God will ſend you no horns.

Beat. Juſt, if he ſend me no huſband; for the which bleſſing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a huſband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a huſband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What ſhould I do with him? dreſs him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is leſs than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is leſs than a man, I am not for him: Therefore I will even take ſixpence in earneſt of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell.

Beat. No; but to the gate: and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and ſay, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:* ſo deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he ſhews me where the bachelors ſit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant.

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. Well, niece, [*to* Hero.] I truſt, you will be ruled
ır father.

t. Yes, faith; it is my couſin's duty to make
', and ſay, *Father, as it pleaſe you*:—but yet for all
couſin, let him be a handſome fellow, or elſe make
:r curt'ſy, and ſay, *Father, as it pleaſe me.*

n. Well, niece, I hope to ſee you one day fitted
husband.

t. Not till God make men of ſome other metal
arth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-
'd with a piece of valiant duſt? to make account
life to a clod of wayward marle? No, uncle, I'll
Adam's ſons are my brethren, and truly, I hold
n to match in my kindred.

n. Daughter, remember, what I told you: if the
: do ſolicit you in that kind, you know your anſwer.

t. The fault will be in the muſick, couſin, if you
: woo'd in good time: if the prince be too impor-
tell him, there is meaſure in every thing [5], and
ce out the anſwer. For hear me, Hero; Wooing,
ng, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a meaſure,
cinque-pace: the firſt ſuit is hot and haſty, like a
h jig, and full as fantaſtical; the wedding, man-
modeſt, as a meaſure, full of ſtate and ancientry; and
:omes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into
nque-pace faſter and faſter, till he ſink into his grave.

n. Couſin, you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

t. I have a good eye, uncle; I can ſee a church
y-light.

n. The revellers are entering; brother, make good

Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR;
s JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and*
rs, *maſk'd.*

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend [6]?

[5] *if the prince be too* important,] *Important* here, and in many
laces, is *importunate.* See p. 193, n. 6. JOHNSON.

[5] *there is* meaſure *in every thing,*] A *meaſure* in old language,
s ordinary meaning, ſignified alſo a *dance.* MALONE.

[6] *your* friend?] *Friend*, in our author's time, was the common term
over. So alſo in French and Italian. MALONE.

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Hero. So you walk ſoftly, and look ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, eſpecially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may ſay ſo, when I pleaſe.

D. Pedro. And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute ſhould be like the caſe [6]!

D. Pedro. My viſor is Philemon's roof; within the houſe is Jove [7].

Hero. Why, then your viſor ſhould be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you ſpeak love. [*takes her aſide.*

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own ſake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I ſay my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry amen [8].

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my ſight when the dance is done!—Anſwer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is anſwer'd.

Urſ. I know you well enough; you are ſignior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

[6] —*the lute ſhould be like the caſe!*] i. e. that your face ſhould be as homely and coarſe as your maſk. THEOBALD.

[7] *My viſor is Philemon's roof; within the houſe is* Jove.] The poet alludes to the ſtory of Baucis and Philemon, who, as Ovid deſcribes it, lived in a thatched cottage, (ſtipulis et canna tecta paluſtri,) which received two gods (Jupiter and Mercury) under its roof. Don Pedro inſinuates to Hero, that though his viſor is but ordinary, he has ſomething *godlike* within; alluding either to his dignity, or the qualities of his mind and perſon. THEOBALD.

The line of Ovid above quoted is thus tranſlated by Golding, 1587: "The *roofe* thereof was *thatched* all with ſtraw and fenniſh reede." MALONE.

[8] —*amen.*] When Benedick ſays, *the hearers may cry, amen*, we muſt ſuppoſe that he leaves Margaret, and goes in ſearch of ſome other ſport. Margaret utters a wiſh for a good partner. Balthazar, who is repreſented as a man of the feweſt words, repeats Benedick's *Amen*, and leads her off, deſiring, as he ſays in the following ſhort ſpeech, to put himſelf to no greater expence of breath. STEEVENS.

Urſ.

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Urſ. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urſ. You could never do him ſo ill-well, unleſs you were the very man: Here's his dry hand [9] up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urſ. Come, come; do you think, I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itſelf? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will not you tell me who told you ſo?

Bene. No, you ſhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was diſdainful—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales* [1];—Well, this was ſignior Benedick that ſaid ſo.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am ſure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jeſter: a very dull fool; only his gift is in deviſing impoſſible ſlanders [2]: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not

9 — *his* dry *hand*] A *dry* hand was anciently regarded as the ſign of a cold conſtitution. To this Maria, in *Twelfth Night*, alludes; Act I. ſc. iii. STEEVENS.

1 — *Hundred Merry Tales*;] The book, to which Shakſpeare alludes, was an old tranſlation of *Les cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. The original was publiſhed at Paris, in the black letter, before the year 1500, and is ſaid to have been written by ſome of the royal family of France. Ames mentions a tranſlation of it prior to the time of Shakſpeare. Of this collection there are frequent entries in the regiſter of the Stationers' Company. The firſt I met with was in Jan. 1581. STEEVS.

This book was certainly printed before the year 1575, and in much repute, as appears from the mention of it in Laneham's Letter [concerning the entertainment at Kenelworth Caſtle]. It has been ſuggeſted to me, that there is no other reaſon than the word *hundred* to ſuppoſe this book a tranſlation of the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. REED.

2 — *his gift is in deviſing* impoſſible *ſlanders*:] *Impoſſible* ſlanders are, I ſuppoſe, ſuch ſlanders as, from their abſurdity and impoſſibility, bring their own confutation with them. JOHNSON.

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in his wit, but in his villainy[3]; for he both pleaſeth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am ſure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you ſay.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a compariſon or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, ſtrikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge' wing ſaved, for the fool will eat no ſupper that night. [*Muſick within.*] We muſt follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Dance. Then exeunt all but* Don JOHN, BORACHIO, *and* CLAUDIO.

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one viſor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing[4].

D. John. Are you not ſignior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on Hero; I pray you, diſſuade him from her, ſhe is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honeſt man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him ſwear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he ſwore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don* JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

Claud. Thus anſwer I in name of Benedick,
'Tis certain ſo:—the prince wooes for himſelf.
But hear theſe ill news with the ears of Claudio.—

3 —*his villainy*;] By which ſhe means his malice and impiety. By his impious jeſts, ſhe inſinuates, he *pleaſed* libertines; and by his *deviſing ſlanders* of them, he angered them. WARBURTON.

4 —*his* bearing.] i. e. his carriage, his demeanour. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"How I may formally in perſon *bear me*,
"Like a true friar." STEEVENS.

Friendſhip

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'riendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
ave in the office and affairs of love:
'herefore, all hearts in love uſe their own tongues[5];
,et every eye negotiate for itſelf,
ınd truſt no agent: for beauty is a witch,
ıgainſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood[6].
'his is an accident of hourly proof,
Vhich I miſtruſted not: Farewell therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the ſame.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own buſi-eſs, count. What faſhion will you wear the garland of? ıbout your neck, like an uſurer's chain[7]? or under your rm, like a lieutenant's ſcarf? You muſt wear it one way, or the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wiſh him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's ſpoken like an honeſt drover; ſo hey ſell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would ıave ſerved you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

5 *Therefore, all hearts in love* &c.] *Let*, which is found in the next ine, is underſtood here. MALONE.

6 ——— *beauty is a witch,*

Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood.] i. e. as wax when ppoſed to the fire kindled by a witch, no longer preſerves the figure of he perſon whom it was deſigned to repreſent, but flows into a ſhapeleſs ump; ſo fidelity, when confronted with beauty, diſſolves into our uſing paſſion, and is loſt there like a drop of water in the ſea. STEEV.

Blood, I think, means here *amorous deſire*. See p. 48, n. 7. So alſo in *he Merchant of Venice*, p. 12: "The brain may deviſe laws for the *blood*, &c. MALONE.

7 — *uſurer's chain?*] Chains of gold, of conſiderable value, were in our author's time uſually worn by wealthy citizens, and others, in the ſame manner as they are now by the aldermen of London. See *the Puritan*, Act III. ſc. iii; *Albumazar*, Act I. ſc. iii. and other pieces. REED.

Uſury ſeems about this time to have been a common topick of invective. I have three or four dialogues, paſquils, and diſcourſes on the ſubject, printed before the year 1600. From every one of theſe it appears, that the merchants were the chief uſurers of the age. STEEVENS.

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Bene. Ho! now you ſtrike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that ſtole your meat, and you'll beat the poſt.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into ſedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice ſhould know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha? it may be, I go under that title, becauſe I am merry.—Yea; but ſo[8]; I am apt to do myſelf wrong: I am not ſo reputed: it is the baſe, though bitter diſpoſition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her perſon[9], and ſo gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don PEDRO, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Now, ſignior, where's the count? Did you ſee him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren[1]; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady[2];

[8] —*Yea,* but ſo;] But hold; ſoftly;—not ſo faſt. MALONE.

[9] —*it is the baſe,* though *bitter, diſpoſition of Beatrice, who puts the world into her perſon,*] That is, *It is the diſpoſition of Beatrice, who takes upon her to perſonate the world, and therefore repreſents the world as ſaying what ſhe only ſays herſelf.*

Baſe, though bitter. I do not underſtand how *baſe* and *bitter* are inconſiſtent, or why what is *bitter* ſhould not be *baſe.* I believe, we may ſafely read, *It is the baſe,* the *bitter diſpoſition.* JOHNSON.

The *baſe* though *bitter,* may mean, the *ill-natured,* though *witty.* STEEVENS.

[1] —*as melancholy as a lodge in a warren*;] A parallel thought occurs in the firſt chapter of Iſaiah, where the prophet, deſcribing the deſolation of Judah, ſays: "The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a *lodge* in a garden of cucumbers, &c." I am informed, that near Aleppo, theſe lonely buildings are ſtill made uſe of, it being neceſſary, that the fields where water-melons, cucumbers, &c. are raiſed, ſhould be regularly watched. I learn from Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible,* 8vo. 1587, that "ſo ſoone as the cucumbers, &c. be gathered, theſe lodges are abandoned of the watchmen and keepers, and no more frequented." From theſe forſaken buildings, it ſhould ſeem, the prophet takes his compariſon. STEEVENS.

[2] —*of this young lady*;] Benedick ſpeaks of Hero as if ſhe were on the ſtage. Perhaps, both ſhe and Leonato, were meant to make their entrance with Don Pedro. When Beatrice enters, ſhe is ſpoken of as coming in with only Claudio. STEEVENS.

I have regulated the entries accordingly. MALONE.

and

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offered him my company to a willow tree, either to him a garland, as being forſaken, or to bind him od, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! What's his fault?

e. The flat tranſgreſſion of a ſchool-boy; who, be- erjoy'd with finding a bird's neſt, ſhews it his com- n, and he ſteals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a truſt a tranſgreſſion? The reſſion is in the ſtealer.

e. Yet it had not been amiſs, the rod had been and the garland too; for the garland he might vorn himſelf; and the rod he might have beſtow'd n, who, as I take it, have ſtol'n his bird's neſt.

Pedro. I will but teach them to ſing, and reſtore to the owner.

e. If their ſinging anſwer your ſaying, by my faith, y honeſtly.

Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the man, that danced with her, told her, ſhe is much 'd by you.

e. O, ſhe miſuſed me paſt the endurance of a block; k, but with one green leaf on it, would have an- l her; my very viſor began to aſſume life and ſcold her: She told me, not thinking I had been myſelf, I was the prince's jeſter; and that I was duller than at thaw; huddling jeſt upon jeſt, with ſuch impoſ- conveyance[3], upon me, that I ſtood like a man at a , with a whole army ſhooting at me: She ſpeaks rds, and every word ſtabs: if her breath were as le as her terminations, there were no living near he would infect to the north ſtar. I would not marry though ſhe were endowed with all that Adam had left

[3] *ſuch* impoſſible *conveyance,*] I believe the meaning is—*with a y equal to that of* jugglers, *who appear to perform* impoſſibilities. ve the ſame epithet again in *Twelfth Night*:—"there is no n can ever believe ſuch *impoſſible* paſſages of groſſneſs." So ys in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, "I will examine *impoſſible* " *Conveyance* was the common term in our author's time for *of hand.* MALONE.

ſſible may be licentiouſly uſed for *unaccountable.* Beatrice has ſaid, that Benedick invents *impoſſible* ſlanders. STEEVENS.

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him before he tranſgreſs'd: ſhe would have made Hercules have turn'd ſpit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you ſhall find her the infernal Até [4] in good apparel. I would to God, ſome ſcholar would conjure her: for, certainly, while ſhe is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a ſanctuary; and people ſin upon purpoſe, becauſe they would go thither: ſo, indeed, all diſquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter CLAUDIO *and* BEATRICE.

D. Pedro. Look, here ſhe comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any ſervice to the world's end? I will go on the ſlighteſt errand now to the Antipodes, that you can deviſe to ſend me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the fartheſt inch of Aſia; bring you the length of Preſter John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard [5]; do you any embaſſage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to deſire your good company.

Bene. O God, ſir, here's a diſh I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue.

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have loſt the heart of ſignior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him uſe for it [6], a double heart for a ſingle one: marry, once before he won it of me with falſe dice, therefore your grace may well ſay, I have loſt it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

4 —*the infernal* Até—The *goddeſs of revenge.* STEEVENS.

5 —*bring you the length of Preſter John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard;*] i. e. I will undertake the hardeſt taſk, rather than have any converſation with lady Beatrice. Alluding to the difficulty of acceſs to either of thoſe monarchs, but more particularly to the former. STEEVENS.

6 —*I gave him* uſe *for it,*] *Uſe,* in our author's time, meant *intereſt* of money. MALONE.

Beat.

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Beat. So I would not he ſhould do me, my lord, leſt I ſhould prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you ſent me to ſeek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you ſad?

Claud. Not ſad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither ſad, nor ſick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange [7], and ſomething of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be ſworn, if he be ſo, his conceit is falſe. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace ſay Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfecteſt herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could ſay how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myſelf for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, couſin; or, if you cannot, ſtop his mouth with a kiſs, and let him not ſpeak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool [8], it keeps on the windy ſide of care: my couſin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And ſo ſhe doth, couſin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance [9]!—Thus goes every one

[7] *—civil as an orange,*] This conceit likewiſe occurs in Naſhe's *Four Letters confuted*, 1593:—"for the order of my life, it is as *civil as an orange*." STEEVENS.

[8] *— poor fool,*] This was formerly an expreſſion of tenderneſs. See *King Lear*, laſt ſcene. "And my *poor fool* is hang'd." MALONE.

[9] *Good lord, for* alliance!] Claudio has juſt called Beatrice *couſin*. I ſuppoſe, therefore, the meaning is,—Good Lord, here have I got a new kinſman by marriage. MALONE.

to

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to the world but I, and I am ſun-burn'd[9]; I may ſit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a huſband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent huſbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unleſs I might have another for working days; your grace is too coſtly to wear every day:—But, I beſeech your grace, pardon me; I was born to ſpeak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your ſilence moſt offends me, and to be merry beſt becomes you; for, out of queſtion, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, ſure, my lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a ſtar danced, and under that was I born.—Couſins, God give you joy.

Leon. Niece, will you look to thoſe things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit* BEATRICE.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleaſant-ſpirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her[1], my lord: ſhe is never ſad, but when ſhe ſleeps; and not ever ſad then; for I have heard my daughter ſay, ſhe hath often dream'd of unhappineſs[2], and waked herſelf with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a huſband.

Leon.

[9] *Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am ſun-burn'd;*] What is it, *to go to the world?* perhaps, to enter by marriage into a ſettled ſtate. Shakſpeare in *All's Well that ends Well*, uſes the phraſe *to go to the world* for *marriage*. But why is the unmarried lady *ſun-burnt?* JOHNS.

I am *ſun-burnt* may mean, I have loſt my beauty, and am conſequently no longer ſuch an object as can tempt a man to marry. STEEVENS.

[1] *There's little of the* melancholy element *in her,*] "Does not our life conſiſt of the *four elements?*" ſays Sir Toby, in *Twelfth Night*. So alſo in *King Henry V*: "He is pure air and fire, and the *dull elements* of *earth* and *water* never appear in him." MALONE.

[2] —*ſhe hath often dream'd of* unhappineſs,] *Unhappineſs* ſignifies a wild, wanton, unlucky trick. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in their comedy of the *Maid of the Mill*:

"My

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Leon. O, by no means, ſhe mocks all her wooers out ſuit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week mar- d, they would talk themſelves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to urch?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear ſon, which is hence a ſeven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all ngs anſwer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a eathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time ſhall go dully by us: I will, in the interim, undertake one Hercules' labours; which is, to bring ſignior Benedick, l the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection [3], the with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I ot not but to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter h aſſiſtance as I ſhall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it coſt me ten hts' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modeſt office, my lord, to help my uſin to a good huſband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefulleſt huſ- nd that I know: thus far can I praiſe him; he is of a ble ſtrain [4], of approved valour, and confirm'd honeſty. ill teach you how to humour your couſin, that ſhe ſhall

" *My* dreams *are like my thoughts, honeſt and innocent:*
" *Yours are* unhappy." WARBURTON.

[3] —*into a* mountain *of affection,*] By a *mountain of affection*, I ieve, is meant *a great deal of* affection. Thus, in *K. Henry VIII.* a *ſea* of glory;" in *Hamlet*, " a *ſea* of troubles." Again, in wel's *Hiſt. of Venice:* " —though they ſee *mountains* of miſerie ped on one's back." Again, in the *Comedy of Errors:* "—the *moun-* s of mad fleſh that claims marriage of me." STEEVENS.
Shakſpeare has many phraſes equally harſh. He who would hazard ch expreſſions as *a ſtorm of fortunes*, *a vale of years*, and *a tempeſt of pro- cation*, would not ſcruple to write *a mountain of affection*." MALONE.

[4] —*of a noble* ſtrain,] i. e. deſcent, lineage. REED.

fall

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fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will ſo practiſe on Benedick, that, in deſpight of his quick wit and his queaſy ſtomach, he ſhall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory ſhall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another room in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

D. John. It is ſo; the count Claudio ſhall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can croſs it.

D. John. Any bar, any croſs, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am ſick in diſpleaſure to him; and whatſoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canſt thou croſs this marriage?

Bora. Not honeſtly, my lord: but ſo covertly that no diſhoneſty ſhall appear in me.

D. John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordſhip, a year ſince, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unſeaſonable inſtant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poiſon of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; ſpare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the renown'd Claudio (whoſe eſtimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated ſtale, ſuch a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof ſhall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to miſuſe the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other iſſue?

D. John. Only to deſpite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora.

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Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro
ıd the count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know
at Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal * both to the
ince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour
ho hath made this match; and his friend's reputation,
ho is thus like to be cozen'd with the ſemblance of a
aid,—that you have diſcover'd thus. They will ſcarcely
lieve this without trial: offer them inſtances; which
all bear no leſs likelihood, than to ſee me at her cham-
r-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Mar-
ret term me Claudio [5]; and bring them to ſee this, the
ry night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean
me, I will ſo faſhion the matter, that Hero ſhall be
ſent; and there ſhall appear ſuch ſeeming truth of
ero's diſloyalty, that jealouſy ſhall be call'd aſſurance,
ıd all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverſe iſſue it can, I
ill put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this,
ıd thy fee is a thouſand ducats.

Bora. Be thou conſtant in the accuſation, and my cun-
ng ſhall not ſhame me.

D. John. I will preſently go learn their day of mar-
ıge. [*Exeunt.*

* — intend *a kind of zeal*—] To *intend* is often uſed by our author r to *pretend*. So, in *K. Rich. III*:—"*intend* ſome fear." MALONE.

5 — *term me* Claudio;] Mr. Theobald propoſes to read *Borachio*, ſtead of *Claudio*. How, he aſks, could it diſpleaſe Claudio to hear s miſtreſs making uſe of his name tenderly? Or how could her ming *Claudio* make the prince and Claudio believe that ſhe loved *rachio*? MALONE.

I am not convinced that this exchange is neceſſary. *Claudio* would turally reſent the circumſtance of hearing another called by his own me; becauſe, in that caſe, baſeneſs of treachery would appear to be ggravated by wantonneſs of inſult: and, at the ſame time he would agine the perſon ſo diſtinguiſh'd to be *Borachio*, becauſe *Don John* was reviouſly to have informed both him and *Don Pedro*, that *Borachio* was he favoured lover. STEEVENS.

Claudio would naturally be enraged to find his miſtreſs, Hero, (for uch he would imagine Margaret to be) addreſs Borachio, or any other nan, by his name, as he might ſuppoſe that ſhe called him by the name of Claudio in conſequence of a ſecret agreement between them, as a cover, in caſe ſhe were overheard; and *he* would know, without a poſſibility of error, that it was not Claudio, with whom in fact ſhe converſed. MALONE.

SCENE

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SCENE III.

Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter BENEDICK *and a* Boy.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard[6].

Boy. I am here already, ſir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit* Boy.]—I do much wonder, that one man, ſeeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his own ſcorn, by falling in love: And ſuch a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no muſick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot, to ſee a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the faſhion of a new doublet[7]. He was wont to ſpeak plain, and to the purpoſe, like an honeſt man, and a ſoldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer[8]; his words are a very

[6] — *in the* orchard.] *Orchard in* our author's time ſignified a *garden.* MALONE.

[7] — *carving the faſhion of a new doublet.*] This folly, ſo conſpicuous in the gallants of former ages, is laughed at by all our comick writers. So in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617:—"We are almoſt as fantaſtick as the Engliſh gentleman that is painted naked, with a pair of ſheers in his hand, as not being reſolved after what faſhion to have his coat cut." STEEVENS.

The Engliſh gentleman in the above extract alludes to a plate in Bordes *Introduction of knowledge.* REED.

He is repreſented naked, with a pair of tailor's ſheers in one hand, and a piece of cloth on his arm, with the following verſes:

"I am an Engliſhman, and naked I ſtand here,
"Muſing in my mynde what rayment I ſhall were,
"For now I will ware this, and now I will were that,
"Now I will were I cannot tell what." &c.

See Camden's *Remaines*, 1614, p. 17. MALONE.

[8] — *orthographer.*] The old copies read—*orthography.* STEEVENS. Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

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ical banquet, juſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes. May I converted, and ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell; not: I will not be ſworn, but love may transform an oyſter; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have an oyſter of me, he ſhall never make me ſuch a One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well; all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhall not n my grace. Rich ſhe ſhall be, that's certain; or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; r I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near noble, or not I for an angel; of good diſcourſe, an nt muſician, and her hair ſhall be of what colour ſe God[9]. Ha! the prince and monſieur Love! I de me in the arbour. [*withdraws.*

Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, CLAUDIO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Pedro. Come, ſhall we hear this muſick?

Cl. Yea, my good lord:—How ſtill the evening is,
As hush'd on purpoſe to grace harmony!

Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himſelf?

Cl. O, very well, my lord: the muſick ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox[1] with a penny-worth.

Enter

[9] *and her hair ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe* &c.] Perhaps *Benedick* alludes to a fashion, very common in the time of Shakſpeare, that of *the hair*. *Stubbs* in his anatomy of Abuſes, 1595, ſpeaking of the tires of women's heads, ſays, "*If any have haire of her owne, growing, which is not faire ynough, then will they* die *it in divers* STEEVENS.

may allude to the faſhion of wearing *falſe hair*, "of whatever pleaſed God." So, in a ſubſequent ſcene: "I like the new tire within, if the *hair* were a-thought browner." Fines Moryſon, deſcribing of the ladies of Shakſpeare's time, ſays, "Gentlewomen vſe gownes cloſe to the body, and aprons of fine linnen, and go bare, with their hair curiouſly knotted, and raiſed at the forehead *many* (againſt the cold, as they ſay,) weare caps of hair that their own." See *the Two Gentlemen of Verona*, p. 176. MALONE.

[1] *we'll fit the* kid-fox *with a penny-worth.*] i. e. we will be even with the fox now diſcovered. So the word *kid* or *kidde* ſignifies in *Romaunt of the Roſe*, 2172. GREY.

not impoſſible but that Shakſpeare choſe on this occaſion to employ

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D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that ſong again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not ſo bad a voice
To ſlander muſick any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witneſs ſtill of excellency,
To put a ſtrange face on his own perfection:—
I pray thee, ſing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Becauſe you talk of wooing, I will ſing:
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſuit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he wooes;
Yet will he ſwear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeaks;
Note, notes, forſooth, and noting[2]! [*Muſick.*

Bene. Now, *Divine air!* now is his ſoul raviſh'd!—Is it not ſtrange, that ſheeps guts ſhould hale ſouls out of men's bodies—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

Balth. ſings. *Sigh no more, ladies, ſigh no more,*
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in ſea, and one on ſhore;
To one thing conſtant never:
Then ſigh not ſo,
But let them go,
And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your ſounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

employ an antiquated word; and yet if any future editor ſhould chuſe to read—*bid* fox, he may obſerve that Hamlet has ſaid—"*Hide* fox, and all after." STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton reads, as Mr. Steevens propoſes. MALONE.

[2] —*and* noting!] The old copies read—*nothing*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Sing

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II.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no mo
Of dumps ſo dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever ſo,
Since ſummer firſt was leavy.
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

dro. By my troth, a good ſong.

. And an ill ſinger, my lord.

dro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou ſing'ſt well for a ſhift.

[*aſide.*] An he had been a dog, that ſhould wl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and, I d, his bad voice bode no miſchief! I had as lief ard the night-raven, come what plague could ne after it.

dro. Yea, marry; [*to* Claudio]—Doſt thou lthazar? I pray thee, get us ſome excellent mu- r to-morrow night we would have it at the lady hamber-window.

. The beſt I can, my lord. [*Exit* BALTHAZAR.

dro. Do ſo: farewell. Come hither, Leonato; as it you told me of to-day, that your niece Bea- s in love with ſignior Benedick?

l. O, ay;—Stalk on, ſtalk on, the fowl ſits[3]. *Don* Pedro.] I did never think that lady would red any man.

No, nor I neither; but moſt wonderful, that ſhe dote on ſignior Benedick, whom ſhe hath in all behaviours ſeem'd ever to abhor.

[3] *talk on, ſtalk on, the fowl ſits.*] This is an alluſion to the *orſe*; a horſe either real or factitious, by which the fowler an- elter'd himſelf from the ſight of the game. STEEVENS.

New Shreds of the old ſwan, by John Gee, 4to. p. 23: "—Me- thold the cunning fowler, ſuch as I have knowne in the fenne and elſe-where, that doo ſhoot at woodcockes, ſnipes, and le, by ſneaking behind a painted cloth, which they carrey be- , having pictured in it *the ſhape of a horſe*; which while the e gaseth on is knockt downe with hale ſhot, and ſo put in the udget." REED.

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Bene. Is't poſſible? Sits the wind in that corner? [*aſide.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that ſhe loves him with an enraged affection,—it is paſt the infinite of thought[4].

D. Pedro. May be, ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of paſſion came ſo near the life of paſſion as ſhe diſcovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of paſſion ſhews ſhe?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fiſh will bite. [*aſide.*

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will ſit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her ſpirit had been invincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leon. I would have ſworn it had, my lord; eſpecially againſt Benedick.

Bene. [*aſide.*] I ſhould think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow ſpeaks it: knavery cannot, ſure, hide himſelf in ſuch reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. [*aſide.*

D. Pedro. Hath ſhe made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and ſwears ſhe never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; ſo your daughter ſays: *Shall I,* ſays ſhe, *that have ſo oft encounter'd him with ſcorn, write to him that I love him?*

Leon. This ſays ſhe now when ſhe is beginning to write to him: for ſhe'll be up twenty times a night; and

4 — *but that ſhe loves him with an enraged affection,—it is paſt the infinite of thought.*] The plain ſenſe is, *I know not what to think* otherwiſe, *but that ſhe loves him with* an enraged *affection: It* (this affection) is paſt the infinite of thought. *Infinite* is uſed by more careful writers for *indefinite:* and the ſpeaker only means, that *thought,* though in itſelf *unbounded,* cannot reach or eſtimate the degree of her paſſion. JOHNS.

The meaning, I think, is, *but with what an enraged affection ſhe loves him, it is beyond the power of thought to conceive.* MALONE.

there

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here will ſhe fit in her ſmock, till ſhe have writ a ſheet of paper [5]:—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a ſheet of paper, I remember a pretty jeſt your daughter told us of.

Leon. O,—When ſhe had writ it, and was reading it over, ſhe found Benedick and Beatrice between the ſheet?—

Claud. That.

Leon. O, ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand half-pence [6]; rail'd at herſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt to write to one that ſhe knew would flout her: *I meaſure him,* ſays ſhe, *by my own ſpirit; for, I ſhould flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I ſhould.*

Claud. Then down upon her knees ſhe falls, weeps, ſobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curſes;—*O ſweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter ſays ſo: and the ecſtacy* hath ſo much overborne her, that my daughter is ſometime afeard ſhe will do deſperate outrage to herſelf; It is very true.

[5] *This ſays ſhe now when ſhe is beginning to write to him: for ſhe'll be up twenty times a night; and there will ſhe ſit in her ſmock, till ſhe have writ a ſheet of paper:*] Shakſpeare has more than once availed himſelf of ſuch incidents as occurred to him from hiſtory, &c. to compliment the princes before whom his pieces were performed. A ſtriking inſtance of flattery to James occurs in Macbeth; perhaps the paſſage here quoted was not leſs grateful to Elizabeth, as it apparently alludes to an extraordinary trait in one of the letters pretended to have been written by the hated Mary to Bothwell.

"I am *nakit*, and ganging to ſleep, and zit I ceaſe not to ſcribble all this paper, in ſo meikle as reſt is thairof." *That is,* I am naked, and going to ſleep, and yet I ceaſe not to ſcribble to the end of my paper, much as there remains of it unwritten on. HENLEY.

[6] *O, ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand* half-pence;] i. e. into a thouſand pieces of the ſame bigneſs. So, in *As you like it*:—"they were all *like one another*, as *halfpence are.*" THEOBALD.

A *farthing*, and perhaps a *halfpenny*, was uſed to ſignify any ſmall particle or diviſion. So, in the character of the *Prioreſs* in *Chaucer*:

"That in hire cuppe was no *ferthing* ſene
"Of greſe, whan ſhe dronken hadde hire draught."
Prol. to the Cant. Tales, late edit. v. 135. STEEVENS.

* —*and the* ecſtacy] *Ecſtacy* formerly ſignified a violent *perturbation of mind.* So, in *Macbeth*; "—in reſtleſs ecſtacy". MALONE.

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D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poor lady worſe.

D. Pedro. An he ſhould, it were an alms to hang him: She's an excellent ſweet lady; and, out of all ſuſpicion, ſhe is virtuous.

Claud. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

D. Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wiſdom and blood [7] combating in ſo tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am ſorry for her, as I have juſt cauſe, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would, ſhe had beſtow'd this dotage on me; I would have daff'd [8] all other reſpects, and made her half myſelf: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will ſay.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks ſurely, ſhe will die: for ſhe ſays, ſhe will die if he love her not; and ſhe will die ere ſhe make her love known; and ſhe will die if he woo her, rather than ſhe will 'bate one breath of her accuſtom'd croſſneſs.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if ſhe ſhould make tender of her love, 'tis very poſſible, he'll ſcorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible ſpirit [9].

Claud. He is a very proper man*.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happineſs.

7 — *wiſdom and* blood—] *Blood* is here as in many other places uſed by our author in the ſenſe of *paſſion*, or rather *temperament of body*. MALONE.

8 — *have* daff'd—] To *daff* is the ſame as to *doff*, to *do off*, to put aſide. STEEVENS.

9 — *contemptible ſpirit.*] That is, a temper inclined to ſcorn and contempt. It has been before remarked, that our author uſes his verbal adjectives with great licence. There is therefore no need of changing the word with ſir T. Hanmer to *contemptuous*. JOHNSON.

In the *argument* to *Darius*, a tragedy, by lord Sterline, 1603, it is ſaid, that Darius wrote to *Alexander* "in a proud and *contemptible* manner." In this place *contemptible* certainly means *contemptuous*. STEEV.

* — *a very* proper *man.*] i. e. a very handſome man. See Vol. I. p. 160. MALONE.

Claud.

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Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wiſe.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, ſhew ſome ſparks that are like wit.

Claud. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I aſſure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may ſay he is wiſe; for either he avoids them with great diſcretion, or undertakes them with a moſt chriſtian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he muſt neceſſarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And ſo will he do; for the man doth fear God, howſoever it ſeems not in him, by ſome large jeſts he will make. Well, I am ſorry for your niece: Shall we go ſeek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out, with good counſel.

Leon. Nay, that's impoſſible; ſhe may wear her heart out firſt.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wiſh he would modeſtly examine himſelf, to ſee how much he is unworthy to have ſo good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never truſt my expectation. [*aſide.*

D. Pedro. Let there be the ſame net ſpread for her, and that muſt your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The ſport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no ſuch matter; that's the ſcene that I would ſee, which will be meerly a dumb ſhow. Let us ſend her to call him to dinner. [*aſide.*

[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO.

Bene. [*advancing.*] This can be no trick: The conference was ſadly borne[1].—They have the truth of this from Hero. They ſeem to pity the lady; it ſeems, her affections have the full bent[2]. Love me! why, it muſt be

[1] — *was* ſadly *borne.*] i. e. was ſeriouſly carried on. STEEVENS.

[2] — *have the* full bent.] A metaphor from archery. So, in *Hamlet*: "They fool me to the top of my *bent.*" MALONE.

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requited. I hear how I am cenſured: they ſay, I will bear myſelf proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they ſay too, that ſhe will rather die than give any ſign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I muſt not ſeem proud:—happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They ſay, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witneſs: and virtuous;—'tis ſo, I cannot reprove it: and wiſe, but for loving me;—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have ſome odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, becauſe I have rail'd ſo long againſt marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and ſentences, and theſe paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: The world muſt be peopled. When I ſaid, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I ſhould live till I were marry'd.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, ſhe's a fair lady: I do ſpy ſome marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Againſt my will, I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleaſure then in the meſſage?

Beat. Yea, juſt ſo much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal:—You have no ſtomach, ſignior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! *Againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you took pains to thank me*—that's as much as to ſay, Any pains that I take for you is as eaſy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

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ACT III. SCENE I.

Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour;
ere ſhalt thou find my couſin Beatrice
poſing with the prince and Claudio[1]:
iſper her ear, and tell her, I and Urſula
lk in the orchard, and our whole diſcourſe
ll of her; ſay, that thou overheard'ſt us;
d bid her ſteal into the pleached bower,
ere honey-ſuckles, ripen'd by the ſun,
bid the ſun to enter;—like favourites,
de proud by princes, that advance their pride
ainſt that power that bred it:—there will ſhe hide her,
liſten our propoſe[2]: This is thy office;
r thee well in it, and leave us alone.
Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, preſently.
[*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Urſula, when Beatrice doth come,
we do trace this alley up and down,
r talk muſt only be of Benedick:
hen I do name him, let it be thy part
praiſe him more than ever man did merit:
y talk to thee muſt be, how Benedick
ſick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
hat only wounds by hear-ſay. Now begin;

Enter BEATRICE, *behind.*

r look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
loſe by the ground, to hear our conference.
Urſ. The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
ut with her golden oars the ſilver ſtream,
nd greedily devour the treacherous bait:

[1] Propoſing *with the prince and Claudio:*] *Propoſing* is converſing, om the French word—*propos*, diſcourſe, talk. STEEVENS.
[2] — *our* propoſe:] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—our *purpoſe*. *ropoſe* is right. See the preceding note. STEEVENS.

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So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear loſe nothing
Of the falſe ſweet bait that we lay for it.—
[*They advance to the bower.*
No, truly, Urſula, ſhe is too diſdainful:
I know her ſpirits are as coy and wild
As haggards [3] of the rock.
Urſ. But are you ſure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice ſo entirely?
Hero. So ſays the prince, and my new-trothed lord.
Urſ. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it:
But I perſuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wiſh him wreſtle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
Urſ. Why did you ſo? Doth not the gentleman
Deſerve as full, as fortunate a bed [4],
As ever Beatrice ſhall couch upon?
Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deſerve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder ſtuff than that of Beatrice:
Diſdain and ſcorn ride ſparkling in her eyes,
Miſpriſing [5] what they look on; and her wit
Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak: ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no ſhape nor project of affection,
She is ſo ſelf endeared.
Urſ. Sure, I think ſo;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.
Hero. Why, you ſpeak truth: I never yet ſaw man,

3 — *as* haggards—] The wildeſt of the hawk ſpecies. MALONE.

4 — *as* full, *as fortunate a bed*,] *Full* is uſed by our author and contemporaries for *abſolute, complete, perfect*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "the *fulleſt* man and worthieſt;" and in *Othello*, (as Mr. Steevens obſerved,) "What a *full* fortune doth the thick-lips owe?" MALONE.

5 *Miſpriſing*—] Deſpiſing, contemning. JOHNSON.
To *miſprize* is to *undervalue*, or take in a wrong light. STEEVENS.

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w wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
: ſhe would ſpell him backward [6]: if fair-faced,
:'d ſwear, the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter;
)lack, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
ıde a foul blot [7]: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
ow, an agate very vilely cut [8]:

If

— *ſpell him backward*:] Alluding to the practice of witches in ring prayers.

'he following paſſage, containing a ſimilar train of thought, is from r's *Anatomy of Wit*, 1581, p. 44. b: — "if he be cleanly, they [wo-] term him proude; if meene in apparel, a ſloven; if tall, a lungis; if te, a dwarfe; if bold, blunte; if ſhamefaſt, a coward; &c. P. 55. ıe be well ſet, then call her a boſſe; if ſlender, a haſil twig; if ſhe)leaſant, then is ſhe wanton; if ſullen, a clowne; if honeſt, then is coye." STEEVENS.

If black, *why, nature, drawing of an* antick,

Made a foul blot:] The *antick* was a buffoon character in the Engliſh farces, with a *blacked face*, and a *patch-work habit*. What ould obſerve from hence is, that the name of *antick* or *antique*, given his character, ſhews that the people had ſome traditional ideas of its ıg borrowed from the *ancient mimes*, who are thus deſcribed by ıleius, "*mimi centunculo, fuligine faciem obducti.*" WARB.

believe what is here ſaid of the old Engliſh farces, is ſaid at random. Warburton was thinking, I imagine, of the modern Harlequin. ave met with no proof that the face of the antick or Vice of the Engliſh comedy was blackened. By the word *black* in the text, is y meant, as I conceive, ſwarthy, or dark brown. MALONE.

If low, an-agate *very vilely cut*:] Dr. Warburton reads *aglet*, which ı adopted, I think, too haſtily, by the ſubſequent editors. I ſee no ſon for departing from the old copy. Shakſpeare's compariſons rcely ever anſwer completely on both ſides. Dr. Warburton aſks, What likeneſs is there between a little man and an *agat ?*" No other ın that both are *ſmall*. Our author has himſelf in another place npared a *very little* man to an *agate*. "Thou whorſon mandrake, ys Falſtaff to his *page*,) thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than wait at my heels. I was never ſo *man'd* with an *agate* till now."— ro means no more than this: "If a man be low, Beatrice will ſay at he is as diminutive and unhappily formed as an ill-cut agate."

It appears both from the paſſage juſt quoted, and from one of Sir John arrington's epigrams, 4to. 1618, that agates were commonly worn in akſpeare's time:

"THE AUTHOR TO A DAUGHTER NINE YEARS OLD.

"Though pride in damſels is a hateful vice,
"Yet could I like a noble-minded girl,
"That would demand me things of coſtly price,
"Rich velvet gowns, pendents, and chains of pearle,
"Cark'nets of *agats*, *cut* with *rare device*," &c.

Theſe

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If ſpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds [9];
If ſilent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.
Urſ. Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.
Hero. No: not to be ſo odd, and from all faſhions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her ſo? If I ſhould ſpeak,
She'd mock me into air; O, ſhe would laugh me
Out of myſelf, preſs me to death [1] with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Conſume away in ſighs, waſte inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks [2];
Which is as bad as die with tickling [3].
Urſ. Yet tell her of it; hear what ſhe will ſay.
Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counſel him to fight againſt his paſſion:
And, truly, I'll deviſe ſome honeſt ſlanders

Theſe lines, at the ſame time that they add ſupport to the old reading, ſhew, I think, that the words "vilely *cut*," are to be underſtood in their uſual ſenſe, when applied to precious ſtones, viz. *awkwardly wrought by a tool*, and not, as Mr. Steevens ſuppoſed, *groteſquely veined* by nature. MALONE.

9 — *a vane blown with all winds*;] This compariſon might have been borrowed from an ancient bl. let. ballad, entitled *A compariſon of the life of man*:

"I may compare a *man* againe
"Even like unto a *twining waine*,
"That changeth even as doth the wind;
"Indeed ſo is man's feeble mind." STEEVENS.

1 — *preſs me to death*—] The alluſion is to an ancient puniſhment of our law, called *peine fort et dure*, which was formerly inflicted on thoſe perſons, who, being indicted, refuſed to plead. In conſequence of their ſilence, they were preſſed to death by an heavy weight laid upon their ſtomach. This puniſhment the good ſenſe and humanity of the legiſlature have within theſe few years aboliſhed. MALONE.

2 *It were a better death than die with mocks*;] Thus the quarto. So before: "To wiſh *him wreſtle* with affection." The folio reads—better death *to* die with mocks. MALONE.

3 — *with* tickling.] The author meant that *tickling* ſhould be pronounced as a triſyllable; *tickeling*. So, in Spenſer's F. Q. b. ii. c. 12.

"——a ſtrange kind of harmony;
"Which Gayon's ſenſes ſoftly *tickeled*, &c. MALONE.

To

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To ſtain my couſin with: One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoiſon liking.
Urſ. O, do not do your couſin ſuch a wrong.
She cannot be ſo much without true judgment,
(Having ſo ſwift and excellent a wit,
As ſhe is priz'd to have,) as to refuſe
So rare a gentleman as ſignior Benedick.
Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.
Urſ. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; ſignior Benedick,
For ſhape, for bearing, argument[4], and valour,
Goes foremoſt in report through Italy.
Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
Urſ. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you marry'd, madam?
Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come, go in,
I'll ſhew thee ſome attires; and have thy counſel,
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to-morrow.
Urſ. She's limed[5], I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.
Hero. If it prove ſo, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, ſome with traps.

[*Exeunt* HERO *and* URSULA. BEATRICE *advances.*

Beat. What fire is in mine ears[6]? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and ſcorn ſo much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of ſuch.

[4] — *argument,*] This word ſeems here to ſignify *diſcourſe*, or, the *powers* of reaſoning. JOHNSON.

[5] *She's limed,*] She is enſnared and entangled, as a ſparrow with *bird-lime.* JOHNSON.

The folio reads—She's *ta'en.* STEEVENS.

[6] *What fire is in mine ears?*] Alluding to a proverbial ſaying of the common people, that their ears burn, when others are talking of them. WARBURTON.

The opinion from whence this proverbial ſaying is derived, is of great antiquity, being thus mentioned by Pliny: "Moreover is not this an opinion generally received, that when our *ears do glow and tingle*, ſome there be that in our abſence doo talke of us". P. Holland's *Tranſlation.* B. xxviii. p. 297. See alſo Brown's *Vulgar Errors.* REED.

And,

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And Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand [7];
If thou doſt love, my kindneſs ſhall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others ſay, thou doſt deſerve: and I
Believe it better than reportingly.

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but ſtay till your marriage be conſummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchſafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a ſoil in the new gloſs of your marriage, as to ſhew a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it [8]. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the ſole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-ſtring, and the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him [9]: he hath a heart as

[7] *Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;*] This image is taken from falconry. She had been charged with being as wild as *haggards of the rock*; ſhe therefore ſays, that *wild* as her *heart* is, ſhe will *tame* it *to the hand.* JOHNSON.

[8] — *as to ſhew a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"As is the night before ſome feſtival,
"To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
"And may not wear them." STEEVENS.

[9] — *the little* hangman *dare not ſhoot at him:*] This character of Cupid came from the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney:

"Millions of yeares this old drivel Cupid lives;
"While ſtill more wretch, more wicked he doth prove:
"Till now at length that Jove him office gives,
"(At Juno's ſuite, who much did Argus love,)
"In this our world a *bangman* for to be
"Of all thoſe fooles that will have all they ſee."
B. ii. ch. 14. FARMER.

found

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and as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what s heart thinks, his tongue ſpeaks [1].

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So ſay I; methinks, you are ſadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of ood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be ſad, wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What? ſigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, Every one can maſter a grief [2] but he that s it.

Claud. Yet ſay I, he is in love.

D. Ped. There is no appearance of fancy [3] in him, un- s it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes; as to a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or the ſhape of two countries at once, as, a German from : waiſt downward, all ſlops [4]; and a Spaniard from the upward, no doublet [5]: Unleſs he have a fancy to this lery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as u would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with ſome woman, there is believing old ſigns: he bruſhes his hat o'mornings; hat ſhould that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man ſeen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been ſeen with

[1] — *as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper*; &c.] A covert alluſion to e old proverb:

"As the fool thinketh,
"So the bell clinketh." STEEVENS.

[2] — can *maſter a grief*—] The old copies read corruptly—*cannot*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] *There is no appearance of* fancy &c.] Here is a play upon the word fancy, which Shakſpeare uſes for *love* as well as for *humour*, *caprice*, or *affectation*. JOHNSON.

[4] — *all* ſlops;] *Slops* are *looſe breeches*. STEEVENS.

[5] — *no doublet*:] Or, in other words, all cloak. MALONE.

him;

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him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already ſtuff'd tennis-balls [5].

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loſs of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himſelf with civet: Can you ſmell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to ſay, The ſweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greateſt note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to waſh his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himſelf? for the which, I hear what they ſay of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jeſting ſpirit; which is now crept into a lute-ſtring [6], and now govern'd by ſtops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions [7]; and, in deſpight of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She ſhall be buried with her face upwards [8]. *Exit.*

[5] — *and the old ornament of his cheek hath already* ſtuff'd tennis-balls.] So, in *A Wonderful—Prognoſtication for this Year of our Lord* 1591; written by Naſhe, in ridicule of Richard Harvey:—"they may ſell their haire by the pound to *ſtuffe tennice balles.*" STEEVENS.

[6] — *crept into a* lute *ſtring*—] *Love*-ſongs in our author's time were generally ſung to the muſick of the lute. So, in *K. Henry IV. P. I.* "—as melancholy as an old lion, or a *lover's lute.*" MALONE.

[7] — *his ill* conditions:] i. e. qualities. MALONE.

[8] *She ſhall be buried with her* face *upwards.*] Mr. Theobald's emendation [with her *heels* upwards] appears to be very ſpecious. The meaning ſeems to be, that ſhe who acted upon principles contrary to others, ſhould be buried with the ſame contrariety. JOHNSON.

Theobald's conjecture may be ſupported by a paſſage in *The Wild Gooſe Chace* of B. and Fletcher:

"— if I die o' th' firſt fit, I am unhappy,
"And worthy to be *buried with my heels upwards.*"

The paſſage, indeed, may mean only—*She ſhall be buried in her lover's arms.* So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"*Flo.* What? like a corſe?
"*Per.* No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
"Not like a corſe:—or if,—not to be *buried,*
"*But quick, and in mine arms.* STEEVENS.

This laſt is, I believe, the true interpretation. Our author often quotes Lilly's Grammar; (ſee p. 268.) and here perhaps he remembers

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Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old ſignior, walk aſide with me; I have ſtudied eight or nine wiſe words to ſpeak to you, which theſe hobby-horſes muſt not hear. [*Exeunt* BENE. *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even ſo: Hero and Margaret have by this play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two ears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter Don JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God ſave you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leiſure ſerv'd, I would ſpeak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it pleaſe you;—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would ſpeak of, concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordſhip to be marry'd to-morrow? [*To Claudio.*

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, diſcover it.

D. John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifeſt: For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearneſs of heart hath holp to effect your enſuing marriage: ſurely, ſuit ill ſpent, and labour ill beſtow'd!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you, and, circumſtances ſhorten'd, (for ſhe hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is diſloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even ſhe; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero [9].

bered a phraſe that occurs in that book, p. 59, and is thus interpreted:—"Tu cubas ſupinus, thou lieſt *in bed with thy face upwards.*"—*Heels* and *face* never could have been confounded by either the eye or the ear. MALONE.

9 *Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.*] Dryden has tranſplanted this ſarcaſm into his *All for Love:* "Your Cleopatra; Dolabella's Cleopatra, every man's Cleopatra." STEEVENS.

Claud.

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Claud. Diſloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedneſs; I could ſay, ſhe were worſe; think you of a worſe title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you ſhall ſee her chamber-window enter'd; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be ſo?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſs not that you know: if you will follow me, I will ſhew you enough; and when you have ſeen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I ſee any thing to-night why I ſhould not marry her; to-morrow, in the congregation, where I ſhould wed, there will I ſhame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to diſgrace her.

D. John. I will diſparage her no farther, till you are my witneſſes: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the iſſue ſhew itſelf.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O miſchief ſtrangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented! So will you ſay, when you have ſeen the ſequel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY *and* VERGES, *with the* Watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Ver. Yea, or elſe it were pity but they ſhould ſuffer ſalvation, body and ſoul.

Dog. Nay that were a puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould have any allegiance in them, being choſen for the prince's watch.

Ver. Well give them their charge[1], neighbour Dogberry.

[1] —*give them their charge,*] It appears from ſeveral of our old comedies, that to *charge* his fellows, was a regular part of the duty of the conſtable of the Watch. MALONE.

Dog.

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Dog. Firſt, who think you the moſt deſartleſs man to
: conſtable?

1. *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, ſir, or George Seacoal; for
ey can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath
eſſed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man
the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by
ıture,

2. *Watch.* Both which, maſter conſtable,——

Dog. You have; I knew it would be your anſwer.
'ell, for your favour, ſir, why, give God thanks, and
ake no boaſt of it; and for your writing and reading,
t that appear when there is no need of ſuch vanity.
ou are thought here to be the moſt ſenſeleſs and fit man
r the conſtable of the watch; therefore bear you the
nthorn: This is your charge; you ſhall comprehend all
ıgrom men; you are to bid any man ſtand, in the
rince's name.

2. *Watch.* How if he will not ſtand?

Dog. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go;
nd preſently call the reſt of the watch together, and thank
ıod you are rid of a knave.

Ver. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, he is none
f the prince's ſubjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the
rince's ſubjects:—You ſhall alſo make no noiſe in the
reets; for, for the watch to babble and to talk, is moſt
olerable and not to be endured.

2. *Watch.* We will rather ſleep than talk; we know
vhat belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you ſpeak like an ancient and moſt quiet
watchman; for I cannot ſee how ſleeping ſhould offend:
only, have a care that your bills be not ſtolen[2]:—Well,
you are to call at all the ale-houſes, and bid them that are
drunk get them to bed.

2. *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dog.

[2] — *bills be not ſtolen:*] A *bill* is ſtill carried by the watchmen at Litchfield. It was the old weapon of the Engliſh infantry, which, ſays Temple, *gave the moſt ghaſtly and deplorable wounds.* It may be called *ſturis falcata.* JOHNSON.

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Dog. Why then, let them alone till they are ſober; if they make you not then the better anſwer, you may ſay, they are not the men you took them for.

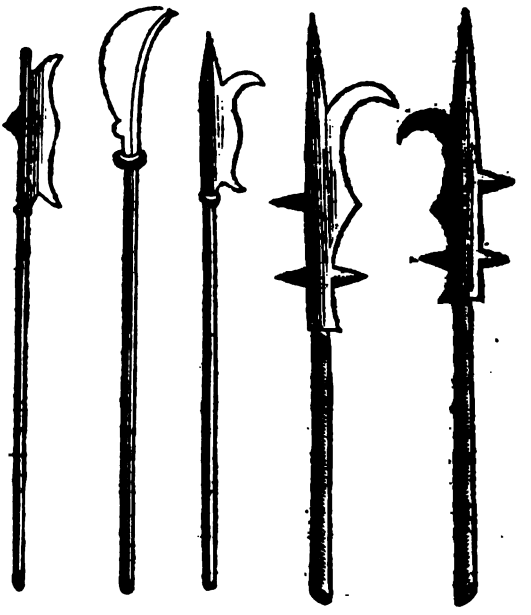
2. *Watch.* Well, ſir,

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may ſuſpect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and, for ſuch kind of men, the leſs you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honeſty.

2. *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, ſhall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled; the moſt peaceable

The following are examples of ancient *bills*.



STEEVENS.

way

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way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him ſhew himſelf what he is, and ſteal out of your company.

Ver. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honeſty in him.

Ver. If you hear a child cry in the night [2], you muſt call to the nurſe, and bid her ſtill it.

2. *Watch.* How if the nurſe be aſleep, and will not hear us?

Dog. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never anſwer a calf when he bleats.

Ver. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge. You, conſtable, are to preſent the prince's own perſon; if you meet the prince in the night, you may ſtay him.

Ver. Nay, by'r-lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dog. Five ſhillings to one on't, with any man that knows the ſtatues, he may ſtay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to

[2] *If you hear a child cry* &c.] It is not impoſſible but that part of this ſcene was intended as a burleſque on *The Statutes of the Streets*, imprinted by Wolfe, in 1595. Among theſe I find the following:

22. "No man ſhall blowe any horne in the night, within this cittie, or whiſtle after the houre of nyne of the clock in the night, under paine of impriſonment.

23. "No man ſhall uſe to goe with viſoures, or diſguiſed by night, under like paine of impriſonment.

24. "Made that night-walkers, and eviſdroppers, like puniſhment.

25. "No hammar-man, as a ſmith, a pewterer, a founder, and all artificers making great ſound, ſhall not worke after the houre of nyne at the night, &c."

30. "No man ſhall, after the houre of nyne at night, keepe any rule, whereby any ſuch ſuddaine out-cry be made in the ſtill of the night, as making any affray, or beating his wyfe, or ſervant, or ſinging, or revyling in his houſe, to the diſturbaunce of his neighbours, under payne of iij s. iiij d. &c. &c."

Ben Jonſon, appears to have ridiculed this ſcene in the Induction to his *Bartholomew-Faire*: "And then a ſubſtantial *watch* to have ſtole in upon 'em, and taken them away with *miſtaking words*, as the faſhion is in the ſtage practice." STEEVENS.

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offend no man; and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Ver. By'r-lady, I think, it be ſo.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha! Well, maſters, good night; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counſels and your own *, and good night.—Come, neighbour,

2. *Watch.* Well, maſters, we hear our charge: let us go ſit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honeſt neighbours: I pray you, watch about ſignior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu; be vigitant, I beſeech you.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Enter BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

2. *Watch.* Peace, ſtir not. [*Aſide.*

Bora. Conrade, I ſay!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Maſs, and my elbow itch'd; I thought, there would a ſcab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an anſwer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee cloſe then under this pent-houſe, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

2. *Watch.* [*aſide.*] Some treaſon, maſters; yet ſtand cloſe.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thouſand ducats.

Con. Is it poſſible that any villainy ſhould be ſo dear?

Bora. Thou ſhould'ſt rather aſk, if it were poſſible any villainy ſhould be ſo rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

* — *keep your fellows' counſels and your own,*] This is part of the oath of a grand juryman; and is one of many proofs of Shakſpeare's having been very converſant, at ſome period of his life, with legal proceedings and courts of juſtice. MALONE.

Bora.

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Bora. That ſhews, thou art unconfirm'd[4]: Thou knoweſt, that the faſhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the faſhion.

Con. Yes, the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bora. Tuſh! I may as well ſay, the fool's the fool. But ſee'ſt thou not, what a deformed thief this faſhion is?

1. *Watch.* I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief this ſeven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didſt thou not hear ſome body?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the houſe.

Bora. Seeſt thou not, I ſay, what a deformed thief this faſhion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty? ſometime, faſhioning them like Pharaoh's ſoldiers in the reechy painting[5]; ſometime, like god Bel's prieſts in the old church-window: ſometime, like the ſhaven Hercules[6] in the[7] ſmirch'd worm-eaten tapeſtry, where his cod-piece ſeems as maſſy as his club?

Con. All this I ſee; and ſee, that the faſhion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyſelf giddy with the faſhion too, that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bora. Not ſo neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; ſhe leans me out at her miſtreſs' chamber-window, bids me a thouſand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I ſhould firſt tell thee, how the prince,

4 — *unconfirm'd:*] i. e. unpractiſed in the ways of the world. WARB.

5 — reechy *painting;*] is painting ſtain'd by ſmoke; from Recan, Anglo-Saxon, to *reek, fumare.* STEEVENS.

6 — *ſometime, like the ſhaven Hercules* &c.] I believe that Shakſpeare by *the ſhaven Hercules* meant only *Hercules when ſhaved to make him look like a woman,* while he remained in the ſervice of Omphale, his Lydian miſtreſs. Had *the ſhaven Hercules* been meant to repreſent Samſon, [as Dr. Warburton ſuppoſed,] he would probably have been equipped with a *jaw-bone* inſtead of a *club.* STEEVENS.

7 — *ſmirch'd*] *Smirch'd* is ſoiled, obſcured. So, in *As you Like it:* "And with a kind of umber *ſmirch* my face." STEEVENS.

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Claudio, and my maſter, planted and placed, and poſſeſſed by my maſter Don John, ſaw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my maſter knew ſhe was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which firſt poſſeſſed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any ſlander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; ſwore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, ſhame her with what he ſaw o'er night, and ſend her home again without a huſband.

1. *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, ſtand.

2. *Watch.* Call up the right maſter conſtable: We have here recovered the moſt dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1. *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock[8].

Con. Maſters, maſters,—

2. *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Maſters,—

1. *Watch.* Never ſpeak; we charge you; let us obey you to go with us[9].

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of theſe mens bills.

Con. A commodity in queſtion, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt*

[8] — *wears a lock.*] See Dr. Warburton's Note, Act V. ſc. i. STEEVENS

[9] *Never ſpeak; &c.*] Theſe words in the old copies are by the miſtake of the tranſcriber or printer given to Conrade. The preſent regulation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

SCE!

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SCENE IV.

A Room in Leonato's *House.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Urſula, wake my couſin Beatrice, and re her to riſe.

Urſ. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urſ. Well. [*Exit* URSULA.

Mar. Troth, I think, your other rabato[a] were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Mar. By my troth, it's not ſo good: and I warrant, ır couſin will ſay ſo.

Hero. My couſin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll ar none but this.

Mar. I like the new tire within excellently, if the r were a thought browner[b]: and your gown's a moſt e faſhion, i'faith. I ſaw the dutcheſs of Milan's vn, that they praiſe ſo.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they ſay.

Mar. By my troth it's but a night-gown in reſt of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced h ſilver; ſet with pearls, down ſleeves, ſide ſleeves, l ſkirts round, underborne with a blueiſh tinſel: but a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent faſhion, yours vorth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exding heavy!

Mar. 'Twill be heavier ſoon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not aſhamed?

Mar. Of what, lady? of ſpeaking honourably? Is not rriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honrable without marriage? I think you would have me , ſaving your reverence, —*a huſband:* an bad thinking not wreſt true ſpeaking, I'll offend no body: Is there

[a] —*rabato*] An ornament for the neck, a collar-band or kind of ruff. *Rabat.* Menage ſaith it comes from *rabattre*, to put back, becauſe was at firſt nothing but the collar of the ſhirt or ſhift turned back tords the ſhoulders. T. HAWKINS.

[b] —*if the hair were a thought browner:*] See p. 239, note 9. MALONE.

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any harm in—*the heavier for a huſband?* None, I think, an it be the right huſband, and the right wife; otherwiſe, 'tis light, and not heavy: Aſk my lady Beatrice elſe, here ſhe comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, ſweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you ſpeak in the ſick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Mar. Clap us into *Light o'love*[2]; that goes without a burden; do you ſing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, *Light o'love*, with your heels!—then if your huſband have ſtables enough, you'll look he ſhall lack no barns[3].

Mar. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almoſt five o'clock, couſin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill;—hey ho!

Mar. For a hawk, a horſe, or a huſband[4]?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H[5].

Mar. Well, an you be not turn'd Turk[6], there's no more ſailing by the ſtar.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Mar. Nothing I; but God ſend every one their heart's deſire!

Hero. Theſe gloves the count ſent me, they are an excellent perfume.

2 *Light o'love*;] This is the name of an old dance tune which has occurred already in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. SIR J. HAWKINS.

3 — *no barns.*] A quibble between *barns*, repoſitories of corn, and *bairns*, the old word for children. JOHNSON.

4 ——— hey ho!

Mar. For *a hawk, a horſe, or* a huſband?] "*Heigh ho for a huſband*, or the willing maid's wants made known," is the title of an old ballad in the Pepyſian Collection, in Magdalen College, Cambridge. MALONE.

5 *For the letter that begins them all, H.*] This is a poor jeſt, ſomewhat obſcured, and not worth the trouble of elucidation. Margaret aſks Beatrice for what ſhe cries, *hey ho*; Beatrice anſwers, for an *H*, that is, for an *ache* or *pain*. JOHNSON.

6 — *turn'd Turk,*] Hamlet uſes the ſame expreſſion, and talks of his *fortune's turning Turk*. *To turn Turk* was a common phraſe for a change of condition or opinion. STEEVENS.

Be-

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t. I am ſtuff'd, couſin, I cannot ſmell.
r. A maid, and ſtuff'd! there's goodly catching of

t. O, God help me! God help me! how long
ou profeſs'd apprehenſion?
r. Ever ſince you left it: Doth not my wit be-
me rarely?
t. It is not ſeen enough, you ſhould wear it in your
By my troth, I am ſick.
r. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd Carduus Be-
us, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing
ualm.
e. There thou prick'ſt her with a thiſtle.
t. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have ſome
in this Benedictus.
r. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral mean-
I meant, plain holy-thiſtle. You may think, per-
, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r-lady, I
t ſuch a fool to think what I liſt; nor I liſt not to
what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I
think my heart out o'thinking, that you are in
r that you will be in love, or that you can be in
yet Benedick was ſuch another, and now is he be-
a man: he ſwore he would never marry; and yet
in deſpight of his heart, he eats his meat without
ing [8]: and how you may be converted, I know not;
nethinks, you look with your eyes as other wo-
o.
t. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?
r. Not a falſe gallop.

ſome moral—] That is, ſome ſecret meaning, like the *moral* of a
JOHNSON.
ohnſon's explanation is certainly the true one, though it has
abted. In *the Rape of Lucrece* our author uſes the verb to *mo-*
a the ſame ſenſe:
" Nor could ſhe *moraliſe* his wanton ſight."
reſtigate the *latent meaning* of his looks. MALONE.
he eats his meat without grudging:] Perhaps, *to eat meat with-*
dging, was the ſame as, *to do as others do*, and the meaning
content to live by eating like other mortals, and will be content,
ſtanding his boaſts, like other mortals, to have a wife. JOHNSON.
meaning, I think, is, " and yet now, in ſpight of his reſolution
ntrary, he *feeds* on *love*, and likes his food." MALONE.

Re-enter

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Re-enter URSULA.

Urſ. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, ſignior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dreſs me, good coz, good Meg, good Urſula. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Room in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter LEONATO, DOGBERRY, *and* VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honeſt neighbour?

Dog. Marry, ſir, I would have ſome confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you ſee, 'tis a buſy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, ſir.

Ver. Yes, in truth it is, ſir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verges, ſir, ſpeaks a little of the matter: an old man, ſir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as, God help, I would deſire they were! but, in faith, honeſt, as the ſkin between his brows[9].

Ver. Yes, I thank God, I am as honeſt as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeſter than I.

Dog. Comparifons are odorous: *palabras*[1], neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleaſes your worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to beſtow it all of your worſhip.

Leon. All thy tediouſneſs on me! ha!

Dog. Yea, an 'twere a thouſand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worſhip, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

9 —*honeſt as the ſkin between his brows.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion. STEEVENS.

1 —*palabras,*] So, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, the Tinker ſays, *pocas pallabras*, i. e. few words. A ſcrap of Spaniſh, which might once have been current among the vulgar. STEEVENS.

Ver.

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r. And ſo am I.
u. I would fain know what you have to ſay.
r. Marry, ſir, our watch to-night, excepting your ip's preſence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves y in Meſſina.
g. A good old man, ſir; he will be talking; as they When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! world to ſee [2]!—Well ſaid, i'faith, neighbour Ver—well, God's a good man [3]; An two men ride of a , one muſt ride behind [4]:—An honeſt ſoul, i'faith, y my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is worſhipp'd; All men are not alike; alas, good ibour!
on. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too ſhort of you.
g. Gifts, that God gives.
on. I muſt leave you.
g. One word, ſir: our watch, ſir, have, indeed, com-nded two aſpicious perſons, and we would have them norning examined before your worſhip.
on. Take their examination yourſelf, and bring it I am now in great haſte, as may appear unto you.
g. It ſhall be ſuffigance.
on. Drink ſome wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Meſſenger.

ſſ. My lord, they ſtay for you to give your daughter r huſband.
on. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* Meſſenger.

[2] *it is a world to ſee!*] i. e. it is wonderful to ſee. The ſame e often occurs with the ſame meaning in Holinſhed. STEEVENS.
[3] *—well*, God's a good man;] This expreſſion (as Mr. Steevens hewn) frequently occurs in the old *Moralities*. MALONE.
[4] *An two men ride* &c.] This is not out of place, or without mean-Dogberry, in his vanity of ſuperior parts, apologizing for his ibour, obſerves, that *of two men on an horſe, one muſt ride behind. firſt* place *of* rank or underſtanding can belong but to *one*, and that y *one* ought not to deſpiſe his inferiour. JOHNSON.
hakſpeare might have caught this idea from the common ſeal of Knights Templars; the device of which was *two riding upon one* . An engraving of the ſeal is preſerved at the end of Matt. Paris . Ang. 1640. STEEVENS.

Dog.

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Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examination theſe men.

Ver. And we muſt do it wiſely.

Dog. We will ſpare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [*touching his forehead.*] ſhall drive ſome of them to a non-com[5]: only get the learned writer to ſet down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, *Don* JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, *and* BEATRICE.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you ſhall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you ſhould not be conjoined, I charge you, on your ſouls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his anſwer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do.

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then ſome be of laughing[1], as, ha! ha! he!

[5] — *to a* non-com:] i. e. to a *non compos mentis*; put them out of their wits:—or perhaps he confounds the term with *non-plus*. MALONE.

[1] — *ſome be of laughing,*] This is a quotation from the *Accidence*. JOHNSON.

Claud.

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ud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave;
you with free and unconſtrained ſoul
me this maid your daughter?
n. As freely, ſon, as God did give her me.
ud. And what have I to give you back, whoſe worth
counterpoiſe this rich and precious gift?
Pedro. Nothing, unleſs you render her again.
ud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulneſs.—
:, Leonato, take her back again;
not this rotten orange to your friend;
but the ſign and ſemblance of her honour:—
d, how like a maid ſhe bluſhes here:
hat authority and ſhew of truth
unning ſin cover itſelf withal!
s not that blood, as modeſt evidence,
itneſs ſimple virtue? Would you not ſwear,
u that ſee her, that ſhe were a maid,
ſe exterior ſhews? But ſhe is none:
ows the heat of a luxurious bed[1]:
luſh is guiltineſs, not modeſty.
n. What do you mean, my lord?
ud. Not to be marry'd,
knit my ſoul to an approved wanton.
n. Dear my lord, if you in your own proof[2]
vanquiſh'd the reſiſtance of her youth,
ade defeat of her virginity,—
ud, I know what you would ſay; If I have known
her,
ſay, ſhe did embrace me as a huſband,
extenuate the 'forehand ſin:
eonato,

luxurious bed:] That is, *laſcivious*. *Luxury* is the confeſſor's unlawful pleaſures of the ſex. JOHNSON.
K. *Lear:*
To't, *luxury*, pell-mell, for I lack ſoldiers." STEEVENS.
my lord, if you in your own proof] In *your own proof* may *your own trial* of her. TYRWHITT.
like *door, fire, hour*, and many ſimilar words, is here uſed as ble. MALONE.

I never

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I never tempted her with word too large[4];
But, as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhew'd
Baſhful ſincerity, and comely love.
Hero. And ſeem'd I ever otherwiſe to you?
Claud. Out on thy ſeeming[5]! I will write againſt it[6]:
You ſeem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaſte as is the bud[7] ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or thoſe pamper'd animals
That rage in ſavage ſenſuality.
Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth ſpeak ſo wide?
Leon. Sweet prince, why ſpeak not you?
D. Pedro. What ſhould I ſpeak?
I ſtand diſhonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common ſtale.
Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken, or do I but dream?
D. John. Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.
Hero. True! O God!
Claud. Leonato, ſtand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?
Leon. All this is ſo; But what of this my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one queſtion to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power[8]
That you have in her, bid her anſwer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do ſo, as thou art my child.
Hero. O God defend me! how am I beſet!—
What kind of catechizing call you this?

4 — *word too large*;] So he uſes *large jeſts* in this play, *for ſpeeches not reſtrained within due bounds.* JOHNSON.

5 — thy *ſeeming*.] The old copies have *thee*. The emendation is Mr. Pope's. In the next line Shakſpeare probably wrote—*ſaw'ſt*. MALONE.

6 *I will* write againſt *it*:] So in *Cymbeline* Poſthumus, ſpeaking of women, ſays,

" ——— I'll *write againſt* them,
" Deteſt them, curſe them." STEEVENS.

7 — *chaſte as is the bud*] Before the air has taſted its ſweetneſs. JOHNSON.

8 — *kindly power*] That is, *natural power*. *Kind* is *nature*. JOHNSON.

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Claud. To make you anſwer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
ith any juſt reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
:ro itſelf can blot out Hero's virtue.
hat man was he talk'd with you yeſternight
ut at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
w, if you are a maid, anſwer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.
D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leo-
nato,
m ſorry you muſt hear; Upon mine honour,
yſelf, my brother, and this grieved count,
d ſee her, hear her, at that hour laſt night,
alk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
ho hath, indeed, moſt like a liberal villain[9],
nfeſs'd the vile encounters they have had
thouſand times in ſecret.
D. John. Fie, fie! they are
ot to be nam'd, my lord, not to be ſpoke of;
here is not chaſtity enough in language,
ithout offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
am ſorry for thy much miſgovernment.
Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadſt thou been[1]
half thy outward graces had been placed
bout the thoughts and counſels of thy heart!
ut, fare thee well, moſt foul, moſt fair! farewel!
hou pure impiety, and impious purity!
or thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
nd on my eye-lids ſhall conjecture hang[2],
o turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
nd never ſhall it more be gracious[3].

9 — liberal *villain,*] *Liberal* here, as in many places of theſe plays, means, *frank beyond honeſty* or *decency*. *Free of tongue.* JOHNSON.
1 *What a Hero hadſt thou been*] I am afraid here is intended a poor conceit upon the word *Hero*. JOHNSON.
2 — *ſhall* conjecture *hang,*] *Conjecture* is here uſed for *ſuſpicion*. MALONE.
3 *And never ſhall it more be* gracious.] i. e. lovely, attractive. MALONE.

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Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me[4]?
[Hero *ſwoons.*
Beat. Why, how now, couſin, wherefore ſink you down?
D. John. Come, let us go, : theſe things, come thus to light,
Smother her ſpirits up.
[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO, *Don* JOHN, *and* CLAUDIO.
Bene. How doth the lady?
Beat. Dead, I think;—Help, uncle;—
Hero! why, Hero! — Uncle!—ſignior Benedick!—
Friar!—
Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the faireſt cover for her ſhame,
That may be wiſh'd for.
Beat. How now, couſin Hero?
Friar. Have comfort, lady.
Leon. Doſt thou look up?
Friar. Yea; Wherefore ſhould ſhe not?
Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry ſhame upon her? Could ſhe here deny
The ſtory that is printed in her blood[5]?—
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think, thou would'ſt not quickly die,
Thought I, thy ſpirits were ſtronger than thy ſhames,
Myſelf would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame[6]?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever waſt thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's iſſue at my gates;
Who ſmeared thus, and mired with infamy,

[4] *Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?*] "A thouſand daggers, all in honeſt hands!
"And have not I a friend to ſtick one here?"
Venice Preſerv'd. STEEVENS.

[5] *The ſtory that is printed in her blood?*] That is, *the ſtory which her bluſhes diſcover to be true.* JOHNSON.

[6] *— frugal nature's* frame?] *Frame* is contrivance, order, diſpoſition of things. So afterwards: "— in *frame* of villanies." STEEVENS.
The meaning, I think, is,—Grieved I at Nature's being ſo *frugal* as to have *framed* for me only one child? MALONE.

I might

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have ſaid, *No part of it is mine,*
me derives itſelf from unknown loins?
e, and mine I lov'd[7], and mine I prais'd,
ne that I was proud on; mine ſo much,
myſelf was to myſelf not mine,
of her; why, ſhe,—O, ſhe, is fallen
it of ink! that the wide ſea
ops too few to waſh her clean again;
too little, which may ſeaſon give
oul tainted fleſh!
Sir, ſir, be patient:
part I am ſo attir'd in wonder,
not what to ſay.
O, on my ſoul, my couſin is bely'd!
Lady, were you her bedfellow laſt night?
No, truly, not; although, until laſt night,
his twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is ſtronger made,
was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
he two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
d her ſo, that, ſpeaking of her foulneſs,
it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.
. Hear me a little;
ave only been ſilent ſo long,
ven way unto this courſe of fortune,
ng of the lady: I have mark'd
and bluſhing apparitions
into her face; a thouſand innocent ſhames
l whiteneſs bear away thoſe bluſhes;
her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
a the errors that theſe princes hold
her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;
ot my reading, nor my obſervations,
with experimental ſeal do warrant
our of my book[8]; truſt not my age,
erence, calling, nor divinity,
weet lady lie not guiltleſs here
ome biting error.

[7] *and* mine I lov'd,] i. e. mine *that* I loved. JOHNSON.
[8] *of my book*;] i. e. of what I have read. MALONE.

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Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou ſeeſt, that all the grace that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe will not add to her damnation
A ſin of perjury; ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeek'ſt thou then to cover with excuſe
That which appears in proper nakedneſs?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know, that do accuſe me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modeſty doth warrant,
Let all my ſins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yeſternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour[9];
And if their wiſdoms be miſled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the baſtard,
Whoſe ſpirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not; If they ſpeak but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age ſo eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made ſuch havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall find, awak'd in ſuch a kind,
Both ſtrength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pauſe a while,
And let my counſel ſway you in this caſe.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead[1];

9 — bent *of honour*;] *Bent* is uſed by our authour for the utmoſt degree of any paſſion, or mental quality. In this play before, Benedick ſays of Beatrice, *her affection has its full bent.* The expreſſion is derived from archery; the bow has its *bent*, when it is drawn as far as it can be. JOHNSON.

1 *Your daughter here the* princes *left for dead*;] The old copies have *princeſs*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Let

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ıer awhile be ſecretly kept in,
publiſh it, that ſhe is dead indeed:
ıtain a mourning oſtentation [2];
on your family's old monument
; mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
appertain unto a burial.
n. What ſhall become of this? What will this do?
ar. Marry, this, well carry'd, ſhall on her behalf
ge ſlander to remorſe; that is ſome good:
ot for that dream I on this ſtrange courſe,
n this travail look for greater birth.
lying, as it muſt be ſo maintain'd,
ı the inſtant that ſhe was accus'd,
be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
very hearer: for it ſo falls out,
what we have we prize not to the worth,
es we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
, then we rack the value [3]; then we find
rirtue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew us
es it was ours:—So will it fare with Claudio:
ı he ſhall hear ſhe dy'd upon his words,
idea of her life ſhall ſweetly creep
iis ſtudy of imagination;
every lovely organ of her life
come apparel'd in more precious habit,
: moving-delicate, and full of life,
the eye and proſpect of his ſoul,
ı when ſhe liv'd indeed:—then ſhall he mourn,
rer love had intereſt in his liver,)
wiſh he had not ſo accuſed her;
though he thought his accuſation true.
his be ſo, and doubt not but ſucceſs
faſhion the event in better ſhape
ı I can lay it down in likelihood.

- *oſtentation*;] Show; appearance. JOHNSON.
- *we* rack *the value*;] We exaggerate the value. The alluſion rack-rents. The ſame kind of thought occurs in *Antony and* ra:

"What our contempts do often hurl from us,
"We wiſh it ours again." STEEVENS.

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But if all aim but this be levell'd falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it ſort not well, you may conceal her
(As beſt befits her wounded reputation,)
In ſome recluſive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar adviſe you:
And though, you know, my inwardneſs and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As ſecretly, and juſtly, as your ſoul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that
I flow in grief, the ſmalleſt twine may lead me[4].

Friar. 'Tis well conſented; preſently away;
For to ſtrange ſores ſtrangely they ſtrain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure.
[*Exeunt* Friar, HERO, *and* LEONATO[5].

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not deſire that.

Beat. You have no reaſon, I do it freely.

4 —*the ſmalleſt twine may lead me.*] This is one of our authour's obſervations upon life. Men overpowered with diſtreſs, eagerly liſten to the firſt offers of relief, cloſe with every ſcheme, and believe every promiſe. He that has no longer any confidence in himſelf, is glad to repoſe his truſt in any other that will undertake to guide him. JOHNSON.

5 *Exeunt &c.*] The poet, in my opinion, has ſhewn a great deal of addreſs in this ſcene. Beatrice here engages her lover to revenge the injury done her couſin Hero: and without this very natural incident, conſidering the character of Beatrice, and that the ſtory of her paſſion for Benedick was all a fable, ſhe could never have been eaſily or naturally brought to confeſs ſhe loved him, notwithſtanding all the foregoing preparation. And yet, on this confeſſion, in this very place, depended the whole ſucceſs of the plot upon her and Benedick. For had ſhe not owned her love here, they muſt have ſoon found out the trick, and then the deſign of bringing them together had been defeated; and ſhe would never have owned a paſſion ſhe had been only tricked into. had not her deſire of revenging her couſin's wrong made her drop her capricious humour at once. WARBURTON.

Bene

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Surely, I do believe your fair couſin is wrong'd.
. Ah, how much might the man deſerve of me, uld right her!
. Is there any way to ſhew ſuch friendſhip?
. A very even way, but no ſuch friend.
. May a man do it?
. It is a man's office, but not yours.
I do love nothing in the world ſo well as you; Is ſtrange?
As ſtrange as the thing I know not: It were as ſor me to ſay, I loved nothing ſo well as you; but me not; and yet I lie not; I confeſs nothing, eny nothing:—I am ſorry for my couſin.
. By my ſword, Beatrice, thou loveſt me.
. Do not ſwear by it, and eat it.
. I will ſwear by it, that you love me; and I will im eat it, that ſays, I love not you.
. Will you not eat your word?
. With no ſauce that can be deviſed to it: I proove thee.
. Why then, God forgive me!
. What offence, ſweet Beatrice?
. You have ſtaid me in a happy hour; I was about :ſt, I loved you.
. And do it with all thy heart.
. I love you with ſo much of my heart, that none o proteſt.
. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.
. Kill Claudio.
. Ha! not for the wide world.
. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.
. Tarry, ſweet Beatrice.
. I am gone, though I am here[6];—There is no you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.
. Beatrice,—
. In faith, I will go.
. We'll be friends firſt.

n gone, though I am here:] i. e. I am out of your mind already, I remain here in perſon before you. STEEVENS.
erhaps, my affection is withdrawn from you, though I am yet ALONE.

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Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain[7], that hath ſlander'd, ſcorn'd, diſhonour'd my kinſwoman?—O, that I were a man!—What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with publick accuſation, uncover'd ſlander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man!, I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper ſaying!

Bene. Nay, but Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero! ſhe is wrong'd, ſhe is ſlander'd, ſhe is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties[8]! Surely, a princely teſtimony, a goodly count-comfect[9]; a ſweet gallant, ſurely! O that I were a man for his ſake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! But manhood is melted into courteſies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too[1]: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and ſwears it:—I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving,

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Uſe it for my love ſome other way than ſwearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your ſoul, the count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I have a thought, or a ſoul.

7 — *in the* height *a villain,*] So, in *King Henry VIII.*

" He's traitor to the *height.*"

In præcipiti vitium ſtetit. STEEVENS.

8 — *and* counties!] *County* was the ancient general term for a *nobleman.* See a note on the *County* Paris in *Romeo and Juliet.* STEEV.

9 — *a goodly* count-comfect;] i. e. a ſpecious nobleman made out of ſugar. STEEVENS.

1 — *and men are only turned into* tongue, *and trim ones too*;] Mr. Heath would read *tongues*, but he miſtakes the conſtruction of the ſentence, which is—not only men, but trim ones, are turned into tongue i. e. not only *common* but *clever* men, &c. STEEVENS.

Bene

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Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him; I will kiſs your hand, and ſo leave you: By this hand, Claudio ſhall render me a dear account: As you hear of me, ſo think of me. Go, comfort your couſin: I muſt ſay, ſhe is dead; and ſo farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Priſon.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and* Sexton, *in gowns*[2]; BORACHIO, CONRADE, *and the* Watch.

Dog. Is our whole diſſembly appear'd?

Ver. O, a ſtool and a cuſhion for the ſexton!

Sex. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Ver. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined; let them come before maſter conſtable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dog. Pray write down—Borachio.—Yours, ſirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, ſir, and my name is Conrade.

Dog. Write down—maſter gentleman Conrade.—Maſters, do you ſerve God?

Con. Bora. Yea, ſir, we hope.

Dog. Write down—that they hope they ſerve God:—

[2] —*in* gowns;] It appears from *The Black Book*, 4to, 1604, that this was the dreſs of a conſtable in our author's time: "—when they miſt their *conſtable*, and ſawe the *black gowne* of his office lye full in a puddle—."

The *ſexton* (as Mr. Tyrwhitt obſerved) is ſtyled in this ſtage-direction, in the old copies, *the Town-clerk*, "probably from his doing the duty of ſuch an officer." But this error has only happened here; for throughout the ſcene itſelf he is deſcribed by his proper title. By miſtake alſo in the quarto, and the folio, which appears to have been printed from it, the name of Kempe (an actor in our author's theatre) throughout this ſcene is prefixed to the ſpeeches of Dogberry, and that of Cowley to thoſe of Verges, except in two or three inſtances, where either *Conſtable* or *Andrew* are ſubſtituted for Kempe. MALONE.

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and write God firſt; for God defend but God ſhould go before ſuch villains [3]!—Maſters, it is proved already that you are little better than falſe knaves, and it will go near to be thought ſo ſhortly; How anſwer you for yourſelves?

Con. Marry, ſir, we ſay we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I aſſure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, ſirrah; a word in your ear, ſir; I ſay to you, it is thought you are falſe knaves.

Bora. Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.

Dog. Well, ſtand aſide.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale:—Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sex. Maſter conſtable, you go not the way to examine; you muſt call forth the watch that are their accuſers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the eſteſt way [4]:—Let the watch come forth:—Maſters, I charge you in the prince's name accuſe theſe men.

1. *Watch.* This man ſaid, ſir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down—prince John a villain:—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

Bora. Maſter conſtable,—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace! I do not like thy look, I promiſe thee.

Sex. What heard you him ſay elſe?

2. *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thouſand ducats of Don John, for accuſing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Ver. Yea, by the maſs, that it is.

Sex. What elſe, fellow?

1. *Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his

[3] *Write down &c.*] This paſſage which was omitted in the folio, was reſtored by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

The omiſſion of this paſſage ſince the edition of 1600, may be accounted for from the ſtat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. the ſacred name being jeſtingly uſed four times in one line. BLACKSTONE.

[4] — *the* eſteſt *way:*] Dogberry means *defteſt*; i. e. the moſt fit and commodious way. MALONE.

word:

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ords, to diſgrace Hero before the whole aſſembly, and ot marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into ever-ſting redemption for this.

Sex. What elſe?

2. Watch. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, maſters, than you can deny. rince John is this morning ſecretly ſtolen away; Hero as in this manner accuſed, in this very manner re-ſed, and upon the grief of this, ſuddenly died.—Maſ-r conſtable, let theſe men be bound, and brought to eonato's; I will go before, and ſhew him their ex-mination. [*Exit.*

Dog. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Ver. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb[5]!

Dog. God's my life! where's the ſexton? let him rite down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind em:—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an aſs, you are an aſs.

Dog. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? Doſt thou not ſpect my years?—O that he were here to write me down -an aſs!—but, maſters, remember, that I am an aſs; ough it be not written down, yet forget not that I am n aſs:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as

5 Off, *coxcomb!*] The old copies read—*of*, and theſe words make a art of the laſt ſpeech, "Let them be in the hands *of coxcomb.*" The reſent regulation was made by Dr. Warburton, and has been adopted y the ſubſequent editors. *Off* was formerly ſpelt *of*. See p. 287, . 1. In the early editions of theſe plays a broken ſentence (like that be-ore us, "Let them be in the hands"—) is almoſt always corrupted by eing tacked, through the ignorance of the tranſcriber or printer, to the ſubſequent words. So in *Coriolanus*, inſtead of

You ſhames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues Plaiſter you o'er!

we have in the folio, 1623, and the ſubſequent copies,

You ſhames of Rome, you! Herd of boils and plagues &c.

See alſo *Meaſure for Meaſure*, p. 21. n. 5.

Perhaps however we ſhould read and regulate the paſſage thus:

Ver. Let them be in the hands of—[*the law*, he might have intended to ſay.]

Con. Coxcomb! MALONE.

ſhall

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ſhall be proved upon thee by good witneſs: I am a wiſe fellow, and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a houſholder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of fleſh as any is in Meſſina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had loſſes; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handſome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an aſs! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourſelf;
And 'tis not wiſdom, thus to ſecond grief
Againſt yourſelf.

Leon. I pray thee, ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitleſs
As water in a ſieve: give not me counſel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs do ſuit with mine.
Bring me a father, that ſo lov'd his child,
Whoſe joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him ſpeak of patience;
Meaſure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain;
As thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape, and form:
If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard;
In ſorrow wag; cry hem, when he ſhould groan[1];

Patch

[1] In *ſorrow wag; cry hem, when he ſhould groan;*] This is one of thoſe paſſages from which an editor can hardly eſcape without cenſure. The old copies read:

And ſorrow, wag, cry hem, when he ſhould groan.

To print abſolute nonſenſe is ſurely no part of his duty. To ſubſtitute any word in the room of thoſe furniſhed by ancient copies (though ſanctioned in ſome meaſure by the numerous emendations which at various times have been happily made,) is certainly undeſirable; yet at all

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grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
candle-waſters [2]; bring him yet to me,

And

ırds one would wiſh for ſome glimmering of meaning. To ob-
is, Dr. Johnſon printed this line thus (in which he has been fol-
n the late editions):

And, ſorrow, wag, cry; hem when he ſhould groan;—

punctuation (to ſay nothing of the *unexampled* harſhneſs of ſuch
eology) is certainly inadmiſſible; it appearing from a paſſage in
IV. and from other examples, that to "*cry hem*" was in our
time a cant term of feſtivity. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note below.
in *As you like it*:—"If I could *cry hem*, and have him." On the
and, to *cry woe* is uſed in the *Winter's Tale* to denote grief.
, in *K. Richard III*:

"You live, that ſhall *cry woe* for this hereafter."

the emendation now made the preſent editor is anſwerable. *And*
, haſtily or indiſtinctly pronounced, might have been eaſily con-
d, ſuppoſing (what there is great reaſon to believe) that theſe
ere copied for the preſs by the ear; and by this ſlight change
ſenſe is given, the latter part of the line being a paraphraſe on
:going. So afterwards: "Charm ach with air, and agony &c."
emendation may derive ſome ſupport from *K. Henry V.* edit.
where we find

So many a thouſand actions once a foot
And in one purpoſe—

of—*End* in one purpoſe; the tranſcriber's ear having deceived
s I ſuppoſe it did in the preſent inſtance.

h reſpect to the word *wag*, the uſing it as a verb, in the ſenſe of
the wag, is entirely in Shakſpeare's manner. There is ſcarcely one
lays in which we do not find ſubſtantives uſed as verbs. Thus we
to teſtimony, to boy, to couch, to grave, to bench, to voice, to
to page, to dram, to ſtage, to fever, to fool, to palate, to mounte-
to god, to virgin, to paſſion, to monſter, to hiſtory, to fable, to
o period, to ſpaniel, to ſtranger, &c. &c.

ll ſubjoin the conjectures of Mr. Tyrwhitt and Mr. Steevens on
ficult paſſage, as the emendations ſuggeſted by them depart very
om the old copies. The reading propoſed by the latter gentleman
ſerry wag, &c.) appears ſo probable, that I know not whether it has
good a title to a place in the text as that which I have adopted.
: however obſerve, that, though the punctuation of the old copies
o great authority, yet in ſo doubtful a matter as the preſent it
: worth attending to. In both the quarto and folio there is a com-
er *ſorrow*, which, though unneceſſary, is not inconſiſtent with the
ation now made, but entirely adverſe to the ſuppoſition that that
ras a miſprint for any epithet applied to *wag*.

the latter word Mr. Theobald reads *wage*, and Sir T. Hanmer
r. Warburton *waive*. MALONE.

ink we might read—

And ſorrow *gagge*; cry hem, when he ſhould groan;"—

but

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And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no ſuch man: For, brother, men
Can counſel, and ſpeak comfort to that grief
Which they themſelves not feel; but, taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter ſtrong madneſs in a ſilken thread,

but leaving this conjecture to ſhift for itſelf, I will ſay a few words on the phraſe, *cry hem*. It is uſed again by our author in the *Firſt Part of Henry IV.* Act. II. ſc. vii. "They call drinking deep, dying ſcarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they *cry hem*, and bid you play it off."—In both places to *cry hem*, ſeems to ſignify the ſame as *to cry courage*; in which ſenſe the interjection *hem* was ſometimes alſo uſed by the Latins. TYRWHITT.

What will be ſaid of the conceit I ſhall now offer, I know not; let it, however, take its chance. We might read:

If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard,
And, *ſorry* wag! cry hem, when he ſhould groan.—

i. e. *unfeeling humouriſt! to employ a note of feſtivity, when his ſighs ought to expreſs concern.* Both the words I would introduce, are uſed by Shakſpeare. Falſtaff calls the prince, *ſweet wag!* and the epithet *ſorry* is applied, even at this time, to denote any moderate deviation from propriety or morality; as, for inſtance, a *ſorry fellow*. Othello, ſpeaks of a ſalt and *ſorry* rheum. STEEVENS.

[2] ——— *make misfortune drunk*
With candle-waſters;] This may mean, either waſh away his ſorrow among thoſe who ſit up all night to drink, and in that ſenſe may be ſtyled *waſters of candles*; or overpower his misfortunes by ſwallowing flap-dragons in his glaſs, which are deſcribed by Falſtaff as made of *candles' ends*. STEEVENS.

This is a very difficult paſſage, and hath not, I think, been ſatisfactorily explained. The explanation I ſhall offer, will give, I believe, as little ſatisfaction; but I will, however, venture it. *Candle-waſters* is a term of contempt for ſcholars; thus Jonſon in *Cynthia's Revels*, Act III. ſc. ii.—"ſpoiled by a whoreſon book-worm, a *candle-waſter*." In the *Antiquary*, Act III. is a like term of ridicule: "He ſhould more catch your delicate court-ear, than all your head-ſcratchers, thumb-biters, *lamp-waſters* of them all." The ſenſe then, which I would aſſign to Shakſpeare, is this: "If ſuch a one will patch grief with proverbs,—*caſe or cover the wounds of his grief with proverbial ſayings*;—make misfortune drunk with candle-waſters,—*ſtupify misfortune, or render himſelf inſenſible to the ſtrokes of it, by the converſation or lucubrations of ſcholars*; *the production of the* lamp, *but not fitted to human nature. Patch*, in the ſenſe of mending a defect or breach, occurs in *Hamlet*, Act V. ſc. i.

O that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should *patch* a wall, to expel the winter's flaw. WHALLEY.

Charm

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ach with air, and agony with words:
; 'ts all men's office to ſpeak patience
e that wring under the load of ſorrow;
man's virtue, nor ſufficiency,
› moral, when he ſhall endure
e himſelf: therefore give me no counſel:
:ſs cry louder than advertiſement [3].
Therein do men from children nothing differ.
I pray thee peace; I will be fleſh and blood;
re was never yet philoſopher,
uld endure the tooth-ach patiently;
:r they have writ the ſtyle of gods [4],
ıde a piſh at chance and ſufferance [5].
Yet bend not all the harm upon yourſelf;
hoſe, that do offend you, ſuffer too.
There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon: nay, I will do ſo:
doth tell me, Hero is bely'd;
ıt ſhall Claudio know, ſo ſhall the prince,
of them, that thus diſhonour her.

Enter Don PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

Here comes the prince, and Claudio, haſtily.
edro. Good den, good den.
l. Good day to both of you.
Hear you my lords,—
:dro. We have ſome haſte, Leonato.
Some haſte, my lord?—well, fare you well, my lord:—
ı ſo haſty now?—well, all is one.
edro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

ban advertiſement.] That is, than *admonition*, than *moral in-* JOHNSON.

ever they have writ the ſtyle of gods,] This alludes to the ex- titles the Stoics gave their wiſe men. WARBURTON.

eare might have uſed this expreſſion, without any acquaintance ayperboles of ſtoicism. By the *ſtyle of gods*, he meant an ex- guage; ſuch as we may ſuppoſe would be written by beings ſu- human calamities, and therefore regarding them with neglect eſs. STEEVENS.

make a piſh *at chance and ſufferance.*] Alludes to their famous WARBURTON.

opies—*puſh*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Ant.

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Ant. If he could right himſelf with quarreling,
Some of us would lie low.
Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry,
Thou doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler, thou:—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy ſword,
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould give your age ſuch cauſe of fear:
In faith my hand meant nothing to my ſword.
Leon. Tuſh, tuſh, man, never fleer and jeſt at me:
I ſpeak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd my innocent child, and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruiſe of many days,
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man.
I ſay, thou haſt bely'd mine innocent child;
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lies bury'd with her anceſtors:
O, in a tomb where never ſcandal ſlept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy!
Claud. My villainy?
Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine I ſay.
D. Pedro. You ſay not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord;
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Deſpight his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of luſtyhood.
Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.
Leon. Canſt thou ſo daffe me [6]? Thou haſt kill'd my child;
If thou kill'ſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.
Ant. He ſhall kill two of us, and men indeed [7]:

But

[6] *Canſt thou ſo* daffe *me?*] To *daffe* and *diffe* are ſynonimous terms, that mean, to *put off.* THEOBALD.

[7] Ant. *He ſhall kill two of us,* &c.] This *brother Anthony* is the trueſt picture imaginable of human nature. He had aſſumed the character

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: that's no matter; let him kill one firſt;—
n me and wear me,—let him anſwer me;—
ne, follow me, boy; come, ſir boy, come, follow me:
boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
r, as I am a gentleman, I will.
con. Brother,—
ſnt. Content yourſelf: God knows, I lov'd my niece;
l ſhe is dead, ſlander'd to death by villains;
ıt dare as well anſwer a man, indeed,
I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue:
s, apes, braggarts, Jacks[8], milkſops!—
con. Brother Anthony,—
ſnt. Hold you content; What, man! I know them, yea,
l what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple:
mbling[9], out-facing, faſhion-mong'ring boys,
ıt lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlander,
antickly, and ſhow outward hideouſneſs,
l ſpeak off[1] half a dozen dangerous words,
v they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt,
l this is all.
con. But, brother Anthony,—
ſnt. Come 'tis no matter;

ır of a ſage to comfort his brother, o'erwhelmed with grief for his daughter's affront and diſhonour; and had ſeverely reproved him ıot commanding his paſſion better on ſo trying an occaſion. Yet, ıediately after this, no ſooner does he begin to ſuſpect that his *age valour* are ſlighted, but he falls into the moſt intemperate fit of himſelf: and all he can do or ſay is not of power to pacify him. ı is copying nature with a penetration and exactneſs of judgment pe- ır to Shakſpeare. As to the expreſſion, too, of his paſſion, nothing be more highly painted. WARBURTON.

— *braggarts*, Jacks,] See note 4, p. 262. MALONE.

Scambling,]—i. e. *ſcrambling*. The word is more than once uſed Shakſpeare. See Dr. Percy's note on the firſt ſpeech of the play of *Henry V.* and likewiſe the Scots proverb "It is well ken'd your fa- 's ſon was never a *ſcambler*." A *ſcambler* in its literal ſenſe, is one goes about among his friends to get a dinner, by the Iriſh call'd a *ver*. STEEVENS.

And ſpeak off—] The old copies have—*of*. Mr. Theobald made the ection. In the books of our author's age, *of* is very frequently printed ad of *off*. MALONE.

Do

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Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience [2].

My heart is ſorry for your daughter's death;
But on my honour, ſhe was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?

Come, brother, away:—I will be heard;—

Ant. And ſhall,
Or ſome of us will ſmart for it.

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, ſee,
Here comes the man we went to ſeek.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Claud. Now, ſignior!
What news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome ſignior:
You are almoſt come to part almoſt a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noſes ſnapt off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think'ſt thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we ſhould have been too young for them.

Bene. In a falſe quarrel there is no true valour. I came to ſeek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to ſeek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou uſe thy wit?

Bene. It is in my ſcabbard; Shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Doſt thou wear thywit by thy ſide?

Claud. Never any did ſo, though very many have been

[2] — *we will not* wake *your patience.*] The old men have been both very angry and outrageous; the prince tells them that he and Claudio *will not* wake *their patience*; will not any longer force them to *endure* the preſence of thoſe whom, though they look on them as enemies, they cannot reſiſt. JOHNSON.

beſide

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ſide their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the min-
els; draw, to pleaſure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honeſt man, he looks pale:—
rt thou ſick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care kill'd
:at, thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I ſhall meet your wit in the career, an
u charge it againſt me:—I pray you chooſe another
)ject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another ſtaff; this laſt was
ike croſs[3].

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more;
hink, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle[4].

Bene. Shall I ſpeak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bleſs me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jeſt not:—I will make it
od how you dare, with what you dare, and when you
re:—Do me right, or I will proteſt your cowardice.
u have kill'd a ſweet lady, and her death ſhall fall hea-
on you: Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, ſo I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feaſt? a feaſt?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid[5] me to a

[3] *May, then give him another ſtaff;* &c.] An alluſion to *tilting*. See
te, *As you like it*, Act. III. ſc. iv. WARBURTON.

[4] — *to turn his girdle.*] We have a proverbial ſpeech, *If he be angry,
him turn the buckle of his girdle*. But I do not know its original
meaning. JOHNSON.

A correſponding expreſſion is uſed to this day in Ireland.—*If he be
ry, let him tie up his breeches*. Neither proverb, I believe, has any
her meaning than this: If he is in a bad humour, let him employ
mſelf till he is in a better. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is,—If he be angry, he knows how to prepare
mſelf for combat, and to obtain redreſs. Wreſtlers (as is obſerved
the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1783,) formerly, before they engaged,
ubbably turned the buckle of their girdle behind.—In a letter from Sir
alph Winwood to Secretary Cecil, dated Dec. 17, 1602, we meet with
e expreſſion mentioned by Dr. Johnſon: "I ſaid, what I ſpake was
ot to make him angry. He replied, *If I were angry, I might turn
e buckle of my girdle behind me.*" MALONE.

[5] — *bid*—] i. e. invited. REED.

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calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve moſt curiouſly, ſay, my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too[6]?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes eaſily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day: I ſaid, thou hadſt a fine wit; *True*, ſays ſhe, *a fine little one: No*, ſaid I, *a great wit*; *Right*, ſaid ſhe, *a great groſs one*; *Nay*, ſaid I, *a good wit*; *Juſt*, ſaid ſhe, *it hurts no body*: *Nay*, ſaid I, *the gentleman is wiſe*; *Certain*, ſaid ſhe, *a wiſe gentleman*[7]; *Nay*, ſaid I, *he hath the tongues*; *That I believe*, ſaid ſhe, *for he ſwore a thing to me on monday night, which he forſwore on tueſday morning*; *there's a double tongue, there's two tongues.* Thus did ſhe, an hour together, tranſ-ſhape thy particular virtues; yet, at laſt, ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propereſt man in Italy.

Claud. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid, ſhe cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that ſhe did; but yet, for all that, an if ſhe did not hate him deadly, ſhe would love him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden.*

D. Pedro. But when ſhall we ſet the ſavage bull's horns on the ſenſible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man?*

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your goſſip-like humour: you break jeſts as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courteſies I thank you; I muſt diſcontinue your company: your brother, the baſtard, is fled from Meſſina; you have, among you,

[6] *Shall I not find a* woodcock *too?*] A woodcock, being ſuppoſed to have no brains, was a proverbial term for a fooliſh fellow. See the *London Prodigal*, 1605, and other comedies. MALONE.

[7] — *a wiſe gentleman*;] This jeſt depending on the colloquial uſe of words is now obſcure; perhaps we ſhould read *a wiſe gentleman*, or *a man wiſe enough to be a coward.* Perhaps *wiſe gentleman* was in that age uſed ironically, and always ſtood for *filly fellow.* JOHNSON.

kill'd

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l'd a ſweet and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-beard re, he and I ſhall meet; and till then, peace be with ı! [*Exit* BENEDICK.

). *Pedro.* He is in earneſt.

Claud. In moſt profound earneſt; and, I'll warrant ı, for the love of Beatrice.

). *Pedro.* And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Moſt ſincerely,

). *Pedro.* What a pretty thing man is, when he goes ıis doublet and hoſe, and leaves off his wit[8]!

er DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape octor to ſuch a man.

). *Pedro.* But, ſoft you, let be[9]; pluck up my heart, l be ſad: Did he not ſay, my brother was fled?

Dog.

What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, leaves off his wit!] It was eſteemed a mark of levity and want of ming gravity, at that time, *to go in the doublet and hoſe, and leave off :leak*; to which this well-turned *expreſſion* alludes. The *thought* is, love makes a man as ridiculous, and expoſes him as naked as being he doublet and hoſe without a cloak. WARBURTON.

doubt much concerning this interpretation, yet am by no means fident that my own is right. I believe, however, theſe words refer vhat Don Pedro had ſaid juſt before—"And hath *challenged* thee?" nd that the meaning is, What a pretty thing a man is, when he is r enough to throw off his cloak, and go in his doublet and hoſe, to ir for a woman? In the *Merry Wives of Windſor* when Sir Hugh going to engage with Dr. Caius, he walks about in his doublet and ſe. "Page. And youthful ſtill in your *doublet and hoſe*, this raw umatick day!" "—There is reaſons and cauſes for it," ſays Sir ugh, alluding to the duel he was going to fight.—I am aware that re was a particular ſpecies of ſingle combat called *Rapier and cloak*; t I ſuppoſe, nevertheleſs, that when the ſmall ſword came into com- n uſe, the cloak was generally laid aſide in duels, as tending to em- raſs the combatants. MALONE.

9 *But, ſoft you,* let be;] The quarto and firſt folio read corruptly—*me* be, which the editor of the ſecond folio, in order to obtain ſome ſe, converted to—let me *ſee*. I was once idle enough to ſuppoſe that py was of ſome authority; but a minute examination of it has ſhewn that all the alterations made in it were merely arbitrary, and ge- rally very injudicious. *Let be* were without doubt the author's words. he ſame expreſſion occurs again in *K. Henry VIII:*

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Dog. Come, you, ſir; if juſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall ne'er weigh more reaſons in her balance: nay, an you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be look'd to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have theſe men done?

Dog. Marry, ſir, they have committed falſe report; moreover, they have ſpoken untruths; ſecondarily, they are ſlanders; ſixth and laſtly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verify'd unjuſt things: and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. Firſt, I aſk thee what they have done; thirdly, I aſk thee what's their offence; ſixth and laſtly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reaſoned, and in his own diviſion; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well ſuited [1].

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, maſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwer? this learned conſtable is too cunning to be underſtood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine anſwer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wiſdoms could not diſcover, theſe ſhallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confeſſing to this man, how Don John your brother incens'd me to ſlander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and ſaw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you diſgraced her, when you ſhould marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather ſeal with my

" —— and they were ratified,
" As he cried, thus *let be.*"

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act. IV. ſc. iv.

" What's this for? Ah, *let be, let be.*" MALONE.

Again, in *the Winter's Tale* Leonato ſays, " *let be, let be.*" REED.

Let be is the true reading. It means, *let things remain as they are.* I have heard the phraſe uſed by Dr. Johnſon himſelf. STEVENS.

[1] — *one meaning well* ſuited.] That is, *one meaning is put into many different dreſſes*; the prince having aſked the ſame queſtion in four modes of ſpeech. JOHNSON.

death >

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eath, than repeat over to my ſhame: the lady is dead pon mine and my maſter's falſe accuſation; and briefly, defire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this ſpeech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poiſon, whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother ſet thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:— And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear n the rare ſemblance that I lov'd it firſt.

Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our Sexton hath reform'd ſignior Leonato of the matter: And maſters, do not forget to ſpecify, when time and place ſhall ſerve, that I am an aſs.

Verg. Here, here comes maſter ſignior Leonato, and he Sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO, *and* ANTONIO, *with the* Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me ſee his eyes: That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him: Which of theſe is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the ſlave, that with thy breath haſt kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not ſo villain; thou bely'ſt thyſelf;
Here ſtand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death!
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeak: Chooſe your revenge yourſelf;
Impoſe me to what penance [2] your invention

Can

[2] Impoſe *me to what penance*—] i. e. *command* me to undergo whatever penance, &c. A taſk or exerciſe preſcribed by way of puniſhment

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Can lay upon my ſin: yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

D. Pedro. By my ſoul, nor I;
And yet, to ſatisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impoſſible; but, I pray you both,
Poſſeſs the people in Meſſina here
How innocent ſhe dy'd: and, if your love
Can labour aught in ſad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And ſing it to her bones; ſing it to-night:—
To-morrow morning come you to my houſe;
And ſince you could not be my ſon-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copy of my child that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heir to both of us[3];
Give her the right you ſhould have given her couſin,
And ſo dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble ſir,
Your over-kindneſs doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong[4],
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my ſoul, ſhe was not;
Nor knew not what ſhe did, when ſhe ſpoke to me;
But always hath been juſt and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

ment for a fault committed at the univerſities, is yet called (as M Steevens has obſerved in a former note) an *impoſition*. MALONE.

3 *And ſhe alone is heir to both of us*;] Shakſpeare ſeems to have fo got what he had made Leonato ſay in the firſt act Antonio, "*How now, brother; where is my couſin your ſon? hath provided the muſick?*" ANONYMOUS.

4 — pack'd *in all this wrong*,] i. e. combined; an accomplice. MALON

Do

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ɔg. Moreover, ſir, (which, indeed, is not under e and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did me aſs: I beſeech you, let it be remember'd in his ſhment: And alſo, the watch heard them talk of one ɔrmed: they ſay, he wears a key in his ear, and a hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name[5]; which he hath uſed ſo long, and never paid, that men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for 's ſake: Pray you, examine him upon that point.

ɔon. I thank thee for thy care and honeſt pains.

ɔg. Your worſhip ſpeaks like a moſt thankful and rend youth: and I praiſe God for you.

eon. There's for thy pains.

ɔg. God ſave the foundation!

eon. Go, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner, and I ık thee.

ɔg. I leave an errant knave with your worſhip; which, ſeech your worſhip, to correct yourſelf, for the exam- of others. God keep your worſhip; I wiſh your wor-

— *he wears a key in his ear, and hath a lock hanging by it; and ws money in God's name*;] The alluſion is to a fantaſtical faſhion at time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a ırite lock of hair which was brought before, and tied with ribbons, :alled a *love-lock*. Againſt this faſhion William Prynne wrote his iſe, called, *The Unlovelineſs of Love-locks*. WARBURTON.

r. Warburton, I believe, has here (as he frequently does,) refined le too much. There is no alluſion, I conceive, to the faſhion of ring *rings* in the ears (a faſhion which our author himſelf followed), pleaſantry ſeems to conſiſt in Dogberry's ſuppoſing that the *lock* ch DEFORMED wore, muſt have a key to it.

ynes Moryſon in a very particular account that he has given of the s of Lord Montjoy, (the rival, and afterwards the friend of Robert l of Eſſex,) ſays, that his hair was "thinne on the head, where he e it ſhort, except a *lock under his left eare*, which he nouriſhed the e of this warre, [the Iriſh War in 1599,] and being woven up, hid a his neck under his ruffe." ITENARARY, P. II. p. 45. When he s not on ſervice, he probably wore it in a different faſhion.—The por- it of Sir Edward Sackville, Earl of Dorſet, painted by Vandyck, (now Knowle) exhibits this lock with a large knotted ribband at the end of It hangs under the ear on the left ſide, and reaches as low as where e ſtar is now worn by the knights of the garter.

The ſame faſhion is alluded to in an epigram quoted in Vol. I. p. 225: "Or what he doth with ſuch a horſe-tail-*lock*," &c. MALONE.

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ſhip well; God reſtore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wiſh'd, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and* Watch.

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt* D. PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

Leon. Bring you theſe fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter BENEDICK, *and* MARGARET, *meeting.*

Bene. Pray thee, ſweet miſtreſs Margaret, deſerve well at my hands, by helping me to the ſpeech of Beatrice.

Mar. Will you then write me a ſonnet in praiſe of my beauty?

Bene. In ſo high a ſtyle, Margaret, that no man living ſhall come over it; for, in moſt comely truth, thou deſerveſt it.

Mar. To have no man come over me? why, ſhall I always keep below ſtairs [6]?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

[6] *To have no man come* over *me? why, ſhall I always keep* below *ſtairs?*] Theobald with ſome probability reads—*above* ſtairs; yet *below* and *above* were not likely to be confounded either by the tranſcriber or compoſitor. MALONE.

I ſuppoſe every reader will find the meaning. JOHNSON.

Leſt he ſhould not, the following inſtance from Sir Aſton Cockayne's *Poems* is at his ſervice:

"But to prove rather he was not beguil'd,
"Her he *o'er-came*, for he got her with child."

And another, more appoſite, from Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 161
"Alas! when we are once o'the falling hand,
"A man may eaſily *come over* us." COLLINS."

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Mar. And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A moſt manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and ſo, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers [7].

Mar. Give us the ſwords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you uſe them, Margaret, you muſt put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Mar. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* MARGARET.

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love, [ſinging.
That ſits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deſerve,—

I mean, in ſinging; but in loving,—Leander the good ſwimmer, Troilus the firſt employer of pandars, and a whole book full of theſe quondam carpet-mongers, whoſe names yet run ſmoothly in the even road of a blank verſe, why, they were never ſo truly turn'd over and over, as my poor ſelf, in love: Marry, I cannot ſhew it in rhime; I have try'd; I can find out no rhime to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhime; for *ſcorn*, *born*, a hard rhime; for *ſchool*, *fool*, a babbling rhime; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhiming planet, nor I cannot woo in feſtival terms.—

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'ſt thou come when I call'd thee?

Beat. Yea, ſignior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, ſtay but till then!

Beat. *Then* is ſpoken; fare you well now:—and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for [8], which is, with

[7] *I give thee the bucklers.*] I ſuppoſe that *to give the bucklers* is, *to yield*, or *to lay by all thoughts of defence*; ſo *clypeum abjicere*. The reſt deſerves no comment. JOHNSON.

The expreſſion (as Mr. Steevens has ſhewn) occurs very frequently in our old comedies. MALONE.

[8] — *with that I came* for,] *For*, which is wanting in the old copy, was inſerted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

knowing

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knowing what hath paſs'd between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only ſoul words; and thereupon I will kiſs thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noiſome; therefore I will depart unkiſs'd.

Bene. Thou haſt frighted the word out of his right ſenſe, ſo forcible is thy wit: But, I muſt tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I muſt ſhortly hear from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd ſo politick a ſtate of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love; a good epithet! I do ſuffer love, indeed, for I love thee againſt my will.

Beat. In ſpight of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you ſpight it for my ſake, I will ſpight it for yours; for I will never love that, which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wiſe to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confeſſion: there's not one wiſe man among twenty, that will praiſe himſelf.

Bene. An old, an old inſtance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours[9]: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he ſhall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Queſtion[1]? Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is moſt expedient for the wiſe, (if Don Worm, his conſcience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myſelf: So much for praiſing myſelf, (who, I

9 — *in the time of good neighbours:*] i. e. When men were not envious, but every one gave another his due. WARBURTON.

1 Queſtion? *why, an hour,* &c.] i. e. What a queſtion's there? WARBURTON.

myſelf

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:lf will bear witneſs, is praiſe worthy,)—and now tell how doth your couſin?

eat. Very ill.

ene. And how do you?

'eat. Very ill too.

'ene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I e you too, for here comes one in haſte.

Enter URSULA.

rſ. Madam, you muſt come to your uncle; yonder's coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been ſly accuſed, the prince and Claudio mightily abuſed; Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: l you come preſently?

'eat. Will you go hear this news, ſignior?

ene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be 'd in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee hy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Church.

r *Don* PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and Attendants with muſick and tapers.*

laud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

tten. It is, my lord.

laud. [*reads from a ſcroll.*]

Done to death[2] *by ſlanderous tongues*
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life, that dy'd with ſhame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb, [*affixing it.*
Praiſing her when I am dumb.—

Done to death] This obſolete phraſe occurs frequently in our ancient dramas. Thus, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*:

"His mother's hand ſhall ſtop thy breath,
"Thinking her own ſon is *done to death.*" MALONE.

Now

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Now, muſick, ſound, and ſing your ſolemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddeſs of the night,
Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin knight[3];
For the which, with ſongs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, aſſiſt our moan;
Help us to ſigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now[4], unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, maſters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowſy eaſt with ſpots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, maſters; each his ſeveral way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

3 *Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin knight*;] *Knight*, in its original ſignification, means *follower* or *pupil*, and in this ſenſe may be feminine. Helena, in *All's Well that Ends well*, uſes knight in the ſame ſignification. JOHNSON.

Virgin *knight* is virgin hero. In the times of chivalry, a *virgin knight* was one who had as yet atchieved no adventure. Hero had as yet atchieved no matrimonial one. It may be added, that a *virgin knight* wore no device on his ſhield, having no right to any till he had deſerved it.—On the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1594, is entered, "— Pheander the *mayden knight*."

It appears, however, from ſeveral paſſages in Spenſer's *Faerie Queen*, B. i. c. 7. that an *ideal order* of this name was ſuppoſed, as a compliment to queen Elizabeth's virginity:

"Of doughtie knights whom faery land did raiſe
"That noble order hight of *maidenhed*."

Again, B. ii. c. 2. STEEVENS.

4 Claud. *Now*, &c] In the old copy theſe lines, by a miſtake of the tranſcriber or compoſitor, are given to an attendant. Mr. Rowe made the correction now adopted. MALONE.

Claud.

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'land. And Hymen now with luckier iſſue ſpeed's[3],
in this, for whom we render'd up this woe! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Leonato's *Houſe.*

er LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, Friar *and* HERO.

'riar. Did I not tell you ſhe was innocent?
eon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,
n the error that you heard debated:
Margaret was in ſome fault for this;
hough againſt her will, as it appears
:he true courſe of all the queſtion.
ſnt. Well, I am glad that all things ſort ſo well.
Bene. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith enforc'd
call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
eon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
:hdraw into a chamber by yourſelves;
l, when I ſend for you, come hither maſk'd:
: prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
viſit me:—You know your office, brother;
1 muſt be father to your brother's daughter,
l give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
ſnt. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I muſt entreat your pains, I think.
'riar. To do what, ſignior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
nior Leonato, truth it is, good ſignior,
ır niece regards me with an eye of favour.
eon. That eye my daughter lent her; 'Tis moſt true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
eon. The ſight whereof, I think, you had from me,
)m Claudio, and the prince; But what's your will?

—*ſpeed's,*] i. e. ſpeed us! The old copy reads—*ſpeeds.* Corrected explained by Dr. Thirlby. Claudio, as he obſerves, could not w that the propoſed match would have any luckier event than that gned with Hero. Yet I confeſs, the contraction introduced is ſo exnely harſh, that I doubt whether it was intended by the author. wever I have followed former editors in adopting it. MALONE.

Bene.

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Bene. Your anſwer, ſir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May ſtand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the eſtate of honourable marriage;—
In which, good friar, I ſhall deſire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.
Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and Attendants.*

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair aſſembly.
Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio;
We here attend you; Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my mind, were ſhe an Ethiope.
Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.
[*Exit* ANTONIO.
D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what's the matter,
That you have ſuch a February face,
So full of froſt, of ſtorm, and cloudineſs?
Claud. I think, he thinks upon the ſavage bull *:—
Tuſh, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa ſhall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at luſty Jove,
When he would play the noble beaſt in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, ſir, had an amiable low;
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leapt your father's cow,
And got a calf in that ſame noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have juſt his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with the ladies maſk'd.*

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reck'nings.
Which is the lady I muſt ſeize upon?
Ant. This ſame is ſhe, and I do give you her [6].
Claud. Why, then ſhe's mine: Sweet, let me ſee your face.

* — *upon the ſavage bull:*] See p. 217, n. 8. MALONE.

6 Ant. *This ſame* &c.] This ſpeech is in the old copies given to Leonato. Mr. Theobald firſt aſſigned it to the right owner. Leonato has in a former part of this ſcene told Antonio,—that *he* "muſt be father to his brother's daughter, and *give her* to young Claudio." MALONE.

Leon.

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Leon. No, that you ſhall not, till you take her hand
ſore this friar, and ſwear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
m your huſband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:
[*unmaſking.*
d when you lov'd, you were my other huſband.
Claud. Another Hero?
Hero. Nothing certainer:
e Hero dy'd defil'd; but I do live,
d, ſurely as I live, I am a maid.
D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her ſlander liv'd.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
hen, after that the holy rites are ended,
l tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
ean time let wonder ſeem familiar,
id to the chapel let us preſently.
Bene. Soft and fair, friar:—Which is Beatrice?
Beat. I anſwer to that name; [*unmaſking.*] what is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. Why, no, no more than reaſon.
Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
ıve been deceived; for they ſwore you did[7].
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. Troth, no, no more than reaſon.
Beat. Why, then my couſin, Margaret, and Urſula,
re much deceiv'd; for they did ſwear you did.
Bene. They ſwore that you were almoſt ſick for me.
Beat. They ſwore that you were well-nigh dead for me.
Bene. 'Tis no ſuch matter:—Then, you do not love me:
Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.
Leon. Come, couſin, I am ſure you love the gentleman.
Claud. And I'll be ſworn upon't, that he loves her;

[7] —for *they ſwore you did.*] *For*, which both the ſenſe and metre require, was inſerted by Sir Thomas Hanmer. So below:
"Are much deceiv'd; *for* they did ſwear you did." MALONE.

For

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For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting ſonnet of his own pure brain,
Faſhion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my couſin's hand, ſtolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands againſt our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you[7];—but, by this good day, I yield upon great perſuaſion; and, partly, to ſave your life, for I was told you were in a conſumption.

Bene. Peace, I will ſtop your mouth[9]. [*kiſſing her.*

D. Pedro. How doſt thou, Benedick the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Doſt thou think, I care for a ſatire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he ſhall wear nothing handſome about him: In brief, ſince I do purpoſe to marry, I will think nothing to any purpoſe that the world can ſay againſt it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have ſaid againſt it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my concluſion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinſman, live unbruis'd, and love my couſin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldſt have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy ſingle life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of queſtion, thou wilt be, if my couſin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

[7] *I would not deny you*; &c.] I cannot find in my heart to deny you, but for all that I yield, after having ſtood out great perſuaſions to ſubmiſſion. He had ſaid, *I take thee for pity*, ſhe replies, *I would not deny* thee, i. e. I take thee for pity too: but as I live, I am won to this compliance by importunity of friends. WARBURTON.

9 Bene. *Peace, I will ſtop your mouth.*] In the old copies theſe words are by miſtake given to Leonato. The preſent regulation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

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r. We'll have dancing afterward.

ç. Firſt, o' my word; therefore, play muſick.—
:, thou art ſad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife:
s no ſtaff more reverend than one tipp'd with horn [1].

Enter a Meſſenger.

7. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
rought with armed men back to Meſſina.

no ſtaff *more reverend than one* tipp'd with horn.] This paſſage
nit of ſome explanation that I am unable to furniſh. By acci-
ıſt ſeveral inſtances I had collected for the purpoſe of throwing
it. The following however may aſſiſt the future commentator.
Sloan, 1691. "THAT A FELON MAY WAGE BATTAILE,
'HE ORDER THEREOF." "—by order of the lawe both the par-
ſt at theire own charge be armed withoute any yron or long
:, and theire heades bare, and bare-handed, and bare-footed, every
hem having a *beſton horned* at ech ende, of one length." STEEV.
Steevens's explanation is undoubtedly the true one. The allu-
ertainly to the ancient trial by *wager of battel*, in ſuits both
and civil. The quotation above given recites the form in the
aſe,—viz. an appeal of felony. The practice was nearly ſimilar
ıſes, upon iſſue joined in a writ of right. Of the laſt trial of this
England, (which was in the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth,)
ıor might have read a particular account in Stowe's *Annales*.
Nailor, maſter of defence, was champion for the demandants,
ow and John Kyme; and George Thorne for the tenant, (or
it,) Thomas Paramoure. The combat was appointed to be
n Tuthill-fields, and the Judges of the Common Pleas and Ser-
law attended. But a compromiſe was entered into between the
the evening before the appointed day, and they only went
the forms, for the greater ſecurity of the tenant. Among other
ies Stowe mentions, that "the gauntlet that was caſt down
ye Thorne was borne before the ſayd Nailor, in his paſſage
London, upon a ſword's point, and his baſton (a *ſtaff* of an ell-
de taper-wiſe, *tipt with horn*,) with his ſhield of hard leather,
e after him, &c." See alſo Minſheu's Dict. 1617, in v. *Combat*;
ich it appears that Nailor on this occaſion was introduced to
es, with "*three ſolemn congees*," by a very *reverend* perſon,
rome Bowes, ambaſſador from Queen Elizabeth into Ruſſia,
ried a red *baſton* of an ell long, *tipped with horne*."—In a
ient law-book entitled *Britton*, the manner in which the com-
re to be armed is particularly mentioned. The quotation from
ian MS. is a tranſlation from thence. By a ridiculous miſtake
s, "ſauns leze arme," are rendered in the modern tranſ-
that book, printed a few years ago,—"without *linnen* armour;"
mains nues & pies" [bare-handed and bare-footed] is tranſ-
and their hands naked, and *on foot*." MALONE.

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Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance. Exeunt*[2].

[2] This play may be justly said to contain two of the most sprightly characters that Shakspeare ever drew. The wit, the humourist, the gentleman, and the soldier, are combined in Benedick. It is to be lamented, indeed, that the first and most splendid of these distinctions is disgraced by unnecessary profaneness; for the goodness of his heart is hardly sufficient to atone for the licence of his tongue. The too sarcastic levity, which flashes out in the conversation of Beatrice, may be excused on account of the steadiness and friendship so apparent in her behaviour, when she urges her lover to risque his life by a challenge to Claudio. In the conduct of the fable, however, there is an imperfection similar to that which Dr. Johnson has pointed out in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:—the second contrivance is less ingenious than the first:—or, to speak more plainly, the same incident is become stale by repetition. I wish some other method had been found to entrap Beatrice, than that very one which before had been successfully practised on Benedick.

Much ado about Nothing, (as I understand from one of Mr. Vertue's MSS.) formerly passed under the title of Benedict and Beatrix. Heming the player received, on the 20th of May, 1613, the sum of forty pounds, and twenty pounds more as his majesty's gratuity, for exhibiting six plays at Hampton-Court, among which was this comedy.

STEEVENS.

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VE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

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Perſons Repreſented.

Ferdinand, *King of* Navarre.
Biron, Longaville, Dumain, } *Lords, attending on the King.*
Boyet, Mercade, } *Lords, attending on the Princeſs of* France.
Don Adriano de Armado, *a fantaſtical* Spaniard.
Sir Nathaniel, *a Curate.*
Holofernes, *a Schoolmaſter.*
Dull, *a Conſtable.*
Coſtard, *a Clown.*
Moth, *Page to* Armado.
A Foreſter.

Princeſs of France.
Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, } *Ladies, attending on the Princeſs.*
Jaquenetta, *a Country Wench.*

Officers, and others, attendants on the King and Princeſs

SCENE, Navarre.

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LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Navarre. *A Park, with a Palace in it.*

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regiſter'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death;
When, ſpight of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this preſent breath may buy
That honour, which ſhall bate his ſcythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for ſo you are,
That war againſt your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's deſires,—
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force:
Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world;
Our court ſhall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Birón, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have ſworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-ſcholars, and to keep thoſe ſtatutes,
That are recorded in this ſchedule here:
Your oaths are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names;
That his own hand may ſtrike his honour down,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as ſworn to do,
Subſcribe to your deep oath[2], and keep it too.

[1] I have not hitherto diſcovered any novel on which this comedy appears to have been founded; and yet the ſtory of it has moſt of the features of an ancient romance. STEEVENS.

Love's Labour's loſt I conjecture to have been written in 1594. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

[2] — *your deep* oath,] The old copies have—*oaths*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

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Long. I am reſolv'd: 'tis but a three years' faſt;
The mind ſhall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.
[*ſubſcribes.*

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortify'd;
The groſſer manner of theſe world's delights
He throws upon the groſs world's baſer ſlaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all theſe living in philoſophy [3]. [*ſubſcribes.*

Bir. I can but ſay their proteſtation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already ſworn,
That is, To live and ſtudy here three years.
But there are other ſtrict obſervances:
As, not to ſee a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
And, one day in a week to touch no food;
And but one meal on every day beſide;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then, to ſleep but three hours in the night,
And not be ſeen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O, theſe are barren taſks, too hard to keep;
Not to ſee ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleep [4].

King. Your oath is paſs'd to paſs away from theſe.

Bir. Let me ſay, no, my liege, an if you pleaſe;
I only ſwore, to ſtudy with your grace,
And ſtay here in your court for three years' ſpace.

Long. You ſwore to that, Biron, and to the reſt.

Bir. By yea and nay, ſir, then I ſwore in jeſt.—
What is the end of ſtudy? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which elſe we ſhould not know.

3 *With all theſe living in philoſophy.*] The ſtyle of the rhymiſh ſcenes in this play is often entangled and obſcure. I know not certainly to what *all theſe* is to be referred; I ſuppoſe he means, that he finds *love*, *pomp*, and *wealth* in *philoſophy*. JOHNSON.

4 *Not to ſee ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleep.*] That is, to ſee no ladies, to ſtudy, to faſt, and not to ſleep. MALONE.

Bir.

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Bir. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common ſenſe?

King. Ay, that is ſtudy's god-like recompence.

Bir. Come on then, I will ſwear to ſtudy ſo,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—To ſtudy where I well may dine,
When I to feaſt expreſly am forbid[5];
Or, ſtudy where to meet ſome miſtreſs fine,
When miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid:
Or, having ſworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If ſtudy's gain be thus, and this be ſo,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er ſay, no.

King. Theſe be the ſtops that hinder ſtudy quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Bir. Why, all delights are vain; but that moſt vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To ſeek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falſly blind the eye-ſight of his look[6]:
Light, ſeeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkneſs lies,
Your light grows dark by loſing of your eyes.
Study me how to pleaſe the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed,
And give him light that was it blinded by[7].

5 *When I to* feaſt *expreſly am forbid*;] The old copy has—to *faſt*. This neceſſary emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

6 ——— *while truth the while*
Doth falſly blind &c.] *Falſly* is here, and in many other places, the ſame as *diſhoneſtly* or *treacherouſly*. The whole ſenſe of this gingling declamation is only this, that *a man by too cloſe ſtudy may read himſelf blind*, which might have been told with leſs obſcurity in fewer words. JOHNSON.

7 *Who dazzling ſo, that eye ſhall be his* heed,
And give him light that was it *blinded by.*] This is another paſſage unneceſſarily obſcure: the meaning is, that when he *dazzles*, that is, has his eye made weak, *by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that* fairer *eye ſhall be his heed*, his *direction* or *lode-ſtar*, (See Midſummer Night's Dream,) *and give him light that was blinded by it.* JOHNSON.
The old copies read—*it was.* Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

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Study is like the heaven's glorious ſun,
That will not be deep ſearch'd with ſaucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save baſe authority from others' books.
Theſe earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed ſtar,
Have no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Than thoſe that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name[8].

King. How well he's read, to reaſon againſt reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding[9]!

Long. He weeds the corn, and ſtill lets grow the weeding.

Bir. The ſpring is near, when green geeſe are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Bir. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reaſon nothing.

Bir. Something then in rhime.

King. Biron is like an envious ſneaping froſt[1],
That bites the firſt-born infants of the ſpring.

Bir. Well, ſay I am; why ſhould proud ſummer boaſt,
Before the birds have any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I joy in an abortive birth?
At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a roſe,
Than wiſh a ſnow in May's new-fangled ſhows[2];
But like of each thing, that in ſeaſon grows.

[8] *Too much to know, is to know nought but* fame;
And every godfather can give a name.] *The conſequence*, ſays Biron, *of too much knowledge*, is not any real ſolution of doubts, but mere empty *reputation*. That is, *too much knowledge gives only fame, a name, which every godfather can give likewiſe.* JOHNSON.

[9] *Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding!*] To *proceed* is an academical term, meaning, *to take a degree*; as *he* proceeded *bachelor in phyſick*. The ſenſe is, *he has taken his degrees on the art of hindering the degrees of others.* JOHNSON.

[1] — ſneaping *froſt*,] So *ſneaping winds* in the *Winter's Tale*. To *ſneap* is to *check*, to *rebuke*. STEEVENS.

[2] — *May's new-fangled* ſhows;] Mr. Theobald reads — new-fangled *earth*, in order to rhyme with the laſt line but one. I rather ſuſpect a line to have been loſt after "an abortive birth."—For *an* in that line the old copies have *any*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Climb

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, to ſtudy now it is too late,
o'er the houſe to unlock the little gate [3].
. Well, ſit you out [4]: go home, Biron; adieu!
No, my good lord; I have ſworn to ſtay with you:
though I have for barbariſm ſpoke more,
n for that angel knowledge you can ſay,
nfident I'll keep what I have ſwore,
l bide the penance of each three years' day.
ne the paper, let me read the ſame;
) the ſtrict'ſt decrees I'll write my name.
g. How well this yielding reſcues thee from ſhame!
. [*reads.*] Item, *That no woman ſhall come within of my court*;—Hath this been proclaimed?
g. Four days ago.
. Let's ſee the penalty. [*reads.*]—*on pain of loſing* *gue.* Who deviſed this penalty?
g. Marry, that did I.
. Sweet lord, and why?
g. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
. A dangerous law againſt gentility [4]!—[*reads.*] *If any man be ſeen to talk with a woman within the f three years, he ſhall endure ſuch publick ſhame as the the court can poſſibly deviſe.*—
article, my liege, yourſelf muſt break;
', well you know, here comes in embaſſy
'rench king's daughter, with yourſelf to ſpeak,—
naid of grace, and cómplete majeſty,—
t ſurrender-up of Aquitain
her decrepit, ſick, and bed-rid father:
efore this article is made in vain,
vainly comes the admired princeſs hither.

King.

[3] *imb o'er the houſe &c.*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1598, ich preferable to that of the folio—
hat were to climb o'er the houſe to unlock the gate. MALONE.
[4] *- ſit you out:*] This may mean, *bold you out, continue refractory.* uſpect, we ſhould read—*ſet* you out. MALONE.
[4] *dangerous law againſt* gentility!] This and the four following which in the old copy are given to Longaville, were properly at- d to Biron by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.
tility, here, does not ſignify that rank of people called, *gentry*; iat the French expreſs by, *gentileſſe*, i. e. *elegantia, urbanitas.* he meaning is this: Such a law for baniſhing women from the is dangerous, or injurious, to *politeneſs, urbanity*, and the more refined

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King. What ſay you, lords? why, this was quite forgot!
Bir. So ſtudy evermore is overſhot;
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; ſo won, ſo loſt.
King. We muſt, of force, diſpenſe with this decree;
She muſt lie here[5] on mere neceſſity.
Bir. Neceſſity will make us all forſworn
Three thouſand times within this three years' ſpace:
For every man with his affects is born;
Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace[6]:
If I break faith, this word ſhall ſpeak for me,
I am forſworn on mere neceſſity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name: [*ſubſcribe.*
And he, that breaks them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal ſhame:
Suggeſtions[7] are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I ſeem ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation[8] granted?
King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his brain:
One, whom the muſick of his own vain tongue
Doth raviſh, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny[9]:

This

refined pleaſures of life. For men without women would turn brute, and ſavage, in their natures and behaviour. THEOBALD.

5 *She muſt* lie *here*—] To *lie* in old language is to *ſojourn*. MALONE.

6 *Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace:*] Biron, amidſt his extravagancies, ſpeaks with great juſtneſs againſt the folly of vows. They are made without ſufficient regard to the variations of life, and are therefore broken by ſome unforeſeen neceſſity. They proceed commonly from a preſumptuous confidence, and a falſe eſtimate of human power. JOHNSON.

7 *Suggeſtions*—] Temptations. JOHNSON.

8 — *quick recreation*—] Lively ſport, ſpritely diverſion. JOHNSON.

9 *A man of complements, whom right and wrong*
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny:] This paſſage, I believe,

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his child of fancy[1], that Armado hight[2],
For interim to our ſtudies, ſhall relate,
high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, loſt in the world's debate[3].
ow you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
it, I proteſt, I love to hear him lie,
nd I will uſe him for my minſtrelſy.
Bir. Armado is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
man of fire-new words, faſhion's own knight.
Long. Coſtard the ſwain, and he, ſhall be our ſport;
nd, ſo to ſtudy, three years is but ſhort.

ant no more than that Don Armado was a man nicely verſed in ce-
monial diſtinctions, one who could diſtinguiſh in the moſt delicate
:ſtions of honour the exact boundaries of right and wrong. *Compli-
ſe*, in Shakſpeare's time, did not ſignify, at leaſt did not only ſignify
bal civility, or phraſes of courteſy, but according to its original
aning, the trappings, or ornamental appendages of a character, in
ſame manner, and on the ſame principles of ſpeech with *accompliſh-
t*. *Complement* is, as Armado well expreſſes it, *the varniſh of a com-
e man*. JOHNSON.
io, in the title-page to R. Braithwaite's *Engliſh Gentlewoman*:
-what ornaments do beſt adorn her, and what *complements* do beſt
ompliſh her." Again, in *Sir Giles Gooſcap*, 1606: "—adorned with
exacteſt *complements* belonging to everlaſting nobleneſs."
STEEVENS.

This *child of fancy*,] This *fantaſtick*. The expreſſion, in another
ſe, has been adopted by Milton in his *L'Allegro*:
"Or ſweeteſt Shakſpeare, *Fancy's child*—." MALONE.
— *that Armado* hight,] Who is *called* Armado. MALONE.
From tawny Spain, loſt in the world's debate.] i. e. he ſhall relate
as the celebrated ſtories recorded in the old romances, and in their
y ſtile. Why he ſays *from tawny Spain* is, becauſe theſe romances,
ig of Spaniſh original, the heroes and the ſcene were generally of
t country. Why he ſays, *loſt in the world's debate*, is, becauſe the
ject of thoſe romances were the cruſades of the European chriſtians
inſt the Saracens of Aſia and Africa. WARBURTON.
have ſuffered this note to hold its place, though Mr. Tyrwhitt has
wn that it is wholly unfounded, becauſe Dr. Warburton refers to it
is diſſertation at the end of this play. MALONE.
— *in the world's debate.*] The world ſeems to be uſed in a monaſtick
e by the king, now devoted for a time to a monaſtick life. *In the
ld, in ſeculo*, in the buſtle of human affairs, from which we are now
pily ſequeſtred, *in the world*, to which the votaries of ſolitude have
elation. JOHNSON.

Enter

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Enter DULL, *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own perſon[4]?

Bir. This, fellow; What would'ſt?

Dull. I myſelf reprehend his own perſon, for I am his grace's tharborough[5]: but I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and blood.

Bir. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Coſt. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Bir. How low ſoever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having[6]: God grant us patience!

Bir. To hear? or forbear hearing[7]?

Long. To hear meekly, ſir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Bir. Well, ſir, be it as the ſtile ſhall give us cauſe to climb in the merrineſs.

Coſt. The matter is to me, ſir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner[8].

Bir.

4 — *the* duke's *own perſon?*] Theobald without any neceſſity reads —*king's* own perſon. The princeſs in the next act calls the king—"this virtuous *duke*;" a word which, in our author's time, ſeems to have been uſed with great laxity. And indeed, though this were not the caſe, ſuch a fellow as Coſtard may well be ſuppoſed ignorant of his true title. MALONE.

5 — *tharborough:*] i. e. *Thirdborough*, a peace officer, alike in authority with a headborough or a conſtable. SIR J. HAWKINS.

6 *A high hope for a low* having;] The old copies read—*heaven*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, and has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. *Having* is *acquiſition*. See Vol. I. p. 253, n. 5. MALONE.

Heaven, however, may be the true reading, in alluſion to the gradations of happineſs promiſed by *Mohammed* to his followers. So, in the comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

"Oh, how my ſoul is rapt to a *third heaven!*" STEEVENS.

7 *To hear? or forbear* hearing?] One of the modern editors, plauſibly enough, reads,—To hear? or forbear *laughing?*" MALONE.

8 — *taken* with the manner.] A forenſick term. A thief is ſaid to

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Bir. In what manner?

Coſt. In manner and form following, ſir; all thoſe three: I was ſeen with her in the manor houſe, ſitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, ſir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to ſpeak to a woman: for the form,—in ſome form.

Bir. For the following, ſir?

Coſt. As it ſhall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Bir. As we would hear an oracle.

Coſt. Such is the ſimplicity of man to hearken after the fleſh.

King. [reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and ſole dominator of Navarre, my ſoul's earth's God, and body's foſtering patron,—*

Coſt. Not a word of Coſtard yet.

King. *So it is,—*

Coſt. It may be ſo: but if he ſay it is ſo, he is, in telling true, but ſo, ſo[9].

King. Peace.

Coſt.—be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Coſt.—of other men's ſecrets, I beſeech you.

King. *So it is, beſieged with ſable-colour'd melancholy, I did commend the black oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholeſome phyſick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myſelf to walk. The time, when? About the ſixth hour; when beaſts moſt graze, birds beſt peck, and men ſit down to that nouriſhment which is called ſupper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walk'd upon: it is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that*

be taken with the manner, i. e. *mainour* or *manour*, (for ſo it is written in our old law-books,) when, he is apprehended with the thing ſtolen in his poſſeſſion. The thing that he has taken was called *mainour*, from the Fr. *manier*, manu tractare. MALONE.

9 — *but ſo*, ſo,] The ſecond *ſo* was added by Sir T. Hanmer, and adopted by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

obſcene

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obſcene and moſt prepoſterous event, that draweth from my ſnow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſurveyeſt, or ſeeſt: But to the place, where, —It ſtandeth north-north-eaſt and by eaſt from the weſt corner of thy curious-knotted garden: There did I ſee that low-ſpirited ſwain, that baſe minnow of thy mirth[1],

Coſt. Me.

King.—that unletter'd ſmall-knowing ſoul,

Coſt. Me.

King.—that ſhallow vaſſal,

Coſt. Still me.

King.—which, as I remember, hight Coſtard,

Coſt. O me!

King.—ſorted and conſorted, contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with[2]*—O with —but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith.*

Coſt. With a wench.

King.—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more ſweet underſtanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-eſteemed duty pricks me on) have ſent to thee, to receive the meed of puniſhment, by thy ſweet Grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and eſtimation.

Dull. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you; I am Anthony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta, (ſo is the weaker veſſel called, which I apprehended with the aforeſaid ſwain,) I keep her as a veſſel of thy law's fury; and ſhall, at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

Don Adriano de Armado.

[1] — *baſe* minnow *of thy mirth,*] The baſe *minnow* of thy mirth, is the contemptibly little object that contributes to thy entertainment. Shakſpeare makes Coriolanus characteriſe the tribunitian inſolence of Sicinius, under the ſame figure:

" ——— hear you not
" This Triton of the *minnows?*"

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden* &c. 1596: " Let him denie that there was another ſhewe made of the little *minnow*, his brother", &c. STEEVENS.

[2] —with—*with*—] The old copy reads—*which* with. The correction is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

Bir.

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Bir. This is not ſo well as I look'd for, but the beſt
it ever I heard.
King. Ay, the beſt for the worſt. But, ſirrah, what
you to this?
Coſt. Sir, I confeſs the wench.
King. Did you hear the proclamation?
Coſt. I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of
marking of it[3].
King. It was proclaim'd a year's impriſonment to be
en with a wench.
Coſt. I was taken with none, ſir; I was taken with a
moſel.
King. Well, it was proclaim'd damoſel.
Coſt. This was no damoſel neither, ſir; ſhe was a
gin.
King. It is ſo varied too; for it was proclaim'd, virgin.
Coſt. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with
aid.
King. This maid will not ſerve your turn, ſir.
Coſt. This maid will ſerve my turn, ſir.
King. Sir, I will pronounce your ſentence; You ſhall
t a week with bran and water.
Coſt. I had rather pray a month with mutton and
ridge.
King. And Don Armado ſhall be your keeper.—
y lord Biron, ſee him deliver'd o'er.—
nd go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn.
[*Exeunt* King, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.
Bir. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
Theſe oaths and laws will prove an idle ſcorn.—
rrah, come on.
Coſt. I ſuffer for the truth, ſir: for true it is, I was
ken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl;
d therefore, Welcome the ſour cup of proſperity! Af-
ction may one day ſmile again, and till then, Sit thee
own, ſorrow! [*Exeunt.*

[3] *I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.*] So *Falſtaff*, in *K. Henry* IV. P. II: "—it is the diſeaſe of not liſtening, the malady of not *marking*, that I am troubled withal." STEEV.

SCENE

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SCENE II.

Another part of the ſame. A Room in Armado's *Houſe.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what ſign is it, when a man of great ſpirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great ſign, ſir, that he will look ſad.

Arm. Why, ſadneſs is one and the ſelf-ſame thing, dear imp[4].

Moth. No, no; O lord, ſir, no.

Arm. How can'ſt thou part ſadneſs and melancholy, my tender juvenal[5]?

Moth. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough ſenior?

Arm. Why tough ſenior? why tough ſenior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I ſpoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough ſenior, as an appertinent title to your old time[6], which we may name tough[7].

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, ſir? I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, becauſe little.

4 — *dear imp.*] *Imp* was anciently a term of dignity. Lord Cromwell in his laſt letter to Henry VIII. prays for *the* imp *his ſon*. It is now uſed only in contempt or abhorrence; perhaps in our authour's time it was ambiguous, in which ſtate it ſuits well with this dialogue. JOHNSON.

Piſtol ſalutes king Henry V. by the ſame title. STEEVENS.

5 — *my tender* juvenal?] *Juvenal* is *youth*. STEEVENS.

6 — *tough* ſenior, *as an appertinent title to your old time,*] Here and in two ſpeeches above the old copies have *ſignior*, which appears to have been the old ſpelling of *ſenior*. So, in the laſt ſcene of *the Comedy of Errors*; edit. 1623: "We will draw cuts for the *ſignior*; till then, lead thou firſt." In that play the ſpelling has been corrected properly by the modern editors, who yet, I know not why, have retained the old ſpelling in the paſſage before us. MALONE.

7 — *tough.*] *Old and tough, young and tender*, is one of the proverbial phraſes collected by Ray. STEEVENS.

Moth.

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Moth. Little pretty, becauſe little: Wherefore apt?
Arm. And therefore apt, becauſe quick.
Moth. Speak you this in my praiſe, maſter?
Arm. In thy condign praiſe.
Moth. I will praiſe an eel with the ſame praiſe.
Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?
Moth. That an eel is quick.
Arm. I do ſay, thou art quick in anſwers: Thou heat'ſt y blood.
Moth. I am anſwer'd, ſir.
Arm. I love not to be croſs'd.
Moth. He ſpeaks the mere contrary, croſſes love t him[8]. [*aſide.*
Arm. I have promiſed to ſtudy three years with the ke.
Moth. You may do it in an hour, ſir.
Arm. Impoſſible.
Moth. How many is one thrice told?
Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the ſpirit of a ɔſter.
Moth. You are a gentleman and a gameſter, ſir.
Arm. I confeſs both; they are both the varniſh of a nplete man.
Moth. Then, I am ſure, you know how much the groſs n of deuce-ace amounts to.
Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.
Moth. Which the baſe vulgar do call, three.
Arm. True,
Moth. Why, ſir, is this ſuch a piece of ſtudy? Now re is three ſtudied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how ſy it is to put years to the word three, and ſtudy ars in two words, the dancing horſe will tell you[9].

Arm.

[8] — croſſes *love not him.*] By *croſſes* he means money. So, in *As i like it*, the Clown ſays to Celia, "*if I* ſhould bear you, *I ſhould* r no croſs." JOHNSON.

[9] — *and how eaſy it is to put years to the word three, and ſtudy ree years in two words, the* dancing horſe *will tell you.*] Bankes's *horſe*, hich play'd many remarkable pranks. Sir Kenelm Digby (*A Treatiſe f Bodies*, ch. xxxviii. p. 393.) obſerves, "That his horſe would re- ore a glove to the due owner, after the maſter had whiſpered the man's

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Arm. A moſt fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cypher. [*aſide.*

Arm. I will hereupon confeſs, I am in love: and, as it is baſe for a ſoldier to love, ſo am I in love with a baſe wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take deſire priſoner; and ranſom him to any French courtier for a new deviſed court'ſy. I think ſcorn to ſigh; methinks, I ſhould out-ſwear Cupid. Comfort me, boy; What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, maſter.

Arm. Moſt ſweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, ſweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Sampſon, maſter: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Sampſon! ſtrong-jointed Sampſon! I do excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didſt me in

name in his ear; would tell the juſt number of pence in any piece of ſilver coin, newly ſhewed him by his maſter; and even obey punctually his command, in diſcharging himſelf of his excrements, whenſoever he had bade him." GREY.

See alſo *Chreſtoloros*, or Seven Bookes of Epigrames, written by T. B. [Thomas Baſtard] 1598, lib. III. ep. 17:

"*Of Bankes' Horſe.*

"*Bankes* hath a horſe of wondrous qualitie,
"For he can fight, and piſſe, and daunce, and lie,
"And finde your purſe, and tell what coyne ye have:
"But *Bankes*, who taught your horſe to ſmel a knave?"

Among other exploits of this celebrated beaſt, it is ſaid that he went up to the top of St. Paul's.

Among the entries at Stationers'-Hall is the following: Nov. 14, 1595, "A Ballad ſhewing the ſtrange qualities of a young nagg called *Morocco*." STEEVENS.

In 1595 was publiſhed a pamphlet entitled *Maroccus extaticus, or Bankes' bay horſe in a trance. A diſcourſe ſet downe in a merry dialogue between Bankes and his beaſt: anatomizing ſome abuſes and bad trickes of the age.* 4to. Ben Jonſon hints at the unfortunate cataſtrophe of both man and horſe, which, I find, happened at Rome, where to the diſgrace of the age, of the country, and of humanity, they were burnt by order of the pope, for magicians. See Don Zara del Fogo, 12mo. 1660, p. 114. REED.

carrying

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carrying gates. I am in love too.—Who was Sampſon's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, maſter.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four,

Arm. Tell me preciſely, of what complexion?

Moth. Of the ſea-water green, ſir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, ſir; and the beſt of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers[a]: but to have

Underneath is a repreſentation of Bankes and his horſe, copied from the pamphlet above mentioned.

MALONE.

[a] Green *indeed is the colour of* lovers:] I do not know whether our author

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have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampſon had ſmall reaſon for it. He, ſurely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was ſo, ſir; for ſhe had a green wit.

Arm. My love is moſt immaculate white and red.

Moth. Moſt maculate thoughts[2], maſter, are maſk'd under ſuch colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue aſſiſt me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; moſt pretty, and pathetical!

Moth. If ſhe be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For bluſhing[3] cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white ſhown:
Then, if ſhe fear, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know;
For ſtill her cheeks poſſeſs the ſame,
Which native ſhe doth owe.

A dangerous rhime, maſter, againſt the reaſon of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar[4]?

Moth. The world was very guilty of ſuch a ballad ſome three ages ſince: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither ſerve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that ſubject newly writ o'er, that I

author alludes to "the rare *green* eye," which in his time ſeems to have been thought a beauty, or to that frequent attendant on love, jealouſy, to which in *The Merchant of Venice*, and in *Othello*, he has applied the epithet *green*-ey'd. MALONE.

[2] *Moſt* maculate *thoughts*,—] So the firſt quarto, 1598. The folio has *immaculate*. To avoid ſuch notes for the future, it may be proper to apprize the reader, that where the reading of the text does not correſpond with the folio, without any reaſon being aſſigned for the deviation, it is always warranted by the authority of the firſt quarto. MALONE.

[3] *For* bluſhing—] The original copy has—*bluſh in*. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] — *the King and the Beggar?*] See Dr. Percy's *Collection of old Ballads*, in three vols. STEEVENS.

may

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ay example my digreſſion[5] by ſome mighty precedent.
›y, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park
ith the rational hind Coſtard[6]; ſhe deſerves well.

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my aſter. [*aſide.*

Arm. Sing, boy; my ſpirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I ſay, ſing.

Moth. Forbear, till this company be paſt.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleaſure is, that you keep Coſtard ſe: and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no pe-ınce; but a' muſt faſt three days a-week: For this dam-l, I muſt keep her at the park; ſhe is allow'd for the ıy-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myſelf with bluſhing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will viſit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is ſituate.

Jaq. Lord, how wiſe you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you ſay.

5 — *my* digreſſion] *Digreſſion* on this occaſion ſignifies the act of ing out of the right way. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Thy noble ſhape is but a form of wax,
" *Digreſſing* from the valour of a man." STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

" ——— my *digreſſion* is ſo vile, ſo baſe,
" That it will live engraven in my face." MALONE.

6 — *the* rational *hind Coſtard*;] The *reaſoning brute*, the *animal with ne ſhare of reaſon.* STEEVENS.

I have always read *irrational hind*: if *hind* be taken in its *beſtial* ſenſe, rmado makes Coſtard a *female.* FARMER.

Shakſpeare uſes it in its *beſtial* ſenſe in *Julius Cæſar*, Act I. ſc. iii. ıd as of the maſculine gender:

" He were no *lion*, were not Romans *hinds.*"

ıgain, in *K. Henry* IV. p. 1. ſc. iii: "—you are a ſhallow cowardly ›ind, and you lye." STEEVENS.

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Arm. And ſo farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away [7].

[*Exeunt* DULL *and* JAQUENETTA.

Arm. Villain, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Coſt. Well, ſir, I hope, when I do it, I ſhall do it on a full ſtomach.

Arm. Thou ſhalt be heavily puniſhed.

Coſt. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; ſhut him up.

Moth. Come, you tranſgreſſing ſlave; away.

Coſt. Let me not be pent up, ſir; I will faſt, being looſe.

Moth. No, ſir; that were faſt and looſe: thou ſhalt to priſon.

Coſt. Well, if ever I do ſee the merry days of deſolation that I have ſeen, ſome ſhall ſee—

Moth. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Coſt. Nay, nothing, maſter Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for priſoners to be too ſilent in their words; and, therefore, I will ſay nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore I can be quiet. [*Exeunt* MOTH *and* COSTARD.

Arm. I do affect [8] the very ground, which is baſe, where her ſhoe, which is baſer, guided by her foot, which is baſeſt, doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn, (which is a great argument of falſhood,) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falſly attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampſon was ſo tempted; and he had an excellent ſtrength; yet was Solomon ſo ſeduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's but-ſhaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The

[7] *Come, &c.*] To this line in the firſt quarto, and the firſt folio, *Ch.* by an error of the preſs is prefixed, inſtead of *Con.* i. e. Conſtable or Dull. Mr. Theobald made the neceſſary correction. MALONE.

[8] — *affect*—] i. e. love. STEEVENS.

firſt

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firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn[9]; the paſſado he reſpects not, the duello he regards not; his diſgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is, to ſubdue men. Adieu, valour! ruſt, rapier! be ſtill drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Aſſiſt me ſome extemporal god of rhime, for, I am ſure, I ſhall turn ſonneteer[1]. Deviſe wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the ſame. A Pavilion and Tents at a diſtance.

Enter the Princeſs of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, CATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Boy. Now, madam, ſummon up your deareſt ſpirits:
Conſider who the king your father ſends;
To whom he ſends; and what's his embaſſy:
Yourſelf, held precious in the world's eſteem;
To parly with the ſole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchleſs Navarre; the plea of no leſs weight
Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When ſhe did ſtarve the general world beſide,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by baſe ſale of chapmen's tongues[2]:

I am

[9] *The firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn;*] See the laſt act of *As you like it*, with the notes. JOHNSON.

[1] — *ſonneteer.*] The old copies read only—*ſonnet.* STEEVENS.
The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

[2] *Beauty is bought by the judgment of the eye,*
Not utter'd by baſe ſale of chapmen's *tongues.*] So, in our author's 20th Sonnet;

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I am leſs proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wiſe
In ſpending your wit in the praiſe of mine.
But now to taſk the taſker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noiſe abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful ſtudy ſhall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his ſilent court:
Therefore to us ſeemeth it a needful courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleaſure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthineſs we ſingle you
As our beſt-moving fair ſolicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On ſerious buſineſs, craving quick diſpatch,
Impórtunes perſonal conference with his grace.
Haſte, ſignify ſo much; while we attend,
Like humble-viſag'd ſuitors, his high will.

Boy. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is ſo.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

1. *Lord.* Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam; at a marriage feaſt,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Faulconbridge ſolemnized,
In Normandy ſaw I this Longaville:
A man of ſovereign parts he is eſteem'd[3];

Well

" That love is merchandiz'd, whoſe rich eſteeming
" The owner's tongue doth publiſh every where." MALONE.

Chapman here ſeems to ſignify the *ſeller*, not, as now commonly, the *buyer*. *Cheap* or *cheaping* was anciently the *market*; *chapman* therefore is *marketman*. The meaning is, that *the eſtimation of beauty depends not on the* uttering or *proclamation of the ſeller, but on the eye of the buyer*. JOHNS.

3 *A man of ſovereign* parts *he is eſteem'd*;] Thus the folio. The firſt quarto, 1598, has the line thus:

A man of ſovereign *peereleſſe* he is eſteem'd.

I believe, the author wrote

" A man of,—ſovereign, *peerleſs*, he's eſteem'd.

A man of extraordinary *accompliſhments*, the ſpeaker perhaps would have

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Well fitted in the arts [4], glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only ſoil of his fair virtue's gloſs,
(If virtue's gloſs will ſtain with any ſoil,)
Is a ſharp wit match'd with [5] too blunt a will;
Whoſe edge hath power to cut, whoſe will ſtill wills
It ſhould none ſpare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't ſo?

Mar. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humours know.

Prin. Such ſhort-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?

Catb. The young Dumain, a well-accompliſh'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Moſt power to do moſt harm, leaſt knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace though he had no wit.
I ſaw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I ſaw,
Is my report, to his great worthineſs [6].

Roſ. Another of theſe ſtudents at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth;
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never ſpent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occaſion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,

have ſaid, but ſuddenly checks himſelf; and adds—"ſovereign, peerleſs he's eſteem'd." So, before: "*Matchleſs* Navarre." Again, in the *Tempeſt*:

——" but you, O you,
" So perfect, and ſo *peerleſs* are created."

In the old copies no attention ſeems to have been given to abrupt ſentences. They are, almoſt uniformly printed corruptly, without any mark of abruption. Thus, in *Much ado about nothing*, we find both in the folio and quarto, "—but for the ſtuffing well, we are all mortal." See p. 220 of this volume. See alſo p. 21: "Sir, mock me not:—your ſtory." MALONE.

4 *Well* fitted *in* the *arts.*—] *Well fitted* is *well qualified.* JOHNSON.

The, which is not in the old copies, was added for the ſake of the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

5 — *match'd with* —] is *combined* or *joined* with. JOHNSON.

6 *And much too little* &c.] i. e. And my report of the good I ſaw, is much too little, *compared* to his great worthineſs. HEATH.

The

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The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expoſitor)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

Prin. God bleſs my ladies! are they all in love;
That every one her own hath garniſhed
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe?

1. *Lord.* Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boy. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors[7] in oath
Were all addreſs'd[8] to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to beſiege his court,)
Than ſeek a diſpenſation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled houſe.
Here comes Navarre. [*The ladies maſk.*

Enter King, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and Attendants.*

King. Fair princeſs, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too baſe to be mine.

King. You ſhall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have ſworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forſworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will ſhall break it; will, and nothing elſe.

[7] — *his* competitors—[That is, his confederates. See Vol. I. p. 240, n. 7. MALONE.

[8] *Were all* addreſs'd—] To *addreſs* is to *prepare*. So, in *Hamlet*:

" ——it lifted up its head, and did *addreſs*
" Itſelf to motion " STEEVENS.

King.

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King. Your ladyſhip is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where now his knowledge muſt prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath ſworn-out houſe-keeping:
'Tis deadly ſin to keep that oath, my lord,
And ſin to break it[9]:
But pardon me, I am too ſudden bold;
To teach a teacher ill beſeemeth me.
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my coming,
And ſuddenly reſolve me in my ſuit. [*gives a paper.*
King. Madam, I will, if ſuddenly I may.
Prin. You will the ſooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me ſtay.
Bir. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once[1]?
Roſ. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Bir. I know, you did.
Roſ. How needleſs was it then
To aſk the queſtion!
Bir. You muſt not be ſo quick.
Roſ. 'Tis long of you that ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.
Bir. Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.
Roſ. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Bir. What time o'day?
Roſ. The hour that fools ſhould aſk.
Bir. Now fair befall your maſk!
Roſ. Fair fall the face it covers!
Bir. And ſend you many lovers!
Roſ. Amen, ſo you be none.
Bir. Nay, then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thouſand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire ſum,
Diſburſed by my father in his wars.

[9] *And ſin to break it:*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—"*Not* ſin to break it;"—I believe erroneouſly. The princeſs ſhews an inconvenience very frequently attending raſh oaths, which, whether kept or broken, produce guilt. JOHNSON.

[1] Roſ. *Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?*] Thus the folio. In the firſt quarto, this dialogue paſſes between *Catharine* and Biron. It is a matter of little conſequence. MALONE.

But

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But ſay, that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Receiv'd that ſum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thouſand more; in ſurety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will reſtore
But that one half which is unſatisfy'd,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendſhip with his majeſty.
But that, it ſeems, he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thouſand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thouſand crowns [2],
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal [3],
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain ſo gelded as it is.
Dear princeſs, were not his requeſts ſo far
From reaſon's yielding, your fair ſelf ſhould make
A yielding, 'gainſt ſome reaſon, in my breaſt,
And go well ſatisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo unſeeming to confeſs receipt
Of that which hath ſo faithfully been paid.

King. I do proteſt, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arreſt your word:—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For ſuch a ſum, from ſpecial officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me ſo.

[2] On *payment*—] This is Mr. Theobald's correction. The old copies have—*One* payment. The two words are frequently confounded in the books of our author's age. See a note on *King John*, Act. III. ſc. iii. MALONE.

[3] — depart *withal*] To *depart* and to *part* were anciently ſynonymous. So, in *K. John*:

"Hath willingly *departed* with a part." STEEVENS.

Boy.

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oy. So pleaſe your grace, the packet is not come,
ere that and other ſpecialties are bound;
morrow you ſhall have a ſight of them.
ing. It ſhall ſuffice me: at which interview,
liberal reaſon I will yield unto.
an time, receive ſuch welcome at my hand,
honour, without breach of honour, may,
ke tender of to thy true worthineſs:
a may not come, fair princeſs, in my gates;
here without you ſhall be ſo receiv'd,
you ſhall deem yourſelf lodg'd in my heart,
ough ſo deny'd fair harbour in my houſe.
ır own good thoughts excuſe me, and farewel:
-morrow ſhall we viſit you again.
rin. Sweet health and fair deſires conſort your grace!
ing. Thy own wiſh wiſh I thee in every place!
[*Exeunt* King *and his Train.*
ir. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.
of. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be
to ſee it.
ir. I would, you heard it groan.
of. Is the fool ſick[4]?
ir. Sick at the heart.
of. Alack, let it blood.
ir. Would that do it good?
of. My phyſick ſays, I[5].
ir. Will you prick't with your eye?
of. No, *point*, with my knife.
ir. Now, God ſave thy life!
of. And yours from long living!
ir. I cannot ſtay thankſgiving. [*retiring.*
um. Sir, I pray you, a word; What lady is that ſame[6]?
Boy.

Is the fool *ſick?*] She means perhaps his *heart*. So, in *Much ado about nothing:* (ante, p. 220.) "*D. Pedro.* In faith, lady, you have a merry *heart*. *Beat.* Yes, my lord; I thank it, poor *fool*, it keeps on the windy ſide of care." MALONE.

[5] *My phyſick ſays*, I.] She means to ſay, *ay*. The old ſpelling of the affirmative particle has been retained here for the ſake of the rhime. MALONE.

[6] *What lady is that ſame?*] It is odd that Shakſpeare ſhould make *Dumain*

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Boy. The heir of Alençon, Roſaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monſieur, fare you well.
[*Exit* DUMAIN.

Long. I beſeech you, a word; What is ſhe in the white?

Boy. A woman ſometimes, an you ſaw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I deſire her name.

Boy. She hath but one for herſelf; to deſire that, were a ſhame.

Long. Pray you, ſir, whoſe daughter?

Boy. Her mother's I have heard.

Long. God's bleſſing on your beard[7]!

Boy. Good ſir, be not offended:
She is an heir of Faulconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a moſt ſweet lady.

Boy. Not unlike, ſir; that may be. [*Exit* LONG.

Bir. What's her name in the cap?

Boy. Catharine, by good hap.

Bir. Is ſhe wedded, or no?

Boy. To her will, ſir, or ſo.

Bir. You are welcome, ſir; adieu!

Boy. Farewell to me, ſir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit* BIRON. *Ladies unmaſk.*

Mar. That laſt is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jeſt.

Boy. And every jeſt but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you, to take him at his word.

Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Dumain enquire after *Roſaline*, who was the miſtreſs of *Biron*, and neglect *Catharine*, who was his own. *Biron* behaves in the ſame manner. No advantage would be gained by an exchange of names, becauſe the laſt ſpeech is determined to *Biron* by *Maria*, who gives a character of him after he has made his exit. Perhaps *all* the ladies wore maſks but the princeſs. STEEVENS.

They certainly did. See p. 331, where Biron ſays to Roſaline—"Now fair befall your *maſk!*" MALONE.

7 *God's bleſſing on your beard!*] That is, may'ſt thou have ſenſe and ſeriouſneſs more proportionate to thy beard, the length of which ſuits ill with ſuch idle catches of wit. JOHNSON.

I doubt whether ſo much meaning was intended to be conveyed by theſe words. MALONE.

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Mar. Two hot ſheeps, marry!
Boy. And wherefore not ſhips?
No ſheep, ſweet lamb, unleſs we feed on your lips [8].
Mar. You ſheep, and I paſture; Shall that finiſh the jeſt?
Boy. So you grant paſture for me. [*offering to kiſs her.*
Mar. Not ſo, gentle beaſt;
My lips are no common, though ſeveral they be [9].
Boy. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree:
The civil war of wits were much better uſed
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abuſed.
Boy. If my obſervation, (which very ſeldom lies,)
By the heart's ſtill rhetorick, diſcloſed with eyes [*],
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boy. With that which we lovers intitle, affected.
Prin. Your reaſon?
Boy. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough deſire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impreſſed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expreſſed:

[8] — *unleſs we* feed on your lips.] Our author has the ſame expreſſion in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"*Feed* where thou wilt, on mountain or on dale;
"*Graze on my lips.*" MALONE.

9 *My lips are no common, though* ſeveral *they be.*] A play on the word *ſeveral*, which, beſides its ordinary ſignification of *ſeparate*, *diſtinct*, likewiſe ſignifies in unincloſed lands, a certain portion of ground appropriated to either corn or meadow, adjoining the *common* field. In Minſheu's Dictionary, 1617, is the following article: "To SEVER from others. Hinc nos paſcua et campos ſeorſim ab aliis ſeperatos *Severals* dicimus." In the margin he ſpells the word as Shakſpeare does—*ſeverals*.—Our author is ſeldom careful that his compariſons ſhould anſwer on both ſides. If *ſeveral* be underſtood in its ruſtick ſenſe, the adverſative particle ſtands but awkwardly. To ſay, that *though* land is *ſeveral*, it is not a *common*, ſeems as unjuſtifiable as to aſſert, that *though* a houſe is a cottage, it is not a palace. MALONE.

* *By the heart's* ſtill rhetorick, *diſcloſed with* eyes,] So in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594:

"Sweet *ſilent rhetorick* of perſuading *eyes*;
"*Dumb eloquence*—." MALONE.

His

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Did point you to buy
His face's own marge
That all eyes saw his
I'll give you Aquitain
An you give him for m
Prin. Come, to our
Boy. But to speak
disclos'd:
I only have made a mo
By adding a tongue wh
Ros. Thou art an ol
fully.
Mar. He is Cupid'
him.
Ros. Then was Venu
is but grim.
Boy. Do you hear, m
Mar. No.
Boy. What then, do
Ros. Ay, our way to
Boy. You are too hard

[1] *His tongue, all impatient*
being impatiently desirous to see
[2] *To* feel *only looking*—] Pe
To feed *only* by *looking*.
[3] *His face's own* margent *dic*
quotations, &c. were usually p
So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

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ACT III. SCENE I.

Another part of the ſame.

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel—[1] [*ſinging.*

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderneſs of years; take this key, give enlargement to the ſwain, bring him feſtinately hither[2]; I muſt employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Ma'ſter, will you win your love with a French brawl[3]?

Arm. How mean'ſt thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete maſter: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet[4], humour it with turning up your eye-lids; ſigh a note, and ſing a note; ſometime through the throat, as if you ſwallow'd love with ſinging love; ſometime through the noſe, as if you ſnuff'd up love by ſmelling love; with your hat penthouſe-like, o'er the ſhop of your eyes; with your arms croſs'd on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a ſpit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting[5]; and keep not too long in one tune, but

[1] *Concolinel*—] Here is apparently a ſong loſt. JOHNSON.

I have obſerved in the old comedies, that the ſongs are frequently omitted. On this occaſion the ſtage-direction is generally—*Here they ſing*,—or, *Cantant*. Probably the performer was left to chuſe his own ditty, and therefore it could not with propriety be exhibited as part of a new performance. Sometimes yet more was left to the diſcretion of the ancient comedians, as I learn from the following circumſtance in *K. Edward* IV. 2d p. 1619:—"Jockey is led whipping over the ſtage, ſpeaking ſome words, but of no importance." Again in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635: "He places all things in order, *ſinging* with the ends of old ballads as he does it." STEEVENS.

[2] — feſtinately *hither*;] i. e. haſtily. Shakſpeare uſes the adjective *feſtinate*, in another of his plays. STEEVENS.

[3] — *a French brawl?*] A *brawl* is a kind of *dance*. STEEVENS.

[4] — canary *to it with your feet*,] *Canary* was the name of a ſpritely nimble dance. THEOBALD.

[5] — *like a man after the old painting*;] It was a common trick among ſome of the moſt indolent of the ancient maſters, to place the

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but a ſnip and away: Theſe are complements [6], theſe are humours; theſe betray nice wenches—that would be betray'd without theſe; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that moſt are affected to theſe [7].

Arm. How haſt thou purchaſed this experience?

Moth. By my penny of obſervation [8].

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horſe is forgot [9].

Arm. Call'ſt thou my love, hobby-horſe?

Moth. No, maſter, the hobby-horſe is but a colt [1], and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

hands in the boſom or the pockets, or conceal them in ſome other part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of repreſenting them, or to diſguiſe their own want of ſkill to employ them with grace and propriety. STEEV.

6 — *complements,*] i. e. accompliſhments. See p. 314, n. 9. MALONE.

7 — *and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that are moſt affected to theſe.*] i. e. and make thoſe men who are moſt affected to ſuch accompliſhments, men of note.—Mr. Theobald, without any neceſſity, reads—and make *the* men of note, &c. which was, I think, too haſtily adopted in the ſubſequent editions. One of the modern editors, inſtead of—"do you note, *men*?" with great probability reads—do you note *me*? MALONE.

8 *By my* penny *of obſervation.*] The old copy reads—*pen.* The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

It is certainly right. The alluſion is to the famous old piece, called *A Penniworth of Wit.* FARMER.

9 Arm. *But O,—but O,—*

Moth. —*the* hobby-horſe *is forgot.*] In the celebration of May-day, beſides the ſports now uſed of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dreſſed up repreſenting Maid Marian; another like a fryar; and another rode on a hobby-horſe, with bells jingling, and painted ſtreamers. After the reformation took place, and preciſians multiplied, theſe latter rites were looked upon to ſavour of paganiſm; and then maid Marian, the friar, and the poor hobby-horſe, were turned out of the games. Some who were not ſo wiſely preciſe, but regretted the diſuſe of the hobby-horſe, no doubt, ſatiriſed this ſuſpicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the epitaph above alluded to. Now Moth, hearing Armado groan ridiculouſly, and cry out, *But oh! but oh!*—humouroufly pieces out his exclamation with the ſequel of this epitaph. THEOBALD.

The ſame line is repeated in *Hamlet.* See the note on Act III. ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

1 — *but a* colt.] *Colt* is a hot, mad-brained, unbroken young fellow; or ſometimes an old fellow with youthful deſires. JOHNSON.

Arm.

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Arm. Almoſt I had.

Moth. Negligent ſtudent! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, maſter; all thoſe three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the inſtant: By heart you love her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all theſe three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the ſwain; he muſt carry me a letter.

Moth. A meſſage well ſympathiſed; a horſe to be embaſſador for an aſs!

Arm. Ha, ha; what ſayeſt thou?

Moth. Marry, ſir, you muſt ſend the aſs upon the horſe, for he is very ſlow-gaited: But I go.

Arm. The way is but ſhort; away.

Moth. As ſwift as lead, ſir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal, heavy, dull, and ſlow?

Moth. Minime, honeſt maſter, or rather, maſter, no.

Arm. I ſay, lead is ſlow.

Moth. You are too ſwift, ſir, to ſay ſo[a]:
Is that lead ſlow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet ſmoke of rhetorick!

[a] *You are too ſwift, ſir, to ſay ſo:*] The meaning, I believe, is, *You do not give yourſelf time to think, if you ſay ſo. Swift*, however, means ready at replies. STEEVENS.

Swift is here uſed, as in other places, ſynonymouſly with *witty*. FARMER.

So, in *As you like it*: "He is very *ſwift* and ſententious." Again in *Much ado about nothing*:

"Having ſo *ſwift* and excellent a wit."

On reading the letter which contained an intimation of the Gunpowder-plot in 1605, King James ſaid, that "the ſtyle was more *quick* and pithie than was uſual in paſquils and libels." MALONE.

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He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—
I ſhoot thee at the ſwain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A moſt acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, ſweet welkin [3], I muſt ſigh in thy face:
Moſt rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH *and* COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, maſter; here's a Coſtard [4] broken in a ſhin.

Arm. Some enigma, ſome riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*; —begin.

Coſt. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy* [5]; no ſalve in the mail, ſir [6]: O ſir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no ſalve, ſir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforceſt laughter; thy ſilly thought, my ſpleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O, pardon me, my ſtars! Doth the inconſiderate take ſalve for *l'envoy*, and the word, *l'envoy*, for a ſalve?

3 *By thy favour, ſweet* welkin,] *Welkin* is the ſky, to which Armado, with the falſe dignity of a Spaniard, makes an apology for ſighing in its face. JOHNSON.

4 — *here's a* Coſtard *broken*—] i. e. a head. STEEVENS.

5 — *no* l'envoy;] The *l'envoy* is a term borrowed from the old French poetry. It appeared always at the head of a few concluding verſes to each piece, which either ſerved to convey the moral, or to addreſs the poem to ſome particular perſon. It was frequently adopted by the ancient Engliſh writers. STEEVENS.

6 — *no ſalve in the mail, ſir:*] *No ſalve in the mail* may mean, no ſalve in the mountebank's budget. JOHNSON.

Male, which is the reading of the old copies, is only the old ſpelling of *mail*. So, in Taylor the Water-Poet's Works, *(Character of a Bawd)* 1630:—"the cloathe-bag of counſel, the cap-caſe, fardle, pack, *male*, of friendly toleration." The quarto 1598, and the firſt folio, have —*thee* male. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

I can ſcarcely think that Shakſpeare had ſo far forgotten his little ſchool-learning, as to ſuppoſe that the Latin verb *ſalve*, and the Engliſh ſubſtantive, *ſalve*, had the ſame pronunciation; and yet, without this, the quibble cannot be preſerved. FARMER.

The ſame quibble occurs in *Ariſtippus, or the Jovial Philoſopher*, 1630:
"*Salve*, Maſter Simplicius.
"*Salve* me; 'tis but a *ſurgeon's compliment*." STEEVENS.

Moth.

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Moth. Do the wiſe think them other? is not *l'envoy* a ſalve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or diſcourſe, to make plain
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore been ſain.
I will example it [7]:
The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.
There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*: Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three:

Moth. Until the gooſe came out of door,
And ſtay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the gooſe came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the gooſe; Would you deſire more?

Coſt. The boy hath ſold him a bargain, a gooſe, that's flat:—
Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your gooſe be fat.—
To ſell a bargain well, is as cunning as faſt and looſe:
Let me ſee a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat gooſe.

Arm. Come hither, come hither; how did this argument begin?

Moth. By ſaying, that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Coſt. True, and I for a plantain; Thus came your argument in:
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the gooſe that you bought;
And he ended the market [8].

[7] *I will example it:*] This and the following eight lines are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

[8] *And he ended the market.*] Alluding to the proverb—*Three women and a gooſe make a market. Tre donne et un ecca fan un mercato.* Ital. Ray's Proverbs. STEEVENS.

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Arm. But tell me; how was there a Coſtard broken in a ſhin [9]?

Moth. I will tell you ſenſibly.

Coſt. Thou haſt no feeling of it, Moth; I will ſpeak that *l'envoy*:—

I, Coſtard, running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell over the threſhold, and broke my ſhin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Coſt. Till there be more matter in the ſhin.

Arm. Sirrah Coſtard, I will enfranchiſe thee.

Coſt. O, marry me to one Frances;—I ſmell ſome *l'envoy*, ſome gooſe, in this.

Arm. By my ſweet ſoul, I mean, ſetting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy perſon; thou wert immur'd, reſtrained, captivated, bound.

Coſt. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, ſet thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this: Bear this ſignificant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*giving him money.*] for the beſt ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependants. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the ſequel, I [1].—Signior Coſtard, adieu.

Coſt. My ſweet ounce of man's fleſh! my incony Jew [2]!— [*Exit* MOTH.

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O,

9 — *how was there a* Coſtard *broken in a ſhin?*] It has been already obſerved that the *head* was anciently called the *Coſtard*. STEEVENS.

1 *Like the* ſequel, *I.*] I follow you as cloſe as the ſequel does the premiſes. HEATH.

Moth alludes to the ſequel of any ſtory which follows a preceding part, and was in the old ſtory-books introduced in this manner:—"Here followeth the ſequel of ſuch a ſtory or adventure." So Hamlet ſays,—"But is there no *ſequel* at the heels of this mother's admonition? MASON.

2 — *my incony*, Jew!] *Intony* or *kony* in the north ſignifies, fine, delicate;—as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. WARBURTON.

Jew, in our author's time, was, for whatever reaſon, apparently a word of endearment. So, in the *Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"*Moſt briſky juvenal, and eke moſt lovely* Jew." JOHNSON.

In the old comedy called *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602, I meet with this

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O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration. *What's the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remuneration:* why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and ſell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Bir. O, my good knave Coſtard! exceedingly well met.

Coſt. Pray you, ſir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Bir. What is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marry, ſir, half-penny farthing.

Bir. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of ſilk.

Coſt. I thank your worſhip: God be wi' you!

Bir. O, ſtay, ſlave; I muſt employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall entreat.

Coſt. When would you have it done, ſir?

Bir. O, this afternoon.

Coſt. Well, I will do it, ſir: Fare you well.

Bir. O, thou knoweſt not what it is.

Coſt. I ſhall know, ſir, when I have done it.

Bir. Why, villain, thou muſt know firſt.

Coſt. I will come to your worſhip to-morrow morning.

Bir. It muſt be done this afternoon. Hark, ſlave, it is but this;—
The princeſs comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly, then they name her name,
And Roſaline they call her: aſk for her;
And to her white hand ſee thou do commend
This ſeal'd-up counſel. There's thy guerdon; go. [*gives him money.*

Coſt. Guerdon,—O ſweet guerdon! better than remuneration;

this word. A maid is ſpeaking to her miſtreſs about a gown:—"it makes you have a moſt *inconie* body." Again, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:
"While I in thy *incony* lap do tumble." STEEVENS.

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muneration; eleven-pence farthing better[3]: Moſt ſweet guerdon!—I will do it, ſir, in print[4].—Guerdon—remuneration. [*Exit.*

Bir. O!—And I, forſooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humourous figh;
A critick; nay, a night-watch conſtable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal ſo magnificent!
This wimpled[5], whining, purblind, wayward boy;

3 Coſt. *Guerdon,—O ſweet* guerdon! *better than* remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: &c.] *Guerdon.* i. e. reward.

The following parallel paſſage in *A Healthe to the Gentlemanly Profeſſion of Serving-men, or the Serving-man's Comfort*, &c. 1598, was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer:

"There was, ſayth he, a man, (but of what eſtate, degree, or calling, I will not name, leaſt thereby I might incurre diſpleaſure of anie) that comming to his friendes houſe, who was a gentleman of good reckoning, and being there kindly entertained, and well uſed, as well of his friende the gentleman as of his ſervantes; one of the ſayde ſervantes doing him ſome extraordinarie pleaſure during his abode there, at his departure he comes unto the ſayd ſervante, and ſaith unto him, Holde thee, here is a *remuneration* for thy paynes, which the ſervante receiving, gave him utterly for it (beſides his paynes) thankes, for it was but a *three-farthings* peece: and I holde thankes for the ſame a ſmall price, howſoever the market goes. Now an other comming to the ſayd gentleman's houſe, it was the foreſayd ſervant's good hap to be neare him at his going away, who calling the ſervant unto him, ſay'd, Holde thee, here is a *guerdon* for thy deſerts: now the ſervant payd no dearer for the *guerdon*, than he did for the *remuneration*; though the *guerdon* was *xid. farthing* better; for it was a *ſhilling*, and the other but a *three-farthinges*."

Whether Shakſpeare or the author of this pamphlet was the borrower, cannot be known, till the time when *Love's Labour's Loſt* was written, and the date of the earlieſt edition of the *Serving-man's Comfort*, &c. ſhall be aſcertained by circumſtances which are at preſent beyond our reach. STEEVENS.

4 — *in print.*] i. e. exactly, with the utmoſt nicety. STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 127. The expreſſion, as Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tyrwhitt have ſhewn, often occurs in our old Engliſh comedies. MALONE.

5 *This* wimpled—] The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face. Had Shakſpeare been acquainted with the *flammeum* of the Romans, or the gem which repreſents the marriage of Cupid and Pſyche, his choice of the epithet would have been much applauded by all the advocates in favour of his learning. STEEVENS.

This

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is ſignior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid[6];
gent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
e anointed ſovereign of ſighs and groans,
ge of all loiterers and malecontents,

This ſignior Junio's *giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid*;] Mr. Theobald , that ſome one propoſed to him to read—

This *ſenior junior*, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

it is, "this old young man." So, afterwards:

"That was the way to make his godhead wax,
"For he hath been five thouſand years a boy."

f the old copies had exhibited *Junior*, I ſhould have had no doubt : the ſecond word in the line was only the old ſpelling of *ſenior*, n a former paſſage, (p. 320,) and in one in the *Comedy of Errors* ted below by Mr. Tollet; but as the text appears both in the quarto 8, and the folio, Cupid is not himſelf called *ſignior*, or *ſenior* Junio, a giant-dwarf *to* [that is, attending upon] ſignior Junio, and therefore muſt endeavour to explain the words as they ſtand. In both theſe es *Junio's* is printed in Italicks as a proper name. For the reaſons ady mentioned, I ſuppoſe *ſignior* here to have been the Italian title honour, and Cupid to be deſcribed as uniting in his perſon the cha- ers of both a giant, and a dwarf; a giant on account of his power r mankind, and a dwarf on account of his ſize; [So afterwards:)f his (Cupid's) *almighty*, dreadful, *little* might."] and as attending his double capacity on youth, (perſonified under the name of Signior io,) the age in which the paſſion of love has moſt dominion over the rt. In characterizing youth by the name of *Junio*, our author may countenanced by Ovid, who aſcribes to the month of June a ſimilar nology:

Junius *a* juvenum *nomine dictus adeſt.*

Mr. Warburton was likewiſe of opinion that by *Junio* is meant th in general. Mr. Upton would read—This ſignior *Julio's* gi- -dwarf;—ſuppoſing that our author meant *Julio Romano*, and t that painter had drawn Cupid in the character of a giant-dwarf. t "who (as Mr. Tollet juſtly obſerves) will aſcertain that io Romano ever drew Cupid as a giant-dwarf?" MALONE.

n the exaggeration of poetry we might call Cupid a giant-dwarf; how a giant-dwarf ſhould be repreſented in painting, I cannot well ıceive. MASON.

Shakſpeare, in *K. Richard* III. Act IV. ſc. iv. uſes *ſignory* for *ſeni- y*; and Stowe's Chronicle, p. 149, edit. 1614, ſpeaks of Edward the *nior*, i. e. the elder. I can therefore ſuppoſe that *ſignor* here means *ior*, and not the Italian title of honour. Thus in the firſt folio, at the d of the *Comedy of Errors*:

"*S. Dro.* Not I, ſir, you are my *elder*.
"*E. Dro.* That's a queſtion: how ſhall we try it?
"*S. Dro.* We'll draw cuts for the *ſignior*. TOLLET.

Dread

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Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors [7],—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field [8],
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop [9]!
What? I! I love [1]! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing [2]; ever out of frame;

And

7 *Of trotting* paritors,] An *apparitor*, or *paritor*, is an officer of the biſhop's court, who carries out citations: as citations are moſt frequently iſſued for fornication, the paritor is put under Cupid's government. JOHNSON.

8 *And I to be a* corporal of his field,] Giles Clayton, in his *Martial Diſcipline*, 1591, has a chapter on the office and duty of a *corporal of the field*. Brokeſby tells us, that "Mr. Dodwell's father was in an office then known by the name of *corporal of the field*, which he ſaid was equal to that of a captain of horſe." FARMER.

It appears from Lord Strafford's *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 199, that a *corporal of the field* was employed as an aid-de-camp is now, "in taking and carrying too and fro the directions of the general, or other the higher officers of the field." TYRWHITT.

9 *And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!*] The notion is not that the *hoop wears colours*, but that the colours are worn as a *tumbler* carries his *hoop*, hanging on one ſhoulder, and falling under the oppoſite arm. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the *tumbler's hoops* were adorned with their maſter's colours, or with ribbands. To *wear his colours*, means to weare his *badge* or *cogniſance*, or to be his ſervant or retainer. So, in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 274: "All that *ware* the duke's ſign, or *colours*, were fain to hide them, conveying them from their necks into their boſome." TOLLET.

It was once a mark of gallantry to wear *a lady's colours*. I am informed by a lady who remembers morris-dancing, that the character who tumbled, always carried his *hoop* dreſſed out with ribbands, and is the poſition deſcribed by Dr. Johnſon. STEEVENS.

1 *What?* I! *I love!*] The firſt *I* which is not in the old copies has been ſupplied by Mr. Tyrwhitt. There is no miſtake more common at the preſs than the omiſſion of a word, when it happens to be repeated in the ſame line, and the two words join. Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation is ſupported by the firſt line of the preſent ſpeech:

And *I* forſooth in love! *I*, that have been love's whip—.

Sir T. Hanmer ſupplied the metre by repeating the word *What*. MALONE.

2 ——— *like a German clock,*
Still a repairing;] The ſame alluſion occurs in *Weſtward Ho*, by Decker

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And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may ſtill go right?
Nay, to be perjur'd which is worſt of all;
And, among three, to love the worſt of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls ſtuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to ſigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impoſe for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, ſigh, pray, ſue, and groan[3];
Some men muſt love my lady, and ſome Joan[4]. [*Exit.*

ACT

Decker and Webſter, 1607: "—no *German Clock*, no mathematical engine whatſoever, requires ſo much reparation, &c."—The following extract is taken from a book called *The Artificial Clock-maker*, 3d edit. 1714: "Clock-making was ſuppoſed to have had its beginning in Germany within leſs than theſe two hundred years. It is very probable, that our balance-clocks or watches, and ſome other automata, might have had their beginning there; &c." Again, p. 91.—"Little worth remark is to be found till towards the 16th century; and then clock-work was revived or wholly invented anew in Germany, as is generally thought, becauſe the ancient pieces are of German work."

A ſkilful watch-maker informs me, that clocks have not been commonly made in England much more than one hundred years backward.

To the inartificial conſtruction of theſe firſt pieces of mechaniſm executed in Germany, we may ſuppoſe Shakſpeare alludes. The clock at Hampton-Court, which was ſet up in 1540, (as appears from the inſcription affixed to it,) is ſaid to be the firſt ever fabricated in England. STEEVENS.

"In ſome towns in Germany (ſays Dr. Powel, in his *Human Induſtry*, 8vo. 1661,) there are very rare and elaborate clocks to be ſeen in their town-halls, wherein a man may read aſtronomy, and never look up to the ſkies.—In the town-hall of Prague there is a clock that ſhews the annual motions of the ſun and moon, the names and numbers of the months, days, and feſtivals of the whole year, the time of the ſun riſing and ſetting throughout the year, the equinoxes, the length of the days and nights, the riſing and ſetting of the twelve ſigns of the Zodiack, &c.—But the town of Straſburgh carries the bell of all other ſteeples of Germany in this point." Theſe elaborate clocks were probably often "out of frame." MALONE.

[3] — *and* groan;] *And*, which is not in either of the authentick copies

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

Another part of the ſame.

Enter the Princeſs, ROSALINE, MARIA, CATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, Attendants, and a Foreſter.*

Prin. Was that the king, that ſpur'd his horſe ſo hard
Againſt the ſteep upriſing of the hill?
Boy. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er he was, he ſhew'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we ſhall have our diſpatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, foreſter, my friend, where is the buſh,
That we muſt ſtand and play the murderer in?
For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A ſtand, where you may make the faireſt ſhoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that ſhoot,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt, the faireſt ſhoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not ſo.
Prin. What, what? firſt praiſe me, and again ſay, no?
O ſhort-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glaſs[1], take this for telling true;
[*giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, ſee, my beauty will be ſav'd by merit.
O hereſy in fair, fit for theſe days!
A giving hand, though foul, ſhall have fair praiſe.—

pies of this play, the quarto 1598, and the folio 1623, was added to ſupply the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

4 *Some men muſt love my lady, and ſome Joan.*] To this line Mr. Theobald extends his ſecond act, not injudiciouſly, but, without ſufficient authority. JOHNSON.

1 *Here, good my glaſs,*—] She rewards the foreſter for having ſhewn her to herſelf as in a mirror. STEEVENS.

But

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But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I ſave my credit in the ſhoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my ſkill,
That more for praiſe, than purpoſe, meant to kill.
And, out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes;
Glory grows guilty of deteſted crimes;
When, for, fame's ſake, for praiſe, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart:
As I, for praiſe alone, now ſeek to ſpill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill [2].

Boy. Do not curſt wives hold that ſelf-ſovereignty [3]
Only for praiſe' ſake, when they ſtrive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praiſe: and praiſe we may afford
To any lady that ſubdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Prin. Here comes a member of the commonwealth [4].

Coſt. God dig-you-den [5] all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou ſhalt know her, fellow, by the reſt that have no heads.

Coſt. Which is the greateſt lady, the higheſt?

Prin. The thickeſt, and the talleſt.

Coſt. The thickeſt and the talleſt! it is ſo; truth is truth.
An your waiſt, miſtreſs, were as ſlender as my wit,
One of theſe maids' girdles for your waiſt ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickeſt here.

Prin. What's your will, ſir? what's your will?

[2] — that *my heart means no ill.*] i. e. *to whom my heart means no ill.* The common phraſe ſuppreſſes the particle, as *I mean him* [not *to* him] *no harm.* JOHNSON.

[3] — *that* ſelf-*ſovereignty*—] Not a ſovereignty *over*, but *in*, themſelves:—ſo *ſelf*-ſufficiency, *ſelf*-conſequence, &c. MALONE.

[4] — *a member of the commonwealth.*] Here, I believe, is a kind of jeſt intended: a member of the *common*-wealth is put for one of the *common* people, one of the meaneſt. JOHNSON.

[5] *God dig-you-den*—] A corruption of—*God give you good even.* MALONE.

Coſt.

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Coſt. I have a letter from monſieur Biron, to one lady Roſaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:
Stand aſide, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon[6].

Boy. I am bound to ſerve.—
This letter is miſtook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I ſwear:
Break the neck of the wax[7], and every one give ear.

Boy. [reads.] *By heaven, that thou art fair, is moſt infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itſelf, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itſelf, have commiſeration on thy heroical vaſſal! The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate*[8] *king* Cophetua[9] *ſet eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar* Zenelophon; *and he it was that might rightly ſay,* veni, vidi, vici; *which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O*

[6] — *Boyet, you can carve;*
Break up this capon.] i. e. open this letter.
Our poet uſes this metaphor, as the French do their *poulet*; which ſignifies both a young fowl and a love-letter. THEOBALD.
One of Lord Cheſterfield's letters, 8vo. vol. iii. p. 114, gives us the reaſon why *poulet* means *amatoriæ literæ*. TOLLET.
Henry IV. conſulting with Sully about his marriage, ſays, "my niece of Guiſe would pleaſe me beſt, notwithſtanding the malicious reports, that ſhe loves *poulets* in paper, better than in a *fricaſee*."—A meſſage is called *a cold pigeon*, in the letter concerning the entertainments at Kilingworth Caſtle. FARMER.
To *break up* was a peculiar phraſe in carving. PERCY.

[7] *Break the neck of the wax,*] Still alluding to the *capon*. JOHNSON.

[8] — *illuſtrate*] for *illuſtrious*. It is often uſed by Chapman in his tranſlation of Homer. STEEVENS.

[9] — *king Cophetua*] This ſtory is again alluded to in *Henry* IV:
"*Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.*"
But of this king and beggar, the ſtory, then doubtleſs well known, is I am afraid, loſt. JOHNSON.
The ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid*, may be ſeen in the *Reliques of Antient Poetry*, vol. i. The beggar's name was Penelophon, here corrupted. PERCY.
The poet alludes to this ſong in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Henry* IV. 2d part, and *Richard* II. STEEVENS.

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and obſcure vulgar!) videlicet, *he came, ſaw, and came: he came, one; ſaw*[1] *two; overcame, three. came? the king? why did he come? to ſee; Why did ? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; t ſaw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beg- The concluſion is victory; On whoſe ſide? the king's: ıptive is enrich'd; On whoſe ſide? the beggar's; The ſrophe is a nuptial; On whoſe ſide? the king's?—no; th in one, or one in both. I am the king; for ſo ſtands mpariſon: thou the beggar; for ſo witneſſeth thy low- . Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. t ſhalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles? ; For thyſelf? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I pro- e my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my on thy every part.*

Thine, in the deareſt deſign of induſtry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

s doſt thou hear the Nemean lion roar [2]
'ainſt thee, thou lamb, that ſtandeſt as his prey;
niſſive fall his princely feet before,
nd he from forage will incline to play:
if thou ſtrive, poor ſoul, what art thou then?
l for his rage, repaſture for his den.

'in. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?

ıt vane? what weather-cock? Did you ever hear better?

y. I am much deceived, but I remember the ſtile.

'in. Elſe your memory is bad, going o'er it [3] erewhile [4].

y. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;

[1] — ſaw] The old copies here and in the preceding line have—*ſee.* Rowe made the correction. MALONE.

[2] *Thus doſt thou hear* &c.] Theſe ſix lines appear to be a quotation ſome ridiculous poem of that time. WARBURTON.

[3] — *going o'er it*] A pun upon the word *ſtile.* MUSGRAVE.

[4] — *erewhile.*] Juſt now; a little while ago. JOHNSON.

A phan-

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A phantaſm [5], a *Monarcho* [6]; and one that makes ſport
To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Coſt. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom ſhould'ſt thou give it?

Coſt. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Coſt. From my lord Biron, a good maſter of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Roſaline.

Prin. Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. Come, lords, away [7].
Here, ſweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.
[*Exeunt* Princeſs, *and Train.*

Boy. Who is the ſhooter? who is the ſhooter [8]?

Roſ.

5 A *phantaſm,*] On the books of the Stationers' Company, Feb. 6, 1608, is entered, "A book called *Phantaſm*, the *Italian Taylor and his boy*; made by Mr. Armin, ſervant to his majeſty." It probably contains the hiſtory of *Monarcho*, of whom Dr. Farmer ſpeaks in the following note, to which I have ſubjoined an additional inſtance. STEEVENS.

6 — *a Monarcho*;] The alluſion is to a fantaſtical character of the time.—"Popular applauſe (ſays Meres) doth nouriſh ſome, neither "do they gape after any other thing, but vaine praiſe and glorie,—as "in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that lived about "the court." p. 178. FARMER.

In Naſh's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1595, I meet with the ſame alluſion:—"but now he was an inſulting monarch above "*Monarcho* the Italian, that ware crownes in his ſhoes, and quite re-"nounced his natural Engliſh accents and geſtures, and wreſted him-"ſelf wholly to the Italian puntilios, &c."

A local alluſion employed by a poet like Shakſpeare, reſembles the mortal ſteed that drew in the chariot of Achilles. But ſhort ſervices could be expected from either. STEEVENS.

From a pamphlet entitled *A brief diſcourſe of the Spaniſh ſtate*, &c. 4to. 1590, (quoted by Mr. Reed,) it appears that Monarcho figured in London ſo early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth as the year 1566. MALONE.

7 *Come*, lords, *away.*] Perhaps the Princeſs ſaid rather:—*Come*, ladies, *away.* The reſt of the ſcene deſerves no care. JOHNSON.

8 Who is the *ſhooter?*] It ſhould be, Who is the *ſuitor?*—and this occaſions the quibble. "*Finely put on*, &c." ſeem only marginal obſervations. FARMER.

It appears that *ſuitor* was anciently pronounced *ſhooter*. So, in *The Puritan*,

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Roſ. Shall I teach you to know?

Boy. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Roſ. Why, ſhe that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boy. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miſcarry.

Finely put on!

Roſ. Well then, I am the ſhooter.

Boy. And who is your deer [9]?

Roſ. If we chooſe by the horns, yourſelf: come not near.

Finely put on, indeed!—

Puritan, 1607, the maid informs her miſtreſs that ſome *archers* are come to wait on her. She ſuppoſes them to be *fletchers*, or arrow-ſmiths.

Enter the *ſuters*, &c.

"Why do you not ſee them before you? are not theſe *archers*, what do you call them, *ſhooters? Shooters* and *archers* are all one, I hope."

STEEVENS.

Wherever Shakſpeare uſes words equivocally, as in the preſent inſtance, he lays his editor under ſome embarraſſment. When he told Ben Jonſon he would ſtand Godfather to his child, "and give him a dozen *latten* ſpoons," if we write the word as I have now done, the conceit, ſuch as it is, is loſt, at leaſt does not at once appear; if we write it *Latin*, it becomes abſurd. So, in *Much ado about nothing*, Dogberry ſays, "if juſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall ne'er weigh more *reaſons* in her ballance." If we write the word thus, the conſtable's *equivoque*, poor as it is, is loſt, at leaſt to the eye. If we write *raiſes*, (between which word and *reaſons*, there was, I believe, no difference at that time in pronunciation,) we write nonſenſe. In the paſſage before us an equivoque was certainly intended; the words *ſhooter* and *ſuitor* being (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved) pronounced alike in Shakſpeare's time. So, in *Eſſays and Characters of a Priſon and Priſoners*, by G. M. 1618: "The king's guard are counted the ſtrongeſt *archers*, but here are better *ſuitors*." Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, edit. 1623, (owing probably to the tranſcriber's ear having deceived him),—

"——— a grief that *ſuits*

"My very heart at root—,"

inſtead of—a grief that *ſhoots*.

In Ireland, where, I believe, much of the pronunciation of Queen Elizabeth's age is yet retained, the word *ſuitor* is at this day pronounced by the vulgar as if it were written *ſhooter*. However, I have followed the ſpelling of the old copy, as it is ſufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

9 *And who is your* deer?] Our author has the ſame play on this word in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act. V. Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"I'll be thy park, and thou ſhalt be my *deer*." MALONE.

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Mar. You ſtill wrangle with her, Boyet, and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.

Boy. But ſhe herſelf is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

Roſ. Shall I come upon thee with an old ſaying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boy. So I may anſwer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever[1] of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Roſ. *Thou can'ſt not hit it, hit it, hit it,* [ſinging.
Thou can'ſt not hit it, my good man.

Boy. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
An I cannot, another can. [*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Cat.

Coſt. By my troth, moſt pleaſant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well ſhot; for they both did hit it.

Boy. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark, ſays my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I'faith, your hand is out.

Coſt. Indeed, a' muſt ſhoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout[2].

Boy. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

Coſt. Then will ſhe get the upſhot by cleaving the pin[3].

Mar. Come, come, you talk greaſily, your lips grow foul.

Coſt. She's too hard for you at pricks, ſir; challenge her to bowl.

[1] — *queen Guinever*] This was king Arthur's queen, not over famous for fidelity to her huſband. See the ſong of the *Boy and the Mantle* in Dr. Percy's collection.—In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, the elder Loveleſs addreſſes Abigail, the old incontinent waiting-woman, by this name. Steevens.

[2] — *the* clout.] The *clout* was the white mark at which archers took their aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail that upheld it. Steev.

[3] — *by cleaving the pin.*] Honeſt Coſtard might have befriended Dean Milles, whoſe note on a ſong in the *Pſeudo-Rowley's* Ella has expoſed him to ſo much ridicule. See his book p. 213. Coſtard's application of the word *pin* might here lead the Dean to ſuſpect the qualities of the baſket. But what has mirth to do with archæology? Steevens.

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Boy. I fear too much rubbing [4]; Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt* BOYET *and* MARIA.

Coſt. By my ſoul, a ſwain! a moſt ſimple clown!
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, moſt ſweet jeſts! moſt incony vulgar wit!
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely, as it were, ſo fit.
Armatho o' the one ſide,—O, a moſt dainty man!
To ſee him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan [5]!
To ſee him kiſs his hand! and how moſt ſweetly a' will ſwear [6]!—
And his page o' t'other ſide, that handful of wit!
Ah heavens, it is a moſt pathetical nit! [*Shouting within.*
Sola, ſola! [*Exit* COSTARD, *running.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter HOLOFERNES [7], *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Nath. Very reverent ſport, truly; and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.

Hol.

4 *I fear too much* rubbing;] To *rub* is one of the terms of the bowling-green. Boyet's further meaning needs no comment. MALONE.

5 — *to bear her fan!*] See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. ſc. iv. where Nurſe aſks Peter for her *fan*. STEEVENS.

6 — *a' will ſwear!*—] A line following this ſeems to have been loſt. MALONE.

7 *Enter* HOLOFERNES,] There is very little perſonal reflection in Shakſpeare. Either the virtue of thoſe times, or the candour of our author, has ſo effected, that his ſatire is, for the moſt part, general, and as himſelf ſays,

——— *his taxing like a wildgooſe flies,*
Unclaim'd of any man.

The place before us ſeems to be an exception. For by Holofernes is deſigned a particular character, a pedant and ſchoolmaſter of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a ſmall dictionary of that language under the title of *A World of Words*, folio, 1598. From the ferocity of this man's temper it was, that Shakſpeare choſe for him the name which Rabelais gives to his pedant of Thubal Holoferne. WARBURTON.

I have omitted the paſſages which Dr. Warburton has quoted from the preface to Florio's Dictionary in ſupport of his hypotheſis, becauſe, though

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Hol. The deer was, as you know, in *ſanguis*,—blood[8]; ripe as a pomewater[9], who now hangeth like a jewel in

though that writer may perhaps have been pointed at, they do not appear to me at all to prove the point. MALONE.

I am not of the learned commentator's opinion, that the ſatire of Shakſpeare is ſo ſeldom perſonal. It is of the nature of perſonal invectives to be ſoon unintelligible; and the author that gratifies private malice, *animam in vulnere ponit*, deſtroys the future efficacy of his own writings, and ſacrifices the eſteem of ſucceeding times to the laughter of a day. It is no wonder, therefore, that the ſarcaſms, which, perhaps, in the author's time, *ſet the* playhouſe *in a roar*, are now loſt among general reflections. Yet whether the character of Holofernes was pointed at any particular man, I am, notwithſtanding the plauſibility of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, inclined to doubt. Every man adheres as long as he can to his own pre-conceptions. Before I read this note I conſidered the character of Holofernes as borrowed from the *Rhombus* of Sir Philip Sidney, who, in a kind of paſtoral entertainment, exhibited to queen Elizabeth, has introduced a ſchool-maſter ſo called, ſpeaking *a leaſh of languages at once*, and puzzling himſelf and his auditors, with a jargon like that of Holofernes in the preſent play. Sidney himſelf might bring the character from Italy; for, as Peacham obſerves, the ſchool-maſter has long been one of the ridiculous perſonages in the farces of that country. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton is certainly right in his ſuppoſition that *Florio* is meant by the character of *Holofernes*. *Florio* had given the firſt affront. "The plaies, ſays he, [in his *Second Frutes*, 4to. 1591,] that they plaie in England, are neither *right comedies*, nor *right tragedies*; but repreſentations of *hiſtories* without any decorum."—The ſcraps of Latin and Italian are tranſcribed from his works, particularly the proverb about *Venice*, which has been corrupted ſo much. The *affectation of the letter*, which *argues facilitie*, is likewiſe a copy of his manner. We meet with much of it in the ſonnets to his patrons.

" In Italie your lordſhip well hath ſeene
" Their manners, monuments, magnificence,
" Their language learnt, in ſound, in ſtile, in ſenſe,
" Prooving by profiting, where you have beene.
" —— To adde to fore-learn'd facultie, *facilitie*."

Mr. Warton informs us in his Life of Sir *Tho. Pope*, that there was an old play of *Holophernes* acted before the princeſs Elizabeth in the year 1556. FARMER.

The verſes above cited are prefixed to Florio's DICT. 1598. MALONE.

8 — in ſanguis, *blood*;] The old copies read—*ſanguis*, *in* blood. The tranſpoſition was propoſed by Mr. Steevens, and is, I think, warranted by the following words, which are arranged in the ſame manner: " — in the ear of *cælo*, the ſky," &c. The ſame expreſſion occurs in *K. Henry VI. P. I.*

" If we be Engliſh *deer*, be then *in blood*." MALONE.

9 — *as a* pomewater,] A ſpecies of apple, formerly much eſteemed. *Malus Carbonaria*. See Gemrds' Herbal, edit. 1597, p. 1273. STEEV.

the

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the ear of *cælo* [1],—the ſky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the ſoil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, maſter Holofernes, the epithets are ſweetly varied, like a ſcholar at the leaſt; But, ſir, I aſſure ye, it was a buck of the firſt head [2].

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation! yet a kind of inſinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication; or, rather, *oſtentare*, to ſhow, as it were, his inclination,—after his undreſſed, unpoliſhed, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, rathereſt, unconfirmed faſhion,—to inſert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I ſaid, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicity, *bis coctus!* O thou monſter ignorance, how deformed doſt thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not repleniſhed; he is only an animal, only ſenſible in the duller parts;

And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be
(Which we of taſte and feeling are,) for thoſe parts that do fructify in us more than he [3].

For

[1] — *in the ear of* cælo, &c.] In Florio's Italian Dictionary, *Cielo* is defined "*heaven*, the *ſkie*, firmament, or *welkin*;" and *terra* is explained thus: "The element called *earth*; anie ground, earth, countrie, —*land*, *ſoile*," &c. If there was any edition of this Dictionary prior to the appearance of *Love's Labour's Loſt*, this might add ſome little ſtrength to Dr. Warburton's conjecture, (ſee p. 365, n. 7.) though it would by no means be deciſive; but my edition is dated 1598, (poſterior to the exhibition of this play,) and it appears to be the firſt. MALONE.

[2] — *a buck of the* firſt head.] i. e. a buck five years old. When this animal is in his ſecond year, he is called a *pricket*. MALONE.

[3] *And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be, (Which* we of taſte *and feeling are) for thoſe parts that do fructify in us more than he.*] The length of theſe lines was no novelty on the Engliſh ſtage. The Moralities afford ſcenes of the like meaſure. JOHNS.

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For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiſcreet, or
a fool.
So, were there a patch ſet on learning, to ſee him in a
ſchool[4]:
But *omne bene*, ſay I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; Can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five
weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna[5], good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was
no more;
And raught not[6] to five weeks, when he came to five ſcore.
The alluſion holds in the exchange[7].

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed; the colluſion holds in the exchange.

This ſtubborn piece of nonſenſe, as ſomebody has called it, wants only a particle, I think, to make it ſenſe. I would read:

And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be
(Which we *of* taſte and feeling are) for thoſe parts, that do fructify in
us more than he.

Which in this paſſage has the force of *as*, according to an idiom of our language, not uncommon, though not ſtrictly grammatical. What follows is ſtill more irregular: for I am afraid our poet, for the ſake of his rhime, has put *be* for *him*, or rather *in him*. If he had been writing proſe, he would have expreſſed his meaning, I believe, more clearly thus—*that do fructify in us more than in him*. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation. Some examples confirming Dr. Johnſon's obſervation may be found at the end of *the Comedy of Errors*. MALONE.

4 *For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiſcreet, or a fool;*
So, were there a patch ſet on learning, to ſee him in a ſchool.] The meaning is, to be in a ſchool would as ill become a *patch*, or low fellow, as folly would become me. JOHNSON.

5 *Dictynna,*] Old Copies—*Dictiſima*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

6 *And* raught *not*] i. e. *reach'd* not. STEEVENS.

7 *The alluſion holds in the exchange.*] i. e. the riddle is as good when I uſe the name of Adam, as when you uſe the name of Cain. WARB.

Hol.

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Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I ſay, the alluſion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I ſay, the polluſion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I ſay beſide, that 'twas a pricket that the princeſs kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have * call'd the deer the princeſs kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good maſter Holoferñes, *perge*; ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurrillity.

Hol. I will ſomething affect the letter: for it argues facility.

The praiſeful princeſs [8] *pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleaſing pricket;*
Some ſay, a ſore; but not a ſore, till now made ſore with ſhooting.
The dogs did yell; put l to ſore, then ſorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket, ſore, or elſe ſorel; the people fall a hooting.
If ſore be ſore, then L to ſore makes fifty ſores; O ſore L [9]*!*
Of one ſore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, ſimple, ſimple; a fooliſh extravagant ſpirit, full of forms, figures, ſhapes, objects, ideas, apprehenſions, motions, revolutions: theſe are begot in the ventricle of memory, nouriſhed in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of

* — *I have*—] Theſe words were inſerted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[8] *The* praiſeful *princeſs*—] This emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. The quarto, 1598, and folio, 1623, read corruptly—*prayful*. MALONE.

The ridicule deſigned in this paſſage may not be unhappily illuſtrated by the alliteration in the following lines of *Ulpian Fulwell*, in his Commemoration of queen Anne Bullayne, which makes part of a collection called *The Flower of Fame*, printed 1575:

"Whoſe princely praiſe hath pearſt the pricke,
"And price of endleſs fame, &c." STEEVENS.

9 — *O* ſore L!] In the old copies—O *ſorell*. The correction was ſuggeſted by Dr. Warburton. The rhime confirms it. The alluſion (as Dr. Warburton obſerves) is to L being the numeral for fifty.

A deer during his third year is called a ſorel. MALONE.

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occaſion: but the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you; and ſo may my pariſhioners; for their ſons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their ſons be ingenious, they ſhall want no inſtruction: if their daughters be capable [1], I will put it to them: But, *vir ſapit, qui pauca loquitur*: a ſoul feminine ſaluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, maſter perſon [2].

Hol. Maſter perſon,—*quaſi* perſ-on *. And if one ſhould be pierced, which is the one?

Coſt. Marry, maſter ſchool-maſter, he that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogſhead! a good luſtre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a ſwine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good maſter parſon, be ſo good as read me this letter; it was given me by Coſtard, and ſent me from Don Armatho: I beſeech you, read it.

[1] — *if their daughters be* capable, &c.] Of this *double entendre*, deſpicable as it is, Mr. Pope and his coadjutors availed themſelves, in their unſucceſsful comedy called *Three Hours after Marriage*. STEEV.

Capable is uſed equivocally. One of its ſenſes was *reaſonable*; endowed with a ready capacity to learn. So, in *King Richard III*:

" O 't's a parlous boy,
" Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, *capable*."

The other wants no explanation. MALONE.

[2] —*maſter* perſon.] Thus the quarto, 1598, and the firſt folio. The editor of the ſecond folio, not underſtanding the paſſage, reads—*parſon*, which renders what follows nonſenſe. *Perſon*, as Sir William Blackſtone obſerves in his *Commentaries*, is the original and proper term; *perſona* eccleſiæ. So, in *Holinſh'd*, p. 953, (the quotation is Mr. Steevens's,) " Jerom was vicar of Stepnie, and Garard was *perſon* of Honie-lane." It is here neceſſary to retain the old ſpelling. MALONE.

* — *quaſi* perſ-on.] I believe we ſhould write the word—perſ-*um*. The ſame play on the word *pierce* is put into the mouth of *Falſtaff*. STEEV.

The words *ore* and *on* were, I believe, pronounced nearly alike, at leaſt in ſome counties, in our author's time; (ſee vol. i. p. 122, n. 5.) the quibble, therefore, that Mr. Steevens has noted, may have been intended as the text now ſtands. In the ſame ſtyle afterwards Moth ſays, " Offer'd by a child to an old man, which is *wit-old*. MALONE.

Hol.

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Hol. Fauſte, precor gelidâ[3] *quando pecus omne ſub umbrâ Ruminat*,—and ſo forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may ſpeak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

——*Vinegia, Vinegia,*
Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia[4].

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who underſtandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, ſol, la, mi, fa.*—Under par-

[3] *Fauſte, precor gelidâ* &c.] Though all the editions concur to give this ſpeech to ſir Nathaniel, yet, as Dr. Thirlby ingeniouſly obſerved to me, it is evident it muſt belong to Holofernes. The Curate is employed in reading the letter to himſelf; and while he is doing ſo, that the ſtage may not ſtand ſtill, Holofernes either pulls out a book, or, repeating ſome verſe by heart from Mantuanus, comments upon the character of that poet. Baptiſta Spagnolus (ſurnamed Mantuanus, from the place of his birth) was a writer of poems, who flouriſhed towards the latter end of the 15th century. THEOBALD.

The *Eclogues* of Mantuanus the Carmelite were tranſlated before the time of Shakſpeare, and the Latin printed on the oppoſite ſide of the page. STEEVENS.

From a paſſage in Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 1593, the *Eclogues* of Mantuanus appear to have been a ſchool-book in our author's time: "With the firſt and ſecond leafe he plaies very prettilie, and, in ordinarie terms of extenuating, verdits *Pierce Pennileſſe* for *a grammar-ſchool wit*; ſaies, his margine is as deeply learned as *Fauſte precor gelida*." A tranſlation of Mantuanus by George Turberville was printed in 8vo. in 1567. MALONE.

[4] ——*Vinegia, Vinegia,*
Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.] Our author is applying the praiſes of Mantuanus to a common proverbial ſentence, ſaid of Venice. *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ci non te pregia.* O Venice, Venice, he who has never ſeen thee, has thee not in eſteem. THEOBALD.

The proverb ſtands thus in Howell's *Letters*, book i. ſect. 1. l. 36.

Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia,
Ma chi t' ha troppo veduto, te diſpregia.
Venice, Venice, none thee unſeen can prize;
Who thee hath ſeen too much, will thee deſpiſe.

The players in their edition, have thus printed the firſt line: "*Vemchie, vencha, que non te unde, que non te perrechе.*" STEEVENS.

The editors of the firſt folio here, as in many other inſtances, implicitly copied the preceding quarto. The text was corrected by Mr. Theobald.

Our author, I believe, found this Italian proverb in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 4to. 1591, where it ſtands thus:

"*Venetia, chi non ti vede, non ti pretia;*
"*Ma chi ti vede, ben gli coſta.*" MALONE.

don,

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don, ſir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace ſays in his—What, my ſoul, verſes?

Nath. Ay, ſir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a ſtaff, a ſtanza, a verſe; *Lege, domine.*

Nath. If love make me forſworn [5], how ſhall I ſwear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myſelf forſworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Thoſe thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like oſiers bowed.
Study his biaſs leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all thoſe pleaſures live, that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend:
All ignorant that ſoul, that ſees thee without wonder:
(Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire;)
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is muſick, and ſweet fire [6].
Celeſtial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That ſings heaven's praiſe with ſuch an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apoſtrophes, and ſo miſs the accent: let me ſuperviſe the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratify'd [7]; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poeſy, *caret*. Ovidius Naſo was the man: and why, indeed, Naſo; but for ſmelling out the

[5] *If love make me forſworn*, &c.] Theſe verſes are printed with ſome variations in a book entitled the *Paſſionate Pilgrim*, 8vo. 1599. MALONE.

[6] — *thy* voice *his dreadful* thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is muſick *and ſweet fire.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——— his *voice* was *propertied*
" As all the *tuned ſpheres*, and that to friends;
" But when he meant to quail, and ſhake the orb,
" He was as ratling *thunder*." MALONE.

[7] *Here are only numbers ratify'd*;] Theſe words and the following lines of this ſpeech, which in the old copy are given to Sir Nathaniel, were rightly attributed to Holofernes by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

odoriferous

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doriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imiari*, is nothing: ſo doth the hound his maſter, the ape his keeper, the tired horſe[8] his rider. But, damoſella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, ſir, from one Monſieur Biron[9], one of the ſtrange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the ſuperſcript. *To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt beauteous Lady Roſaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing[1] to the perſon written unto:

Your Ladyſhip's in all deſired employment, BIRON.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarry'd.—Trip and go, my ſweet[2]; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

Jaq. Good Coſtard, go with me.—Sir, God ſave your life!

Coſt. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exeunt* COST. *and* JAQ.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiouſly; and, as a certain father ſaith—

[8] —*the* tired *horſe*] was the horſe adorned with ribbands,—the famous *Tarlton's horſe*, ſo often alluded to. Lilly, in his *Mother Bombie*, brings in a *Hackneyman* and Mr. *Halfpenny* at croſs-purpoſes with this word: "Why didſt thou boare the horſe through the eares?" "—It was a *tiring*." "He would never *tire*," replies the other. FARMER. Again, in *What you will*, by Marſton, 1607:

"My love hath tyr'd ſome fidler like Albano." MALONE.

[9] *Ay, ſir, from one Monſieur Biron,*] Shakſpeare forgot himſelf in this paſſage. Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron, and had ſaid juſt before that the letter had been "ſent to her from Don Armatho, and given to her by Coſtard." MASON.

[1] —*writing*] Old Copies—*written*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The firſt five lines of this ſpeech were reſtored to the right owner by Mr. Theobald. Inſtead of Sir *Nathaniel*, the old copies have—Sir *Holofernes*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[2] Trip and go, *my ſweet*;] Perhaps originally the burthen of a ſong. So, in *Summer's Laſt Will and Teſtament*, by T. Naſhe, 1600:

"*Trip and go*, heave and hoe,
"Up and down, to and fro." MALONE.

Hol.

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Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours [3]. But, to return to the verſes; Did they pleaſe you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repaſt [4], it ſhall pleaſe you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foreſaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove thoſe verſes to be very unlearned, neither ſavouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beſeech your ſociety.

Nath. And thank you too: for ſociety (ſaith the text) is the happineſs of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text moſt infallibly concludes it. —Sir, [*to* Dull.] I do invite you too; you ſhall not ſay me, nay: *pauca verba.* Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the ſame.

Enter BIRON, *with a paper.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am courſing myſelf: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch [5]; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, ſorrow! for ſo, they ſay, the fool ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills ſheep; it kills me, I a ſheep: Well proved again on my ſide! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it

3 — *colourable colours.*] That is, ſpecious, or fair ſeeming appearances. JOHNSON.

4 — before *repaſt,*] Thus the quarto, 1598. Folio—*being* repaſt. MALONE.

5 *I am toiling in a pitch,*] Alluding to lady Roſaline's complexion, who is through the whole play repreſented as a black beauty. JOHNSON.

hath

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hath taught me to rhime, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhime, and here my melancholy. Well, ſhe hath one o' my ſonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool ſent it, and the lady hath it: ſweet clown, ſweeter fool, ſweeteſt lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! [*gets up into a tree.*

Enter the King, *with a paper.*

King. Ah me!

Bir. [*aſide.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, ſweet Cupid; thou haſt thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I'faith ſecrets.—

King. [reads.] *So ſweet a kiſs the golden ſun gives not*
To thoſe freſh morning drops upon the roſe,
As thy eye-beams, when their freſh rays have ſmote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows[6]:
Nor ſhines the ſilver moon one half ſo bright
Through the tranſparent boſom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou ſhin'ſt in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So rideſt thou triumphing in my woe;
Do but behold the tears that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will ſhow:
But do not love thyſelf; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far doſt thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—

How ſhall ſhe know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, ſhade folly. Who is he comes here?

[*ſteps aſide.*

Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

What, Longaville! and reading! liſten, ear.

Bir. Now, in thy likeneſs, one more fool, appear! [*aſide.*

[6] *The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:*] This phraſe, however quaint, is the poet's own. He means, *the dew that nightly flows down his cheeks.* Shakſpeare, in one of his other plays, uſes *night of dew* for *dewy night*, but I cannot at preſent recollect, in which.

STEEVENS.

Long.

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Long. Ah me! I am forſworn.

Bir. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers [7]. [*aſide.*

King. In love, I hope [8]; Sweet fellowſhip in ſhame! [*aſide.*

Bir. One drunkard loves another of the name. [*aſide.*

Long. Am I the firſt that have been perjur'd ſo? [*aſide.*

Bir. I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know: [*aſide.*

Thou mak'ſt the triumviry, the corner-cap of ſociety,
The ſhape of love's Tyburn that hangs up ſimplicity.

Long. I fear, theſe ſtubborn lines lack power to move:
O ſweet Maria, empreſs of my love!
Theſe numbers will I tear, and write in proſe.

Bir. O, rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hoſe:
Diſfigure not his ſlop [9]. [*aſide.*

Long. This ſame ſhall go.

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye [reads.
('Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument,)
Perſuade my heart to this falſe perjury?
Vows, for thee broke, deſerve not puniſhment.
A woman I forſwore; but, I will prove,
Thou being a goddeſs, I forſwore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair ſun, which on my earth doſt ſhine,
Exhal'ſt this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;

If

7 — *he comes in like a perjure*, &c.] The puniſhment of perjury is to wear on the breaſt a paper expreſſing the crime. JOHNSON.

8 *In love, I hope*; &c.] In the old copy this line is given to Longaville. The preſent regulation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

9 *O, rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hoſe:*
Diſfigure not his ſlop.] I ſuppoſe this alludes to the uſual tawdry dreſs of Cupid, when he appeared on the ſtage. In an old tranſlation of Caſa's *Galateo* is this precept: "Thou muſt wear no garments, that be over much daubde with *garding*: that men may not ſay, thou haſt *Ganimedes* hoſen, or *Cupides doublet*." FARMER.

Slops are large and wide-kneed breeches, the garb in faſhion in our author's time. THEOBALD.

Th=

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If by me broke, What fool is not ſo wiſe,
To loſe an oath to win a paradiſe[1]*?*

Bir. [*aſide.*] This is the liver vein[2], which makes fleſh a deity;
A green gooſe, a goddeſs: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Enter DUMAIN, *with a paper.*

Long. By whom ſhall I ſend this?—Company! ſtay.
[*ſtepping aſide.*

Bir. [*aſide.*] All hid, all hid[3], an old infant play;
Like a demy-god here ſit I in the ſky,
And wretched fools' ſecrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More ſacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wiſh;
Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a diſh[4]!

Dum. O moſt divine Kate!

Bir. O moſt prophane coxcomb! [*aſide.*

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Bir. By earth ſhe is not, corporal; there you lie[5]. [*aſide.*

The old copy reads—*ſhop*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. *Guards* have been already explained. See p. 66, n. 4. MALONE.

[1] *To* loſe *an oath to win a paradiſe?*] The *Paſſionate Pilgrim*, 1599, in which this ſonnet is alſo found, reads—To *break* an oath. But the oppoſition between *loſe* and *win* is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

[2] — *the liver vein,*] The liver was anciently ſuppoſed to be the ſeat of love. JOHNSON.

[3] *All hid, all hid,*] The children's cry at *hide and ſeek*. MUSGRAVE.

[4] — *four woodcocks in a diſh.*] A *woodcock* was a proverbial term for a ſilly fellow. See p. 290. n. 6. MALONE.

[5] *By earth ſhe is* not, *corporal*; *there you lie.*] Mr. Theobald ſays that Dumain had no poſt in the army, and therefore reads—ſhe is *but* corporal, underſtanding the latter word in the ſenſe of *corporeal*: but it ſhould be remembered that Biron in a former ſcene, when he perceives that he is in love, exclaims—

And I to be a *corporal* of his field,
And wear his colours——!

Why then may he not in jeſt apply that appellation to another, which he has already given to himſelf? He only means by the title, that Dumain is one of Cupid's *Aid-du-camps*, as well as himſelf.

If *corporal* is to be conſidered as an adjective, Theobald's emendation appears to me to be abſolutely neceſſary. MALONE.

Dum.

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Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber quoted[6].
Bir. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*aſide.*
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Bir. Stoop, I ſay;
Her ſhoulder is with child. [*aſide.*
Dum. As fair as day.
Bir. Ay, as ſome days; but then no ſun muſt ſhine. [*aſide.*
Dum. O that I had my wiſh!
Long. And I had mine! [*aſide.*
King. And I mine too, good Lord! [*aſide.*
Bir. Amen, ſo I had mine: is not that a good word? [*aſide.*
Dum. I would forget her; but a fever ſhe
Reigns in my blood[7], and will remember'd be.
Bir. A fever in your blood! why, then inciſion
Would let her out in ſawcers; Sweet miſpriſion! [*aſide.*
Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
Bir. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*aſide.*

Dum. *On a day, (alack the day!)*
Love, whoſe month is ever May,
Spy'd a bloſſom, paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find[8];
That the lover, ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.

6 — *for foul have amber* quoted.] *Quoted* here, I think, ſignifies, *marked, written down.* So, in *All's well that ends well:*
" He's *quoted* for a moſt perfidious ſlave."
The word in the old copies is *coted*; but that (as Dr. Johnſon has obſerved, in the laſt ſcene of this play,) is only the old ſpelling of *quoted*, owing to the tranſcriber's truſting to his ear, and following the pronunciation. To *cote* is elſewhere uſed by our author, with the ſignification of *overtake*, but that will by no means ſuit here. MALONE.

7 — *but a fever ſhe*
Reigns in my blood,] So, in *Hamlet:*
" For, like the hectic, in my blood he rages." STEEVENS.

8 — 'gan *paſſage find*;] The quarto, 1598, and the firſt folio, have —*can*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In the line next but one, *Wiſh* (the reading of the old copies) was corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Bir.

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Air, quoth he, *thy cheeks may blow*;
Air, would I might triumph ſo!
But alack, my hand is ſworn[9],
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn[1]:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.
Do not call it ſin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee:
Thou for whom Jove would ſwear[2],
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.—

will I ſend, and ſomething elſe more plain,
t ſhall expreſs my true love's faſting pain[3].
ould the king, Biron, and Longaville,
e lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
ld from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
none offend, where all alike do dote.
g. Dumain, [*advancing.*] thy love is far from charity,
t in love's grief deſir'ſt ſociety:
may look pale, but I ſhould bluſh, I know,
e o'er-heard, and taken napping ſo.
ing. Come, ſir, [*advancing.*] you bluſh; as his, your
caſe is ſuch;
chide at him, offending twice as much:
do not love Maria; Longaville
never ſonnet for her ſake compile;
never lay his wreathed arms athwart
loving boſom, to keep down his heart.

— *my hand* is *ſworn*,] A copy of this ſonnet is printed in *England's Helicon*, 1614, and reads:
"But, alas! my hand *hath* ſworn."
likewiſe printed as Shakſpeare's, in Jaggard's *Collection*, 1599. STEEVENS.

—*from thy* thorn:] So Mr. Pope. The original copy reads *throne*. MALONE.

— *Jove would* ſwear,] *Swear* is here uſed as a diſſyllable. Mr. e, not attending to this, reads—*ev'n* Jove—, which has been adopted he ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

— *my true love's* faſting *pain.*] *Faſting* is *longing*, *hungry*, *want*. JOHNSON.

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I have been cloſely ſhrowded in this buſh,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush:
I heard your guilty rhimes, obſerv'd your faſhion;
Saw ſighs reek from you, noted well your paſſion:
Ah me! ſays one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold [4], cryſtal the other's eyes:
You would for paradiſe break faith and troth; [*to Lo*
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
[*to Dum*
What will Birón ſay, when that he ſhall hear
Faith infringed, which ſuch zeal did ſwear [5]?
How will he ſcorn? how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did ſee,
I would not have him know ſo much by me.

Bir. Now ſtep I forth to whip hypocriſy.— [*ſtep*
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me:
Good heart, what grace haſt thou, thus to reprove
Theſe worms for loving, that are moſt in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches [6]; in your tears
There is no certain princeſs that appears:
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tuſh, none but minſtrels like of ſonneting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-ſhot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did ſee;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a ſcene of foolery have I ſeen,
Of ſighs, of groans, of ſorrow, and of teen!

4 One, *her hairs*—] The folio reads—*On* her hairs &c. I ſome ago conjectured that we ſhould read, *One*, her hairs were gold i. e. *the hairs of* one *of the ladies were of the colour of gold, and th of the* other *as clear as cryſtal*. The king is ſpeaking of the gyricks pronounced by the two lovers on their miſtreſſes. On ex ing the firſt quarto, 1598, I have found my conjecture confirme ſo it reads. *One* and *on* are frequently confounded in the old eq our author's plays. See a note on *K. John*, Act III. ſc. III. MA

5 — *which ſuch zeal did ſwear?*] See p. 379. n. 2. MALON

6 *Your eyes do make no* coaches;] Alluding to a paſſage in the *ſonnet*:

"No drop but as a *coach* doth carry thee." STEEVENS

The old copy has—*couches*. Mr. Pope corrected it. MALON

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me, with what ſtrict patience have I ſat,
› ſee a king transformed to a gnat[7]!
› ſee great Hercules whipping a gig,
ıd profound Solomon to tune a jig,
ıd Neſtor play at puſh-pin with the boys,
nd critick Timon laugh at idle toys[8]!
here lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?
nd, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
nd where my liege's? all about the breaſt:—
caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jeſt.
re we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Bir. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you;
that am honeſt; I, that hold it ſin
o break the vow I am engaged in;
am betray'd, by keeping company
ith men like men, of ſtrange inconſtancy[9].

When

7 *To ſee a king transformed to a gnat!*] Alluding to the finging of at inſect, ſuggeſted by the poetry the king had been detected in. HEATH.

Mr. Tollett ſeems to think it contains an alluſion to St. *Matthew*, ı. xxiii. v. 24. where the metaphorical term of *a gnat* means a thing leaſt importance, or what is proverbially ſmall. The ſmallneſs of *gnat* is likewiſe mentioned in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald and the ſucceeding editors read—to a *knot*. MALONE.

A *knot* is, I believe, a *true lover's knot*, meaning that the king

——— *lay'd his wreathed arms athwart*
His loving boſom—

› long, i. e. remained ſo long in the lover's poſture, that he ſeemed ctually transformed into a *knot*. The word *ſat* is in ſome counties ronounced *ſot*. This may account for the ſeeming want of exact hime. In the *Tempeſt* the ſame thought occurs:

" ——— ſitting,
" His arms in this ſad *knot*." STEEVENS.

8 — critick *Timon*—] *Critic* and *critical* are uſed by our author in the ſame ſenſe as *cynic* and *cynical*. Jago, ſpeaking of the fair ſex as harſhly as is ſometimes the practice of Dr. Warburton, declares he is *nothing if not critical*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's obſervation is ſupported by our author's 112th *Sonnet*:

" —— my adder's ſenſe
" To *critick* and to *flatterer* ſtopped are." MALONE.

9 *With* men *like men, of* ſtrange *inconſtancy*.] Thus the old copies. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, With *vane*-like men. The following paſ-

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When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rhime?
Or groan for Joan? or ſpend a minute's time
In pruning me[1]? When ſhall you hear that I
Will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a ſtate, a brow, a breaſt, a waiſt,
A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft; Whither away ſo faſt?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops ſo?

Bir. I poſt from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God bleſs the king! [*offers him a paper.*

King. What preſent haſt thou there?

Coſt. Some certain treaſon.

King. What makes treaſon here?

Coſt. Nay, it makes nothing, ſir.

ſage in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. adds ſome ſupport to his conjecture:

"Look, as I blow this *feather* from my face,
"And as the air blows it to me again,
"Obeying with my *wind* when I do blow,
"And yielding to another when it blows,
"Commanded always by the greater guſt;
"*Such is the lightneſs of your common men.*"

Mr. Maſon, whoſe remarks on our author's plays have juſt reached my hands, propoſes, with great acuteneſs, to read

With *moon*-like men, of ſtrange inconſtancy.

So Juliet:

"O ſwear not by the moon, the *inconſtant moon.*"

Again, more appoſitely, in *As you like it*: "—I being but a *mooniſh* youth, changeable,"—*inconſtant*, &c.

Dr. Johnſon thinks the poet might have meant—"*With men like* common *men.*" So alſo Mr. Heath: "With men of ſtrange inconſtancy, as men in general are."

Strange, which is not in the quarto or firſt folio, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio, and conſequently any other word as well as that may have been the author's; for all the additions in that copy were manifeſtly arbitrary, and are generally injudicious. MALONE.

I believe the emendation [*vane*-like] is proper. So, in *Much ado about nothing*:

"If ſpeaking, why a *vane* blown with all winds." STEEVENS.

[1] *In* pruning *me?*] A bird is ſaid to *prune* himſelf when he picks and ſleeks his feathers. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part I:

"Which makes him *prune* himſelf, and briſtle up
"The creſt of youth." STEEVENS.

King.

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King. If it mar nothing neither,
e treaſon, and you, go in peace away together.
Jaq. I beſeech your grace, let this letter be read;
r parſon * miſdoubts it; 'twas treaſon he ſaid.
King. Biron, read it over.— [*giving him the letter.*
ıere hadſt thou it?
Jaq. Of Coſtard.
King. Where hadſt thou it?
Coſt. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
King. How now! what is in you? why doſt thou tear it?
Bir. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.
Long. It did move him to paſſion, and therefore let's hear it.
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name,
[*picks up the pieces.*
Bir. Ah, you whoreſon loggerhead, [*to* Coſt.] you were born to do me ſhame.—
ilty, my lord, guilty; I confeſs, I confeſs.
King. What?
Bir. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the meſs:
, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
: pick-purſes in love, and we deſerve to die.
diſmiſs this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Bir. True, true; we are four:—
ll theſe turtles be gone?
King. Hence, ſirs; away.
Coſt. Walk aſide the true folk, and let the traitors ſtay.
[*Exeunt* COSTARD *and* JAQUENETTA.
Bir. Sweet lords, ſweet lovers, O let us embrace!
As true we are, as fleſh and blood can be:
e ſea will ebb and flow, heaven ſhew his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
: cannot croſs the cauſe why we were born;
erefore, of all hands muſt we be forſworn.

* *Our* parſon—] Here, as in a former inſtance, (ſee p. 370,) in the hentick copies of this play, this word is ſpelt *perſon*; but there being reaſon for adhering here to the old ſpelling, the modern, in conform- to the rule generally obſerved in this edition, is preferred. MALONE.

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King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhow ſome love of thine?
Bir. Did they, quoth you? Who ſees the heavenly Roſaline,
That, like a rude and ſavage man of Inde,
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous eaſt,
Bows not his vaſſal head; and, ſtricken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory eagle-ſighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majeſty?
King. What zeal, what fury hath inſpir'd thee now?
My love, her miſtreſs, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending ſtar[2], ſcarce ſeen a light.
Bir. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron[3]:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull'd ſovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where ſeveral worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itſelf doth ſeek.
Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues,—
Fye, painted rhetorick! O, ſhe needs it not:
To things of ſale a ſeller's praiſe belongs[4];
She paſſes praiſe; then praiſe too ſhort doth blot.

[2] *My love, her miſtreſs, is a gracious moon,*
She, an attending ſtar,—]
——— Micat inter omnes
Julium ſidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores. HOR. MALONE.
Something like this is a ſtanza of Sir Henry Wotton, of which the poetical reader will forgive the inſertion:
You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly ſatisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the ſkies,
What are you when the ſun ſhall riſe? JOHNSON.

[3] *My eyes are then no eyes, nor I* Biron:] Here, and indeed throughout this play, the name of Biron is accented on the ſecond ſyllable. In the firſt quarto, 1598, and the folio 1623, he is always called *Berowne*. From the line before us it appears, that in our author's time the name was pronounced *Biroon*. MALONE.

[4] *To things of* ſale *a ſeller's* praiſe *belongs*:] So in our author's 21ſt Sonnet:
"I will not *praiſe*, that purpoſe not to *ſell*." MALONE.

A wither'd

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wither'd hermit, five ſcore winters worn,
Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her eye:
auty doth varniſh age, as if new born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
'tis the ſun that maketh all thing's ſhine!
King. By heaven thy love is black as ebony.
Bir. Is ebony like her? O wood divine[5]!
A wife of ſuch wood were felicity.
, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may ſwear, beauty doth beauty lack,
that ſhe learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full ſo black.
King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the ſcowl of night[6];
nd beauty's creſt becomes the heavens well[7].
Bir. Devils ſooneſt tempt, reſembling ſpirits of light.
, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,
It mourns, that painting, and uſurping hair[8],
ıould raviſh doters with a falſe aſpect;
And therefore is ſhe born to make black fair.

Her

5 — *O* wood *divine!*] The old copies read—O *word.* The emendation Mr. Theobald's; and has been adopted by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

6 —— Black *is the badge of* hell,
—— *the* ſcowl of night,] This is Dr. Warburton's emendation. d copies—*ſchool.* In our author's 148th ſonnet we have
" Who art as *black* as *hell*, as dark as *night*. MALONE.

7 *And beauty's* creſt *becomes the heavens well.*] *Creſt* is here properly oppoſed to *badge*. *Black*, ſays the king, is the *badge of hell*, but that which aces the heaven is *the creſt of beauty*. *Black* darkens hell, and is therefore hateful: *white* adorns heaven, and is therefore lovely. JOHNSON.
And beauty's *creſt* becomes the heavens well,] i. e. the very *top*, the *right* of beauty, or the utmoſt degree of fairneſs, becomes the heavens. o the word *creſt* is explained by the poet himſelf in *King John*:
" —— This is the very *top*,
" The *height*, the *creſt*, or *creſt* unto the *creſt*
" Of murder's arms."
In heraldry, a *creſt* is a device placed above a coat of arms. Shakſpeare therefore aſſumes the liberty to uſe it in a ſenſe equivalent to *top* or *utmoſt height*, as he has uſed *ſpire* in *Coriolanus*:
" — to the *ſpire* and top of praiſes vouch'd." TOLLET.

8 — and *uſurping hair,*] *And*, which is wanting in the old copies, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. *Uſurping hair* alludes to the faſhion, which prevailed among ladies in our author's time, of

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Her favour turns the faſhion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red that would avoid diſpraiſe,
Paints itſelf black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-ſweepers black.

Long. And, ſince her time, are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their ſweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Bir. Your miſtreſſes dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours ſhould be waſh'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, ſir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not waſh'd to-day.

Bir. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.

King. No devil will fright thee then ſo much as ſhe.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile ſtuff ſo dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face ſee.
[*ſhewing his ſhoe.*

Bir. O, if the ſtreets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread!

Dum. O vile! then as ſhe goes, what upward lies
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walk'd over head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Bir. O nothing ſo ſure; and thereby all forſworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Birón, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there;—ſome flattery for this evil.

Long. O ſome authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, ſome quillets [9], how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some ſalve for perjury.

Bir. O, 'tis more than need!—

wearing falſe hair, or *periwigs*, as they were then called, before that kind of covering for the head was worn by men. See Vol. I. p. 176, n. 8; and Vol. III. p. 57, n. 9. The ſentiments here uttered by Biron may be found, in nearly the ſame words, in our author's 127th Sonnet. MALONE.

9 —*ſome* quillets,—] *Quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane. I imagine the original to be this. In the French pleadings, every ſeveral allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every diſtinct plea in the defendant's anſwer, began with the words *qu'il eſt*;—from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to ſignify a falſe charge or an evaſive anſwer. WARBURTON.

Have

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Have at you then, affection's men at arms [1]:
Conſider, what you firſt did ſwear unto;—
To faſt,—to ſtudy,—and to ſee no woman;—
Flat treaſon 'gainſt the kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, can you faſt? your ſtomachs are too young:
And abſtinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to ſtudy, lords,
In that each of you hath forſworn [2] his book:
Can you ſtill dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of ſtudy's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth ſpring the true Promethean fire.
Why, univerſal plodding priſons up [3]
The nimble ſpirits in the arteries [4];
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The ſinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forſworn the uſe of eyes;
And ſtudy too the cauſer of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches ſuch beauty as a woman's eye [5]?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourſelf,
And where we are, our learning likewiſe is.

[1] — *affection's* men at arms:] *A man at arms* is a ſoldier armed at all points, both offenſively and defenſively. It is no more than, *Ye ſoldiers of affection.* JOHNSON.

[2] — hath *forſworn*—] Old Copies—*have.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] — priſons *up*—] The quarto 1598, and the folio 1623, read—*priſons* up. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. A paſſage in *King John* may add ſome ſupport to it:

"Or, if that ſurly ſpirit, melancholy,
"Had bak'd thy blood, and made it *heavy, thick,*
"Which elſe *runs tickling* up and down the veins, &c." MALONE.

[4] *The nimble* ſpirits in the arteries;] In the old ſyſtem of phyſic they gave the ſame office to the *arteries* as is now given to the nerves; as appears from the name, which is derived from ἀὴρ τηρῶ. WARBURTON.

[5] *Teaches ſuch* beauty *as a woman's eye?*] i. e. a lady's eyes give a fuller notion of beauty than any authour. JOHNSON.

Then

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Then, when ourſelves we ſee in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewiſe ſee our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to ſtudy, lords;
And in that vow we have forſworn our books [6];
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers [7], as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors * have enrich'd you with?
Other ſlow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practiſers,
Scarce ſhew a harveſt of their heavy toil:
But love, firſt learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices:
It adds a precious ſeeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the loweſt ſound,
When the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopp'd [8];
Love's feeling is more ſoft, and ſenſible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled ſnails;

[6] — *our* books;] i. e. our true books, from which we derive moſt information;—the *eyes* of women. MALONE.

[7] *In leaden contemplation have found out*
Such fiery numbers——] *Numbers* are, in this paſſage, nothing more than *poetical meaſures*. *Could you*, ſays Biron, *by ſolitary contemplation, have attained ſuch poetical fire, ſuch ſpritely numbers, as have been prompted by the eyes of beauty?* JOHNSON.

* *Of* beauteous *tutors*—] Old Copies—*beauty's*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

[8] — *the ſuſpicious head of* theft *is ſtopp'd:*] i. e. a lover in purſuit of his miſtreſs has his ſenſe of hearing quicker than a thief (who ſuſpects every ſound he hears) in purſuit of his prey. WARBURTON.

" *The ſuſpicious head of theft*" is the *head ſuſpicious* of theft. " He watches like one that fears robbing," ſays Speed, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. This tranſpoſition of the adjective is ſometimes met with. Grimme tells us, in *Damon and Pythias:*

" A *heavy pouch with golde* makes a light hart." FARMER.

I rather incline to Dr. Warburton's interpretation, in ſupport of which Mr. Maſon obſerves, that " the thief is as watchful on his part as the perſon who fears to be robbed; and Biron poetically makes theft a perſon." MALONE.

Love's

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ove's tongue proves dainty Bacchus groſs in taſte:
or valour, is not love a Hercules,
till climbing trees in the Heſperides [9] ?
ubtle as ſphinx; as ſweet, and muſical,
is bright Apollo's lute, ſtrung with his hair [1];
nd, when love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowſy with the harmony [2].

Never

9 *Still climbing trees in the* Heſperides *?*] The *Heſperides* were the daughters of Heſperus, who, according to ſome writers, were poſſeſſed of thoſe golden apples which Hercules carried away, though they were guarded by a dragon. More ancient mythologiſts ſuppoſe them to have been poſſeſſed of ſome very beautiful ſheep. Our author had heard or read of "the gardens of the Heſperides," and ſeems to have thought that the latter word, was the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept; as we ſay, the gardens of the *Tuilleries*, &c. MALONE.

1 *As bright Apollo's lute, ſtrung with his hair;*] Theſe words are to be taken in their literal ſenſe; and, in the ſtile of Italian imagery, the thought is highly elegant. The very ſame ſort of conception occurs in Lilly's *Mydas*, [1592] Act. IV. ſc. i. Pan tells Apollo, "Had thy *lute* been of laurel, and the *ſtrings* of Daphne's *hair*, thy tunes might have been compared to my notes." T. WARTON.

The ſame thought occurs in *How to chuſe a good wife from a bad*, 1608:

"Hath he not torn thoſe gold wires from thy head,
"Wherewith Apollo would have ſtrung his harp,
"And kept them to play muſick to the gods." STEEVENS.

2 *And, when love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods*
Makes *heaven drowſy with the harmony.*] The old copies read *—make*. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. More correct writers than Shakſpeare often fall into this inaccuracy when a noun of multitude has preceded the verb. In a former part of this ſpeech the ſame error occurs: "— each of you *have* forſworn—." MALONE.

The meaning is, whenever love ſpeaks, all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert. HEATH.

When LOVE *ſpeaks*, (ſays Biron) *the aſſembled gods reduce the element of the ſky to a calm, by their harmonious applauſes of this favoured orator.* STEEVENS.

Few paſſages have been more canvaſſed than this. I believe it wants no alteration of the words, but only of the pointing:

And, when love ſpeaks, (the voice of all,) the gods
Make heaven drowſy with the harmony.

Love, I apprehend, is called the *voice of all*, as gold, in *Timon*, is ſaid to *ſpeak with every tongue*; and *the gods* (being drowſy themſelves *with the harmony*) are ſuppoſed to make heaven drowſy. If one could poſſibly ſuſpect Shakſpeare of having read *Pindar*, one ſhould ſay, that the idea of muſic making the hearers drowſy, was borrowed from the firſt Pythian. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps

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Never durſt poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's ſighs;
O, then his lines would raviſh ſavage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive[3]:
They ſparkle ſtill the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That ſhew, contain, and nouriſh all the world;
Elſe, none at all in aught proves excellent:
Then fools you were, theſe women to forſwear;
Or, keeping what is ſworn, you will prove fools.
For wiſdom's ſake, a word that all men love;

Perhaps here is an accidental tranſpoſition. We may read, as, I think, ſome one has propoſed before;

——— the voice *makes* all the gods
Of heaven drowſy with the harmony." FARMER.

That harmony had the power to make the hearers drowſy, the preſent commentator might infer from the effect it uſually produces on himſelf. In *Cinthia's Revenge*, 1613, however, is an inſtance which ſhould weigh more with the reader:

" Howl forth ſome ditty, that vaſt hell may ring
" With charms all-potent, earth *aſleep to bring*."

Again, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*:

" ——— muſic call, and ſtrike more dead
" Than common *ſleep*, of all theſe five the ſenſe." STEEVENS.

So alſo in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

" ——— ſoftly, pray;
" Let there be no noiſe made, my gentle friends,
" Unleſs ſome *dull* and favourable hand
" Will whiſper *muſick* to my wearied ſpirit."

Again, in *Pericles*, 1609:

" ——— Moſt *heavenly muſick!*
" It nips me into liſtening, and *thick ſlumber*
" Hangs on mine eyes; let me reſt." MALONE.

[3] *From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:*] In this ſpeech I ſuſpect a more than common inſtance of the inaccuracy of the firſt publiſhers:

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive,

and ſeveral other lines, are as unneceſſarily repeated. Dr. Warburton was aware of this, and omitted two verſes, which Dr. Johnſon has ſince inſerted. Perhaps the players printed from piece-meal parts, or retained what the author had rejected, as well as what had undergone his reviſal. It is here given according to the regulation of the old copies. STEEV.

Biron repeats the principal topicks of his argument, as preachers do their text, in order to recall the attention of the auditors to the ſubject of their diſcourſe. MASON.

Or

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Or for love's ſake, a word that loves all men[4];
Or for men's ſake, the authors * of theſe women;
Or women's ſake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once loſe our oaths, to find ourſelves,
Or elſe we loſe ourſelves to keep our oaths:
It is religion, to be thus forſworn:
For charity itſelf fulfils the law;
And who can ſever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, ſoldiers, to the field!

Bir. Advance your ſtandards, and upon them, lords:
Pell-mell, down with them! but be firſt adviſ'd,
In conflict that you get the ſun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay theſe glozes by:
Shall we reſolve to woo theſe girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us deviſe
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Bir. Firſt, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair miſtreſs: in the afternoon
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them,
Such as the ſhortneſs of the time can ſhape;
For revels, dances, maſks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love[5], ſtrewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

4 — *a word that* loves *all men*;] i. e. that is pleaſing to all men. So, in the language of our author's time,—*it likes me* well, for *it pleaſes me*. Shakſpeare uſes the word thus licentiouſly, merely for the ſake of the antitheſis. *Men* in the following line are with ſufficient propriety ſaid to be authors of women, and theſe again of men, the aid of both being neceſſary to the continuance of human kind. There is ſurely, therefore, no need of any of the alterations that have been propoſed to be made in theſe lines. MALONE.

I think no alteration ſhould be admitted in theſe four lines, that deſtroys the artificial ſtructure of them, in which, as has been obſerved by the author of the *Reviſal*, the word which terminates every line, is prefixed to the word *ſake* in that immediately following. TOLLET.

* — *the* authors—] Old Copies—*author*. The emendation was ſuggeſted by Dr. Johnſon. MALONE.

5 *Fore-run fair* Love,] i. e. Venus. So, in *Anthony and Cleopatra*:
"Now for the love of *Love*, and *her* ſoft hours—." MALONE.

Bir.

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Bir. Allons! allons!—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn[6];
And juſtice always whirls in equal meaſure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forſworn;
If ſo, our copper buys no better treaſure[7]. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Another part of the ſame.

Enter HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Hol. Satis quod ſufficit[8].

Nath. I praiſe God for you, ſir: your reaſons at dinner have been ſharp and ſententious[9]; pleaſant without ſcurrility, witty without affection[1], audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange with-

[6] — *ſow'd cockle reap'd no corn*;] This proverbial expreſſion intimates, that beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falſhood. The following lines lead us to this ſenſe. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's firſt interpretation of this paſſage, which is preſerved in Mr. Theobald's edition,—"if we don't take the proper meaſures for winning theſe ladies, we ſhall never achieve them,"—is undoubtedly the true one. HEATH.

Mr. Edwards, however, approves of Dr. Warburton's ſecond thoughts. MALONE.

[7] Here Mr. Theobald ends the third act. JOHNSON.

[8] *Satis quod ſufficit.*] i. e. Enough's as good as a feaſt. STEEVENS.

[9] *Your reaſons at dinner have been* &c.] I know not well what degree of reſpect Shakſpeare intends to obtain for this vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finiſhed repreſentation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to this character of the ſchoolmaſter's table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Caſtiglione will ſcarcely be found to comprehend a rule for converſation ſo juſtly delineated, ſo widely dilated, and ſo nicely limited.

It may be proper juſt to note, that *reaſon* here, and in many other places, ſignifies *diſcourſe*; and that *audacious* is uſed in a good ſenſe for *ſpirited, animated, confident*. *Opinion* is the ſame with *obſtinacy* or *opiniatreté*. JOHNSON.

So, again in this play:

"Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak *audaciouſly*." STEEVENS.

[1] — *without* affection,] i. e. without affectation. So, in *Hamlet*:

"No matter that might indite the author of *affection*."

So, in *Twelfth Night*, Malvolio is call'd "an *affection'd* aſs. STEEV.

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out herefy. I did converſe this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: His humour is lofty, his diſcourſe peremptory, his tongue filed[2], his eye ambitious, his gait majeſtical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraſonical[3]. He is too picked[4], too ſpruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A moſt ſingular and choice epithet.

[*takes out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verboſity finer than the ſtaple of his argument. I abhor ſuch fanatical phantaſms[5], ſuch inſociable and point-deviſe[5] companions; ſuch rackers of orthography, as to ſpeak, dout, fine, when he ſhould ſay, doubt; det, when he ſhould pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abhominable[6], (which he would call abominable,) it inſinuateth me of inſanie[7]; *Ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantick, lunatick.

Nath. Laus deo, bone intelligo.

[2] — *bis tongue* filed,] Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenſer, are frequent in their uſe of this phraſe. Ben Jonſon has it likewiſe. STEEVENS.

[3] — *thraſonical.*] The uſe of the word *thraſonical* is no argument that the author had read Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakſpeare's time. FARMER.

[4] — *too picked,*] i. e. nicely dreſſed. The ſubſtantive *pickedneſs* is uſed by Ben Jonſon for *nicety in dreſs*. Diſcoveries, vol. vii. p. 216: —"too much *pickedneſs* is not manly." TYRWHITT.

Again, in Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſs*, 1593: "—he might have ſhowed a *picked* effeminate carpet knight, under the fictionate perſon of Hermaphroditus." MALONE.

[5] — *ſuch fanatical* phantaſms,] See p. 362, n. 5. MALONE.

[5] — *point-deviſe*—] A French expreſſion for the utmoſt, or finical exactneſs. STEEVENS.

[6] — *abbominable,*] So the word is conſtantly ſpelt in the old moralities and other antiquated books. STEEVENS.

[7] — *it inſinuateth me of* inſanie;] The old copies read—*inſamie.* This emendation, as well as that in the next ſpeech, (*bone*, inſtead of *bene*,) is Mr. Theobald's. Dr. Farmer with great probability propoſes to read—it inſinuateth *men* of inſanie. MALONE.

Inſanis appears to have been a word anciently uſed. STEEVENS.

Hol.

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Hol. Bone?—bone, for *benè*: *Priſcian*[8] a little ſcratch'd; 'twill ſerve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD.

Nath. Videſne quis venit?

Hol. Video & gaudeo.

Arm. Chirra! [*to* Moth.

Hol. Quare Chirra, not ſirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Moſt military ſir, ſalutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feaſt of languages, and ſtolen the ſcraps. [*to* Coſtard *aſide.*

Coſt. O, they have lived long on the alms-baſket of words[9]! I marvel, thy maſter hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not ſo long by the head as *honoriſicabilitudinitatibus*[1]: thou art eaſier ſwallow'd than a flap-dragon[2].

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monſieur, [*to* Hol.] are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book:—What is a, b, ſpelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, moſt ſilly ſheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou conſonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels[3], if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

[8] *Bone?—bone for benè: Priſcian a little ſcratch'd;*—] *Diminuis Priſciani caput*—is applied to ſuch as ſpeak falſe Latin. THEOBALD.

This paſſage, which in the old copies is very corrupt, was amended by the commentator above mentioned. MALONE.

[9] — *the* alms-baſket *of words!*] i. e. the refuſe of words. STEEVENS.

The refuſe meat of families was put into a *baſket* in our author's time, and given to the poor. So, in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: "Take away the table, fould up the cloth, and put all thoſe pieces of broken meat into a *baſket* for the *poor*." MALONE.

[1] *Honorificabilitudinitatibus:*] This word, whenceſoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longeſt word known. JOHNSON.

[2] — *a* flap-dragon.] A *flap-dragon* is a ſmall inflammable ſubſtance, which topers ſwallow in a glaſs of wine. See a note on *K. Henry IV.* Part II. Act. II. ſc. *ult.* STEEVENS.

[3] *The* third *of the five vowels,*—] The old copies read—*the laſt.* The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

Arm.

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Hol. I will repeat them; a e, i,—

Moth. The ſheep: the other two concludes it; o, u [4].

Arm. Now, by the ſalt wave of the Mediterraneum, a ſweet touch, a quick venew of wit [5]: ſnip, ſnap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou diſputeſt like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circùm circà* [6]; A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Coſt. An I had but one penny in the world, thou ſhould'ſt have it to buy ginger-bread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy maſter, thou half-penny purſe of wit, thou pigeon-egg of diſcretion. O, an the heavens were ſo pleaſed, that thou wert but my baſtard! what a joyful father would'ſt thou make me! Go to; thou haſt it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they ſay.

Hol. O, I ſmell falſe Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-houſe [7] on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your ſweet pleaſure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, ſans queſtion.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's moſt ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the princeſs at her pavilion, in the poſteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

Hol. The poſterior of the day, moſt generous ſir, is liable, congruent, and meaſurable for the afternoon: the

4 — *the other two concludes it*; o, u.] By o, u, Moth would mean *Ob you*; i. e. you are the ſheep ſtill, either way; no matter which of us repeats them. THEOBALD.

5 — *a quick* venew *of wit*:] A *venew* is the technical term for a *bout* at the fencing-ſchool. STEEVENS.

6 — *circùm circà*;] Old Copies—*unum cita*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

7 — *the* charge-houſe] I ſuppoſe, is the *free-ſchool*. STEEVENS.

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word is well cull'd, choſe; ſweet and apt, I do aſſure you, ſir, I do aſſure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do aſſure you, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it paſs:—I do beſeech thee, remember thy courteſy;—I beſeech thee, apparel thy head[8]:—and among other importunate and moſt ſerious deſigns,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that paſs:—for I muſt tell thee, it will pleaſe his grace (by the world) ſometime to lean upon my poor ſhoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement[9], with my muſtachio: but ſweet heart, let that paſs. By the world, I recount no fable; ſome certain ſpecial honours it pleaſeth his greatneſs to impart to Armado, a ſoldier, a man of travel, that hath ſeen the world: but let that paſs.—The very all of all is,—but, ſweet heart, I do implore ſecreſy,—that the king would have me preſent the princeſs, ſweet chuck, with ſome delightful oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, underſtanding that the curate, and your ſweet ſelf, are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your aſſiſtance.

Hol. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the poſterior of this day, to be render'd by our aſſiſtance,—the king's command, and this

[8] *I do beſeech thee*, remember thy courteſy;—*I beſeech thee, apparel thy head:*] I believe the word *not* was inadvertently omitted by the tranſcriber or compoſitor; and that we ſhould read—I do beſeech thee, remember *not* thy courteſy.—Armado is boaſting of the familiarity with which the king treats him, and intimates ("but let that paſs,") that when he and his Majeſty converſe, the king lays aſide all ſtate, and makes him wear his hat: "*I do beſeech thee*, (will he ſay to me) *remember* not *thy courteſy*; do not obſerve any ceremony with me; *be covered.*" "The putting off the hat at the table (ſays Florio in his *Second Frutes*, 1591) is a kind of *courteſie* or ceremonie rather to be avoided than otherwiſe."

Theſe words may, however, be addreſſed by Armado to Holoferne, whom we may ſuppoſe to have ſtood uncovered from reſpect to the Spaniard. MALONE.

9 — *dally with my excrement*,—] The author calls the beard *valour's excrement* in the *Merchant of Venice*. JOHNSON.

moſt

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moſt gallant, illuſtrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princeſs; I ſay, none ſo fit as to preſent the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to preſent them?

Hol. Joſhua, yourſelf; myſelf, or this gallant gentleman [1], Judas Maccabæus; this ſwain, becauſe of his great limb or joint, ſhall paſs Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, ſir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not ſo big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he ſhall preſent Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* ſhall be ſtrangling a ſnake; and I will have an apology for that purpoſe.

Moth. An excellent device! ſo, if any of the audience hiſs, you may cry; *well done, Hercules! now thou cruſheſt the ſnake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the reſt of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myſelf.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not [2], an antick. I beſeech you, follow.

Hol. Via [3], goodman Dull! thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor underſtood none neither, ſir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance or ſo: or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Moſt dull, honeſt Dull, to our ſport, away. [*Exeunt.*

[1] — *myſelf*, or *this gallant gentleman*,—] The old copy has—*and this* &c. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. We ought, I believe, to read in the next line—ſhall paſs *for* Pompey the great. If the text be right, the ſpeaker muſt mean that the ſwain ſhall, in repreſenting Pompey, *ſurpaſs* him, "becauſe of his great limb." MALONE.

[2] — *if this* fadge *not*,] i. e. ſuit not. STEEVENS.

[3] *Via*,—] An Italian exclamation, ſignifying, *Courage! come on!* STEEVENS.

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SCENE II.

Another part of the ſame. Before the Princeſs's *Pavilion.*

Enter the Princeſs, CATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Roſ. Madam, came nothing elſe along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhime,
As would be cramm'd up in a ſheet of paper,
Writ on both ſides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to ſeal on Cupid's name.

Roſ. That was the way to make his god-head wax[4];
For he hath been five thouſand years a boy.

Cath. Ay, and a ſhrewd unhappy gallows too.

Roſ. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your ſiſter.

Cath. He made her melancholy, ſad, and heavy;
And ſo ſhe died: had ſhe been light, like you,
Of ſuch a merry, nimble, ſtirring ſpirit,
She might have been a grandam ere ſhe dy'd:
And ſo may you; for a light heart lives long.

Roſ. What's your dark meaning, mouſe[5], of this light word?

Cath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Roſ. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Cath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in ſnuff[6];
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Roſ. Look, what you do, you do it ſtill i'the dark.

Cath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

4 — *to make his god-head* wax;] To *wax* anciently ſignified to *grow*. It is yet ſaid of the moon, that ſhe *waxes* and *wanes*. STEEVENS.

5 — mouſe,] This was a term of endearment formerly. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his *mouſe*." MALONE.

6 — *taking it* in ſnuff;] *Snuff* is here uſed equivocally for *anger*, and the *ſnuff of a candle*. See *K. Henry* IV. P. I. Act I. ſc. iii. STEEV.

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Roſ. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.
Cath. You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.
Roſ. Great reaſon; for, Paſt cure is ſtill paſt care[7].
Prin. Well bandied both; a ſet of wit well play'd.
But Roſaline, you have a favour too:
Who ſent it? and what is it?
Roſ. I would, you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witneſs this.
Nay, I have verſes too, I thank Birón:
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the faireſt goddeſs on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thouſand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Prin. Any thing like?
Roſ. Much, in the letters; nothing, in the praiſe.
Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good concluſion.
Cath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Roſ. 'Ware pencils[8]! How? let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:

[7] —*for, Paſt* cure *is ſtill paſt* care.] The old copy reads—paſt *care* is ſtill paſt *cure*. The tranſpoſition was propoſed by Dr. Thirlby, and, it muſt be owned, is ſupported by a line in *King Richard II*:

Things paſt *redreſs* are now with me paſt *care*.

So alſo in a pamphlet entitled *Holland's Leaguer*, 4to. 1632: "She had got this adage in her mouth, Things paſt *cure*, paſt *care*."—Yet the following lines in our author's 147th Sonnet ſeem rather in favour of the old reading:

"Paſt cure I am, now reaſon is paſt care,
"And frantick mad with evermore unreſt." MALONE.

[8] *'Ware pencils!*] Roſaline, a black beauty, reproaches the fair Catharine for painting. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon miſtakes the meaning of this ſentence; it is not a reproach, but a cautionary threat. Roſaline ſays that Biron had drawn her picture in his letter; and afterwards playing on the word *letter*, Catharine compares her to a text B. Roſaline in reply adviſes her to beware of pencils, that is of drawing likeneſſes, leſt ſhe ſhould retaliate; which ſhe afterwards does, by comparing her to a red dominical letter, and calling her marks of the ſmall pox oes. MASON.

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O, that your face were not ſo full of O's[9]!
Cath. A pox of that jeſt[1]! and beſhrew all ſhrows!
Prin. But what was ſent to you from fair Dumain?
Cath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not ſend you twain?
Cath. Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thouſand verſes of a faithful lover:
A huge tranſlation of hypocriſy,
Vilely compil'd, profound ſimplicity.
Mar. This, and theſe pearls, to me ſent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no leſs; Doſt thou not wiſh in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter ſhort?
Mar. Ay, or I would theſe hands might never part.
Prin. We are wiſe girls, to mock our lovers ſo.
Roſ. They are worſe fools, to purchaſe mocking ſo.
That ſame Birón I'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by the week[2]!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and ſeek;
And wait the ſeaſon, and obſerve the times,
And ſpend his prodigal wits in bootleſs rhimes;

9 — *ſo full of* O's!] i. e. pimples. Shakſpeare talks of "—fiery *O's* and eyes of light," in another play. STEEVENS.

1 *A pox of that jeſt!* &c.] This line which in the old copies is given to the princeſs, Mr. Theobald rightly attributed to Catharine. The metre, as well as the mode of expreſſion, ſhew that—"*I* beſhrew", the reading of thoſe copies, was a miſtake of the tranſcriber. MALONE.

Mr. Theobald is ſcandalized at this language from a princeſs. But there needs no alarm,—the *ſmall pox* only is alluded to; with which, it ſeems, Catharine was pitted; or, as it is quaintly expreſſed, "her face was full of O's." Daviſon has a canzonnet on his lady's ſickneſſe of the *poxe*: and Dr. Donne writes to his ſiſter: "— at my return from Kent, I found *Pegge* had the *poxe*,—I humbly thank God, it hath not much diſfigured her." FARMER.

2 — *in by the week!*] This I ſuppoſe to be an expreſſion taken from hiring ſervants or artificers; meaning, I wiſh I was as ſure of his ſervice for any time limited, as if I had hired him. The expreſſion was a common one. So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612: "What, are you *in by the week?* So; I will try now whether thy wit be cloſe priſoner." Again, in the *Wit of a Woman*, 1604:

"Since I am *in by the week*, let me look to the year."

STEEVENS.

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And ſhape his ſervice wholly to my beheſts [3],
And make him proud to make me proud that jeſts!
So portent-like would I o'erſway his ſtate [4],
That he ſhould be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are ſo [5] ſurely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wiſdom hatch'd,
Hath wiſdom's warrant, and the help of ſchool;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Roſ. The blood of youth burns not with ſuch exceſs,
As gravity's revolt to wantonneſs [6].

Mar. Folly in fools bears not ſo ſtrong a note,
As foolery in the wiſe, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in ſimplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boy. O, I am ſtabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boy. Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are

[3] — *wholly to my* beheſts;] The quarto 1598, and the firſt folio, read—to my *device.* The emendation, which the rhime confirms, was made by the editor of the ſecond folio, and is one of the very few corrections of any value to be found in that copy. MALONE.

[4] *So* portent-*like* &c.] In former copies—So *pertaunt*-like &c. In old farces, to ſhew the inevitable approaches of death and deſtiny, the *Fool* of the farce is made to employ all his ſtratagems, to avoid Death or *Fate*; which very ſtratagems, as they are ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of *Fate.* To this Shakſpeare alludes again in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" ——— *merely thou art* Death's Fool;
" *For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,*
" *And yet run'ſt towards him ſtill.*"

It is plain from all this, that the nonſenſe of *pertaunt-like,* ſhould be read, *portent like,* i. e. I would be his fate or deſtiny, and, like a *portent,* hang over, and influence his fortunes. For *portents* were not only thought to *forebode,* but to *influence.* So the Latins called a perſon deſtined to bring miſchief, *fatale portentum.* WARBURTON.

This emendation appeared firſt in the Oxford Edition. MALONE.

[5] *None are ſo* &c.] Theſe are obſervations worthy of a man who has ſurveyed human nature with the cloſeſt attention. JOHNSON.

[6] — *to wantonneſs.*] The quarto 1598, and the firſt folio have—*to wantons be.* For this emendation we are likewiſe indebted to the ſecond folio. MALONE.

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Againſt your peace: Love doth approach diſguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be ſurpris'd:
Muſter your wits; ſtand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to ſaint Cupid[7]! What are they,
That charge their breath againſt us? ſay, ſcout, ſay.

Boy. Under the cool ſhade of a ſycamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome half an hour:
When, lo, to interrupt my purpos'd reſt,
Toward that ſhade I might behold addreſt
The king and his companions: warily
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you ſhall overhear;
That, by and by, diſguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knaviſh page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embaſſage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
Thus muſt thou ſpeak, and thus thy body bear:
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence majeſtical would put him out;
For, quoth the King, *an angel ſhalt thou ſee;*
Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak audaciouſly;
The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil;*
I ſhould have fear'd her, had ſhe been a devil.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the ſhoulder;
Making the bold wag by their praiſes bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow thus; and fleer'd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeech was never ſpoke before:
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *Via! we will do't, come what will come:*
The third he caper'd, and cry'd, *All goes well:*
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zealous laughter, ſo profound,
That in this ſpleen ridiculous[8] appears,
To check their folly, paſſion's ſolemn tears *.

Prin.

[7] *Saint Dennis to ſaint Cupid!*] The princeſs of France invokes, with too much levity, the patron of her country, to oppoſe his power to that of Cupid. JOHNSON.

[8] —*ſpleen ridiculous*—] is, a ridiculous *fit*. JOHNSON.

* —*paſſion's ſolemn tears.*] So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream.*

" Made

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Prin. But what, but what, come they to viſit us?
Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—
Like Muſcovites, or Ruſſian's: as I gueſs[9],
Their purpoſe is, to parle, to court, and dance:
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his ſeveral miſtreſs; which they'll know
By favours ſeveral, which they did beſtow.
Prin. And will they ſo? the gallants ſhall be taſk'd;—
For, ladies, we will every one be maſk'd;
And not a man of them ſhall have the grace,
Deſpight of ſuit, to ſee a lady's face.
Hold, Roſaline, this favour thou ſhalt wear;
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my ſweet, and give me thine;
So ſhall Birón take me for Roſaline,—
And change you favours too; ſo ſhall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by theſe removes.
Roſ. Come on then; wear the favours moſt in fight.
Cath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?
Prin. The effect of my intent is, to croſs theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their ſeveral counſels they unboſom ſhall
To loves miſtook; und ſo be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occaſion that we meet,
With viſages diſplay'd, to talk, and greet.
Roſ. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire us to't?
Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd ſpeech render we no grace;
But, while 'tis ſpoke, each turn away her face[1].

" Made mine eyes water, but more merry tears
" The paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed." MALONE.

[9] *Like Muſcovites, or Ruſſians*:] The ſettling commerce in Ruſſia was, at that time, a matter that much ingroſſed the concern and converſation of the publick. There had been ſeveral embaſſies employed thither on that occaſion; and ſeveral tracts of the manners and ſtate of that nation written: ſo that a maſk of Muſcovites was as good an entertainment to the audience of that time, as a coronation has been ſince. WARB.

[1] — her *face.*] The firſt folio, and the quarto 1598, have—*his* face. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Boy.

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Boy. Why, that contempt will kill the ſpeaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The reſt will ne'er come in [2], if he be out.
There's no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So ſhall we ſtay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with ſhame.

[*Trumpets ſound within.*

Boy. The trumpet ſounds; be maſk'd, the maſkers come.

[*The ladies maſk.*

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in Ruſſian habits, and maſked*; MOTH, *Muſicians, and Attendants.*

Moth. All hail, the richeſt beauties on the earth!

Boy. Beauties no richer than rich taffata [3].

Moth. A holy parcel of the faireſt dames,

[The ladies turn their backs to him.

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views.

Bir. Their eyes, villain, *their eyes.*

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views! Out—

Boy. True, out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly ſpirits, vouchſafe Not to behold—

Bir. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your ſun-beamed eyes,
——with your ſun-beamed eyes—

Boy. They will not anſwer to that epithet;
You were beſt call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Bir. Is this your perfectneſs? be gone, you rogue.

Roſ. What would theſe ſtrangers? know their minds,
Boyet:

[2] —*will* ne'er *come in*] The quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, read—will *e'er*. The correction was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[3] — *than rich taffata.*] i. e. the taffata maſks they wore to conceal themſelves. Boyet is ſneering at the abſurdity of complimenting the beauty of the ladies, when they were maſk'd. THEOBALD.

This line is given in the old copies to Biron. The preſent regulation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

If

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If they do ſpeak our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plain man recount their purpoſes:
Know what they would.

Boy. What would you with the princeſs?

Bir. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.

Roſ. What would they, ſay they?

Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.

Roſ. Why, that they have; and bid them ſo be gone.

Boy. She ſays, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a meaſure with her on this graſs.

Boy. They ſay that they have meaſur'd many a mile,
To tread a meaſure[4] with you on this graſs.

Roſ. It is not ſo: aſk them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have meaſur'd many,
The meaſure then of one is eaſily told.

Boy. If, to come hither you have meaſur'd miles,
And many miles; the princeſs bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.

Bir. Tell her, we meaſure them by weary ſteps.

Boy. She hears herſelf.

Roſ. How many weary ſteps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Bir. We number nothing that we ſpend for you;
Our duty is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may do it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſunſhine of your face,

4 *To tread a meaſure,*] The *meaſures* were dances ſolemn and ſlow. So, in *Orcheſtra*, a poem by Sir John Davies, 1622:

" —— all the feet whereon theſe *meaſures* go,
" Are only ſpondees, *ſolemn, grave, and ſlow.*"

They were performed at Court, and at publick entertainments of the ſocieties of law and equity, at their halls, on particular occaſions. It was formerly not deemed inconſiſtent with propriety even for the graveſt perſons to join in them; and accordingly at the revels which were celebrated at the inns of court, it has not been unuſual for the firſt characters of the law to become performers in *treading the meaſures.* See Dugdale's *Origines Judiciales.* REED.

See Beatrice's deſcription of this dance in *Much ado about Nothing*, p. 225. MALONE.

That

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That we, like ſavages, may worſhip it.
Roſ. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Bleſſed are clouds, that do as ſuch clouds do!
Vouchſafe, bright moon, and theſe thy ſtars [5], to ſhine
(Thoſe clouds remov'd) upon our watry eyne.
Roſ. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now requeſt'ſt but moon-ſhine in the water.
King. Then in our meaſure do but vouchſafe one change:
Thou bid'ſt me beg: this begging is not ſtrange.
Roſ. Play, muſick, then: nay you muſt do it ſoon.
[*Muſick plays.*
Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? How come you thus eſtrang'd?
Roſ. You took the moon at full; but now ſhe's chang'd.
King. Yet ſtill ſhe is the moon, and I the man *.
The muſick plays; vouchſafe ſome motion to it.
Roſ. Our ears vouchſafe it.
King. But your legs ſhould do it.
Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.
King. Why take we hands then?
Roſ. Only to part friends:
Court'ſy, ſweet hearts [6]; and ſo the meaſure ends.
King. More meaſure of this meaſure; be not nice.
Roſ. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.
King. Prize you yourſelves; What buys your company?
Roſ. Your abſence only.
King. That can never be.
Roſ. Then cannot we be bought: and ſo adieu;
Twice to your viſor, and half once to you!
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Roſ. In private then.
King. I am beſt pleas'd with that. [*They converſe apart.*

[5] *Vouchſafe, bright moon, and theſe thy ſtars,*—] When queen Elizabeth aſked an ambaſſadour how he liked her ladies, *It is hard,* ſaid he, *to judge of ſtars in the preſence of the ſun.* JOHNSON.

* — *the man.*] I ſuſpect, that a line which rhimed with this, has been loſt. MALONE.

[6] Court'ſy, *ſweet hearts.*] See Vol. I. p. 26:
"*Court'ſied* when you have, and kiſs'd—" MALONE.

Bir-

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Bir. White-handed miſtreſs, one ſweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and ſugar; there is three.
Bir. Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow ſo nice,)
Metheglin, wort, and malmſey;—Well run, dice!
There's half a dozen ſweets.
Prin. Seventh ſweet, adieu!
Since you can cog[7], I'll play no more with you.
Bir. One word in ſecret.
Prin. Let it not be ſweet.
Bir. Thou griev'ſt my gall.
Prin. Gall? bitter.
Bir. Therefore meet. [*They converſe apart.*
Dum. Will you vouchſafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you ſo? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Pleaſe it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.
[*They converſe apart.*
Cath. What, was your viſor made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reaſon, lady, why you aſk.
Cath. O, for your reaſon! quickly, ſir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your maſk,
And would afford my ſpeechleſs vizor half.
Cath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman[8]; Is not veal a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady?
Cath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Cath. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourſelf in theſe ſharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaſte lady? do not ſo.
Cath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

7 *Since you can* cog,] To *cog*, ſignifies *to falſify the dice*, and *to falſify a narrative*, or *to lye*. JOHNSON.

8 Veal, *quoth the Dutchman*;—] I ſuppoſe by *veal*, ſhe means *well*, founded as foreigners uſually pronounce that word; and introduced merely for the ſake of the ſubſequent queſtion. MALONE.

Long.

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Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Cath. Bleat ſoftly then, the butcher hears you cry.
[*They converſe apart.*
Boy. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge inviſible,
Cutting a ſmaller hair than may be ſeen;
Above the ſenſe of ſenſe: ſo ſenſible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, ſwifter things.
Roſ. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
Bir. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure ſcoff!
King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have ſimple wits.
Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muſcovites.—
[*Exeunt* King, Lords, MOTH, *Muſick, and Attendants.*
Are theſe the breed of wits ſo wonder'd at?
Boy. Tapers they are, with your ſweet breaths puff'd out.
Roſ. Well-liking wits[9] they have; groſs, groſs; fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themſelves to night?
Or ever, but in vizors, ſhew their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.
Roſ. O, they were all in lamentable caſes[1]!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. Biron did ſwear himſelf out of all ſuit.
Mar. Dumain was at my ſervice, and his ſword:
No *point*, quoth I[2]; my ſervant ſtraight was mute.
Cath. Lord Longaville ſaid, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me?
Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

9 *Well-liking* wits—] *Well-liking* is the ſame as *embonpoint.* So, in *Job, ch.* xxxix, v. 4. "—Their young ones are in *good-liking.*" STEEV.

1 O! *they were all* &c.] *O,* which is not found in the firſt quarto or folio, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

2 *No* point, *quoth I*;] *Point* in French is an adverb of negation; but, if properly ſpoken, is not ſounded like the point of a ſword. A quibble, however, is intended. From this and other paſſages it appears, that either our author was not well acquainted with the pronunciation of the French language, or it was different formerly from what it is at preſent. MALONE.

Cath.

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Cath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, ſickneſs as thou art!

Roſ. Well, better wits have worn plain ſtatute-caps [3].
But will you hear? the king is my love ſworn.

Prin. And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.

Cath. And Longaville was for my ſervice born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as ſure as bark on tree.

Boy. Madam, and pretty miſtreſſes, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own ſhapes; for it can never be,
They will digeſt this harſh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boy. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like ſweet roſes in this ſummer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? ſpeak to be underſtood.

Boy. Fair ladies, maſk'd, are roſes in their bud:

3 — *better wits have worn plain ſtatute-caps.*] This line is not univerſally underſtood, becauſe every reader does not know that a ſtatute-cap is part of the academical habit. Lady Roſaline declares that her expectation was diſappointed by theſe courtly ſtudents, and that *better wits* might be found in the common places of education. JOHNSON.

Woollen caps were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, the 13th of queen Elizabeth, to be worn by all above ſix years of age (except the nobility and ſome others) on ſabbath days and holy-days, under the penalty of ten groats. GREY.

I think my own interpretation of this is right. JOHNSON.

Probably the meaning is—*better wits may be found among the citizens*, who are not in general remarkable for ſallies of imagination. In Marſton's *Dutch Courteſan*, 1605, Mrs. Mulligrub ſays,—"though my huſband be a citizen, and his *cap's made of wool*, yet I have wit." Again, in the *Family of Love*, 1608: "'Tis a law enacted by the common-council of *ſtatute caps*." Again, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Devil's carrier*, 1606: "—in a bowling alley, in a *flat-cap*, like a *hop-keeper*." STEEVENS.

The ſtatute mentioned by Dr. Grey was repealed in the year 1597. The epithet by which theſe ſtatute caps are deſcribed, "*plain* ſtatute caps," induces me to believe the interpretation given in the preceding note by Mr. Steevens, the true one. The king and his lords probably wore *hats* adorned with feathers. So they are repreſented in the print prefixed to this play in Mr. Rowe's edition, probably from ſome ſtage tradition. MALONE.

Diſmaſk'd

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Diſmaſk'd, their damaſk ſweet commixture ſhewn,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roſes blown[4].

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What ſhall we do,
If they return in their own ſhapes to woo?

Roſ. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them ſtill, as well known, as diſguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Diſguis'd like Muſcovites, in ſhapeleſs gear[5];
And wonder, what they were; and to what end
Their ſhallow ſhows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our tent to us.

Boy. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.
[*Exeunt* Princeſs[6], Ros. CAT. *and* MAR.

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in their proper habits.*

King. Fair ſir, God ſave you! Where's the princeſs?

Boy. Gone to her tent: Pleaſe it your majeſty,
Command me any ſervice to her thither?

King. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word.

Boy. I will; and ſo will ſhe, I know, my lord.
[*Exit.*

Bir. This fellow pecks[7] up wit, as pigeons peas[8];
And utters it again when God doth pleaſe:

4 *Are* angels vailing *clouds, or roſes blown.*] *Ladies unmaſk'd*, ſays Boyet, *are* like *angels vailing clouds*, or letting thoſe clouds which obſcured their brightneſs, ſink from before them. JOHNSON.

To *avale* comes from the Fr. *aval*, [Terme de batelier] down, downward, down the ſtream. So, in Laneham's *Narrative of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth-Caſtle*, 1575: "—as on a ſea-ſhore when the water is *avail'd*." STEEVENS.

5 — ſhapeleſs *gear*;] *Shapeleſs* for uncouth. WARBURTON.

6 *Exeunt* Princeſs, &c.] Mr. Theobald ends the fourth act here. JOHNSON.

7 *This fellow* pecks—] This is the reading of the firſt quarto. The folio has—*picks*. MALONE.

8 — *as pigeons peas*;] This expreſſion is proverbial:

"Children pick up words *as pigeons peas*,
"And utter them again as God ſhall pleaſe."

See *Ray's Collection*. STEEVENS.

He

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wit's pedler; and retails his wares
akes, and waſſels[9], meetings, markets, fairs;
we that ſell by groſs, the Lord doth know,
not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
gallant pins the wenches on his ſleeve;
he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
in carve too, and liſp[1]: Why, this is he,
kiſs'd his hand away in courteſy;
is the ape of form, monſieur the nice,
, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
nourable terms; nay, he can ſing
an[2] moſt meanly; and, in uſhering,
l him who can: the ladies call him, ſweet;
ſtairs, as he treads on them, kiſs his feet:
is the flower that ſmiles on every one,
ew his teeth as white as whales bone[3]:
conſciences, that will not die in debt,
im the due of honey-tongued Boyet.
ig. A bliſter on his ſweet tongue, with my heart,
put Armado's page out of his part!

· waſſels,] *Waſſels* were meetings of ruſtic mirth and intemper-
STEEVENS.
s heal, that is, be of health, was a ſalutation firſt uſed by the lady
a to King Vortiger. Afterwards it became a cuſtom in villages,
r year's eve and twelfth-night, to carry a *Waſſel* or *Waſſail* bowl
ouſe to houſe, which was preſented with the Saxon words above
ned. Hence in proceſs of time *waſſel* ſignified intemperance in
ig, and alſo a meeting for the purpoſes of feſtivity. MALONE.
d can carve *too, and* liſp:] I cannot cog, (ſays Falſtaff in *the Wives of Windſor,*) and ſay, thou art this and that, like a many
e *liſping* hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's ap-
-." On the ſubject of *carving* ſee Vol. I. p. 209, n. 7. MALONE.
' mean—] The *mean*, in muſic, is the tenor. STEEVENS.
· *as* whales *bone*:] The Saxon genitive caſe. So, in the *Mid-Night's Dream*:
"Swifter than the *moones* ſphere."
ld be remembered that ſome of our ancient writers ſuppoſe *ivory* art of the *bones of a whale*. The ſame ſimile occurs in the black omance of *Sir Eglamoure of Artoys*, in that of *Sir Iſinbras*, and *Squire of low degree*. STEEVENS.
white as whales bone is a proverbial compariſon in the old poets. enſer's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 1. ſt. 15; and Lord Surrey, folio it 1567. T. WARTON.

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Enter the Princeſs, *uſher'd by* BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, CATHARINE, *and attendants.*

Bir. See, where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou [4],
Till this mad man ſhew'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, ſweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Conſtrue my ſpeeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wiſh me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to viſit you: and purpoſe now
To lead you to our court: vouchſafe it then.

Prin. This field ſhall hold me; and ſo hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye muſt break my oath [5].

Prin. You nick-name virtue: vice you ſhould have ſpoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unſully'd lily, I proteſt,
A world of torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not yield to be your houſe's gueſt:
So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in deſolation here,
Unſeen, unviſited, much to our ſhame.

Prin. Not ſo, my lord; it is not ſo, I ſwear;
We have had paſtimes here, and pleaſant game:
A meſs of Ruſſians left us but of late.

King. How, madam? Ruſſians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtſhip, and of ſtate.

Roſ. Madam, ſpeak true:—It is not ſo, my lord:

4 — Behaviour, *what wert thou,*] *Behaviour* here ſignifies—courtly or ſtudied manners. MALONE.

5 *The virtue of your eye* muſt *break my oath.*] I believe the author means that the *virtue*, in which word *goodneſs* and *power* are both compriſed, *muſt diſſolve* the obligation of the oath. The princeſs, in her anſwer, takes the moſt invidious part of the ambiguity. JOHNSON.

My

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My lady, (to the manner of the days,)
In courteſy, gives undeſerving praiſe.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Ruſſian habit: here they ſtay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour my lord,
They did not bleſs us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirſty, fools would fain have drink.

Bir. This jeſt is dry to me.—My gentle ſweet[6],
Your wit makes wiſe things fooliſh: when we greet[7]
With eyes beſt ſeeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we loſe light: Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge ſtore
Wiſe things ſeem fooliſh, and rich things but poor.

Roſ. This proves you wiſe and rich; for in my eye,—

Bir. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Roſ. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.

Bir. O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſs.

Roſ. All the fool mine?

Bir. I cannot give you leſs.

Roſ. Which of the vizors was it, that you wore?

Bir. Where? when? what vizor? why demand you this?

Roſ. There, then, that vizor; that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face.

King. We are deſcry'd: they'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confeſs, and turn it to a jeſt.

[6] My *gentle ſweet*,] The word *my*, which is wanting in the firſt quarto, and folio, I have ſupplied. *Sweet* is generally uſed as a ſubſtantive by our author, in his addreſſes to ladies. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" —— When you ſpeak, *ſweet*,
" I'd have you do it ever."

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

" And now, good *ſweet*, ſay thy opinion."

Again, in *Othello*:

" O, *my ſweet*,
" I prattle out of tune."

The editor of the ſecond folio, with leſs probability, (as it appears to me,) reads—*ſair*, gentle, ſweet. MALONE.

[7] — *when we greet* &c.] This is a very lofty and elegant compliment. JOHNSON.

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Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highneſs ſad?
Roſ. Help, hold his brows! he'll ſwoon! Why look you pale?—
Sea-ſick, I think, coming from Muſcovy.
Bir. Thus pour the ſtars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of braſs hold longer out?—
Here ſtand I, lady; dart thy ſkill at me;
Bruiſe me with ſcorn, confound me with a flout;
Thruſt thy ſharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wiſh thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Ruſſian habit wait.
O! never will I truſt to ſpeeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a ſchool-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in vizor to my friend;
Nor woo in rhime, like a blind harper's ſong:
Taffata phraſes, ſilken terms preciſe,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, ſpruce affection[8],
Figures pedantical; theſe ſummer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot oſtentation:
I do forſwear them: and I here proteſt,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind ſhall be expreſs'd
In ruſſet yeas, and honeſt kerſey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—ſo God help me, la!—
My love to thee is ſound, ſans crack or flaw.
Roſ. Sans *ſans*, I pray you[9].

[8] *Three pil'd hyperboles, ſpruce* affection,] The modern editors read —*affectation*. There is no need of change. We already in this play have had *affection* for *affectation*;—"witty without *affection*." The word was uſed by our author and his contemporaries, as a quadriſyllable; and the rhime ſuch as they thought ſufficient. MALONE.

• Three-pil'd *hyperboles*,] A metaphor from the *pile* of velvet. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, Autolycus ſays, "I have worn *three-pile*." STEEVENS.

9 Sans, *ſans, I pray you.*] It is ſcarce worth remarking, that the conceit here is obſcured by the punctuation. It ſhould be written Sans SANS, i. e. *without* SANS; without French words: an affectation of which Biron had been guilty in the laſt line of his ſpeech, though juſt before he had *forſworn* all *affectation* in phraſes, terms, &c. TYRWHITT.

Bir.

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Bir. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am ſick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us ſee;—
Writ[e], *Lord have mercy on us*[1], on thoſe three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
Theſe lords are viſited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I ſee.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave theſe tokens to us.

Bir. Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeek not to undo us.

Roſ. It is not ſo; for how can this be true,
That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that ſue[2]?

Bir. Peace: for I will not have to do with you.

Roſ. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intend.

Bir. Speak for yourſelves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, ſweet madam, for our rude tranſgreſſion
Some fair excuſe.

Prin. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not here, but even now, diſguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well adviſ'd?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whiſper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did reſpect her.

Prin. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you will reject her.

[1] *Writ*, Lord have mercy on us,—] This was the inſcription put upon the door of the houſes infected with the plague, to which Biron compares the love of himſelf and his companions, and purſuing the metaphor finds the *tokens* likewiſe on the ladies. The *tokens* of the plague are the firſt ſpots or diſcolorations, by which the infection is known to be received. JOHNSON.

So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1616: "*Lord have mercy on us* may well ſtand over their doors, for debt is a moſt dangerous city peſtilence. MALONE.

[2] ——— *how can this be true,*
That you ſhould forfeit, being thoſe that ſue?] That is, how can thoſe be liable to forfeiture that begin the proceſs. The jeſt lies in the ambiguity of *ſue*, which ſignifies *to proſecute by law*, or to *offer a petition*. JOHNSON.

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King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force not to forſwear [3].

King. Deſpiſe me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it:—Roſaline,
What did the Ruſſian whiſper in your ear?

Roſ. Madam, he ſwore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-ſight; and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or elſe die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Moſt honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never ſwore this lady ſuch an oath.

Roſ. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, ſir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princeſs I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her ſleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, ſir, this jewel did ſhe wear;
And lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear:—
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

Bir. Neither of either [4]; I remit both twain.—
I ſee the trick on't; Here was a conſent [5],
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)
To daſh it like a Chriſtmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight zany [6],

3 — *you* force *not to forſwear.*] *You force not* is the ſame with *you make no difficulty.* This is a very juſt obſervation. The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with leſs reluctance. JOHNSON.

So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, b. x. ch. 59:
" — he *forced* not to hide how he did err." STEEVENS.

4 *Neither of either*;] This ſeems to have been a common expreſſion in our author's time. It occurs in the *London Prodigal*, 1605, and other comedies. MALONE.

5 — *a* conſent,] i. e. *a conſpiracy.* So, in *K. Henry VI.* Part I:
" ——— the ſtars
" That have *conſented* to king Henry's death." STEEVENS.

6 — *zany*,] A zany is a buffoon, a merry Andrew, a groſs mimic. STEEVENS.

Some

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Some mumble-news, ſome trencher-knight[7], ſome Dick,—
That ſmiles his cheek in jeers[8]; and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd,—
Told our intents before: which once diſclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the ſigns, woo'd but the ſign of ſhe.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forſworn; in will, and error.
Much upon this it is[9]:—And might not you [*to* Boyet.
Foreſtal our ſport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the ſquire'[1]?
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And ſtand between her back, ſir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jeſting merrily?

You

7 —*ſome* trencher-knight,] See below:

"And ſtand between her back, ſir, and the fire,
"Holding a *trencher*,—&c." MALONE.

8 ——*ſome* Dick,

That ſmiles his cheek in jeers;] The old copies read—*in yeeres*. The preſent emendation, which I propoſed ſome time ago, I have ſince obſerved, was made by Mr. Theobald. Dr. Warburton endeavours to ſupport the old reading, by explaining *years* to mean *wrinkles*, which belong alike to laughter and old age. But allowing the word to be uſed in that licentious ſenſe, ſurely our author would have written, not *in*, but *into*, years—i. e. *into* wrinkles, as in a paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Twelfth Night*: "—he does *ſmile his cheek into* more *lines* than is in the new map, &c." The change being only that of a ſingle letter for another nearly reſembling it, I have placed *jeers* (formerly ſpelt *jeeres*) in the text. The words—*jeer*, *flout*, and *mock*, were much more in uſe in our author's time than at preſent.

Out-roaring DICK was a celebrated ſinger, who, with W. Wimbars, is ſaid by Henry Chettle, in his KIND HARTS DREAME, to have got twenty ſhillings a day by ſinging at Braintree fair, in Eſſex. Perhaps this itinerant droll was here in our author's thoughts. This circumſtance adds ſome ſupport to the emendation now made. From the following paſſage in *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600, it ſeems to have been a common term for a noiſy ſwaggerer:

"O he, ſir, he's a deſperate *Dick* indeed;
"Bar him your houſe."

Again, in Kemp's *Nine daies Wonder*, &c. 4to. 1600:

"A boy arm'd with a poking ſtick
"Will dare to challenge *cutting Dick*." MALONE.

9 *Much upon this it is:*] Dr. Johnſon would give theſe words to Boyet. MALONE.

1 —*by the ſquire?*] From *eſquierre*, Fr. a *rule* or *ſquare*. The ſenſe is nearly the ſame as that of the proverbial expreſſion in our own language, *he hath got the length of her foot*; i. e. he hath humoured her ſo

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You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd [2];
Die when you will, a ſmock ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leer upon me, do you; there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden ſword.

Boy. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage [3], this career been run.

Bir. Lo, he is tilting ſtraight! Peace; I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou parteſt a fair fray.

Coſt. O Lord, ſir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies ſhall come in, or no.

Bir. What, are there but three?

Coſt. No, ſir; but it is vara fine,
For every one purſents three.

Bir. And three times thrice is nine.

Coſt. Not ſo, ſir; under correction, ſir; I hope, it is not ſo:
You cannot beg us [4], ſir, I can aſſure you, ſir; we know what we know:
I hope, ſir, three times thrice, ſir,—

Bir. Is not nine.

Coſt. Under correction, ſir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Bir. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Coſt. O Lord, ſir, it were pity you ſhould get your living by reckoning, ſir.

Bir. How much is it?

Coſt. O Lord, ſir, the parties themſelves, the actors, ſir, will ſhew whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they ſay, but to parfect one man,—e'en one poor man [5]; Pompion the great, ſir.

Bir.

long, that he can perſuade her to what he pleaſes. HEATH.

Squire in our author's time was the common term for a *rule*. See Minſheu's *Dict.* in v. The word occurs again in the *Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

[2] —*Go, you are allow'd*;] i. e. you may ſay what you will; you are a licenſed fool, a common jeſter. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"*There is no ſlander in an* allow'd *fool.*" WARBURTON.

[3] *Hath this brave* manage,—] The old copy has *manager*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[4] *You cannot beg us*,—] That is, we are not fools; our next relations cannot *beg* the wardſhip of our perſons and fortunes. One of the legal teſts of a *natural* is to try whether he can number. JOHNSON.

[5] —*one man, e'en one poor man*,] The old copies read—one poor man.

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Bir. Art thou one of the worthies?

Coſt. It pleaſed them, to think me worthy of Pompey the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to ſtand for him[6].

Bir. Go, bid them prepare.

Coſt. We will turn it finely off, ſir; we will take ſome care. [*Exit* Coſtard.

King. Biron, they will ſhame us, let them not approach.

Bir. We are ſhame-proof, my lord: and 'tis ſome policy To have one ſhow worſe than the king's and his company.

King. I ſay, they ſhall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now: That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how: Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents Die in the zeal of them which it preſents[7],

Their

man. For the emendation I am anſwerable. The ſame miſtake has happened in ſeveral places in our author's plays. See my note on *All's well that ends well*, Act I. ſc. iii. "You are ſhallow, madam," &c. MALONE.

[6] *I know not the degree of the worthy*, &c.] This is a ſtroke of ſatire which, to this hour, has loſt nothing of its force. Few performers are ſolicitous about the hiſtory of the character they are to repreſent. STEEV.

[7] *That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how:*
Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them *which it preſents*, &c.] The quarto 1598, and the folio 1623, read—*of that* which it preſents. The context, I think, clearly ſhews that *them* (which, as the paſſage is unintelligible in its original form, I have ventured to ſubſtitute,) was the poet's word. *Which* for *who* is common in our author; So, (to give one inſtance out of many,) in *the Merchant of Venice*,

"———a civil doctor,
"*Which* did refuſe three thouſand ducats of me."

and ym and y were eaſily confounded: nor is the falſe concord introduced by this reading [of them who preſents it,] any objection to it; for every page of theſe plays furniſhes us with examples of the ſame kind. See Vol. I. p. 40.] So *dies* in the preſent line, for thus the old copy reads; though here and in almoſt every other paſſage where a ſimilar corruption occurs, I have followed the example of my predeceſſors, and corrected the error. Where rhimes or metre, however, are concerned, it is impoſſible. Thus we muſt ſtill read in *Cymbeline*, *lies*, as in the line before us, *preſents*:

"And Phœbus 'gins to *riſe*,
"His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings
"On chalic'd flowers that *lies*.

Again,

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Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth[8].

Bir. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[Arm. *converses with the King, and delivers him a paper.*

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Bir. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch: for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra.* I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement[9]! [*Exit* ARMADO.

Again, in the play before us:

"That in this spleen ridiculous *appears*,
"To check their folly, passion's solemn *tears*.

Again, in *the Merchant of Venice*:

"Whose own hard *dealings teaches* them suspect."

Dr. Johnson would read—

Die in the zeal of *him* which *them* presents.

But *him* was not, I believe, abbreviated in old Mss. and therefore not likely to have been confounded with *that*.

The word *it*, I believe, refers to *sport*. *That sport*, says the princess, *pleases best, where the actors are least skilfull; where zeal strives to please, and the contents*, or, (as these exhibitions are immediately afterwards called) great things, *great attempts, perish in the very act of being produced, from the ardent zeal of* those who present *the sportive entertainment*. To "*present* a play" is still the phrase of the theatre. *It* however may refer to *contents*, and that word may mean the most material part of the exhibition. MALONE.

This sentiment of the princess is very natural, but less generous than that of the Amazonian Queen, who says, on a like occasion, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"*I [illegible] to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,*
"*Nor duty in his service perishing.*" JOHNSON.

[8] — labouring *perish in their birth.*] *Labouring* here means, *in the act* of parturition. So Roscommon:

"The mountains *labour'd*, and a mouse was born." MALONE.

[9] *I wish you the peace of mind, most royal* couplement!] This singular word is again used by our author in his 21st Sonnet:

"Making a *couplement* of proud compare—." MALONE.

King.

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King. Here is like to be a good preſence of worthies: He preſents Hector of Troy; the ſwain, Pompey the great; the pariſh curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.
And if theſe four worthies [1] in their firſt ſhow thrive,
Theſe four will change habits, and preſent the other five.

Bir. There is five in the firſt ſhow.

King. You are deceiv'd, tis not ſo.

Bir. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-prieſt, the fool, and the boy:—
Abate a throw at novum [2], and the whole world again
Cannot prick out [3] five ſuch, take each one in his vein.

King. The ſhip is under ſail, and here ſhe comes amain.
[*Seats brought for the King, Princeſs, &c.*

[1] *And if theſe four worthies* &c.] Theſe two lines might have been deſigned as a ridicule on the concluſion of *Selimus*, a tragedy, 1594:

"If this firſt part, genties, do like you well,
"The ſecond part ſhall greater murders tell." STEEVENS.

I rather think Shakſpeare alludes to the ſhifts to which the actors were reduced in the old theatres, one perſon often performing two or three parts. MALONE.

[2] Abate *a throw at novum,*—] *Abate* throw—is the reading of the original and authentick copies; the quarto 1598, and the folio, 1623. *A bare* throw &c. was an arbitrary alteration made by the editor of the ſecond folio. I have added only the article, which ſeems to have been inadvertently omitted. I ſuppoſe the meaning is, Except or put the chance of the dice out of the queſtion, and the world cannot produce five ſuch as theſe. *Abate*, from the Fr. *abatre*, is uſed again by our author, in the ſame ſenſe, in *All's well that ends well:*

"——— thoſe *'bated*, that inherit but the fall
"Of the laſt monarchy."

"A *bare* throw at novum" is to me unintelligible. MALONE.

Novum (or *Novem*) appears to have been ſome game at dice. STEEV.

[3] *Cannot* prick *out* &c.] Dr. Grey propoſes to read, *pick* out. So, in *K. Henry. IV.* P. I: "Could the world *pick* thee out three ſuch enemies again?" The old reading, however, may be right. To *prick out*, is a phraſe ſtill in uſe among gardeners. To *prick* may likewiſe have reference to *vein*. STEEVENS.

Pick is the reading of the quarto, 1598: Cannot *prick* out,—that of the folio, 1623. Our author uſes the ſame phraſe in his 20th Sonnet, in the ſame ſenſe;—*cannot point out by a puncture or mark.* Again, in *Julius Cæſar:*

"Will you be *prick'd* in number of our friends?" MALONE.

Pageant

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Pageant of the Nine Worthies[4].

Enter COSTARD *arm'd, for* Pompey.

Coſt. I Pompey am,—

Bir. You lie, you are not he.

Coſt. I Pompey am,—

Boy. With libbard's head on knee[5].

Bir. Well ſaid, old mocker; I muſt needs be friends with thee.

Coſt. I Pompey am, Pompey ſurnam'd the big,—

Dum. The great.

Coſt. It is great, ſir;—*Pompey ſurnam'd the great;*
That oft in field, with targe and ſhield, did make my foe to ſweat:
And, travelling along this coaſt, I here am come by chance;
And lay my arms before the legs of this ſweet laſs of France.
If your ladyſhip would ſay, *Thanks, Pompey,* I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Coſt. 'Tis not ſo much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in, *great.*

Bir. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the beſt worthy.

4 *Pageant of the nine worthies.*] In MS. Harl. 2057, p. 32, is "The order of a ſhowe intended to be made Aug 1, 1621."

"Firſt 2 woodmen &c.

"St. George fighting with the dragon.

"The 9 worthies in compleat armor with crownes of gould on their heads, every one having his eſquires to beare before him his ſhield and penon of armes dreſſed according as theſe lords were accuſtomed to be: 3 Aſſaralits, 3 Infidels, 3 Chriſtians.

"After them, a Fame, to declare the rare virtues and noble deeds of the 9 worthye women."

Such a pageant as this, we may ſuppoſe it was the deſign of Shakſpeare to ridicule. STEEVENS.

5 *With* libbard's *head on knee.*] This alludes to the old heroic habits, which on the knees and ſhoulders had uſually, by way of ornament, the reſemblance of a leopard's or lion's head. WARBURTON.

See *Maſquine* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*: "The repreſentation of a lyon's head &c. upon the elbow or knee of ſome old-faſhioned garments." TOLLET.

The *libbard*, as ſome of the old Engliſh gloſſaries inform us, is the *male* of the *panther*. STEEVENS.

Enter

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Enter NATHANIEL *arm'd, for* Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;
By eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth, I ſpread my conquering might:
My 'ſcutcheon plain declares, that I am Aliſander.

Boy. Your noſe ſays, no, you are not; for it ſtands too right [6].

Bir. Your noſe ſmells, no, in his, moſt tender-ſmelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is diſmay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;—

Boy. Moſt true, 'tis right; you were ſo, Aliſander.

Bir. Pompey the great,—

Coſt. Your ſervant, and Coſtard.

Bir. Take away the conqueror, take away Aliſander.

Coſt. O, ſir, [*to* Nath.] you have overthrown Aliſander the conqueror! You will be ſcraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax ſitting on a cloſe-ſtool [7], will be given to A-jax [8]: he will

[6] — *it ſtands* too right.] It ſhould be remembered, to reliſh this joke, that the head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his ſhoulders. STEEVENS.

[7] — *lion, that holds his poll-ax, ſitting on a cloſe-ſtool,*] This alludes to the arms given in the old hiſtory of the *Nine Worthies*, to "Alexander, the which did beare geules, a *lion* or, *ſeiante in a chayer*, holding a *battell-ax* argent." Leigh's *Accidence of Armory*, 1597. p. 23. TOLLET.

[8] *A jax*;] There is a conceit of *Ajax* and *a jakes*. JOHNSON.

This conceit, paltry as it is, was uſed by Ben Joſon, and Camden the antiquary. Ben, among his *Epigrams*, has theſe two lines.

"And I could wiſh, for their eternis'd ſakes,
"My muſe had plough'd with his that ſung *A-jax*."

So, Camden, in his *Remains*, having mentioned the French word *pet*, ſays, "Enquire, if you underſtand it not, of Cloacina's chaplains, or ſuch as are well read in *A-jax*."

See alſo Sir John Harrington's *New diſcourſe of a ſtale ſubject, called, the Metamorphoſis of Ajax*, 1596; his *Anatomie of the metamorphoſed Ajax*, no date; and *Ulyſſes upon Ajax*, 1596. All theſe performances are founded on the ſame conceit, of *Ajax* and *A-jakes*. To the firſt of them a licenſe was refuſed, and the author was forbid the court for writing it. STEEVENS.

be

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be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to ſpeak! run away for ſhame, Aliſander. [Nath. *retires.*] There, an't ſhall pleaſe you; a fooliſh mild man; an honeſt man, look you, and ſoon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, inſooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Aliſander, alas, you ſee, how 'tis;—a little o'er-parted:—But there are worthies a coming will ſpeak their mind in ſome other ſort.

Prin. Stand aſide, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES *arm'd, for* Judas, *and* MOTH *arm'd, for* HERCULES.

Hol. Great Hercules is preſented by this imp,
Whoſe club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus;
And, when he was a babe, a child, a ſhrimp,
Thus did he ſtrangle ſerpents in his manus:
Quoniam, *he ſeemeth in minority;*
Ergo, I *come with this apology.*—
Keep ſome ſtate in thy *exit*, and vaniſh. [*Exit Moth.*
Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iſcariot, ſir.—
Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.

Dum. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Bir. A kiſſing traitor:—How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. The more ſhame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, ſir?

Boy. To make Judas hang himſelf.

Hol. Begin, ſir; you are my elder.

Bir. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Bir. Becauſe thou haſt no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boy. A cittern head[1].

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

[9] — *a little o'er*-parted:] That is, the *part* or character aſſigned him in this piece is too conſiderable. MALONE.

[1] *A cittern head.*] So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631: —"fiddling on a *cittern* with a man's broken head at it." STEEVENS.

Bir.

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Bir. A death's face in a ring.
Long. The face of an old roman coin, ſcarce ſeen.
Boy. The pummel of Cæſar's faulchion.
Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flaſk [2].
Bir. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.
Bir. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer: And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Bir. Falſe; we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.
Bir. An thou wert a lion we would do ſo.
Boy. Therefore, as he is, an aſs, let him go.
And ſo adieu, ſweet Jude! nay, why doſt thou ſtay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Bir. For the aſs to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as, away.
Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boy. A light for monſieur Judas: it grows dark, he may ſtumble. [Holofernes *retires.*
Prin. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO *arm'd, for* Hector.

Bir. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.
Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry,
King. Hector was but a Tojan [3] in reſpect of this.
Boy. But is this Hector?
Dum. I think, Hector was not ſo clean-timber'd.
Long. His leg is too big for Hector.
Dum. More calf, certain.
Boy. No; he is beſt indued in the ſmall.
Bir. This cannot be Hector.
Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.
Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

[2] — *on a flaſk.*] i. e. a ſoldier's powder-horn: STEEVENS.
[3] *Hector was but a* Trojan—] A *Trojan*, I believe, was in the time of Shakſpeare, a cant term for a *thief*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part I: "Tut there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'ſt not of, &c." Again, in this ſcene, "—unleſs you play the *honeſt* Trojan, &c." STEEVENS.

Gave

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Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg [4].

Bir. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves [5].

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

The armipotent Mars, of lances [6] *the almighty,*
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea [7],
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd, he was a man—But I will forward with my device; sweet royalty, [*to the* Princess.] bestow on me the sense of hearing. [Biron *whispers* Costard.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boy. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,*—

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone! she is two months on her way.

4 *A* gilt *nutmeg.*] The quarto, 1598, reads—A *gift* nutmeg; and if a *gilt* nutmeg had not been mentioned by B. Jonson, (see Mr. Steevens's next note,) I should have thought it right. So we say, a *gift*-horse, &c. MALONE.

5 *Stuck with cloves.*] An orange *stuck with cloves* appears to have been a common new-year's gift. So, Ben Jonson, in his *Christmas Masque*: "he has an *orange* and rosemary, but not a *clove* to stick in it." A *gilt nutmeg* is mentioned in the same piece, and on the same occasion. STEEVENS.

6 — *of* lances] i. e. of lance-men. STEEVENS.

7 — *he would fight*, yea,] Thus all the old copies. Pope very plausibly reads—he would *fight ye*; a common vulgarism. STEEVENS.

Arm.

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Arm. What mean'ſt thou?

Coſt. 'Faith, unleſs you play the honeſt Trojan, the poor wench is caſt away: ſhe's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Doſt thou infamonize me among potentates? thou ſhalt die.

Coſt. Then ſhall Hector be whip'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Moſt rare Pompey!

Boy. Renowned Pompey!

Bir. Greater than great, great, great, great, Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Bir. Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates, more Ates[8]; ſtir them on, ſtir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Bir. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will ſup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Coſt. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man[9]; I'll ſlaſh; I'll do it by the ſword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms[1] again.

Dum. Room for the incenſed worthies.

Coſt. I'll do it in my ſhirt.

Dum. Moſt reſolute Pompey!

Moth. Maſter, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not ſee, Pompey is uncaſing for the combat? What mean you? you will loſe your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and ſoldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my ſhirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

[8] — *more* Ates;] That is, more inſtigation. Ate was the miſchievous goddeſs that incited bloodſhed. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. John*:

" An *Até*, ſtirring him to war and ſtrife." STEEVENS.

[9] — *like a northern man*;] *Vir Borealis*, a clown. See Gloſſary to Urry's Chaucer. FARMER.

[1] — *my arms*] The weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey. JOHNSON.

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Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Bir. What reaſon have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no ſhirt; I go woolward for penance.

Moth. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen [2]: ſince when, I'll be ſworn, he wore none, but a diſh-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God ſave you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'ſt our merriment.

Mer. I am ſorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even ſo; my tale is told.

Bir. Worthies, away; the ſcene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breath free breath; I have ſeen the day of wrong through the little hole of diſcretion [3], and I will right myſelf like a ſoldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*

King.

[2] — *it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen*: &c.] To go *woolward*, I believe, was a phraſe appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries. In this ſenſe it ſeems to be uſed in *Pierce Plowman's Viſions*, Paſſ. xviii. fol. 96. b. edit. 1550. It means *cloathed in wool, and not in linen*. T. WARTON.

The ſame cuſtom is alluded to in Powel's *Hiſtory of Wales*, 1584: "The Angles and Saxons ſlew 1000 prieſts and monks of Bangor, with a great number of lay-brethren, &c. who were come barefooted and *woolward* to crave mercy, &c." STEEVENS.

In Lodge's *Incarnate Devils*, 1596, we have the character of a *ſwaſhbuckler*: "His common courſe is to go always untruſt; except when his *ſhirt is a waſhing*, and then he goes *woolward*." FARMER.

To this ſpeech in the oldeſt copy *Boy.* is prefixed, by which deſignation moſt of Moth's ſpeeches are marked. The name of *Boyet* is generally printed at length. It ſeems better ſuited to Armado's page than to Boyet, to whom it has been given in the modern editions. MALONE.

[3] *I have ſeen the day of* wrong *through the little hole of diſcretion*,] I believe he means, *I have hitherto looked on the indignities I have received, with the eyes of diſcretion*, (i. e. not been too forward to reſent them,) *and will inſiſt on ſuch ſatisfaction as will not diſgrace my character, which is that of a ſoldier.* To have decided the quarrel in the manner propoſed by his antagoniſt would have been at once a derogation from the honour of a ſoldier, and the pride of a Spaniard.

"One

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King. How fares your majeſty?
Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.
King. Madam, not ſo; I do beſeech you, ſtay.
Prin. Prepare, I ſay.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-ſad ſoul, that you vouchſafe
In your rich wiſdom, to excuſe, or hide,
The liberal [4] oppoſition of our ſpirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourſelves
In the converſe of breath [5], your gentleneſs
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue [6]:
Excuſe me ſo, coming too ſhort of thanks
For my great ſuit ſo eaſily obtain'd.
King. The extreme parts of time extremely form
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed;
And often, at his very looſe [7], decides
That which long proceſs could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the ſmiling courteſy of love,
The holy ſuit which fain it would convince [8];
Yet ſince love's argument was firſt on foot,

"*One may ſee day at a little hole,*" is a proverb in Ray's Collection: as "Daylight will peep through a little hole," in Kelly's. STEEVENS.

4 — *liberal*—] *Free to exceſs.* See p. 271, n. 9; and Vol. I. p. 155. n. 4. STEEVENS.

5 *In the converſe of breath,*—] Perhaps *converſe* may, in this line, mean *interchange.* JOHNSON.

6 *An heavy heart bears not an* humble *tongue:*] By *humble*, the princeſs ſeems to mean *obſequiouſly thankful.* STEEVENS.

So, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key
"With 'bated breath, and whiſpering *humbleneſs*, &c.

A heavy heart, ſays the princeſs, does not admit of that verbal obeiſance which is paid by the humble to thoſe whom they addreſs. Farewell therefore at once. MALONE.

7 —*at his very looſe,*] *At his very looſe* may mean, *at the moment of his parting*, i. e. of his *getting looſe*, or away from us. STEEVENS.

8 — *which fain it would convince*;] We muſt read—*which fain* would it *convince*; that is, the entreaties of love which would fain *over-power* grief. So Lady Macbeth declares, "*That ſhe will* convince *the chamberlains with wine.*" JOHNSON.

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Let not the cloud of ſorrow juſtle it
From what it purpos'd; ſince, to wail friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholeſome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I underſtand you not; my griefs are double[9].

Bir. Honeſt plain words[1] beſt pierce the ear of grief;—
And by theſe badges underſtand the king.
For your fair ſakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, faſhioning our humours
Even to the oppoſed end of our intents:
And what in us hath ſeem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting ſtrains;
All wanton as a child, ſkipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,
Full of ſtrange ſhapes, of habits, and of forms[2],

Varying

9 *I underſtand you not; my griefs are* double.] I ſuppoſe, ſhe means, 1. on account of the death of her father; 2. on account of not underſtanding the king's meaning.—A modern editor, inſtead of *double*, reads *deaf*; but the former is not at all likely to have been miſtaken, either by the eye or the ear, for the latter. MALONE.

1 *Honeſt plain words* &c.] As it ſeems not very proper for Biron to court the princeſs for the king in the king's preſence at this critical moment, I believe the ſpeech is given to a wrong perſon. I read thus:

Prin. *I underſtand you not; my griefs are double:*
Honeſt plain words beſt pierce the ear of grief.
King. *And by theſe badges*, &c. JOHNSON.

Too many authors ſacrifice propriety to the conſequence of their principal character, into whoſe mouth they are willing to put more than juſtly belongs to him, or at leaſt the beſt things they have to ſay. The original actor of Biron, however, like *Bottom* in the *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, might have taken this ſpeech out of the mouth of an inferior performer. STEEVENS.

In a former part of this ſcene Biron ſpeaks for the king and the other lords, and being at length exhauſted, tells them, they muſt woo for themſelves. I believe, therefore, the old copies are right in this reſpect; but think with Dr. Johnſon that the line "Honeſt &c:" belongs to the princeſs. MALONE.

2 *Full of* ſtrange *ſhapes, of habits, and of forms,*] The old copies read —Full of *ſtraying* ſhapes. Both the ſenſe and the metre appear to me to require the emendation which I ſuggeſted ſome time ago. "*ſtrange* ſhapes" might have been eaſily confounded by the ear with the words that have been ſubſtituted in their room. In *Coriolanus* we meet with a corruption of the ſame kind, which could only have ariſen in this way:

"—— Bette,

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arying in ſubjects as the eye doth roll
o every varied object in his glance:
'hich party-coated preſence of looſe love,
ıt on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
ave miſbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
hoſe heavenly eyes, that look into theſe faults,
ggeſted us to make [3]: Therefore, ladies,
ur love being yours, the error that love makes
likewiſe yours: we to ourſelves prove falſe,
y being once falſe for ever to be true
o thoſe that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
nd even that faſhood, in itſelf a ſin,
hus purifies itſelf, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love:
our favours, the embaſſadors of love;
nd, in our maiden council, rated them
t courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſy,
s bombaſt and as lining to the time [4]:
ut more devout than this, in our reſpects [5],

" —— Better to ſtarve
" Than crave the *higher* [hire] which firſt we do deſerve."
he following paſſages of our author will, I apprehend, fully ſupport the
orrection that has been made:
" In him a plenitude of ſubtle matter,
" Applied to cautels, all *ſtrange forms* receives." *Lover's Complaint.*
gain, in the *Rape of Lucrece:*
" —— the *impreſſion* of *ſtrange* kinds
" Is *form'd* in them, by force, by fraud, or ſkill."
In *K. Henry V.* 4to. 1600, we have—*Forraging* blood of French no-
ility, inſtead of *Forrage in* blood, &c. Mr. Capell, I find, has made
he ſame emendation. MALONE.

3 *Suggeſted us*—] That is, *tempted* us. JOHNSON.

4 *As bombaſt and as lining to the time:*] This line is obſcure. *Bom-*
aſt was a kind of looſe texture not unlike what is now called *wadding*,
ſed to give the dreſſes of that time bulk and protuberance, without
much increaſe of weight; whence the ſame name is given to a tumour
f words unſupported by ſolid ſentiment. The princeſs, therefore, ſays,
hat they conſidered this courtſhip as but *bombaſt*, as ſomething to fill out
ife, which not being cloſely united with it, might be thrown away at
leaſure. JOHNSON.

Prince Henry calls Falſtaff, "my ſweet creature of *bombaſt*." STEEV.

5 *But more devout than this*, in *our reſpects*,] *In*, which is wanting in
he old copies, was added by Sir Thomas Hanmer. MALONE.

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Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own faſhion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, ſhew'd much more than jeſt.

Long. So did our looks.

Roſ. We did not quote them ſo[6].

King. Now, at the lateſt minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too ſhort
To make a world-without-end bargain in[7]:
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltineſs; and, therefore, this,—
If for my love (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do aught, this ſhall you do for me:
Your oath I will not truſt; but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world;
There ſtay, until the twelve celeſtial ſigns
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this auſtere inſociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds[8],
Nip not the gaudy bloſſoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and laſt love[9];
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by theſe deſerts[1],
And,

6 *We did not* quote *them ſo.*] In the old copies,—*cote* them. MALONE.
We ſhould read, *quote*, eſteem, reckon, though our old writers ſpelling by the ear, probably wrote *cote*, as it was pronounced. JOHNSON.
We did not *quote*'em ſo, is, *we did not regard them as ſuch.* So, in *Hamlet*:
" I'm ſorry that with better heed and judgment
" I had not *quoted* him." See Act II. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

7 *To make a* world-without-end *bargain in:*] This ſingular phraſe, which Shakſpeare borrowed probably from our Liturgy, occurs again in his 57th Sonnet:
" Nor dare I chide the *world-without-end* hour." MALONE.

8 — *and thin* weeds,] i. e. cloathing. MALONE.

9 — *and laſt* love;] I ſuſpect that the compoſitor caught this word from the preceding line, and that Shakſpeare wrote—laſt *ſtill.* If the preſent reading be right, it muſt mean,—" if it continue ſtill to deſerve the name of love." MALONE.

1 *Come challenge, challenge me*—] The old copies read (probably by the

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And, by this virgin palm, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that inſtant, ſhut
My woeful ſelf up in a mourning houſe;
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart[2].

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up theſe powers of mine with reſt,
The ſudden hand of death cloſe up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breaſt.

Bir. And what to me my love? and what to me?

Roſ. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rack'd[3];
You are attaint with faults and perjury:
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve-month ſhall you ſpend, and never reſt,
But ſeek the weary beds of people ſick[4].

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Cath. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honeſty;
With three-fold love I wiſh you all theſe three.

Dum. O, ſhall I ſay, I thank you, gentle wife?

the compoſitor's eye glancing on a wrong part of the line) Come challenge *me*, challenge me, &c. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

2 *Neither* intitled *in the other's heart.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1598, reads *intitled*, which may be right; neither of us having a *dwelling* in the heart of the other.

Our author has the ſame kind of imagery in many other places. Thus, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"Shall *love* in *building* grow ſo ruinate?

Again, in his *Lover's Complaint*:

"*Love* lack'd a *dwelling* and made him her place."

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"O thou, that doſt *inhabit in my breaſt*,
"Leave not the *manſion* ſo long tenantleſs,
"Leſt growing ruinous the *building* fall." MALONE.

3 — *your ſins are* rack'd;] i. e. *extended* "to the top of their bent." So, in *Much ado about nothing*:

"Why, then we *rack* the value."

Mr. Rowe and the ſubſequent editors read—are *rank*. MALONE.

4 — *of people ſick.*] Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton were of opinion that this and the five preceding lines though written by Shakſpeare, were rejected by him, "he having executed the ſame thought a little lower with more ſpirit and elegance." MALONE.

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Cath. Not ſo, my lord;—a twelve-month and a day
I'll mark no words that ſmooth-fac'd wooers ſay:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you ſome.
Dum. I'll ſerve thee true and faithfully till then.
Cath. Yet, ſwear not, leſt you be forſworn again.
Long. What ſays Maria?
Mar. At the twelve-month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I'll ſtay with patience; but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you; few taller are ſo young.
Bir. Studies my lady? miſtreſs, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble ſuit attends thy anſwer there;
Impoſe ſome ſervice on me for thy love.
Roſ. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Birón,
Before I ſaw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of compariſons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you pleaſe,
(Without the which I am not to be won,)
You ſhall this twelve-month term from day to day
Viſit the ſpeechleſs ſick, and ſtill converſe
With groaning wretches; and your taſk ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit [5],
To enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.
Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impoſſible:
Mirth cannot move a ſoul in agony.
Roſ. Why that's the way to choke a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jeſt's proſperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue

[5] — fierce *endeavour*] *Fierce* is *vehement, rapid.* So, in *K. John*:
"——— *fierce* extremes of ſickneſs." STEEVENS.

Of

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Of him that makes it: then, if fickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans[6],
Will hear your idle ſcorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that ſpirit,
And I ſhall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Bir. A twelve-month? well, befal what will befal,
I'll jeſt a twelve-month in an hoſpital[7].

Prin. Ay, ſweet my lord; and ſo I take my leave.
[*To the King.*

King. No, madam: we will bring you on your way.

Bir. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: theſe ladies' courteſy
Might well have made our ſport a comedy.

King. Come, ſir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Bir. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majeſty, vouchſafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiſs thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a votary; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her ſweet love three year. But, moſt eſteemed greatneſs, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praiſe of the owl and the cuckoo? it ſhould have follow'd in the end of our ſhow.

Long. Call them forth quickly, we will do ſo.

[6] — *dear groans,*] *Dear* ſhould here, as in many other places, be *dere*, ſad, odious. JOHNSON.

I believe *dear* in this place, as in many others, means only *immediate, conſequential.* So, already in this ſcene:

——full of *dear* guiltineſs. STEEVENS.

[7] The characters of *Biron* and *Roſaline*, ſuffer much by compariſon with thoſe of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*. We know that *Love's Labour's Loſt* was the elder performance; and as our author grew more experienced in dramatic writing, he might have ſeen how much he could improve on his own originals. To this circumſtance, perhaps, we are indebted for the more perfect comedy of *Much ado about nothing*. STEEV.

Arm.

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Arm. Holla! approach.—

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, *and others.*

This ſide is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the ſpring; the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

S O N G.

Spr. *When daizies pied, and violets blue*[8],
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver-white,
And cuckoo-buds[9] *of yellow hue,*
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks marry'd men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

8 *When daziespied,* &c.] The firſt lines of this ſong that were tranſpoſed, have been replaced by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

9 *Cuckoo-buds*—] Gerrard in his *Herbal*, 1597, ſays that the *flos cuculi, cardamine,* &c. are called "in Engliſh *cuckoo flowers*, in Norfolk *Canterbury-bells*, and at *Namptwich* in Cheſhire *ladie-ſmocks*." Shakſpeare, however, might not have been ſufficiently ſkilled in botany to be aware of this particular.

Mr. Tollet has obſerved that Lyte in his *Herbal*, 1578 and 1579, remarks, that *cowſlips* are in French, of ſome called *coqun*, prime vere, and brayes de *coqun*. This he thinks will ſufficiently account for our author's *cuckoo-buds*, by which he ſuppoſes *cowſlip-buds* to be meant; and further directs the reader to Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the articles—*Cocu*, and *herbe a coqu*. STEEVENS.

Cuckow-buds muſt be wrong. I believe *cowſlip-buds*, the true reading. FARMER.

Mr. Whalley, the learned editor of B. Jonſon's works, many years ago propoſed to read—*crocus* buds. The cuckoo-flower, he obſerved, could not be called *yellow*, it rather approaching to the colour of white, by which epithet, Cowley, who was himſelf no mean botaniſt, has diſtinguiſhed it:

Albaque cardamine &c. MALONE.

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II.

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a marry'd ear!

III.

Win. *When icicles hang by the wall*[1],
And Dick *the ſhepherd blows his nail,*
And Tom *bears logs into the hall,*
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
To-who;
To-whit, to-who, a merry note;
While greaſy Joan *doth keel the pot*[2].

[1] *When icicles hang* by the wall,] i. e. from the eaves of the thatch or other roofing, from which in the morning icicles are found depending in great abundance, after a night of froſt. So, in *K. Henry IV*:

"Let us not *hang* like roping *icicles*,
"Upon our *houſes' thatch.*"

Our author (whoſe images are all taken from nature) has alluded in *the Tempeſt*, to the drops of water that after rain flow from ſuch coverings, in their natural unfrozen ſtate:

"His tears run down his beard, like *winter's drops*
"*From eves of reeds.*" MALONE.

[2] — *doth* keel *the pot.*] To *keel* the pot is to *cool it*, but in a particular manner: it is to ſtir the pottage with the ladle to prevent the *boiling over.* FARMER.

Mr. Lambe obſerves in his notes on the ancient metrical Hiſtory of the *Battle of Flodden*, that it is a common thing in the North "for a maid ſervant to take out of a boiling pot a *wheen*, i. e. a ſmall quantity, viz. a porringer or two of broth, and then to fill up the pot with cold water. The broth thus taken out, is called the *keeling wheen.* In this manner greaſy Joan keeled the pot." STEEVENS.

IV. *When*

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IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw [3],
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marian's *noſe looks red and raw,*
When roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl [4],
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note;
While greaſy Joan *doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of Mercury are harſh after the ſongs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way [5]. [*Exeunt.*

3 — *the parſon's* ſaw,] *Saw* ſeems anciently to have meant, not as at preſent, a proverb, a ſentence, but the whole tenor of any inſtructive diſcourſe. So, in the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, tranſlated by Lidgate, b. i. c. 4.

" Theſe old poetes in their *ſawes* ſwete
" Full covertly in their verſes do fayne," &c." STEEVENS.

Yet in *As you like it*, p. 198. our author uſes this word in the ſenſe of a ſentence, or maxim: " Dead ſhepherd, now I find thy *ſaw* of might, &c." It is, I believe, ſo uſed here. MALONE.

4 *When* roaſted crabs, &c.] *Crabs* are crab-*apples*. MALONE.

So, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*:

" And ſometimes lurk I *in a goſſip's bowl*,
" In very likeneſs of a *roaſted crab*." STEEVENS.

5 In this play, which all the editors have concurred to cenſure, and ſome have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it muſt be confeſſed that there are many paſſages mean, childiſh, and vulgar: and ſome which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are ſcattered through the whole many ſparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakſpeare. JOHNSON.

ACT I. SCENE I. Page 315.

This child of fancy, *that Armado hight*, &c] This, as I have ſhewn in the note in its place, relates to the ſtories in the books of chivalry. A few words, therefore, concerning their origin and nature, may not be unacceptable to the reader. As I don't know of any writer, who has given any tolerable account of this matter: and eſpecially as monſieur Huet, the biſhop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatiſe of the Origin of Romances, has ſaid little or nothing of theſe in that ſuperficial work. For having brought down the account of romances to the later Greeks, and entered upon thoſe compoſed by the barbarous weſtern writers, which have now the name of Romances almoſt appropriated to them, he puts the change upon his reader, and inſtead of giving us an account

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account of theſe books of chivalry, one of the moſt curious and intereſting parts of the ſubject he promiſed to treat of, he contents himſelf with a long account of the poems of the Provincial writers, called likewiſe romances; and ſo, under the *equivoque* of a common term, drops his proper ſubject, and entertains us with another, that had no relation to it more than in the name.

The Spaniards were of all others the fondeſt of theſe fables, as ſuiting beſt their extravagant turn to gallantry and bravery; which in time grew ſo exceſſive, as to need all the efficacy of Cervantes's incomparable ſatire to bring them back to their ſenſes. The French ſuffered an eaſier cure from their doctor Rabelais, who enough diſcredited the books of chivalry, by only uſing the extravagant ſtories of its giants, &c. as a cover for another kind of ſatire againſt the *refined politicks* of his countrymen; of which they were as much poſſeſſed as the Spaniards of their *romantick bravery*: a *bravery* our Shakſpeare makes their characteriſtic in this deſcription of a Spaniſh gentleman:

A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire *of their mutiny:*
This child of fancy, *that Armado hight,*
For interim to our ſtudies, ſhall relate,
In high-born words, *the worth of many a knight,*
From tawny *Spain,* loſt in the world's debate.

The ſenſe of which is to this effect: *This gentleman,* ſays the ſpeaker, *ſhall relate to us the celebrated ſtories recorded in the old romances, and in their very ſtile.* Why he ſays *from tawny Spain,* is becauſe theſe romances, being of the Spaniſh original, the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country. He ſays, *loſt in the world's debate,* becauſe the ſubjects of thoſe romances were the cruſades of the European Chriſtians againſt the Saracens of Aſia and Africa.

Indeed, the wars of the Chriſtians againſt the Pagans were the general ſubject of the romances of chivalry. They all ſeem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkiſh hiſtorians: the one, who under the name of Turpin, archbiſhop of Rheims, wrote the Hiſtory and Atchievements of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers; to whom, inſtead of his father, they aſſigned the taſk of driving the Saracens out of France and the ſouth parts of Spain: the other, our Geoffry of Monmouth.

Two of thoſe peers, whom the old romances have rendered moſt famous, were Oliver and Rowland. Hence Shakſpeare makes Alençon, in the firſt part of Henry VI. ſay; "Froyſſard, a countryman of ours, "records, England all Olivers and Rowlands bred, during the time Ed"ward the third did reign." In the Spaniſh romance of *Bernardo del Carpio,* and in that of *Ronceſvalles,* the feats of Roland are recorded under the name of *Roldan el encantador*; and in that of *Palmerin de Oliva* *;

or

* Dr. Warburton is quite miſtaken in deriving Oliver from (Palmerin de) Oliva, which is utterly incompatable with the genius of the Spaniſh language. The old romance, of which Oliver was the hero is entitled in Spaniſh, "Hiſtorias de los nobles Cavalleros Oliveros de Caſtilla, y Artus de Algarbe, in fol. en Valladolid 1501. in fol. en Sevilla, 1507;" and in French thus. "Hiſtoire d'Olivier de Caſtille, & Artus d'Algarbe ſon royal compagnon, & de Helene, Fille au Roy d'Angleterre, &c. tranſlatée du Latin par Phil. Kamus," in fol. Gothique. It has alſo appeared in Engliſh. See Ames's Typograph. p. 94, 47. PERCY.

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"las cenizas †."
seen from one story i
cleft called Roldan,
the kingdom of Vale
single back-stroke of
verbial expression of
cooler readers of these
Rowland for his Olive
another: as, in Fren
driving the Saracens o
ject of the elder roman
the famous *Amadis de*
"gun he oydo dezir,
"primiò en Espana, y
"deste §;" and for w
coma à Dogmatazador
well exhausted, the aff
nature. For after that
selves of these inhospita
they carried their arms a
Byzantine empire, and
a new tribe of romances,
And as *Amadis de Gaula*
to the subject, *Amadis de*
It is, we find, that Trebi
cesvalles is in the other.
mous Italian epic poets,
of these classes of old rom
stories: Ariosto choosing
Tasso, the latter, *the Cru*
ing Orlando, or the Frenc
of transposing the letters,
another, make it *Orland*.

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have a caſt peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eaſtern people. We have a proof of this in the travels of ſir J. Maundevile, whoſe exceſſive ſuperſtition and credulity, together with an impudent monkiſh addition to his genuine work, have made his veracity thought much worſe of than it deſerved. This voyager, ſpeaking of the iſle of Cos in the Archipelago, tells the following ſtory of an enchanted dragon. "And alſo "a zonge man, that wiſt not of the dragoun, went out of the ſchipp, "and went throughe the iſle, till that he cam to the caſtelle, and cam "into the cave; and went ſo longe till that he fond a chambre, and "there he ſaughe a damyſelle, that kembed hire hede, and lokede "in a myroure and ſche hadde moche treſoure abouten hire: and "he trowed that ſche hadde ben a comoun woman, that dwelled there "to receive men to folye. And he abode till the damyſelle ſaughe the "ſchadowe of him in the myrour. And ſche turned hire toward him, "and aſked him what he wolde. And he ſeyde, he wolde ben hire "limman or paramour. And ſche aſked him, if that he were a knyghte. "And he ſayde, nay. And then ſche ſayde, that he might not ben hire "limman. But ſche bad him gon azen unto his feloŵes, and make him "knyghte, and come azen upon the morwe, and ſche ſcholde come out "of her cave before him; and thanne come and kyſſe hire on the "mowth and have no drede. For I ſchalle do the no maner harm, alle "be it that thou ſee me in lykeneſs of a dragoun. For thoughe thou "ſee me hideouſe and horrible to loken onne, I do the to wytene that "it is made be enchauntement. For withouten doubte, I am none "other than thou ſeeſt now, a woman; and herefore drede the noughte. "And zyf thou kyſſe me, thou ſchalt have all this treſoure, and be my "lord, and lord alſo of all that iſle. And he departed &c." p. 29, 30. ed. 1725. Here we ſee the very ſpirit of a romance adventure. This honeſt traveller believed it all, and ſo, it ſeems did the people of the iſle. "And ſome men ſeyne (ſays he) that in the iſle of Lango is zit "the doughtre of Ypocras in forme and lykeneſſe of a gret dragoun, "that is an hundred fadme in lengthe, as men ſeyn: for I have not "ſeen hire. And they of the iſles callen hire, lady of the land." We are not to think them, theſe kind of ſtories, believed by pilgrims and travellers, would have leſs credit either with the writers or readers of romances: which humour of the times therefore may well account for their birth and favourable reception in the world.

The other monkiſh hiſtorian, who ſupplied the romancers with materials, was our Geoffry of Monmouth. For it is not to be ſuppoſed, that theſe *children of fancy* (as Shakſpeare in the place quoted above, finely calls them, inſinuating that *fancy* hath its *infancy* as well as *manhood*,) ſhould ſtop in the midſt of ſo extraordinary a career, or confine themſelves within the liſts of the *terra firma*. From *him* therefore the Spaniſh romances took the ſtory of the Britiſh Arthur, and the knights of his round table, his wife Gueniver, and his conjurer Merlin. But ſtill it was the ſame ſubject, (eſſential to books of chivalry,) the wars of Chriſtians againſt Infidels. And, whether it was by blunder or deſign, they changed the Saxons into Saracens. I ſuſpect by deſign; for chivalry

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valry without a Saracen was ſo very lame and imperfect a thing, that even the wooden image, which turned round on an axis, and ſerved the knights to try their ſwords, and break their lances upon, was called by the Italians and Spaniards, *Saracino* and *Saramino*; ſo cloſely were theſe two ideas connected.

In theſe old romances there was much religious ſuperſtition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The firſt romance of Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called the Hiſtory of Saint Greaal. This ſaint Greaal was the famous relick of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a veſſel by Joſeph of Arimathea. So another is called Kyrie Eleiſon of Montauban. For in thoſe days Deuteronomy & Paralipomenon were ſuppoſed to be the names of holy men. And as they made ſaints of their knights-errant, ſo they made knights-errant of their tutelary ſaints; and each nation advanced its own into the order of chivalry. Thus every thing in thoſe times being either a ſaint or a devil, they never wanted for the *marvellous*. In the old romance of Launcelot of the Lake, we have the doctrine and diſcipline of the church as formally delivered as in Bellarmine himſelf. "La confeſſion "(ſays the preacher) ne vaut rien ſi le cœur n'eſt repentant; et ſi tu es "moult & eloigné de l'amour de noſtre Seigneur, tu ne peus eſtre re- "cordé ſi non par trois choſes: premierement par la confeſſion de "bouche; ſecondement par une contrition de cœur; tiercement par "peine de cœur, & par oeuvre d'aumône & charité. Telle eſt la droite "voye d'aimer Dieu. Or va & ſi te confeſſe en cette maniere & prend "la diſcipline des mains de tes confeſſeurs, car c'eſt le ſigne de merite. "—Or mande le roy ſes eveſques, dont grandepartie avoit eu l'eſt, & vin- "rent tous en ſa chapelle. Le roy vint devant eux tout nud en pleurant, "& tenant ſon plein point de vint menues verges, ſi les jetta devant eux, "& leur dit en ſoupirant, qu'ils priſſent de luy vengeance, car je ſuis le "plus vil pecheur, &c.—Apres prinſt diſcipline & d'eux & moult doure- "ment la receut." Hence we find the divinity lectures of Don Quixote and the penance of his 'ſquire, are both of them in the ritual of chivalry. Laſtly, we find the knight-errant, after much turmoil to himſelf, and diſturbance to the world, frequently ended his courſe, like Charles V. of Spain, in a monaſtery; or turned hermit, and became a ſaint in good earneſt. And this again will let us into the ſpirit of thoſe dialogues between Sancho and his maſter, where it is gravely debated whether he ſhould not turn ſaint or archbiſhop.

There were ſeveral cauſes of this ſtrange jumble of nonſenſe and religion. As firſt, the nature of the ſubject, which was a religious war or cruſade: ſecondly, the quality of the firſt writers, who were religious men; and thirdly, the end of writing many of them, which was to carry on a religious purpoſe. We learn, that Clement V. interdicted juſts and tournaments, becauſe he underſtood they had much hindered the cruſade decreed in the council of Vienna. "Torneamenta ipſa & "haſtiludia ſive juxtas in regnis Franciæ, Angliæ, & Almanniæ, & "aliis nonnullis provinciis, in quibus ea conſuevere frequentiùs exerceri, "ſpectatur

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cialiter interdixit." *Extraw. de Torneamentis C. unic. temp. Ed. I.*
ious men, I conceive, therefore, might think to forward the de-
f the cruſades by turning the fondneſs for tilts and tournaments
hat channel. Hence we ſee the books of knight-errantry ſo full
emn juſts and torneaments held at Trebisonde, Bizance, Tripoly,
Which wiſe project, I apprehend, it was Cervantes's intention to
le, where he makes his knight propoſe it as the beſt means of ſub-
the Turk, to aſſemble all the knights-errant together by pro-
ition*. WARBURTON.

is generally agreed, I believe, that this long note of Dr. Warbur-
is, at leaſt, very much miſplaced. There is not a ſingle paſſage
: character of *Armado*, that has the leaſt relation to *any ſtory in any*
ce of chivalry. With what propriety therefore a diſſertation *upon the*
and nature of thoſe romances is here introduced, I cannot ſee; and
ild humbly adviſe the next editor of Shakſpeare to omit it. That
ay have the leſs ſcruple upon that head, I ſhall take this oppor-
y of throwing out a few remarks, which, I think, will be ſufficient
:w, that the learned writer's hypotheſis was formed upon a very
and imperfect view of the ſubject.

ſetting out, in order to give a greater value to the information
a is to follow, he tells us, that no other writer has given any
ible account of this matter; and particularly,—that "*Monſieur*
, *the biſhop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatiſe of the Origin*
mances, has ſaid little or nothing of theſe [books of chivalry] *in that*
ſcial work."—The fact is true, that *Monſieur Huet* has ſaid very
of Romances of chivalry; but the imputation, with which Dr.
roceedes to load him, of—"*putting the change upon his reader*,"
"*dropping his proper ſubject*" for another, "*that had no relation*
ore than in the name," is unfounded.

appears plainly from *Huet*'s introductory addreſs to *De Segrais*,
his object was to give ſome account of thoſe romances which were
popular in France, ſuch as the *Aſtrée* of *D'Urfé*, the *Grand Cyrus*
Scuderi &c. He defines the Romances of which he means to
, to be "*fictions des avantures amoureuſes*;" and he excludes epic
s from the number, becauſe—"*Enfin les poëmes ont pour ſujet une*
militaire ou politique, et ne traitent d'amour que par occaſion; les
tres au contraire ont l'amour pour ſujet principal, et ne traitent la po-
e et la guerre que par incident. Je parle des Romans réguliers; car
'part des vieux Romans François, Italiens, et Eſpagnols ſont bien
amoureux que militaires." After this declaration, ſurely no one
right to complain of the author for not treating more at large of the
omances of chivalry, or to ſtigmatiſe his work as ſuperficial, upon
unt of that omiſſion. I ſhall have occaſion to remark below, that
W. who, in turning over this *ſuperficial work*, (as he is pleaſed to
t,) ſeems to have ſhut his eyes againſt every ray of good ſenſe and
obſervation, has condeſcended to borrow from it a very groſs
ke.

* See Part II. l. 3. c. 2.

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Dr. W's own poſitions, to the ſupport of which his ſubſequent facts and arguments might be expected to apply, are two; 1. *That Romances of chivalry being of Spaniſh original, the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country*; 2. *That the ſubject of theſe romances were the cruſades of the European Chriſtians againſt the Saracens of Aſia and Africa.* The firſt poſition, being complicated, ſhould be divided into the two following; 1. *That romances of chivalry were of Spaniſh original*; 2. *That the heroes and the ſcene of them were generally of that country.*

Here are therefore three poſitions, to which I ſhall ſay a few words in their order; but I think it proper to premiſe a ſort of definition of a Romance of Chivalry. If Dr. W. had done the ſame, he muſt have ſeen the hazard of ſyſtematizing in a ſubject of ſuch extent, upon a curſory peruſal of a few modern books, which indeed ought not to have been quoted in the diſcuſſion of a queſtion of antiquity.

A romance of chivalry therefore, according to my notion, is any fabulous narration, in verſe or proſe, in which the principal characters are knights, conducting themſelves, in their ſeveral ſituations and adventures, agreeably to the inſtitutions and cuſtoms of Chivalry. Whatever names the characters may bear, whether hiſtorical or fictitious; and in whatever country, or age, the ſcene of the action may be laid, if the actors are repreſented as knights, I ſhould call ſuch a fable a Romance of Chivalry.

I am not aware that this definition is more comprehenſive than it ought to be: but, let it be narrowed ever ſo much; let any other be ſubſtituted in its room; Dr. W's *firſt* poſition, *that romances of chivalry were of Spaniſh original*, cannot be maintained. *Monſieur Huet* would have taught him better. He ſays very truly, that "*les plus vieux*," of the Spaniſh romances, "*ſont poſterieurs à nos* Triſtans *et à nos* Lancelots, *de quelques centaines d'années.*" Indeed the fact is indiſputable. *Cervantes*, in a paſſage quoted by Dr. W. ſpeaks of *Amadis de Gaula* (the firſt four books) as the *firſt book of chivalry printed in Spain.* Though he ſays only *printed*, it is plain that he means *written.* And indeed there is no good reaſon to believe that *Amadis* was written long before it was printed. It is unneceſſary to enlarge upon a ſyſtem, which places the original of romances of chivalry in a nation, which has none to produce older than the art of printing.

Dr. W.'s *ſecond* poſition, *that the heroes and the ſcene of theſe romances were generally of the country of Spain*, is as unfortunate as the former. Whoever will take the ſecond volume of *Du Freſnoy's Bibliotheque des Romans*, and look over his liſts of *Romans de Chevalerie*, will ſee that not one of the celebrated heroes of the old romances was a Spaniard. With reſpect to the general ſcene of ſuch irregular and capricious fictions, the writers of which were uſed, literally, to "give to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name," I am ſenſible of the impropriety of aſſerting any thing poſitively, without an accurate examination of many more of them than have fallen in my way. I think, however, I might venture to aſſert, in direct contradiction to Dr. W. that the ſcene of them was *not generally* in Spain. My own notion is, that

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that it was very rarely there; except in thoſe few romances which treat expreſsly of the affair at Ronceſvalles.

His *laſt* poſition, *that the ſubject of theſe romances were the cruſades of the European Chriſtians, againſt the Saracens of Aſia and Africa*, might be admitted with a ſmall amendment. If it ſtood thus; *the ſubject of ſome, or a few, of theſe romances were the cruſades*, &c. the poſition would have been incontrovertible; but then it would not have been either new, or fit to ſupport a ſyſtem.

After this ſtate of Dr. W.'s hypotheſis, one muſt be curious to ſee what he himſelf has offered in proof of it. Upon the *two firſt* poſitions he ſays not one word: I ſuppoſe he intended that they ſhould be received as axioms. He begins his illuſtration of his *third* poſition, by repeating it (*with a little change of terms*, for a reaſon which will appear). "*Indeed* the wars *of the Chriſtians againſt* the Pagans *were the general ſubject of the romances of chivalry. They all ſeem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkiſh hiſtorians, the one, who, under the name of* Turpin, *archbiſhop of Rheims, wrote* the Hiſtory and Atchievements of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers;—*the other, our* Geoffry *of Monmouth.*" Here we ſee the reaſon for changing the terms of *cruſades* and *Saracens* into *wars* and *Pagans*; for, though the expedition of Charles into Spain, as related by the Pſeudo-Turpin, might be called a cruſade againſt the Saracens, yet, unluckily, our Geoffry has nothing like a cruſade, nor a ſingle Saracen in his whole hiſtory: which indeed ends before Mahomet was born. I muſt obſerve too, that the ſpeaking of Turpin's hiſtory under the title of "*the Hiſtory of the Atchievements of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers*," is inaccurate and unſcholarlike, as the fiction of a limited number of twelve peers is of a much later date than that hiſtory.

However, the ground-work of the romances of chivalry being thus marked out and determined, one might naturally expect ſome account of the firſt builders and their edifices; but inſtead of that we have a digreſſion upon *Oliver* and *Roland*, in which an attempt is made to ſay ſomething of thoſe two famous characters, not from the old romances, but from Shakſpeare, and Don Quixote, and ſome modern Spaniſh romances. My learned friend, the dean of Carliſle, has taken notice of the ſtrange miſtake of Dr. W. in ſuppoſing that the feats of *Oliver* were recorded under the name of *Palmerin de Oliva*; a miſtake, into which no one could have fallen, who had read the firſt page of the book. And I very much ſuſpect that there is a miſtake, though of leſs magnitude, in the aſſertion, that, "*in the Spaniſh romance of* Bernardo del Carpio, *and in that of* Ronceſvalles, *the feats of* Roland *are recorded under the name of* Roldan el Encantador." Dr. W.'s authority for this aſſertion was, I apprehend, the following paſſage of *Cervantes*, in the firſt chapter of Don Quixote. "*Mejor eſtava con* Bernardo del Carpio *porque en Ronceſvalles avia muerto à* Roldan el Encantado, *valiendoſe de la induſtria de Hercules, quando ahogò à Anteon el hijo de la Tierra entre los braços.*" Where it is obſervable, that *Cervantes* does not appear to ſpeak of more than one romance; he calls Roldan *el encantado*, and

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not *el encantador*; and moreover the word *encantado* is not to be understood as an addition to Roldan's name, but merely as a participle, expreſſing that he was *enchanted*, or *made invulnerable by enchantment*.

But this is a ſmall matter. And perhaps *encantador* may be an error of the preſs for *encantado*. From this digreſſion Dr. W. returns to the ſubject of the old romances in the following manner. "*This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we ſay, the ſubject of the elder romances. And the firſt that was printed in Spain was the famous Amadis de Gaula.*" According to all common rules of conſtruction, I think the latter ſentence muſt be underſtood to imply, that *Amadis de Gaula* was *one of the elder romances*, and that the ſubject of it was *the driving of the Saracens out of France or Spain*; whereas, for the reaſons already given, *Amadis*, in compariſon with many other romances, muſt be conſidered as *a very modern one*; and the ſubject of it has not the leaſt connexion with *any driving of the Saracens whatſoever*.—But what follows is ſtill more extraordinary. "*When this ſubject was well exhauſted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the ſame nature. For after that the weſtern parts had pretty well cleared themſelves of theſe inhoſpitable gueſts; by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms againſt them into Greece and Aſia, to ſupport the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy ſepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the ſecond race or claſs. And as* Amadis de Gaula *was at the head of the firſt, ſo, correſpondently to the ſubject,* Amadis de Græcia *was at the head of the latter.*"—It is impoſſible, I apprehend, to refer *this ſubject* to any antecedent but that in the paragraph laſt quoted, viz. *the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain.* So that, according to one part of the hypotheſis here laid down, the ſubject *of the driving the Saracens out of France and Spain*, was well exhauſted by the old romances (with *Amadis de Gaula* at the head of them) *before the Cruſades*; the firſt of which is generally placed in the year 1095: and, according to the latter part, the cruſades happened in the interval between *Amadis de Gaula*, and *Amadis de Græcia*; a ſpace of twenty, thirty, or at moſt fifty years, to be reckoned backwards from the year 1532, in which year an edition of *Amadis de Græcia* is mentioned by *Du Freſnoy*. What induced Dr. W. to place *Amadis de Græcia* at the head of his *ſecond race or claſs* of romances, I cannot gueſs. The fact is, that *Amadis de Græcia* is no more concerned in *ſupporting the Byzantine empire, and recovering the holy ſepulchre*, than *Amadis de Gaula* in *driving the Saracens out of France and Spain.* And a ſtill more pleaſant circumſtance is, that *Amadis de Græcia*, through more than nine tenths of his hiſtory, is himſelf a declared Pagan.

And here ends Dr. W.'s account of the old romances of chivalry, which he ſuppoſes to have had their ground-work in *Turpin's* hiſtory. Before he proceeds to the others, which had their ground-work in *Geoffry*, he interpoſes a curious ſolution of a puzzling queſtion concerning the origin of lying in romances.—"*Nor were the monſtrous embelliſhments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eaſtern tales, brought thence by travellers from their cruſades and pilgrimages*;

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pilgrimages, which indeed have a caſt peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eaſtern people. We have a proof of this in the Travels of Sir J. Maundevile."—He then gives us a ſtory of an enchanted dragon in the iſle of Cos, from Sir *J. Maundevile*, who wrote his Travels in 1356; by way of *proof*, that the tales of enchantments &c. which had been current here in romances of chivalry for above two hundred years before, were brought by travellers from the Eaſt! The proof is certainly not concluſive. On the other hand, I believe it would be eaſy to ſhew, that, at the time when romances of chivalry began, our Europe had a very ſufficient ſtock of lies of her own growth, to furniſh materials for every variety of *monſtrous embelliſhment*. At moſt times, I conceive, and in moſt countries, imported lies are rather for luxury than neceſſity.

Dr. W. comes now to that other ground-work of the old romances, our *Geoffry of Monmouth*. And him he diſpatches very ſhortly, becauſe, as has been obſerved before, it is impoſſible to find any thing in him to the purpoſe of *cruſades*, or *Saracens*. Indeed, in treating of Spaniſh romances, it muſt be quite unneceſſary to ſay much of *Geoffry*, as, whatever they have of "*the Britiſh Arthur and his conjurer Merlin*," is of ſo late a fabrick, that, in all probability, they took it from the more modern Italian romances, and not from *Geoffry's* own book. As to the doubt, "*whether it was by blunder or deſign that they changed the Saxons into Saracens*," I ſhould wiſh to poſtpone the conſideration of it, till we have ſome Spaniſh romance before us, in which king *Arthur* is introduced carrying on a war againſt *Saracens*.

And thus, I think, I have gone through the ſeveral facts and arguments, which Dr. W has advanced in ſupport of his *third* poſition. In ſupport of his *two firſt* poſitions, as I have obſerved already, he has ſaid nothing; and indeed nothing can be ſaid. The remainder of his note contains another hypotheſis concerning *the ſtrange jumble of nonſenſe and religion in the old romances*, which I ſhall not examine. The reader, I preſume, by this time is well aware, that Dr. W.'s information upon this ſubject is to be received with caution. I ſhall only take a little notice of one or two facts, with which he ſets out—"*In theſe old romances there was much religious ſuperſtition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles.* The firſt romance of *Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his knights is called the* Hiſtory of Saint Graal.—*So another is called* Kyrie eleiſon of Montaubon. *For in thoſe days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were ſuppoſed to be the names of holy men.*—I believe no one, who has ever looked into the common romance of king *Arthur*, will be of opinion, that the part relating to the *Saint Graal* was the *firſt* romance of *Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights*. And as to the other ſuppoſed to be called *Kyrie eleiſon of Montaubon*, there is no reaſon to believe that any romance with that title ever exiſted. This is the miſtake, which, as was hinted above, Dr. W. appears to have borrowed from *Huet*. The reader will judge. *Huet* is giving an account of the romances in Don Quixote's library, which the curate and barber ſaved

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from the flames.—"*Ceux qu' ils jugent dignes d'etre gardez ſont* les quatre livres d' Amadis de Gaule,—Palmerin d'Angleterre,—Don Belianis; le miroir de chevalerie; Tirante le Blanc, et Kyrie éleiſon de Montauban *(car au bon vieux temps on croyoit que Kyrie éleiſon et Paralipomenon etoient les noms de quelques ſaints)* où les ſubtilitez *de la Damoiſelle Plaiſir-de-ma-vie*, et les tromperies *de la Veuve repoſée*, ſont fort louées."—It is plain, I think, that Dr. W. copied what he ſays of *Kyrie eleiſon of Montauban*, as well as the witticiſm in his laſt ſentence, from this paſſage of Huet, though he has improved upon his original by introducing a *ſaint Deuteronomy*, upon what authority I know not. It is ſtill more evident (from the paſſage of *Cervantes*, which is quoted below *) that *Huet* was miſtaken in ſuppoſing *Kyrie eleiſon de Montauban* to be the name of a ſeparate romance. He might as well have made *La Damoiſelle Plaiſir-de-ma-vie* and *La Veuve repoſée* the names of ſeparate romances. All three are merely characters in the romance of *Tirante le Blanc*.—And ſo much for Dr. W.'s account of the origin and nature of romances of chivalry. TYRWHITT.

No future editor of Shakſpeare will, I believe, readily conſent to omit the diſſertation here examined, though it certainly has no more relation to the play before us, than to any other of our author's dramas. Mr. Tyrwhitt's judicious obſervations upon it have given it a value which it certainly had not before; and I think I may venture to foretell, that Dr. Warburton's futile performance, like the piſmire which Martial tells us was accidentally incruſted with amber, will be ever preſerved, for the ſake of the admirable comment in which it is now *enſhrined*.

——quæ fuerat vitâ contempta manente,
Funeribus facta eſt nunc pretioſa ſuis. MALONE.

* Don Quix. lib. i. c. 6. "Valame Dios, dixo el Cura, dando una gran voz, que aqui eſtà *Tirante el Blanco!* Dadmele acà, compadre, que hago cuenta que he hallado en èl un teſoro de contento, y una mina de paſatiempos. *Aqui eſtà Don Quirieleyſon de Montalvan*, valeroſo Cavallero, y ſu hermano Tomas de Montalvan, y el Cavallero Fonſeca, con la batalla que le valiente Detriante [r. de Tirante] hizo con el alano, *y las agudezas de la Donzella Plazer de mi vida*, con *los amores y embuſtes de la viuda Repoſada*, y la Señora Emperatriz, enamorada de Hipolito ſu eſcudero."

Aqui eſtà Don Quirieleyſon &c. HERE, i. e. *in this romance of Tirante el Blanc, is Don Quirieleyſon* &c.

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A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

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Perſons Repreſented.

Theſeus, *Duke of* Athens.
Egeus, *Father to* Hermia.
Lyſander, } *in love with* Hermia.
Demetrius, }
Philoſtrate, *Maſter of the Revels to* Theſeus.
Quince, *the Carpenter.*
Snug, *the Joiner.*
Bottom, *the Weaver.*
Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*
Snowt, *the Tinker.*
Starveling, *the Tailor.*

Hippolita, *Queen of the* Amazons, *betrothed to* Theſeus.
Hermia, *Daughter to* Egeus, *in love with* Lyſander.
Helena, *in love with* Demetrius.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*
Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*
Puck, *or* Robin-goodfellow, *a Fairy.*
Peaſebloſſom, }
Cobweb, }
Moth, } *Fairies.*
Muſtard-ſeed, }
Pyramus, }
Thiſbe, }
Wall, } *Characters in the* Interlude *performed by the* Clowns.
Moonſhine, }
Lion, }

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.
Attendants on Theſeus *and* Hippolita.

SCENE, Athens, *and a Wood not far from it.*

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MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. *A Room in the Palace of* Theſeus.

ter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, PHILOSTRATE, *and Attendants.*

The. Now, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour
·aws on apace; four happy days bring in
nother moon: but, oh, methinks, how ſlow
his old moon wanes; ſhe lingers my deſires,

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 8, 1600, by Thomas Fiſher. It is probable that the hint for it was received from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*. Thence it is, that our author ſpeaks of Theſeus, *Duke* of Athens. The tale begins thus; late edit. v. 861:

"Whilom as olde ſtories tellen us,
"There was a *Duk* that highte Theſeus,
"Of Athenes he was lord and governour, &c."

gate too, the monk of Bury, in his tranſlation of the *Tragedies of n Bochas*, calls him by the ſame title, chap. xii. l. 21.

"*Duke* Theſeus had the victorye."

on, in the tragedy of *Jocaſta*, tranſlated from *Euripides* in 1566, alled *Duke Creon*. So likewiſe Skelton:

"Not lyke *Duke* Hamilcar,
"Nor like *Duke* Arſidruball."

have been informed that the original of Shakſpeare's *Oberon* and *nia* are to be ſought in the ancient French Romance of *Huon de rdeaux*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton remarks, (*Obſervat.* on Spenſer's F. Q. v. ii. 138,) that his romance is mentioned among other old hiſtories of the ſame kind Laneham's Letter, concerning Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at nelworth Caſtle. It is entitled *The famous exploits of Sir Hugh of rdeaux*, and was tranſlated from the French by John Bourchier, d Berners, in the reign of Henry VIII."

The *Midſummer-Night's Dream* I ſuppoſe to have been written in 2. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

Like

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Like to a ſtep-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue[2].

Hip. Four days will quickly ſteep themſelves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a ſilver bow
New bent[3] in heaven, ſhall behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.

The. Go, Philoſtrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.— [*Exit* Phi.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling[4].

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theſeus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint

[2] *Like to a ſtepdame, or a dowager,*
Long withering out a young man's revenue.]
——Ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit cuſtodia matrum,
Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora. HOR. MALONE.

[3] New *bent*—] The old copies read—*Now* bent. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[4] *With pomp, with* triumph, *and with revelling.*] By triumph, as Mr. Warton has obſerved in his late edition of Milton's POEMS, p. 56, we are to underſtand *ſhows*, ſuch as maſks, revels, &c. So, again in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"And now what reſts, but that we ſpend the time
"With ſtately *triumphs*, mirthful comick ſhows,
"Such as befit the pleaſures of the court."

Again in the preface to Burton's *Anatomie of Melancholy*, 1624: "Now come tidings of weddings, maſkings, mummeries, entertainments, trophies, *triumphes*, revels, ſports, playes." Jonſon, as the ſame gentleman obſerves, in the title of his maſque called *Love's* triumph through *Callipolis*, by *triumph* ſeems to have meant a grand proceſſion; and in one of the ſtage-directions, it is ſaid, "the triumph is ſeen far off." MALONE.

Againſt

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Againſt my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius;—My noble lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her:—
Stand forth, Lyſander;—and, my gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd [5] the boſom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lyſander, thou haſt given her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou haſt by moon-light at her window ſung,
With feigning voice, verſes of feigning love;
And ſtol'n the impreſſion of her fantaſy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds [6], conceits,
Knacks, trifles, noſegays, ſweet-meats; meſſengers
Of ſtrong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To ſtubborn harſhneſs:—And, my gracious duke,
Be it ſo ſhe will not here before your grace
Conſent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law [7],
Immediately provided in that caſe.

The. What ſay you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father ſhould be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,

[5] *This hath bewitch'd*—] The old copies read—This *man* hath bewitch'd—. The emendation was made for the ſake of the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. It is very probable that the compoſitor caught the word *man* from the line above. MALONE.

[6] —*gawds*,—] i. e. baubles, toys, trifles. Our author has the word frequently. The rev. Mr. Lambe in his notes on the ancient metrical hiſtory of the *Battle of Floddon*, obſerves that a *gawd* is *a child's toy*, and that the children in the North call their play-things *gowdys*, and their baby-houſe a *gowdy-houſe*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Or to her death*; *according to our law*,] By a law of Solon's, parents had an abſolute power of life and death over their children. So it ſuited the poet's purpoſe well enough, to ſuppoſe the Athenians had it before.—Or perhaps he neither thought nor knew any thing of the matter. WARBURTON.

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By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is Lyſander.
The. In himſelf he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other muſt be held the worthier.
Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes muſt with his judgment look.
Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modeſty,
In ſuch a preſence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beſeech your grace, that I may know
The worſt that may befal me in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed Demetrius.
The. Either to die the death [8], or to abjure
For ever the ſociety of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, queſtion your deſires,
Know of your youth [9], examine well your blood,
Whether if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye [1] to be in ſhady cloiſter mew'd,
To live a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitleſs moon.
Thrice bleſſed they, that maſter ſo their blood,
To undergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the roſe diſtill'd [2],
Than that, which, withering on the virgin-thorn,

[8] — *to die the death,*] See p. 58, n. 6. MALONE.

[9] *Know of your youth,*—] Bring your youth to the queſtion. Conſider your youth. JOHNSON.

[1] For *aye*—] i. e. for ever. STEEVENS.

[2] *But earthlier happy is the roſe diſtill'd,*] Thus all the copies; yet *earthlier* is ſo harſh a word, and *earthlier happy* for *happier earthly*, a mode of ſpeech ſo unuſual, that I wonder none of the editors have propoſed *earlier happy*. JOHNSON.

It has ſince been obſerved, that Mr. Pope did propoſe *earlier*. We might read, *earthly happier*. STEEVENS.

This a thought in which Shakſpeare ſeems to have much delighted. We meet with it again in his 5th, 6th, and 54th Sonnet. MALONE.

Grows

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/s, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſs.
r. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my lord,
[will yield my virgin patent up
his lordſhip, to whoſe unwiſh'd yoke[3]
oul conſents not to give ſovereignty.
e. Take time to paule: and, by the next new moon,
ſealing-day betwixt my love and me,
verlaſting bond of fellowſhip,)
t that day either prepare to die,
liſobedience to your father's will;
ſe to wed Demetrius, as he would:
t Diana's altar to proteſt,
ye, auſterity and ſingle life.
m. Relent, ſweet Hermia;—And, Lyſander, yield
crazed title to my certain right.
l. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
ne have Hermia's: do you marry him[4].
e. Scornful Lyſander! true, he hath my love;
what is mine, my love ſhall render him;
ſhe is mine; and all my right of her
ſtate unto Demetrius.
l. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
ell poſſeſs'd; my love is more than his;
ortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
t with vantage, as Demetrius';
, which is more than all theſe boaſts can be,
belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
etrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
e love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
won her ſoul; and ſhe, ſweet lady, dotes,
utly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
t this ſpotted[5] and inconſtant man.
e. I muſt confeſs, that I have heard ſo much,

- to *whoſe unwiſh'd yoke*] *To*, which is wanting in the quartos ſt folio, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.
et me have Hermia's *do you marry him.*] I ſuſpect that Shakſ- vrote:
"Let me have Hermia; do you marry him." TYRWHITT.
- *ſpotted*—] As *ſpotleſs* is innocent, ſo *ſpotted* is wicked. JOHNS.

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And with Demetrius thought to have ſpoke thereof;
But, being over-full of ſelf-affairs,
My mind did loſe it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you ſhall go with me,
I have ſome private ſchooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourſelf
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or elſe the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.—
Come, my Hippolita; What cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I muſt employ you in ſome buſineſs
Againſt our nuptial; and confer with you
Of ſomething nearly that concerns yourſelves.

Ege. With duty, and deſire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt* THES. HIP. EGE. DEM. *and Train.*

Lyſ. How now, my love? Why is your cheek ſo pale?
How chance the roſes there do fade ſo faſt?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem them[6] from the tempeſt of mine eyes.

Lyſ. Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or hiſtory,
The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth[7]:
But, either it was different in blood;

Her. O croſs! too high to be enthrall'd to low[8]!

Lyſ. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of years;

Her. O ſpight! too old to be engag'd to young!

[6] Beteem *them*—] Give them, beſtow upon them. The word is uſed by Spenſer. JOHNSON.

I rather think that to *beteem* in this place ſignifies (as in the northern counties) to *pour out*; from *tommer*, Daniſh. STEEVENS.

[7] *The courſe of true love* &c.] This paſſage ſeems to have been imitated by Milton. *Paradiſe loſt*, B. 10.—898, et ſeqq. MALONE.

[8] —*too high to be enthrall'd to* low!] The old copies read—to *love*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. It is fully ſupported, not only by the tenour of the preceding lines, but by a paſſage in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, in which the former predicts that the courſe of love never ſhall run ſmooth."

"Sorrow on love hereafter ſhall attend,
"Ne'er ſettled equally, *too high*, or *low*, &c." MALONE.

Lyſ.

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Lyſ. Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of friends:
Her. O hell! to chooſe love by another's eye!
Lyſ. Or, if there were a ſympathy in choice,
War, death, or ſickneſs did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentany [9] as a ſound,
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night [1],
That, in a ſpleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to ſay,—Behold!
The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confuſion.
Her. If then true lovers have been ever croſs'd,
It ſtands as an edict in deſtiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſs;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and ſighs,
Wiſhes, and tears, poor fancy's followers [2].
Lyſ. A good perſuaſion; therefore, hear me, Hermia,
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and ſhe hath no child:
From Athens is her houſe remote ſeven leagues;

9 *Making it* momentany—] Thus the quartos. The folio reads —*momentary*. MALONE.

Momentany is the old and proper word. JOHNSON.

1 *Brief as the lightning in the* colly'd *night,*

That, in a ſpleen, *unfolds both heaven and earth,*] Though the word *ſpleen* be here employed oddly enough, yet I believe it right. Shakſpeare, always hurried on by the grandeur and multitude of his ideas, aſſumes every now and then, an uncommon licence in the uſe of his words. Particularly in complex moral modes it is uſual with him to employ one, only to expreſs a very few *ideas* of that number of which it is compoſed. Thus wanting here to expreſs the ideas—of a ſudden, or —*in a trice*, he uſes the word *ſpleen*; which, partially conſidered, ſignifying a haſty ſudden fit, is enough for him, and he never troubles himſelf about the further or fuller ſignification of the word. Here, he uſes the word *ſpleen* for a *ſudden haſty fit*; ſo juſt the contrary, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he uſes *ſudden* for *ſplenetick*:—"ſudden quips." And it muſt be owned this ſort of converſation adds a force to the diction. WARBURTON.

— *the* colly'd *night,*] *colly'd*, i. e. black, ſmutted with coal, a word ſtill uſed in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

2 — *poor* fancy's *followers.*] *Fancy* here and in many other places in theſe plays, ſignifies *love*. MALONE.

And

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And ſhe reſpects me as her only ſon.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the ſharp Athenian law
Cannot purſue us: If thou lov'ſt me then,
Steal forth thy father's houſe to-morrow-night:
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do obſervance to a morn of May,
There will I ſtay for thee.

Her. My good Lyſander!
I ſwear to thee, by Cupid's ſtrongeſt bow;
By his beſt arrow with the golden head;
By the ſimplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen[3],
When the falſe Trojan under ſail was ſeen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women ſpoke;—
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lyſ. Keep promiſe, love: Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God ſpeed, fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unſay.
Demetrius loves your fair[4]: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-ſtars[5] and your tongue's ſweet air
More tuneable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.
Sickneſs

[3] — *by that fire that burn'd the Carthage queen,*] Shakſpeare had forgot that Theſeus performed his exploits before the Trojan war, and conſequently long before the death of Dido. STEEVENS.

[4] — *your* fair:] *Fair* is uſed again as a ſubſtantive in the *Comedy of Errors*:

" ——My decayed *fair*,
" A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair."

See p. 148, n. 6. STEEVENS.

[5] *Your eyes are lode-ſtars*; This was a complement not unfrequent among the old poets. The lode-ſtar is the *leading* or guiding ſtar, that is, the pole-ſtar. The magnet is, for the ſame reaſon, called the *lode-ſtone*, either becauſe it leads iron, or becauſe it guides the ſailor. Milton has the ſame thought in *L'Allegro*:

Your's

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Sickneſs is catching; O, were favour ſo[6]!
Your words I'd catch[7], fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear ſhould catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongue's ſweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The reſt I'll give to be to you tranſlated[8].
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You ſway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me ſtill.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my ſmiles ſuch ſkill!

Her. I give him curſes, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could ſuch affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty; Would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more ſhall ſee my face;
Lyſander and myſelf will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lyſander ſee[9],
Seem'd Athens as a paradiſe to me:
O then,

" *Tow'rs and battlements he ſees*
" *Boſom'd high in tufted trees,*
" *Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,*
" *The* cynoſure *of neighb'ring eyes.*"

Davies calls Elizabeth, " *lode-ſtone* to hearts and *lode-ſtone* to all eyes." JOHNSON.

[6] — *O, were* favour *ſo!*] *Favour* is *feature, countenance.* So, in *Twelfth-Night*, Act II. ſc. iv:

" ——thine eye
" Hath ſtay'd upon ſome *favour* that it loves." STEEVENS.

[7] *Your words* I'd *catch*—] The old copies read—I *catch*. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—Yours *would* I catch; in which he has been followed by the ſubſequent editors. As the old reading *(words)* is intelligible, I have adhered to the ancient copies. MALONE.

[8] — *to be to you* tranſlated.] To *tranſlate*, in our author, ſometimes ſignifies to *change*, to *tranſform*. So, in *Timon*:

" —— to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
" *Tranſlates* his rivals." STEEVENS.

[9] Perhaps every reader may not diſcover the propriety of theſe lines. Hermia is willing to comfort Helena, and to avoid all appearance of triumph

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O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lyſ. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night when Phœbe doth behold
Her ſilver viſage in the watry glaſs,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed graſs,
(A time that lovers' flights doth ſtill conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to ſteal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primroſe-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our boſoms of their counſel ſweet[1];
There my Lyſander and myſelf ſhall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To ſeek new friends and ſtranger companies.
Farewel, ſweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lyſander: we muſt ſtarve our ſight

triumph over her. She therefore bids her not to conſider the pow pleaſing, as an advantage to be much envied or much deſired, Hermia, whom ſhe conſiders as poſſeſſing it in the ſupreme degree found no other effect of it than the loſs of happineſs. JOHNSON.

[1] *Emptying our boſoms of their counſel* ſweet;] That is, emptyin boſoms of thoſe ſecrets upon which we were wont to conſult each with ſo ſweet a ſatisfaction. HEATH.

The old copies read—*ſwell'd*; and in the line next but one *companions*. Both emendations were made by Mr. Theobald, ſupports them by obſerving that "this whole ſcene is in rhime. was eaſily corrupted into *ſwell'd*, becauſe that made an antithe *emptying*; and "ſtrange *companions*" our editors thought was Engliſh, but "*ſtranger companies*" a little quaint and unintelligi Our author very often uſes the ſubſtantive, *ſtranger*, adjectively, and *panies*, to ſignify *companions*. So, in *K. Richard II.* Act I:

"To tread the *ſtranger* paths of baniſhment."

and in *K. Henry V*:

"His *companies* unletter'd, rude, and ſhallow."

The latter of Mr. Theobald's emendations is likewiſe ſupport Stowe's *Annales*, p. 991, edit. 1615: The prince himſelf was fai get upon the high altar, to girt his aforeſaid *companies* with the ord knighthood." Mr. Heath obſerves, that our author ſeems to have the following paſſage in the 55th Pſalm, (v. 14, 15.) in his thoug "But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own miliar friend. We took *ſweet counſel* together, and walked in houſe of God as friends." MALONE.

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lovers' food, 'till morrow deep-midnight[2].

[*Exit* HERMIA.

: I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
ı on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit* LYS.
. How happy ſome, o'er other ſome, can be!
:gh Athens I am thought as fair as ſhe.
hat of that? Demetrius thinks not ſo;
ll not know what all but he do know.
s he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
admiring of his qualities.
;s baſe and vile, holding no quantity[3],
:an tranſpoſe to form and dignity.
ooks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
herefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
ath love's mind of any judgment taſte;
;, and no eyes, figure unheedy haſte:
herefore is love ſaid to be a child,
ſe in choice he is ſo oft beguil'd.
ggiſh boys in game[4] themſelves forſwear,
boy love is perjur'd every where:
e Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne[5],
il'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
'hen this hail ſome heat from Hermia felt,
diſſolv'd, and ſhowers of oaths did melt.
go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
:o the wood will he, to-morrow-night,
her; and for this intelligence
ve thanks, it is a dear expence:
rein mean I to enrich my pain,
're his ſight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

— *when Phœbe doth behold* &c.

— *deep midnight.*] Shakſpeare has a little forgotten himſelf. rs from page 441, that to-morrow night would be within three f the new moon, when there is no moonſhine at all, much leſs midnight. The ſame overſight occurs in Act. III. ſc. i. BLACKSTONE.

no quantity,] *Quality* ſeems a word more ſuitable to the ſenſe *intity*, but either may ſerve. JOHNSON.

in game] *Game* here ſignifies not contentious play, but *ſport*, Spenſer: "*'twixt earneſt and 'twixt* game." JOHNSON.

Hermia's eyne,] This plural is common both in Chaucer and STEEVENS.

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SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room in a Cottage.

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, *and* STARVELING[6].

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according to the ſcrip[7].

Quin. Here is the ſcroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and dutcheſs, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. Firſt, good Peter Quince, ſay what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and ſo grow to a point[8].

Quin. Marry, our play is—The moſt lamentable comedy, and moſt cruel death of Pyramus and Thiſby[9].

Bot. A very good piece of work, I aſſure you, and

[6] In this ſcene Shakſpeare takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre, to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the players. Bottom, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his inclination to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult and noiſe, ſuch as every young man pants to perform when he firſt ſteps upon the ſtage. The ſame Bottom, who ſeems bred in a tiring-room, has another hiſtrionical paſſion. He is for engroſſing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all poſſibility of diſtinction. He is therefore deſirous to play Pyramus, Thiſbe, and the Lyon, at the ſame time. JOHNSON.

[7] — *the* ſcrip.] A *ſcrip*, Fr. *eſcript*, now written *ecrit*. STEEVENS.

[8] — *grow to a point.*] So, in *the Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

" Our reaſons will be infinite, I trow,
" Unleſs *unto ſome other point we grow.*" STEEVENS.

[9] *The moſt lamentable comedy*, &c. This is very probably a burleſque on the *title-page* of *Cambyſes*: " A lamentable tragedie, mixed full of pleaſant mirth, containing, *The Life of Cambiſes, King of Perſia*, &c." By Tho Preſton, bl. l. no date. On the regiſters of the Stationers' Company however appears " the boke of *Perymus* and *Thyſbye*, 1562." Perhaps Shakſpeare copied ſome part of his interlude from it. STEEVENS.

A poem entitled *Pyramus and Thiſbe* by D. Gale, was publiſhed in 4to. in 1597; but this, I believe, was poſterior to the *Midſummer-Night's Dream*. MALONE.

a mer-

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a merry [1].—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the ſcroll: Maſters, ſpread yourſelves.

Quin. Anſwer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are ſet down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himſelf moſt gallantly for love.

Bot. That will aſk ſome tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move ſtorms, I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in [2], to make all ſplit [3].

"The raging rocks,
"And ſhivering ſhocks,
"Shall break the locks
"Of priſon-gates;
"And Phibbus' car
"Shall ſhine from far,
"And make and mar
"The fooliſh fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the reſt of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

[1] *A very good piece of work,—and a merry.*] This is deſigned as a ridicule on the titles of our ancient moralities and interludes. Thus Skelton's *Magnificence* is called "a goodly interlude and a mery." STEEV.

[2] *I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to* tear a cat *in:*] In the old comedy of the *Roaring girl*, 1611, there is a character called *Tear-cat*, who ſays, "I am called, by thoſe who have ſeen my valour, *Tear-cat*." In an anonymous piece called *Hiſtriomaſtix*, or *The Player whipt*, 1610, in ſix acts, a parcel of ſoldiers drag a company of players on the ſtage, and the captain ſays, "Sirrah, this is you that would rend and *tear a cat* upon a ſtage, &c." Again, in *The Iſle of Gulls*, a comedy by J. Day, 1606: "I had rather hear two ſuch jeſts, than a whole play of ſuch *Tear-cat* thunder-claps." STEEVENS.

[3] —*to make all ſplit.*] This is to be connected with the previous part of the ſpeech; not with the ſubſequent rhymes. It was the deſcription of a bully. In the ſecond act of the *Scornful Lady*, we meet with "two *roaring boys* of Rome, that *made all ſplit*." FARMER.

The ſame expreſſion is uſed by Chapman in his *Widow's Tears*, 1612. MALONE.

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Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender*.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You muſt take Thiſby on you.

Flu. What is Thiſby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus muſt love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I hav beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you ſhall play it in a maſk, a you may ſpeak as ſmall as you will[4].

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thiſby t I'll ſpeak in a monſtrous little voice;—*Thiſne, Thiſne,*— *Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thiſby dear! and lady dea*

Quin. No, no; you muſt play Pyramus, and, Flu you Thiſby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you muſt play Thiſby's m ther[5].—Tom Snowt, the tinker.

Sno

* — *the* bellows-mender.] In Ben Jonſon's maſque of *Pan's A niverſary*, &c. a man of the ſame profeſſion is introduced. I have b told that a *bellows-mender* was one who had the care of *organs, gals*, &c. STEEVENS.

4 — *as ſmall as you will.*] This paſſage ſhews how the want women on the old ſtage was ſupplied. If they had not a young m who could perform the part with a face that might paſs for femini the character was acted in a maſk, which was at that time a part o lady's dreſs ſo much in uſe that it did not give any unuſual appe ance to the ſcene; and he that could modulate his voice in a fem tone might play the woman very ſucceſsfully. It is obſerved in Down *Memoirs of the Playhouſe*, that one of theſe counterfeit heroines mov the paſſions more ſtrongly than the women that have ſince been brou upon the ſtage. Some of the cataſtrophes of the old comedies, whi make lovers marry the wrong women, are, by recollection of the co mon uſe of maſks, brought nearer to probability. JOHNSON.

Prynne, in his *Hiſtriomaſtix*, exclaims with great vehemence throu ſeveral pages, becauſe a woman acted a part in a play at Blackfryars the year 1628. STEEVENS.

5 — *you muſt play Thiſby's mother.*] There ſeems a double forgetfu neſs of our poet, in relation to the characters of this interlude. Th father and mother of Thiſbe, and the father of Pyramus, are here men tioned, who do not appear at all in the interlude; but Wall and Moon thi

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Snow. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myſelf, Thiſby's father; —Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudy [6].

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke ſay, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

Quin. An you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the dutcheſs and the ladies, that they would ſhriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's ſon.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you ſhould fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more diſcretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice ſo, that I will roar you as gently as any ſucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a ſweet-faced man; a proper man, as one ſhall ſee in a ſummer's-day; a moſt lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you muſt needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it in either your ſtraw-colour'd beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow [7].

Quin.

ſhine are both employed in it, of whom there is not the leaſt notice taken here. THEOBALD.

Theobald is wrong as to this laſt particular. The introduction of *Wall and Moonſhine* was an after-thought. See Act III. ſc. i. It may be obſerved, however, that no part of what is rehearſed is afterwards repeated, when the piece is acted before Theſeus. STEEVENS.

[6] — *ſlow of* ſtudy.] *Study* is ſtill the cant term uſed in a theatre for getting any nonſenſe by rote. Hamlet aſks the player if he can "*ſtudy*" a ſpeech. STEEVENS.

[7] — *your perfect yellow.*] Here Bottom again diſcovers a true genius

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Quin. Some of your French crowns [8] have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced.—But, maſters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light; there will we rehearſe: for if we meet in the city, we ſhall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties [9], ſuch as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely, and courageouſly. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-ſtrings [1]. [*Exeunt.*

nius for the ſtage by his ſolicitude for propriety of dreſs, and his deliberation which beard to chuſe among many beards, all unnatural. JOHNSON.

It was the cuſtom formerly to wear coloured beards. So in the old comedy of *Ram-Alley*, 1611:

"What *colour'd beard* comes next by the window?
"A black man's, I think;
"I think, a *red*: for that is moſt in faſhion." STEEVENS.

[8] — *French crowns* &c.] That is, a head from which the hair has fallen in one of the laſt ſtages of the *lues venerea*, called the *corona veneris*. To this our poet has frequent alluſions. STEEVENS.

[9] — *properties*,] *Properties* are whatever little articles are wanted in a play for the actors, according to their reſpective parts, dreſſes and ſcenes excepted. The perſon who delivers them out is to this day called the *property man*. STEEVENS.

[1] — *Hold, or cut bow-ſtrings.*] To meet, *whether bow-ſtrings hold or are cut*, is to meet in all events. To cut the bowſtring, when bows were in uſe, was probably a common practice of thoſe who bore enmity to the archer. "He hath twice or thrice *cut* Cupid's *bowſtring*, (ſays Don Pedro in *Much ado about nothing*,) and the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him." MALONE.

Hold, or cut cod-piece point, is a proverb to be found in Ray's Collection, p. 57. edit 1737. COLLINS.

ACT

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ACT II. SCENE I.

A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy *at one door, and* PUCK *at another.*

Puck. How now ſpirit! whither wander you?
Fai. Over hill, over dale[2],
Thorough buſh, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moones ſphere[3];
And I ſerve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs[4] upon the green:
The cowſlips tall her penſioners be[5];

In

2 *Over hill, over dale,* &c] So Drayton in his *Court of Fairy*:
" *Thorough brake, thorough brier,*
" *Thorough muck, thorough mire,*
" *Thorough water, thorough fire.*" JOHNSON.

3 — *the* moones *ſphere*;] Unleſs we ſuppoſe this to be the Saxon genitive caſe, (as it is here printed,) the metre will be defective. So, in a letter from Gabriel Harvey to Spenſer, 1580: " Have we not *God hys wrath*, for God*des* wrath, and a thouſand of the ſame ſtampe, wherein the corrupte orthography in the moſte, hath been the ſole or principal cauſe of corrupt proſodye in over-many?" STEEVENS.

4 *To dew her orbs upon the green*:] The orbs here mentioned are the circles ſuppoſed to be made by the fairies on the ground, whoſe verdure proceeds from the fairy's care to water them. Thus Drayton:
" *They in their courſes make that* round,
" *In meadows and in marſhes found,*
" *Of them ſo called the fairy ground.*" JOHNSON.

Thus in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*: " — ſimiles illis ſpectris, quæ in multis locis, præſertim nocturno tempore, ſuum *ſaltatorium orbem* cum omnium muſarum concentu verſare ſolent." It appears from the ſame author, that theſe dancers always parched up the graſs, and therefore it is properly made the office of *Puck* to refreſh it. STEEVENS.

5 *The cowſlips* tall *her* penſioners *be*;] i. e. her guards. The *golden*-coated cowſlips were choſen by the author as *penſioners* to the Fairy Queen, the dreſs of the Band of Gentlemen Penſioners being in the time of Queen Elizabeth very ſplendid, and (as we learn from Oſborne) the *talleſt* and handſomeſt men being generally choſen by her for that office.

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In their gold coats ſpots you ſee[6];
Thoſe be rubies, fairy favours,
In thoſe freckles live their ſavours:
I muſt go ſeek ſome dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear[7].
Farewel, thou lob of ſpirits[8], I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to night;
Take heed, the queen come not within his ſight.
For Oberon is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, ſtol'n from an Indian king;
She never had ſo ſweet a changeling[9]:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the foreſts wild:
But ſhe, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or ſpangled ſtar-light ſheen[1],

office. See Vol. I. p. 234, n. 5. The alluſion was pointed out by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

The cowſlip was a favourite among the fairies. JOHNSON.

[6] *In their gold coats ſpots you ſee;*] Shakſpeare, in *Cymbeline*, refers to the ſame red ſpots:

"*A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimſon drops*
"*I' the bottom of a cowſlip.*" PERCY.

[7] *And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.*] The ſame thought occurs in an old comedy call'd the *Wiſdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600. An enchanter ſays:

"Twas I that led you through the painted meads
"Where the light fairies danc'd upon the flowers,
"*Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl.*" STEEVENS.

[8] — *lob of ſpirits,*] *Lob, lubber, looby, lobcock,* all denote both inactivity of body and dullneſs of mind. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, by B. and Fletcher: "There is a pretty tale of a witch that had the devil's mark about her, that had a giant to her ſon, that was called *Lob-lye-by-the-fire.*" This being ſeems to be of kin to the *lubbar-fiend* of Milton, as Mr. Warton has remarked in his *Obſervations on the Faery Queen.* STEEVENS.

9 — *changeling:*] *Changeling* is commonly uſed for the child ſuppoſed to be left by the fairies, but here for the child taken away. JOHNSON.

[1] — *ſheen,*] Shining, bright, gay. JOHNSON.

But

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But they do ſquare [2]; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd and knaviſh ſprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow [3]: are you not he,
That fright [4] the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk; and ſometimes labour in the quern [5],
And bootleſs make the breathleſs houſewife churn;

And

[2] *But they do ſquare*;] To *ſquare* here is to quarrel. The French word *contreearrer* has the ſame import. JOHNSON.

So, in *Jack Drums Entertainment*, 1601:

"— pray let me go, for he'll begin to *ſquare*." STEEVENS.

It is ſomewhat whimſical, that the glaziers uſe the words *ſquare* and *quarrel* as ſynonymous terms, for a pane of glaſs. BLACKSTONE.

[3] — *Robin Goodfellow*;] This account of Robin Good-fellow correſponds, in every article, with that given of him in *Harſenet's Declaration*, ch. xx. p. 134: "And if that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly ſet out for Robin Good-fellow, the frier, and Siſſe the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheeſes would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head. But if a Peeter-penny or an houſle-egge were behind, or a patch of tythe unpaid,—then 'ware —of bull-beggars, ſpirits, &c." He is mentioned by Cartwright [*Ordinary*, Act III. ſc. i.] as a ſpirit particularly fond of diſconcerting and diſturbing domeſtic peace and œconomy. T. WARTON.

Reginald Scot gives the ſame account of this frolickſome ſpirit, in his *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, Lond. 1588. 4to. p. 66. "Your grandames maids, were wont to ſet a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding of malt and muſtard, and ſweeping the houſe at midnight—this white bread and bread and milk, was his ſtanding fee." STEEVENS.

[4] *That* fright—] The old copies read *frights*; and in grammatical propriety, I believe, this verb, as well as thoſe that follow, ſhould agree with the perſonal pronoun *he*, rather than with *you*. If ſo, our author ought to have written—*frights, ſkims, labours, makes*, and *miſleads*. The other, however, being the more common uſage, and that which he has preferred, I have corrected the former word. MALONE.

[5] *Skim milk; and ſometimes labour in the quern,*
And bootleſs make the breathleſs houſewife churn;] The ſenſe of theſe lines is confuſed. *Are not you he*, ſays the fairy, *that fright the country girls, that ſkim milk, work in the hand-mill, and make the tired dairy-woman churn without effect?* The mention of the mill ſeems out of place, for ſhe is not now telling the good but the evil that he does. JOHNS.

Perhaps the conſtruction is—and ſometimes make the breathleſs houſewife labour in the quern, and bootleſs churn. This would obviate the objection made by Dr. Johnſon, viz. that "the mention of the

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And ſometime make the drink to bear no barm [6];
Miſlead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Thoſe that Hobgoblin call you, and ſweet Puck [7],
You do their work, and they ſhall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright [8];
I am that merry wanderer of the night.

the mill is out of place, for ſhe is not now telling the good but the evil that he does." MALONE.

A *Quern* is a hand-mill, kuerna, *mola.* Iſlandic. STEEVENS.

6 — *no* barm;] *Barme* is a name for *yeaſt*, yet uſed in our midland counties, and univerſally in Ireland. STEEVENS.

7 *Thoſe that Hobgoblin call you, and ſweet Puck*, &c.] To thoſe traditionary opinions Milton has reference in *L'Allegro.* A like account of Puck is given by Drayton, in his *Nymphidia.*—Whether Drayton or Shakſpeare wrote firſt, I cannot diſcover. JOHNSON.

The editor of the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, in 4 vols, 8vo. 1775, has incontrovertibly proved Drayton to have been the follower of Shakſpeare; for, ſays he, "*Don Quixot* (which was not publiſhed till 1605.) is cited in the *Nymphidia*, whereas we have an edition of the *Midſummer-Night's Dream* in 1600." STEEVENS.

Don Quixote, though publiſhed in Spain in 1605, was probably little known in England till Skelton's tranſlation appeared in 1612. Drayton's poem was, I have no doubt, ſubſequent to that year. The earlieſt edition of it that I have ſeen, was printed in 1619. MALONE.

— ſweet *Puck*,] The epithet is by no means ſuperfluous; as *Puck* alone was far from being an endearing appellation. It ſignified nothing better than *fiend or devil.* So, the author of *Pierce Ploughman* puts *the pouk* for *the devil.* fol. lxxxx. b. v. penult. See alſo fol. lxvii. v. 15. "*none helle* powke."

It ſeems to have been an old Gothic word. *Puke, pukes*; Sathanas. *Gudm. And. Lexicon. Iſland.* TYRWHITT.

So, in Spenſer's *Epithalamion*, 1595:

"Ne let houſe-fyres, nor lightning's helpeleſſe harms,
"Ne let the *pouke*, nor other evil ſpright,
"Ne let miſchievous witches with their charmes
"Ne let hobgoblins &c." STEEVENS.

8 Puck. *Thou ſpeak'ſt aright*;] I would fill up the verſe which I ſuppoſe the author left complete: *I am*, thou ſpeak'ſt aright.

It ſeems that in the Fairy mythology Puck, or Hobgoblin, was the truſty ſervant of Oberon, and always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of Quen Mab, called by Shakſpeare Titania. For in Drayton's *Nymphidia*, the ſame fairies are engaged in the ſame buſineſs. Mab has an amour with Pigwiggen; Oberon being jealous, ſends Hobgoblin to catch them, and one of Mab's nymphs oppoſes him by a ſpell. JOHNSON.

In

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to Oberon, and make him ſmile,
ı I a fat and bean-fed horſe beguile,
hing in likeneſs of a filly foal:
ſometime lurk I in a goſſip's bowl,
ry likeneſs of a roaſted crab [9];
when ſhe drinks, againſt her lips I bob,
on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
wiſeſt aunt [1], telling the ſaddeſt tale,
time for three-foot ſtool miſtaketh me;
ı ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,
tailor cries [2], and falls into a cough;
then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe [3];
waxen [4] in their mirth, and neeze, and ſwear
:rrier hour was never waſted there.—
oom, Faery [5], here comes Oberon.
i. And here my miſtreſs:—'Would that he were gone!

OBERON [6], *at one door, with his train, and* TITANIA [7], *at another, with hers.*

e. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

Tita.

- *a roaſted crab*;] i. e. a crab apple. So again in *Love's Labour's*

"When *roaſted crabs* hiſs in the *bowl*. MALONE.

he wiſeſt aunt,] Though *aunt* in many ancient Engliſh books a *procureſs*, I believe it here only ſignifies an old woman in ge- MALONE.

nd tailor cries,] The cuſtom of crying *taylor* at a ſudden fall back- I think I remember to have obſerved. He that ſlips beſide his falls as a taylor ſquats upon his board. The Oxford editor, and arburton after him, read *and rails or cries*, plauſibly, but I believe htly. Beſides, the trick of the fairy is repreſented as producing merriment than anger. JOHNSON.

- *hold their hips, and loffe*;]

And laughter holding both his ſides." *Milton.* STEEVENS.

nd waxen] And *encreaſe*, as the *moon waxes*. JOHNSON.

ut room, Faery.] The word Fairy or Faery, was ſometimes of yllables, as often in Spenſer. JOHNSON.

nter Oberon,] The judicious editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of er, in his *Introductory diſcourſe*, (See vol. iv. p. 161.) obſerves, *Pluto* and *Proſerpina* in the *Merchant's Tale*, appear to have been e progenitors of Shakſpeare's *Oberon* and *Titania*." STEEVENS.

itania.] As to the *Fairy Queen*, (ſays Mr. Warton in his *Obſer- on Spenſer*,) conſidered apart from the race of fairies, the notion of ſuch

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Tita. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, ſkip hence;
I have forſworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, raſh wanton; Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I muſt be thy lady: But I know
When thou haſt ſtol'n away from fairy land,
And in the ſhape of Corin ſate all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and verſing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the fartheſt ſteep of India?
But that, forſooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buſkin'd miſtreſs, and your warrior love,
To Theſeus muſt be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and proſperity.

Ob. How canſt thou thus, for ſhame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolita,
Knowing I know thy love to Theſeus?
Didſt thou not lead him through the glimmering night[8]
From Perigenia, whom he raviſhed[9]?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tita. Theſe are the forgeries of jealouſy:
And never, ſince the middle ſummer's ſpring[1],
Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt, or mead,
By paved fountain[2], or by ruſhy brook,

Or

ſuch an imaginary perſonage was very common. Chaucer, in his *Rime of Sir Thopas*, mentions her, together with a Fairy land. STEEVENS.

[8] — *through the* glimmering *night*] The *glimmering night* is the night *faintly illuminated* by ſtars. In *Macbeth* our author ſays,

" The weſt yet *glimmers* with ſome ſtreaks of day." STEEV.

[9] *From* Perigenia, *whom he raviſhed?*] In North's tranſlation of Plutarch (Life of Theſeus) this lady is called *Perigouna*. The alteration was probably intentional, for the ſake of harmony. Her real name was *Perigune*. MALONE.

[1] *And never, ſince the middle ſummer's* ſpring, &c.] By the *middle ſummer's ſpring*, our author ſeems to mean the *beginning* of *middle* or *mid* ſummer. *Spring* for *beginning* he uſes again; *Henry IV.* P. II.

" *As ſtaws congealed in the* ſpring *of day.*" STEEVENS.

So Holinſhed, p. 494:—" the morowe after about the *ſpring* of the daie"—. MALONE.

[2] —*paved fountain*;] A fountain laid round the edge with ſtone. JONES.

Perhaps *paved* at the bottom. So, Lord Bacon in his *Eſſay on Gardens*; " As for the other kind of *fountaine*, which we may call a bathing

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Or on the beached margent [3] of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling wind,
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain [4],
As in revenge have ſuck'd up from the ſea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river [5] made ſo proud,
That they have overborne their continents [6]:
The ox hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman loſt his ſweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard [7]:
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock [8];
The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud [9];

And

ing-pool, it may admit much curioſity and beauty. .... As that the bottom be finely *paved* .... the *ſides* likewiſe, &c." STEEVENS.

3 *Or* on *the beached margent*—] The old copies read—Or *in*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

4 — *the winds, piping*] So, Milton:

" *While rocking* winds *are* piping *loud*." JOHNSON.

5 — *pelting river*] Thus the quartos: the folio reads *petty*. Shakſpeare has in *Lear* the ſame word,—*low* pelting *farms*. The meaning is plainly, *deſpicable, mean, ſorry, wretched*; but as it is a word without any reaſonable etymology, I ſhould be glad to diſmiſs it for *petty*: yet it is undoubtedly right. We have " *petty pelting officer* in *Meaſure for Meaſure*." JOHNSON.

This word is always uſed as a term of contempt. STEEVENS.

6 — *overborne their* continents:] Born down the banks that contained them. So, in *Lear*:

" ——— *cloſe pent-up guilts*,
" *Rive your concealing* continents!" JOHNSON.

7 ——— *and the* green *corn*
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:] So, in our author's 12th Sonnet:

" And ſummer's *green* all girded up in *ſheaves*,
" Borne on the bier with white and briſtly *beard*." MALONE.

8 — murrain *flock*:] The *murrain* is the plague in cattle. It is here uſed by Shakſpeare as an adjective; as a ſubſtantive by others. STEEVENS.

9 *The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud*;] In that part of Warwickſhire were Shakſpeare was educated, and the neighbouring parts of Northamptonſhire, the ſhepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives to repreſent a ſort of imperfect cheſs-board. It conſiſts of a ſquare, ſometimes only a foot diameter, ſometimes three or four yards.

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A[1] thousand fairy lights, of every hue,
Like wandering meteors, flit before my view.
Then, mingling all together, they unite
In one vast maze in the wanton green,
For numbers numberless, ere night, delight:
Then fairies' midnight revels were seen;
Then, in a wood, where many a cockle[2] stood,
Which spotted snakes with threefold backs imbrued,
Under the cooling shade of a green oak,
Or in the rotten trunk of some decay'd,
Whose mossy concave, like a shelter made,
Safe from the nightly dew, doth fairies hide,
In mushrumps' hats, wrought like a pent-house round,
There scamper they.

[1] *A thousand fairy lights*, &c.] The old copy reads, by the error of the transcriber or printer, on each side of which I have placed a comma, *A thousand fairy lights, of every hue, Like wandering meteors, flit before my view.* Then, &c. Mr. Theobald, by the omission of the first comma, which changes the whole sense of the passage, and by the addition of the second, has made it nonsense. In the first act, by the country people come to keep their revels, are called, because each carries a taper. They are here described as out upon the grand tour of mischief, and are to meet at the end of ploughed land, and to dance by moonlight. JAMES.

The fairy dance mentioned by the shepherds, cow-keepers, &c.

A ring is made on the ground, by cutting out the turf; and two parties divide each nine men, which they place by turns in the angles and intersections alternately, as at chess or draughts. He who can place three men in a right line, may then take off any one of his antagonists, whose place, till one, having lost all his men, loses the game. ALCOCK.

In Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the article *Merelles*, is the following explanation: "Les Jeux de Merelles. The boyish game called Merils, or Merills; played here most commonly with stones, but at Troyes with pawns, or men made on purpose, and termed *merilles*." TOLLET.

The latter explanation is probably the true one. Some, however, have supposed that "the nine men's morris" here means the game more commonly called the game performed by nine persons. MALONE.

[2] *Cockle*] Shakspeare might have employed this epithet, which, to us, appears redundant, to mark the difference between *fairies* and *human*, but they were yet *children* of Nature. STEEVENS.

See Camden, B. II. c. 10; and Warton's OBSERVATIONS on the Fairy Queen, vol. i. sect. 2. REED.

— *the wanton green*;] *Here*, in this country.—I once inclined to the emendation proposed by Mr. Theobald, and adopted by Sir T. Hanmer, — *wanton trees*; but perhaps alteration is unnecessary. "The wanton green" may mean dark spots with which country people are wont to dance on evenings, at the season of Christmas, which, as appears from the next line was particularly in our author's contemplation:

"Now the wasted brands do glow,
"Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
"Puts the wretch that lies in woe
"In remembrance of a shroud.
"Now it is the time of night
"That the graves, all gaping wide,
"Every one lets forth his sprite,
"In the church-way paths to glide:
"And we fairies, that do run
"By the triple Hecate's team,
"From the presence of the sun,
"Following darkness like a dream,
"Now are frolick: not a mouse
"Shall disturb this hallow'd house.
"I am sent with broom before,
"To sweep the dust behind the door.
"Now the wasted brands do glow,
"Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
"Puts the wretch that lies in woe
"In remembrance of a shroud.
"Now it is the time of night
"That the graves, all gaping wide,
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"By the triple Hecate's team,
"From the presence of the sun,
"Following darkness like a dream,
"Now are frolick: not a mouse
"Shall disturb this hallow'd house.
"I am sent with broom before,
"To sweep the dust behind the door.

Romeo and Juliet, 1562. MALONE.

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No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt[3]:—
Therefore the moon, the governeſs of floods[4],

Pale

[3] *No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt:*] Since the coming of Chriſtianity, this ſeaſon, [winter,] in commemoration of the birth of Chriſt, has been particularly devoted to feſtivity. And to this cuſtom, notwithſtanding the impropriety, *hymn or carol bleſt* certainly alludes. WARBURTON.

[4] *Therefore the moon, the governeſs of floods,* &c.] This line has no immediate connection with that preceding it (as Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have thought). It does not refer to the omiſſion of hymns or carols, but of the fairy rites, which were diſturbed in conſequence of Oberon's quarrel with Titania. The moon is with peculiar propriety repreſented as incenſed at the ceſſation—not of the chriſtian carols, (as Dr. Warburton thinks,) nor of the heathen rites of adoration, (as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſes,) but of thoſe ſports, which have been always reputed to be celebrated by her light.

As the whole paſſage has been much miſunderſtood, it may be proper to obſerve that Titania begins with ſaying,

And never, ſince the middle ſummer's ſpring,
Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt, or mead,—
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.

She then particularly enumerates the ſeveral conſequences that have followed from their contention. The whole is divided into four clauſes:

1. *Therefore* the winds, &c.
That they have overborne their continents:
2. The Ox hath *therefore* ſtretch'd his yoke in vain;
The ploughman loſt his ſweat;——
No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt:
3. *Therefore* the Moon—waſhes all the air,
That rheumatick diſeaſes do abound:
4. And, *thorough* this diſtemperature, we ſee,
The ſeaſons alter;——
——— and the mazed world,
By their increaſe, now knows not which is which;
And this ſame progeny of evils comes
From *our* debate, from *our* diſſention.

In all this there is no difficulty. All theſe calamities are the conſequences of the diſſention between Oberon and Titania; as ſeems to be ſufficiently pointed out by the word *therefore*, ſo often repeated. Thoſe lines which have it not, are evidently put in appoſition with the preceding line in which that word is found. MALONE.

The repeated adverb *therefore*, throughout this ſpeech, I ſuppoſe to have conſtant reference to the firſt time when it is uſed—All theſe irregularities of ſeaſon happened in conſequence of the diſagreement between the king and queen of the fairies, and not in conſequence of each other. —Ideas crowded faſt on Shakſpeare, and as he committed them to pa-

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Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatick diseases do abound:
And, thorough this distemperature [5], we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose [6];
And on old Hyems' chin [7], and icy crown,

per, he did not attend to the distance of the leading object from which they took their rise.

That the festivity and hospitality attending Christmas, decreased, was the subject of complaint to many of our ludicrous writers. Among the rest, to Nash, whose comedy called *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, made its first appearance in the same year with this play, viz. 1600. The confusion of seasons here described, is no more than a poetical account of the weather, which happened in England about the time when this play was first published. For this information I am indebted to chance, which furnished me with a few leaves of an old meteorological history. STEEVENS.

5 — *this distemperature*,] By *distemperature*, I imagine is meant in this place, the perturbed state in which the king and queen had lived for some time past. Mr. Steevens thinks it means "the perturbation of the *elements*." MALONE.

6 ——*hoary-headed frosts*
Fall in the fresh lap *of the crimson rose*;] Shakspeare, in *Cymbeline*, talks of the "consecrated snow that lies on Dian's *lap*:" and Spenser in his *Faery Queen*, B. ii. c. 2. has—
"And fills with flow'rs fair Flora's painted *lap*." STEEVENS.
This thought is elegantly expressed by Goldsmith in his *Traveller*:
"And winter lingering chills the lap of May." MASON.

7 — Hyems' *chin*,] Dr. Grey, not inelegantly conjectures, that the poet wrote, "—on old Hyems' *chill* and icy crown." It is not indeed easy to discover how a chaplet can be placed on *the chin*. STEEV.
It should be rather for *thin*, i. e. thin-hair'd. TYRWHITT.
So Cordelia speaking of Lear:
"——to watch, poor perdu!
"With this *thin* helm." STEEVENS.
Thinne is nearer to *chinne* (the spelling of the old copies) than *chill*, and therefore, I think, more likely to have been the author's word. MALONE.
I believe this peculiar image of Hyems' chin must have come from Virgil, (Æneid iv. 253) through the medium of the translation of the day:
—— tum flumina mento
Precipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba." S. W.
Thus translated by Phaer, 1561:
"——and from his hoary beard adowne,
"The streames of waters fall; with yce and frost his face doth frowne." MALONE.

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ɔrous chaplet of ſweet ſummer buds
in mockery, ſet: The ſpring, the ſummer,
hilding autumn, angry winter, change
wonted liveries, and the 'mazed world,
:ir increaſe [8], now knows not which is which:
his ſame progeny of evils comes
our debate, from our diſſention;
·e their parents and original.
·. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
ſhould Titania croſs her Oberon?
ut beg a little changeling boy,
: my henchman [9].
a. Set your heart at reſt,
airy land buys not the child of me.
ıother was a vot'reſs of my order:
in the ſpiced Indian air, by night,
ɔften hath ſhe goſſip'd by my ſide;
ſat with me on Neptune's yellow ſands,
:ing the embarked traders on the flood;
ı we have laugh'd to ſee the ſails conceive,
grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:
:h ſhe, with pretty and with ſwimming gait,
owing her womb then rich with my young 'ſquire,)

'*be* childing autumn, *angry winter, change*
'*heir wonted liveries, and the 'mazed world*
'*y their* increaſe, *&c.*] The *childing* autumn is the *pregnant autumn*. *frugifer autumnus*. STEEVENS.
their *increaſe*, is, by their *produce*. JOHNSON.
in our author's 97th Sonnet:
" The *teeming autumn*, big with rich *increaſe*,
" Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime."
e latter expreſſion is ſcriptural: " Then ſhall the earth bring forth *creaſe*, and God, even our God, ſhall give us his bleſſing." PSALM MALONE.
— *henchman.*] Page of honour. GREY.
nchman. Quaſi haunch-man. One that goes behind another. *equus*. BLACKSTONE.
ıe learned commentator might have given his etymology ſome ſup- from the following paſſage in *K. Henry IV*. P. II.
" O Weſtmoreland, thou art a ſummer bird,
" Which ever in the *haunch* of winter ſings
" The lifting up of day." STEEVENS.

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Would imitate[2]; and ſail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But ſhe, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her ſake, do I rear up her boy:
And, for her ſake, I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you ſtay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theſeus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And ſee our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, ſhun me, and I will ſpare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away:
We ſhall chide down-right, if I longer ſtay.

[*Exeunt* TITANIA, *and her Train.*

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou ſhalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.—
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'ſt
Since once I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back[3],

Uttering

[2] *Which ſhe, with pretty and with ſwimming gait,*
Following, (her womb then rich with my young 'ſquire,)
Would imitate; ———] Perhaps the parenthеſis ſhould begin ſooner; as I think Mr. Kenrick obſerves:
(*Following her womb*, then rich with my young 'ſquire,)
So, in Trulla's combat with Hudibras:
" ——— She preſs'd ſo home,
" That he retired, and *follow'd's bum.*"
And Dryden ſays of his *Spaniſh Friar*, " his great belly walks in ſtate *before him*, and his gouty legs come limping *after it.*" FARMER.

I have followed this regulation, (which was likewiſe adopted by Mr. Steevens,) though I do not think that of the old copy at all liable to the objection made to it by Dr Warburton. " She did not, (he ſays) follow the ſhip whoſe motion ſhe imitated; for that ſailed on the water, ſhe on land." But might ſhe not on land move in the ſame direction with the ſhip at ſea, which certainly would outſtrip her? and what is this but *following?*

Which, according to the preſent regulation, muſt mean—*which motion of the ſhip with ſwelling ſails*, &c: according to the old regulation it muſt refer to " embarked traders." MALONE.

[3] *And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back*, &c.] By the *mermaid* in this paſſage, ſays Dr Warburton, the poet meant Mary Queen of Scots; by the *dolphin*, her huſband, the Dauphin of France (formerly ſpelt *Dolphin*),

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Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong;
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres [4],
To hear the ſea-maid's muſick.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I ſaw, (but thou could'ſt not,)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd [5]: a certain aim he took
At a fair veſtal, throned by the weſt [6];
And loos'd his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts:
But I might ſee young Cupid's fiery ſhaft
Quench'd in the chaſte beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial vot'reſs paſſed on,

olphin). Mary is called a mermaid, to denote 1. her reign over a ingdom ſituated in the ſea; 2. her beauty and intemperate luſt. *Such ulcet and harmonious breath* alludes to her genius and learning, more articularly to her ſweet and graceful elocution. *The rude ſea* alludes o Scotland, which in her abſence roſe up in arms againſt the Re-ent, and the diſorders which ſhe on her return home found means o quiet. The earls of Northumberland and Weſtmoreland, who ell in her quarrel, and the Duke of Norfolk, whoſe projected marri-ge with her was attended with ſuch fatal conſequences, are ima-ined by *the ſtars that ſhot madly from their ſpheres*. In the latter art of the imagery there is a peculiar juſtneſs, the vulgar opinion eing that the mermaid allured men to deſtruction by her ſongs.

The learned commentator's note is here conſiderably abridged, but I ave endeavoured to preſerve the ſubſtance of it. MALONE.

4 *And certain* ſtars ſhot *madly* from their ſpheres,] So, in our au-hor's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"And little *ſtars ſhot from their fixed places*." MALONE.

5 *Cupid* all arm'd:] *All arm'd*, does not ſignify *dreſſed in panoply*, ut only enforces the word *armed*, as we might ſay *all booted*. JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Never too late*; 1616:

"Or where proud Cupid ſat *all arm'd* with fire."

lo in Lord Surrey's tranſlation of the fourth book of the *Æneid*:

"*All* utterly I could not ſeem forſaken." STEEVENS.

6 *At a fair veſtal, throned by the weſt*;] A compliment to queen Elizabeth. POPE.

It was no uncommon thing to introduce a compliment to queen *Eli-zabeth* in the body of a play. So, again in *Tancred and Giſmunda*, 1592:

"There lives a virgin, one without compare,
"Who of all graces hath her heavenly ſhare;
"In whoſe renowne, and for whoſe happie days,
"Let us record this Pæan of her praiſe." *Cantant.* STEEV.

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In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little weſtern flower,—
Before, milk-white; now purple with loves wound—;
And maidens call it, love-in-idleneſs [7].
Fetch me that flower; the herb I ſhew'd thee once;
The juice of it, on ſleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can ſwim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth [8]
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when ſhe is aſleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then ſhe waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on buſy ape,)
She ſhall purſue it with the ſoul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her ſight,
(As I can take it with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am inviſible [9];
And I will over-hear their conference.

[7] *And maidens call it* love-in idleneſs.] It is ſcarce neceſſary to remark on that *love in idleneſs* is a flower. STEEVENS.

The flower or violet commonly called panſies, or heart's-eaſe, is named *love in idleneſs* in Warwickſhire, and in Lyte's Herbal. There is a reaſon why Shakſpeare ſays it is "now *purple* with love's wound," becauſe one or two of its petals are of a purple colour. TOLLET.

It is called in other countries the *Three colour'd violet*, the *Herb of Trinity*, *Three faces in a hood*, *Cuddle me to you*, &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *I'll put a girdle round about the earth*] This expreſſion (as Mr. Steevens has ſhewn) occurs in many of our old plays. MALONE.

[9] — *I am inviſible;*] I thought proper here to obſerve, that, as Oberon and Puck his attendant may be frequently obſerved to ſpeak, when there is no mention of their entering, they are deſigned by the poet to be ſuppoſed on the ſtage during the greateſt part of the remainder of the play; and to mix, as they pleaſe, as ſpirits, with the other actors; and embroil the plot, by their interpoſition, without being ſeen, or heard, but when to their own purpoſe. THEOBALD.

Enter

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Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore purſue me not.
'here is Lyſander, and fair Hermia?
he one I'll ſlay, the other ſlayeth me [1].
hou told'ſt me, they were ſtol'n into this wood;
nd here am I, and wood within this wood [2],
:cauſe I cannot meet with Hermia.
ence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
ıt yet you draw not iron [3], for my heart
true as ſteel: Leave you your power to draw,
nd I ſhall have no power to follow you.
Dem. Do I entice you? Do I ſpeak you fair?
r, rather, do I not in plaineſt truth
ell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?
Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
am your ſpaniel; and, Demetrius,
he more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
ſe me but as your ſpaniel, ſpurn me, ſtrike me,
eglect me, loſe me; only give me leave,
nworthy as I am, to follow you.
'hat worſer place can I beg in your love,
And yet a place of high reſpect with me,)
han to be uſed as you uſe your dog?
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit;
or I am ſick, when I do look on thee.
Hel. And I am ſick, when I look not on you.

[1] *The one I'll ſlay, the other ſlayeth me.*] The old copies read—*ſlay* id *ſlayeth.* Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. MALONE.

[2] — *and* wood *within this wood,*] *Wood,* or mad, wild, raving. POPE. In the third part of the Counteſs of Pembroke's *Ivy Church,* 1591, is ie ſame quibble on the word:

"Daphne goes to the *woods,* and vowes herſelf to Diana;
"Phœbus grows ſtark *wood* for love and fancie to Daphne." STEEV.

[3] *You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;*
But yet you draw not iron,] I learn from Edward Fenton's *Certaine ecrete Wonders of Nature,* bl. l. 1569, that "— there is now a dayes kind of adamant, which draweth unto it fleſhe, and the ſame ſo rongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together two mouths of con-ary perſons, and drawe the heart of a man out of his bodie without ſending any parte of him." STEEVENS.

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Dem. You do impeach your modeſty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourſelf
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the ill counſel of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that [4],
It is not night, when I do ſee your face [5],
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my reſpect, are all the world [6]:
Then how can it be ſaid, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beaſts.

Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you [7].
Run when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chaſe.
The dove purſues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes ſpeed to catch the tyger: Bootleſs ſpeed!
When cowardice purſues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not ſtay thy queſtions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I ſhall do thee miſchief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me miſchief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandal on my ſex;

[4] — *for that.*] i. e. for *leaving the city*, &c. TYRWHITT.

[5] *It is not night, when I do ſee your face*, &c.] This paſſage is paraphraſed from two lines of an ancient poet [Tibullus]:

" ——— *Tu nocte vel atra*
" *Lucen, et in ſolis tu mihi turba locis.*" JOHNSON.

[6] *Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company*, &c.] The ſame thought occurs in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

" A wilderneſs is populous enough,
" So Suffolk had thy heavenly company." MALONE.

[7] *The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you.*]

Mitius inveni quam te genus omne ferarum. *Ovid.*

See *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. ſc. i.

" — where he ſhall find
" The unkindeſt beaſts more kinder than mankind." S. W.

We

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We cannot fight for love as men may do;
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love ſo well. [*Exeunt* DEM. *and* HEL.

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeek thy love.—

Re-enter PUCK.

Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where [8] the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips [8] and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopy'd with luſcious woodbine [9],
With ſweet muſk-roſes, and with eglantine:
There ſleeps Titania, ſome time of the night,
Lull'd in theſe flowers with dances and delight;
And there the ſnake throws her enamel'd ſkin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll ſtreak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this grove:
A ſweet Athenian lady is in love
With a diſdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he eſpies
May be the lady: Thou ſhalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than ſhe upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the firſt cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your ſervant ſhall do ſo.

[*Exeunt.*

[8] —*where*—] is here uſed as diſſyllable. The modern editors unneceſſarily read—*wher'on*. MALONE.

[8] *W'here* oxlips] The *oxlip* is the greater *cowſlip*. STEEVENS.

[9] *Quite over canopy'd with luſcious woodbine,*] On the margin of one of my folio's an unknown hand has written—*luſh* woodbine, which, I think is right.

This hand I have ſince diſcovered to be Theobald's. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare uſes the word *luſh* in *The Tempeſt*, Act II:

"How *luſh* and luſty the graſs looks? how green?" STEEVENS.

SCENE

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SCENE III.

Another part of the wood.

Enter TITANIA *with her train.*

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy ſong [1];
Then for the third part of a minute, hence [2]:
Some, to kill cankers in the muſk-roſe buds;
Some, war with rear-mice [3] for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall elves coats; and ſome, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint ſpirits [4]: Sing me now aſleep;
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

[1] —*a roundel,*] A *roundel*; that is, as I ſuppoſe, *a circular dance.* Ben Jonſon ſeems to call *the rings* which ſuch dances are ſuppoſed to make in the graſs, *rondels.* Vol. V. *Tale of a Tub*, p. 23:

"I'll have no *rondels*, I, in the queen's paths." TYRWHITT.

Rounds or *roundels* were like the preſent country dances. See *Orcheſtra*, by Sir John Davies, 1622. REED.

[2] *Then for the third part of* a minute, *hence*:] Dr. Warburton reads—*for the third part of* the midnight—.

The perſons employed are *fairies*, to whom the third part of a minute might not be a very ſhort time to do ſuch work in. The critick might as well have objected to the epithet *tall*, which the fairy beſtows on the *cowſlip*. But Shakſpeare, throughout the play, has preſerved the proportion of other things in reſpect of theſe tiny beings, compared with whoſe ſize, a cowſlip might be tall, and to whoſe powers of execution, a minute might be equivalent to an age. STEEVENS.

[3] —*with* rear-mice] A *rear mouſe* is a bat; a *mouſe* that *rears* from the ground by the aid of wings. STEEVENS.

[4] —*quaint ſpirits:*] For this Dr. Warburton reads againſt all authority—*quaint* ſports. But Proſpero in *The Tempeſt*, applies *quaint* to Ariel. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon is right in the word, and Dr. Warburton in the interpretation. A *ſpirit* was ſometimes uſed for a *ſport*. In Decker's play, *If it be not good, the devil is in it*, the king of Naples ſays to the devil Ruffman, diſguiſed in the character of Shalcan: "Now Shalcan, ſome new *ſpirit*? *Ruff.* A thouſand wenches ſtark-naked to play at *leap-frog*. *Omnes.* O rare ſight!" FARMER.

SONG.

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SONG.

1. Fai. *You ſpotted ſnakes, with double tongue,*
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not ſeen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our ſweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor ſpell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2. Fai. *Weaving ſpiders, come not here;*
Hence, you long-legg'd ſpinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor ſnail, do no offence.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

1. *Fa.* Hence, away; now all is well[5]:
One, aloof, ſtand ſentinel.
[*Exeunt* Fairies. TITANIA *ſleeps.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou ſeeſt, when thou doſt wake,
[*squeezes the flower on* Titania's *eye-lids.*
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languiſh for his ſake:
Be it ounce[6], or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with briſtled hair,
In thy eye that ſhall appear

[5] *Hence, away;* &c.] This, according to all the editions, is made part of the ſong; but I think without ſufficient reaſon, as it appears to be ſpoken after the ſong is over. In the quarto 1600, it is given to the 2d Fairy; but the other diviſion is better. STEEVENS.

[6] *Be it* ounce,] The ounce is a ſmall tiger, or tiger-cat. JOHNSON.

5. When

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When thou wak'ſt, it is thy dear;
Wake, when ſome vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

Lyſ. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to ſpeak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll reſt us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it ſo, Lyſander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will reſt my head.
Lyſ. One turf ſhall ſerve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two boſoms, and one troth.
Her. Nay, good Lyſander; for my ſake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie ſo near.
Lyſ. O, take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my innocence[7];
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference[8].
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it;
Two boſoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two boſoms, and a ſingle troth.
Then, by your ſide no bed-room me deny,
For, lying ſo, Hermia, I do not lie.
Her. Lyſander, riddles very prettily:—
Now much beſhrew[9] my manners and my pride,

[7] *O, take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my* innocence;] Underſtand *the meaning of my innocence*, or *my innocent meaning*. Let no ſuſpicion of ill enter thy mind. JOHNSON.

[8] *Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.*] In the converſation of thoſe who are aſſured of each other's kindneſs, not *ſuſpicion* but *love takes the meaning*. No malevolent interpretation is to be made, but all is to be received in the ſenſe which *love* can find, and which *love* can dictate. JOHNSON.

This line is certainly intelligible as Dr. Johnſon has explained it; but I think it requires a ſlight alteration to make it connect well with the former. I would read:

Love take *the meaning in love's conference.*

That is, Let *love take the meaning*. TYRWHITT.

[9] *Now much beſhrew* &c.] This word, of which the etymology is not exactly known, implies a ſiniſter wiſh, and means the ſame as if ſhe had ſaid "now *ill befall* my manners, &c." STEEVENS.

See Minſheu's etymology of it, which ſeems to be an imprecation or wiſh of ſuch evil to one, as the venomous biting of the *ſhrew-mouſe*. TOLLET.

If

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If Hermia meant to ſay, Lyſander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courteſy
Lie further off; in human modeſty
Such ſeparation, as, may well be ſaid,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be diſtant; and good night, ſweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy ſweet life end!

Lyſ. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, ſay I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: ſleep give thee all his reſt!

Her. With half that wiſh the wiſher's eyes be preſs'd! [*They ſleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the foreſt have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whoſe eyes I might approve
This flower's force in ſtirring love.
Night and ſilence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my maſter ſaid,
Deſpiſed the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden ſleeping ſound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty ſoul! ſhe durſt not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-court'ſy[1].
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'ſt, let love forbid
Sleep his ſeat on thy eye-lid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I muſt now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS, *and* HELENA, *running.*

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, ſweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not ſo.

Dem. Stay on thy peril; I alone will go. [*Exit* DEM.

[1] — *this kill*-court'ſy.] We meet with the ſame abbreviation in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"They all ſtrain *court'ſy*, who ſhall cope him firſt." MALONE.

Hel.

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Hel. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chace!
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace [2].
Happy is Hermia, whereſoe'er ſhe lies;
For ſhe hath bleſſed, and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt tears:
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſh'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beaſts that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monſter, fly my preſence thus.
What wicked and diſſembling glaſs of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's ſphery eyne?—
But who is here? Lyſander! on the ground!
Dead? or aſleep? I ſee no blood, no wound:—
Lyſander, if you live, good ſir, awake.

Lyſ. And run through fire I will, for thy ſweet ſake. [*waking.*
Tranſparent Helena! Nature ſhews art [3],
That through thy boſom makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword!

Hel. Do not ſay ſo, Lyſander; ſay not ſo:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia ſtill loves you: then be content.

Lyſ. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have ſpent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſway'd;
And reaſon ſays you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their ſeaſon:
So, I, being young, till now ripe not to reaſon;
And touching now the point of human ſkill [4],

2 — *my grace.*] My acceptableneſs, the favour that I can gain. JOHNS.

3 — *Nature ſhews art,*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—Nature *her* ſhews art,—perhaps an error of the preſs for—Nature ſhews her art. The editor of the ſecond folio changed *her* to *here*. MALONE.

4 — touching *now the* point *of human ſkill,*] i. e. my ſenſes being now at their utmoſt height of perfection. So, in *K. Henry* VIII:

"I have *touch'd* the higheſt *point* of all my greatneſs." STEEV.

Reaſon

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Reaſon becomes the marſhal to my will [5],
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's ſtories, written in love's richeſt book.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deſerve this ſcorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deſerve a ſweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good ſooth, you do,
In ſuch diſdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I muſt confeſs,
I thought you lord of more true gentleneſs [6].
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*
Lyſ. She ſees not Hermia:—Hermia, ſleep thou there;
And never may'ſt thou come Lyſander near!
For, as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing to the ſtomach brings;
Or, as the hereſies, that men do leave,
Are hated moſt of thoſe they did deceive;
So thou, my ſurfeit, and my hereſy,
Of all be hated; but the moſt of me!

5 *Reaſon becomes the marſhal to my will,*] That is, My will now follows reaſon. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"Thou *marſhal'ſt* me the way that I was going." STEEVENS.

A modern writer [*Letters of Literature*, 8vo. 1785,] contends that Dr. Johnſon's explanation is inaccurate. The meaning, ſays he, is, "my will now obeys the command of my reaſon, not my will follows my reaſon. *Marſhal* is a director of an army, of a turney, of a feaſt. Sydney has uſed *marſhal* for *herald* or purſuivant, but improperly."

Of ſuch flimzy materials are many of the *hyper-criticiſms* compoſed, to which the labours of the editors and commentators on Shakſpeare have given riſe. Who does not at once perceive, that Dr. Johnſon, when he ſpeaks of the will *following* reaſon, uſes the word not literally, but metaphorically? "My will *follows* or obeys *the dictates* of reaſon." Or that, if this were not the caſe, he would yet be juſtified by the context, (And *leads* me—) and by the paſſage quoted from *Macbeth*.—The heralds, diſtinguiſhed by the names of "*purſuivants* at arms," were likewiſe called *marſhals*. See Minſheu's DICT. 1617, in v. MALONE.

6 — *true gentleneſs.*] *Gentleneſs* is equivalent to what, in modern language, we ſhould call the *ſpirit of a gentleman*. PERCY.

And

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And all my powers, addreſs your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [*Exit.*

Her. [*ſtarting.*] Help me, Lyſander, help me! do thy beſt,
To pluck this crawling ſerpent from my breaſt!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here?
Lyſander, look, how I do quake with fear:
Methought, a ſerpent eat my heart away,
And you ſat ſmiling at his cruel prey:—
Lyſander! what, remov'd? Lyſander! lord!
What out of hearing? gone? no ſound, no word?
Alack, where are you? ſpeak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves[7]; I ſwoon almoſt with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I[1].

The ſame. The Queen of Fairies lying aſleep.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearſal: This green plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hawthorn brake our tyring-houſe; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What ſay'ſt thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thiſby*, that will never pleaſe. Firſt, Pyramus muſt draw

[7] *Speak, of all loves;*—] *Of all loves* is an adjuration more than once uſed by our author. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act II. ſc. viii: "—— to ſend her your little page, *of all loves.*" STEEVENS.

[1] In the time of Shakſpeare, there were many companies of players, ſometimes five at the ſame time, contending for the favour of the publick. Of theſe ſome were undoubtedly very unſkilful and very poor, and it is probable that the deſign of this ſcene was to ridicule their ignorance, and the odd expedients to which they might be driven by the want of proper decorations. Bottom was perhaps the head of a rival houſe, and is therefore honoured with an aſs's head. JOHNSON.

a ſword

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word to kill himſelf; which the ladies cannot abide. ow anſwer you that?

Snout. By'rlakin [2], a parlous fear.

Star. I believe, we muſt leave the killing out, when all done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. rite me a prologue: and let the prologue ſeem to ſay, : will do no harm with our ſwords; and that Pyramus not kill'd indeed: and, for the more better aſſurance, l them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom e weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have ſuch a prologue; and it ıll be written in eight and ſix [3].

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight d eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with yourſelves: bring in, God ſhield us! a lion among ladies, is a ſt dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful d-fowl, than your lion, living; and we ought to look it.

nout. Therefore, another prologue muſt tell, he is a lion.

ot. Nay, you muſt name his name, and half his face be ſeen through the lion's neck; and he himſelf ſpeak through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect, dies, or fair ladies, I would wiſh you, or, I would ſt you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to le: my life for yours. If you think I come hither ɔn, it were pity of my life: No, I am no ſuch I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, ı name his name; and tell them plainly, he is ıe joiner [4].

Quin.

akin, *a* parlous *fear.*] By our *ladykin*, or *little lady*, as *ifakins* tion of, *by my faith*. *Parlous*, a word corrupted from *perilous*, rous. STEEVENS.

eight and ſix.] i. e. in alternate verſes of eight and ſix ſyl- ALONE.

am no ſuch thing; I am a man, as other men are:—and there,

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Quin. Well, it ſhall be ſo. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thiſby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon ſhine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-ſhine, find out moon-ſhine.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a caſement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. Ay; or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthorn, and ſay, he comes to diſſigure, or to preſent, the perſon of moon-ſhine. Then, there is another thing: we muſt have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thiſby, ſays the ſtory, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall.—What ſay you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall; and let him have ſome plaiſter, or ſome lome, or ſome rough caſt about him, to ſignify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny ſhall Pyramus and Thiſby whiſper.

indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.] There are probably many temporary alluſions to particular incidents and characters ſcattered through our author's plays, which gave a poignancy to certain paſſages, while the events were recent, and the perſons pointed at, yet living.—In the ſpeech before us, I think it not improbable that he meant to allude to a fact which happened in his time, at an entertainment exhibited before queen Elizabeth. It is recorded in a manuſcript collection of anecdotes, ſtories, &c. entitled, *Merry Paſſages and Jeaſts*, Mſ. *Harl.* 6395:

"There was a ſpectacle preſented to queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among others *Harry Goldingham* was to repreſent *Arion* upon the dolphin's backe; but finding his voice to be very hoarſe and unpleaſant, when he came to perform it, he tears off his diſguiſe, and *ſwears he was none of Arion, not he, but even honeſt Harry Goldingham*; which blunt diſcoverie pleaſed the queen better than if it had gone through in the right way:—yet he could order his voice to an inſtrument exceeding well."

The collector of theſe *Merry Paſſages* appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Eſtrange. MALONE.

Quin.

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Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit down, every mother's ſon, and rehearſe your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that brake[5]; and ſo every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK *behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-ſpuns have we ſwaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I ſee cauſe.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thiſby, ſtand forth.

Pyr. Thiſby, the flowers of odious ſavours ſweet,—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. ———*odours ſavours ſweet:*
So hath thy breath[6], *my deareſt Thiſby dear.—*
But, hark, a voice! ſtay thou but here a while[7],
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*

Puck. A ſtranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here[8]! [*aſide.—Exit.*

Thiſ. Muſt I ſpeak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, muſt you: for you muſt underſtand, he goes but to ſee a noiſe that he heard, and is to come again.

Thiſ. Moſt radiant Pyramus, moſt lilly-white of hue,
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant brier,
*Moſt briſky juvenal**, *and eke moſt lovely Jew,*
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire,

5 — *that* brake;] *Brake* anciently ſignified a *thicket* or *buſh*. STEEV.
Brake in the weſt of England is uſed to expreſs a large extent of ground overgrown with furze, and appears both here and in the next ſcene to convey the ſame idea. HENLEY.

6 *So* hath *thy breath,*—] Mr. Pope reads—So *doth*, inſtead of—So *hath*, but nothing, I think, is got by the change. I ſuſpect two lines to have been loſt; the firſt of which rhymed with "ſavours ſweet," and the other with "here a while". The line before us appears to me to refer to ſome thing that has been loſt. MALONE.

7 — *a* while,] Thus the old copies. Mr. Theobald reads a *whit*, but this is no rhyme to *ſweet*. The corruption aroſe, I believe, from a different cauſe. See the laſt note. MALONE.

8 — *than e'er play'd* here!] I ſuppoſe he means in that theatre where the piece was acting. STEEVENS.

* *juvenal,*] i. e. a young man. So, Falſtaff, "—the *juvenal* thy maſter." STEEVENS.

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I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you muſt not ſpeak that yet; that you anſwer to Pyramus: you ſpeak all your part at once, cues and all [9].—Pyramus enter; your cue is paſt; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter PUCK, *and* BOTTOM *with an aſs's head.*

Thiſ. O,—*As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire.*

Pyr. If I were fair [1], *Thiſby, I were only thine:*—

Quin. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! we are haunted. Pray maſters! fly, maſters! help! [*Exeunt* Clowns.

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through buſh, through brake, through brier [2];
Sometime a horſe I'll be, ſometime a hound,
A hog, a headleſs bear, ſometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar and burn:
Like horſe, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard [3].

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I ſee on thee [4]?

Bot. What do you ſee? you ſee an aſs' head of your own; Do you?

[9] —cues *and all.*] A *cue*, in ſtage cant, is the laſt words of the preceding ſpeech, and ſerves as a hint to him who is to ſpeak next. STEEVENS.

[1] *If I were fair*, &c.] Perhaps we ought to point thus: If I were, [i. e. as true, &c.] fair Thiſby, I were only thine. MALONE.

[2] *Through bog, through buſh, through brake, through brier;*] Here are two ſyllables wanting. Perhaps it was written:—*Through bog*, through mire—. JOHNSON.

[3] —*to make me afeard.*] *Afeard* is from *to fear*, by the old form of the language, as *an hungered*, from *to hunger*. So *adry*, for *thirſty*. JOHNSON.

[4] *O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I ſee on thee?*] It is plain by Bottom's anſwer, that Snout mentioned an *aſs's head.* Therefore we ſhould read:

Snout. *O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I ſee on thee?* An aſs's head? JOHNSON.

Re-enter

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Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bleſs thee, Bottom! bleſs thee! thou art tranſlated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I ſee their knavery: this is to make an aſs of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not ſtir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will ſing, that they ſhall hear I am not afraid. [*ſings.*

The ouſel-cock, ſo black of hue[5],
With orange-tawny bill,
The throſtle with his note ſo true[6],
The wren with little quill;

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed[7]? [*waking.*

Bot. *The finch, the ſparrow, and the lark,*
The plain-ſong cuckoo[8] *gray,*
Whoſe note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not anſwer, nay;—

for

[5] *The ouſel cock, ſo black of hue,* &c.] In *The Arbor of Amorous Deviſes,* 4to. bl. l. are the following lines:

" The chattering pie, the jay, and eke the quaile,
" *The thruſtle-cock that was ſo black of hewe.*"

The former leaf and the title-page being torn out of the copy I conſulted, I am unable either to give the two preceding lines of the ſtanza, or to aſcertaine the date of the book.

The *ouzel-cock* is generally underſtood to be the cock blackbird. P. Holland, however, in his tranſlation of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* b. x. ch. 24. repreſents the *ouzel* and the *blackbird,* as different birds. See alſo Mr. Lever's *Muſeum.* STEEVENS.

[6] *The* throſtle—] It appears from the following paſſage in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible,* 8vo. 1587, that the *throſtle* is a diſtinct bird from the *thruſh:* " There is alſo another ſorte of myrte or myrtle, which is wild; whoſe berries the maviſes, *throſſels,* owſells, and *thruſhes* delite much to eate." STEEVENS.

[7] *What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?*] Perhaps a parody on a line in the *Spaniſh Tragedy,* often ridiculed by the poets of our author's time:

" What outcry calls me from my naked bed?"

The *Spaniſh Tragedy* was entered on the Stationers' books in 1592. MALONE.

[8] *plain-ſong cuckoo,* &c.] That is, the cuckoo, who, having no variety of ſtrains, ſings in *plain ſong,* or in *plano cantu;* by which expreſſion

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for indeed, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, *cuckoo*, never ſo.

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, ſing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the firſt view, to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, miſtreſs, you ſhould have little reaſon for that: And yet to ſay the truth, reaſon and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek [9], upon occaſion.

Tita. Thou art as wiſe as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not ſo, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to ſerve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not deſire to go;
Thou ſhalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit, of no common rate;
The ſummer ſtill doth tend upon my ſtate,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they ſhall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleep:
And I will purge thy mortal groſſneſs ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airy ſpirit go.—

preſſion the uniform modulation or ſimplicity of the *chaunt* was anciently diſtinguiſhed, in oppoſition to *prick-ſong* or variegated muſic ſung by note. Skelton introduces the birds ſinging the different parts of the ſervice at the funeral of his favourite ſparrow: among the reſt is the cuckoo. p. 227. edit. Lond. 1736:

"But with a large and a long
"To kepe juſt *playne ſonge*,
"Our chanter ſhall be your *cuckone*." T. WARTON.

9 — *gleek*,] Joke or ſcoff. POPE.

Gleek was originally a game at cards. The word is often uſed by our ancient comick writers in the ſame ſenſe as by our author. Mr. Lambe obſerves in his notes on the ancient metrical hiſtory of the *Battle of Floddon*, that in the North to *gleek* is to *deceive*, or *beguile*; and that the reply made by the queen of the fairies, proves this to be the meaning of it. STEEVENS.

Peaſe-

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Peaſe-bloſſom! Cobweb! Moth! and Muſtard-ſeed!

Enter four Fairies.

1. *Fair.* Ready.
2. *Fair.* And I.
3. *Fair.* And I.
4. *Fair.* And I.

All. Where ſhall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries [1],
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags ſteal from the humble-bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes [2],
To have my love to bed, and to ariſe;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his ſleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courteſies.

[1] — dewberries,] *Dewberries* ſtrictly and properly are the fruit of one of the ſpecies of wild bramble called the creeping or the leſſer bramble: but as they ſtand here among the more delicate fruits, they muſt be underſtood to mean raſpberries, which are alſo of the bramble kind. HAWKINS.

Dewberries are *gooſeberries*, which are ſtill ſo called in ſeveral parts of the kingdom. HENLEY.

[2] — *the fiery glow-worm's eyes*,] I know not how Shakſpeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own obſervation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail. JOHNSON.

The blunder is not in Shakſpeare, but in thoſe who have conſtrued too literally a poetical expreſſion. It appears from every line of his writings that he had ſtudied with attention the book of nature, and was an accurate obſerver of every object that fell within his notice. He muſt have known that the light of the glow-worm was ſeated in the tail; but ſurely a poet is juſtified in calling the luminous part of a glow-worm the *eye*. It is a liberty we take in plain proſe; for the point of greateſt brightneſs in a furnace is commonly called the *eye* of it.

Dr. Johnſon might have arraigned him with equal propriety for ſending his fairies to *light* their tapers at the fire of the glow-worm, which in *Hamlet* he terms *uneffectual*:

"The glow-worm ſhews the matin to be near,
"And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire." MASON.

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1. *Fai.* Hail, mortal[3]!

2. *Fai.* Hail!

3. *Fai.* Hail!

4. *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worſhips mercy, heartily.—I beſeech, your worſhip's name?

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance[4], good maſter Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you.—Your name, honeſt gentleman[5]?

Peaſe. Peaſe-bloſſom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to miſtreſs Squaſh, your mother[6], and to maſter Peaſcod, your father. Good maſter

[3] *Hail, mortal!*] The old copies read—hail, mortal, *hail!* The ſecond *hail* was clearly intended for another of the fairies, ſo as that each of them ſhould addreſs Bottom. The regulation now adopted was propoſed by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[4] *I ſhall deſire* you of *more acquaintance,*] This line has been very unneceſſarily altered. Such phraſeology was very common to many of our ancient writers. So in *Luſty Juventus*, a morality, 1561: "I ſhall deſire you *of* better acquaintance." Again in *An Humourous Days Mirth*, 1599: "I do deſire you *of* more acquaintance." STEEVENS.

The alteration in the modern editions was made on the authority of the firſt folio, which reads in the next ſpeech but one—"I ſhall deſire *of you* more acquaintance." But the old reading is undoubtedly the true one. MALONE.

[5] — *good maſter Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you.—Your name, honeſt gentleman?*] In *The Mayde's Metamorphoſis*, a comedy by Lilly, there is a dialogue between ſome foreſters and a troop of fairies, very ſimilar to the preſent:

"*Mopſo.* I pray, ſir, what might I call you?

"1. *Fai.* My name is Penny.

"*Mop.* I am ſorry I cannot purſe you.

"*Friſco.* I pray you, ſir, what might I call you?

"2. *Fai.* My name is Cricket.

"*Friſ.* I would I were a chimney for your ſake."

The Maid's Metamorphoſis was not printed till 1600, but was probably written ſome years before. Mr. Warton ſays, (*Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*, vol. II. p. 393.) that Lilly's laſt play appeared in 1597. MALONE.

[6] — *miſtreſs* Squaſh, *your mother,*] A *ſquaſh* is an immature peaſcod. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act I. ſc. v: "—as a *ſquaſh* is, before 'tis a peaſcod." STEEVENS.

Peaſe-

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Peaſe-bloſſom, I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beſeech you, ſir?

Muſ. Muſtard-ſeed.

Bot. Good maſter Muſtard-ſeed, I know your patience[7] well: that ſame cowardly, giant-like, ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your houſe: I promiſe you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire you, more acquaintance, good maſter Muſtard-ſeed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when ſhe weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtity.
Tie up my love's tongue[8], bring him ſilently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my meſſenger.—How now, mad ſpirit?
What night-rule[9] now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My miſtreſs with a monſter is in love.
Near to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hour,

[7] —*patience*,] By *patience* is meant, ſtanding ſtill in a muſtard-pot to be eaten with the beef, on which it was a conſtant attendant. COLLINS.

[8] — *my* love's *tongue*,] The old copies read—my *lover's* tongue. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[9] *What* night-rule—] *Night-rule* in this place ſhould ſeem to mean, what frolick of the night, what revelry is going forward? So, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661: "Marry, here is good *rule*." It appears, from the old ſong of *Robin Good-fellow*, in the third volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, that it was the office of this waggiſh ſpirit "to viewe the night-ſports." STEEVENS.

A crew

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A crew of patches[1], rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian ſtalls,
Were met together to rehearſe a play,
Intended for great Theſeus' nuptial day.
The ſhalloweſt thick-ſkin of that barren ſort[2],
Who Pyramus preſented, in their ſport
Forſook his ſcene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An aſs's nowl[3] I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thiſbe muſt be anſwered,
And forth my mimick[4] comes: When they him ſpy,
As wild geeſe that the creeping fowler eye,
Or ruſſet-pated choughs, many in ſort[5],
Riſing and cawing at the gun's report

[1] —*patches*,] *Patch* was in old language uſed as a term of opprobry; perhaps with much the ſame import as we uſe *raggamuffin*, or *tatterdemalion*. JOHNSON.

This common opprobious term, probably took its riſe from *Patch*, cardinal Wolſey's fool. In the weſtern counties, *croſs-patch* is ſtill uſed for *perverſe, ill-natured fool*. T. WARTON.

The name was rather taken from the *patch'd* or *pyed* coats worn by the fools or jeſters of thoſe times. STEEVENS.

I ſhould ſuppoſe *patch* to be merely a corruption of the Italian *pazzo*, which ſignifies properly a *fool*. So, in the *Merchant of Venice*, A&t II. ſc. v. Shylock ſays of Launcelot, *The* patch *is kind enough*;—after having juſt called him, *that* fool *of Hagar's offspring*. TYRWHITT.

[2] —*ſort*,] See note 5. MALONE.

[3] —*nowl*—) A head. Saxon JOHNSON.

[4] —*my* mimick—] This is the reading of the folio. The quarto printed by Fiſher has—*minnick*; that by Roberts, *minnock*: both evidently corruptions. The line has been explained as if it related to *Thiſbe*; but it does not relate to her, but to *Pyramus*. *Bottom* had juſt been playing that part, and had retired into a brake; (according to Quince's direction: "When you have ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that brake.") "Anon his *Thiſbe* muſt be anſwered, *And forth my* mimick (i. e. my actor) *comes*." In this there ſeems no difficulty.

Mimick is uſed as ſynonymous to *actor*, by Decker, in his *Guls Hornebooke*, 1609: "Draw what troop you can from the ſtage after you; the *mimicks* are beholden to you for allowing them elbow room." Again, in his *Satiromaſtix*, 1602: "Thou [B. Jonſon] haſt forgot how thou ambleſt in a leather pilch by a play-waggon in the highway, and took'ſt mad *Jeronymo's* part, to get ſervice amongſt the *mimicks*." MALONE.

[5] —*ſort*,] Company. So above: "—*that barren* ſort; and in Waller: "*A* ſort *of luſty ſhepherds ſtrive*." JOHNSON.

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Sever themſelves, and madly ſweep the ſky;
So, at his ſight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our ſtamp[6], here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their ſenſe, thus weak, loſt with their fears, thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſs things begin to do them wrong:
For briers and thorns at their apparel ſnatch;
Some, ſleeves; ſome, hats: from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this diſtracted fear,
And left ſweet Pyramus tranſlated there:
When in that moment (ſo it came to paſs)
Titania wak'd, and ſtraightway lov'd an aſs.

Obe. This falls out better than I could deviſe.
But haſt thou yet latch'd [7] the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

[6] *And, at our ſtamp,*—] This ſeems to be a vicious reading. Fairies are never repreſented ſtamping, or of a ſize that ſhould give force to a ſtamp, nor could they have diſtinguiſhed the ſtamps of Puck from thoſe of their own companions: I read:

And at a ſtump *here o'er and o'er one falls.*" JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading. The *ſtamp* of a fairy might be efficacious, though not loud; neither is it neceſſary to ſuppoſe, when ſupernatural beings are ſpoken of, that the ſize of the agent determines the force of the action. That fairies did *ſtamp* to ſome purpoſe, may be known from the following paſſage in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*.—" Vero ſaltum *adeo profundè in terram impreſſerant*, ut locus inſigni ardore orbiculariter pereſus, non parit arenti redivivum ceſpite gramen." Shakſpeare's own authority, however, is moſt deciſive. See the concluſion of the firſt ſcene of the fourth act:

" ——Come, my queen, take hand with me,
" And *rock* the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be." STEEVENS.

Our " grandams maides were woont to ſet a boll of milke before *Incubus*, and his couſin *Robin Goodfellow*, for grinding of malt or muſtard, and ſweeping the houſe at midnight: and—he would chaſe exceedingly if the maid or good wife of the houſe, having compaſſion of his nakednes, laid anie clothes for him, beeſides his meſſe of white bread and milke, which was his ſtanding fee: for in that caſe he ſaith, What have we here? Hemton hamten, here will I never more tread, nor *ſtampen*." *Diſcoverie of Witchcraft* by Reginald Scott, 1584. p. 85.

ANONYMOUS.

[7] ——*latch'd*] or letch'd, lick'd over; *lecher*, to lick, French.

HANMER.

In the North, it ſignifies to *infect*. STEEVENS.

Puck.

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Puck. I took him ſleeping,—that is finiſh'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his ſide;
That, when he wak'd, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.

Obe. Stand cloſe; this is the ſame Athenian.
Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide, but I ſhould uſe thee worſe;
For thou, I fear, haſt given me cauſe to curſe.
If thou haſt ſlain Lyſander in his ſleep,
Being o'er ſhoes in blood[8], plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The ſun was not ſo true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have ſtol'n away
From ſleeping Hermia? I'll believe as ſoon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the center creep, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes[9].
It cannot be, but thou haſt murder'd him;
So ſhould a murderer look; ſo dead[1], ſo grim.
Dem. So ſhould the murder'd look; and ſo ſhould I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your ſtern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering ſphere.
Her. What's this to my Lyſander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I had rather give his carcaſe to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'ſt me paſt the bounds

[8] *Being o'er ſhoes in blood,*] An alluſion to the proverb, *Over ſhoes, over boots.* JOHNSON.

9 —*with the Antipodes.*] i. e. on the other ſide of the globe. EDWARDS.

1 —*ſo dead.*] So again in *K Henry* IV. P. II. Act. I. ſc. iii:
" *Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,*
" *So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-begone.* STEEVENS.

So alſo in Lodge's *Deraſtus and Fawnia*: "—if thou marry in age, thy wife's freſh colours will breed in thee *dead* thoughts and ſuſpicion. MALONE.

Of

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maiden's patience. Haſt thou ſlain him then?
nceforth be never number'd among men!
once tell true, tell true, even for my ſake;
rſt thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
d haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping[2]? O brave touch[3]!
uld not a worm, an adder, do ſo much?
adder did it; for with doubler tongue
an thine, thou ſerpent, never adder ſtung.
Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpris'd mood[4]:
m not guilty of Lyſander's blood;
r is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.
Dem. An if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?
Her. A privilege, never to ſee me more.—
d from thy hated preſence part I ſo[5]:
me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
re, therefore, for a while I will remain.
ſorrow's heavineſs doth heavier grow,
debt that bankrupt ſleep doth ſorrow owe;
ich now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,
or his tender here I make ſome ſtay. [*lies down.*
Obe. What haſt thou done? thou haſt miſtaken quite,
d laid the love-juice on ſome true love's ſight:
thy miſpriſion muſt perforce enſue
ne true love turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true.

Dull thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping?] She means, Haſt thou kill'd ſleeping, whom, when awake, thou durſt not dare to look upon? MALONE.

— *O brave touch!*] *Touch* in Shakſpeare's time was the ſame with *exploit*, or rather *ſtroke*. A brave touch, a noble ſtroke, *un grand coup*. JOHNSON.

touch anciently ſignified a *trick*. In the old black letter ſtory of *Amadis*, it is always uſed in that ſenſe. STEEVENS.

— *miſpriz'd mood*:] Miſtaken; ſo below *miſpriſion* is miſtake. JOHNSON.

Mood is *anger*, or perhaps rather in this place, *capricious fancy*. MALONE.

— *part I ſo*:] *So*, which is not in the old copy, was inſerted for the ſake of both metre and rhime, by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Puck.

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Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go ſwifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-ſick ſhe is, and pale of cheer
With ſighs of love, that coſt the freſh blood dear:
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, againſt ſhe do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery[6],
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as glorioufly
As the Venus of the ſky.—
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth miſtook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant ſee?
Lord, what fools theſe mortals be!

Obe. Stand aſide: the noiſe they make,
Will cauſe Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two, at once, woo one;
That muſt needs be ſport alone:
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe me,
That befal prepoſterouſly.

Enter LYSANDER, *and* HELENA.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think, that I ſhould woo in ſcorn?
Scorn and deriſion never come in tears:

[6] *Hit with Cupid's archery,*] This alludes to what was ſaid before:

——the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little weſtern flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound. STEEV.

Look

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Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows ſo born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can theſe things in me ſeem ſcorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O deviliſh-holy fray!
Theſe vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two ſcales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.
Lyſ. I had no judgement, when to her I ſwore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lyſ. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddeſs, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, ſhall I compare thine eyne?
Cryſtal is muddy. O, how ripe in ſhow
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' ſnow[7],
Fann'd with the eaſtern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'ſt up thy hand: O let me kiſs
This princeſs of pure white[8], this ſeal of bliſs[9]!
Hel. O ſpight! O hell! I ſee you all are bent
To ſet againſt me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courteſy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you muſt join, in ſouls[1], to mock me too?

If

[7] — *Taurus' ſnow,*] Taurus is the name of a range of mountains in Aſia. JOHNSON.

[8] *This* princeſs *of pure white,*—] So in Wyat's poems:
" —of beauty *princeſs* chief." STEEVENS.
In the *Winter's Tale* we meet with a ſimilar expreſſion:
" ——good ſooth, ſhe is
" The *Queen of curds and cream.*" MALONE.

[9] — *ſeal of bliſs!*) He has in *Meaſure for Meaſure,* the ſame image:
" *But my kiſſes bring again,*
" Seals of love, *but ſeal'd in vain.*" JOHNSON.

[1] — *join in ſouls,*] i. e. join heartily, unite in the ſame mind. Shakſpeare in *Henry* V. uſes an expreſſion not unlike this:

" *For*

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If you were men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not uſe a gentle lady ſo;
To vow, and ſwear, and ſuperpraiſe my parts,
When, I am ſure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize[2],
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your deriſion! None, of noble ſort[3],
Would ſo offend a virgin; and extort[4]
A poor ſoul's patience[4], all to make you ſport.

Lyſ. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not ſo;
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;

" *For we will bear, note, and believe* in heart;"
i. e. heartily believe; and in *Meaſure for Meaſure* he talks of electing with *ſpecial ſoul*. In *Troilus and Creſſida*, Ulyſſes, relating the character of Hector as given him by Æneas, ſays:

" ——— with *private ſoul*
" Did in great Ilion thus tranſlate him to me."

And, in *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1605, is the ſame expreſſion as that in the text:

" Happy, *in ſoul*, only by winning her."

Again in *Pierce Pennileſſe his ſupplication to the Devil*, 1592:—" whoſe ſubverſion *in ſoul* they have vow'd." STEEVENS.

A ſimilar phraſeology is found in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" Is't not enough thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women
" To accuſe this worthy man, but *in* foul mouth
" To call him villain! MALONE.

I rather believe the line ſhould be read thus:

But you muſt join, *ill* ſouls, to mock me too. TYRWHITT.

[2] *A trim exploit, a manly enterprize*, &c.] This is written much in the manner and ſpirit of Juno's reproach to Venus in the 4th book of the *Æneid*:

" Egregiam vero laudem et ſpolia ampla refertis,
" Tuque puerque tuus; magnum et memorabile nomen,
" Una dolo divûm ſi fœmina victa duorum eſt." STEEVENS.

[3] — *none, of noble* ſort,] *Sort* is here uſed for *degree* or *quality*. So, in the old ballad of *Jane Shore*:

" Long time I lived in the court,
" With lords and ladies of great *ſort*." MALONE.

[4] — extort *a poor ſoul's patience*,] Harraſs, torment. JOHNSON.

And

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And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waſte more idle breath.
Dem. Lyſander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as gueſt-wiſe, ſojourn'd;
And now to Helen is it home return'd[5],
There to remain.
Lyſ. Helen, it is not ſo.
Dem. Diſparage not the faith thou doſt not know,
Leſt, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehenſion makes;
Wherein it doth impair the ſeeing ſenſe,
It pays the hearing double recompence:—
Thou art not by mine eye, Lyſander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy ſound.
But why unkindly did'ſt thou leave me ſo?
Lyſ. Why ſhould he ſtay, whom love doth preſs to go?
Her. What love could preſs Lyſander from my ſide?
Lyſ. Lyſander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes[6] and eyes of light.

5 *My heart* with *her but, as gueſt-wiſe, ſojourn'd;*
And now to Helen is it home return'd,] So, in our author's 109th Sonnet:
"This is my *home* of love; if I have rang'd,
"Like him that travels, I *return* again."
The old copies read—*to* her. Corrected by Dr. Johnſon. MALONE.
My heart &c.] So Prior:
"No matter what beauties I ſaw in my way,
"They were but my viſits, but thou art my home." JOHNSON.

6 — *all yon fiery* oes] Shakſpeare uſes O for a circle. So, in the prologue to *K. Henry. V.*
"——— can we crowd
"Within this little *O*, the very caſques
"That did affright the air at Agincourt?" STEEVENS.
D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 650, mentions a patent to make ſpangles and *oes* of gold; and I think haberdaſhers call ſmall curtain rings, O's, as being circular. TOLLET.

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Why ſeek'ſt thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee ſo?

Her. You ſpeak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, ſhe is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpight of me.
Injurious Hermia! moſt ungrateful maid!
Have you conſpir'd, have you with theſe contriv'd
To bait me with this foul deriſion?
Is all the counſel that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſters' vows [7], the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us,—O, is all now forgot [8]?
All ſchool-days' friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods [9],
Have with our needs [1] created both one flower,

[7] *The ſiſters' vows,—*] We might read more elegantly,—*The* ſiſter *vows*, and a few lines lower,—All *ſchool-day* friendſhip. The latter emendation was made by Mr. Pope; but changes merely for the ſake of elegance ought to be admitted with great caution. MALONE.

[8] *For parting us,—O, is all* now *forgot?*] The word *now* is not in the old copies. For the emendation the preſent editor is anſwerable. The editor of the ſecond folio, to complete the metre, introduced the word *and*;—"O, *and* is all forgot?" It ſtands ſo awkwardly, that I am perſuaded it was not the author's word. MALONE.

[9] — *artificial* gods,] *Artificial* is ingenious, artful. STEEVENS.

[1] *Have with our* needs *&c.*] In the old copies the word is written *needles*. MALONE.

It was probably written by Shakſpeare *needs*, (a common contraction in the inland counties at this day,) otherwiſe the verſe will be inharmonious. See Gammer Gurton's *Needle*. The ſame ideas occur in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"——ſhe
"Would ever with Marina be:
"Be't when they weav'd the ſleded ſilk,
"With fingers long, ſmall, white as milk,
"Or when ſhe would with ſharp *needle* wound
"The cambrick, &c."

In the age of Shakſpeare many contractions were uſed. Ben Jonſon has *wher* for *whether* in the prologue to his *Sad Shepherd*; and in lord Sterline's *Darius* is *ſport* for *ſupport*, and *rwards* for *towards*. STEEV.

In the old editions of theſe plays many words of two ſyllables are printed at length, though intended to be pronounced as one. Thus *ſpirit* is almoſt always ſo written, though often uſed as a monoſyllable; and *whether*, though intended often to be contracted, is always (I think, improperly,) written at length. MALONE.

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Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion,
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one ſtem:
So, with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the firſt, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt[2].
And will you rent our ancient love aſunder,
To join with men in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your paſſionate words:
I ſcorn you not; it ſeems that you ſcorn me.

Hel. Have you not ſet Lyſander, as in ſcorn,
To follow me, and praiſe my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did ſpurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddeſs, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtial? Wherefore ſpeaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lyſander
Deny your love, ſo rich within his ſoul,
And tender me, forſooth, affection;
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, ſo fortunate;
But miſerable moſt, to love unlov'd?
This you ſhould pity, rather than deſpiſe.

Her. I underſtand not what you mean by this.

Hel.

[2] *Two of the firſt*, like *coats in heraldry*,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.] The old copy reads —*life* coats, &c. Corrected by Mr. Martin Folkes.

According to the rules of heraldry, the *firſt* houſe only, (e. g. a father who has a ſon living, or an elder brother as diſtinguiſhed from a younger,) has a right to bear the family coat. The ſon's coat is diſtinguiſhed from the father's by a label; the younger brother's from the elder's by a mullet. The ſame creſt is common to both. Helena therefore means to ſay, that ſhe and her friend were as cloſely united, as much *one* perſon,

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Hel. Ay, do, perſéver[3], counterfeit ſad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the ſweet jeſt up:
This ſport, well carry'd, ſhall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an argument[4].
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or abſence, ſoon ſhall remedy.

Lyſ. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuſe;
My love, my life, my ſoul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not ſcorn her ſo.

Dem. If ſhe cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lyſ. Thou canſt compel no more than ſhe entreat;
Thy threats have no more ſtrength, than her weak prays[5].—
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I ſwear by that which I will loſe for thee,
To prove him falſe, that ſays I love thee not.

Dem. I ſay, I love thee more than he can do.

Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lyſander, whereto tends all this?

Lyſ. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no; he'll——Sir[6],

Seem

as if they were *both of the firſt* houſe; as if they both had the privilege *due but to one* perſon, (viz. to him of the firſt houſe,) the right of bearing the family coat without any diſtinguiſhing mark. MALONE.

[3] — perſéver,] The word was formerly ſo pronounced. So, in *All's Well that ends well*, Act IV. ſc. ii:

" ——— ſay, thou art mine, and ever
" My love, as it begins, ſo ſhall perſéver." STEEVENS.

[4] — *ſuch an argument.*] Such a *ſubject* of light merriment. JOHNS. So, in the firſt part of *King Henry IV.* Act II. ſc. ii.

" — it would be *argument* for a week, &c. STEEVENS.

[5] — *than her weak* prays.] i. e. prayers, entreaties. The old copies read—her weak *praiſe*. Mr. Theobald propoſed the reading now adopted. A noun thus formed from the verb, to *pray*, is much in our author's manner; and the tranſcriber's ear might have been eaſily deceived by the ſimilarity of ſounds. MALONE.

[6] *No, no, he'll——Sir,*] This paſſage, like almoſt all thoſe in theſe plays in which there is a ſudden tranſition, or the ſenſe is haſtily broken off, is much corrupted in the old copies. The preſent text is formed from

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Seem to break looſe; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!
Lyſ. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let looſe;
Or I will ſhake thee from me, like a ſerpent.
Her. Why are you grown ſo rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?
Lyſ. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence[7]!
Her. Do you not jeſt?
Hel. Yes, 'ſooth; and ſo do you.
Lyſ. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would, I had your bond: for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not truſt your word.
Lyſ. What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her ſo.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lyſander?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, ſince night, you left me:
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
Lyſ. Ay, by my life;
And never did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of queſtion, doubt[8],
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jeſt,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-bloſſom[9]!

You

from the quarto printed by Fiſher and the firſt folio. The words "*he'll*" are not in the folio, and *Sir* is not in the quarto. Demetrius, I ſuppoſe, would ſay, No, no; he'll *not have reſolution to diſengage himſelf from Hermia*. But turning abruptly to Lyſander, he addreſſes him ironically:—Sir, ſeem to break looſe; &c. MALONE.

[7] — *hated potion, hence!*] The old copies have *O* before *hated*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[8] — *of queſtion*, doubt,] The old copies read—*of* doubt. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[9] *O me! you* juggler! *you canker-bloſſom!*] *Juggler* in this line is uſed as a triſyllable: So again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I:

"She and the dauphin have been *juggling*."

So alſo *tickling*, *wreſtler*, and many more. MALONE.

By the *canker-bloſſom* is here meant a worm that preys on the leaves

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You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And ſtol'n my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſs? What, will you tear
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
Her. Puppet! why ſo? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that ſhe hath made compare
Between our ſtatures, ſhe hath urg'd her height;
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height, forſooth, ſhe hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown ſo high in his eſteem,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh, and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? ſpeak;
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curſt[1];
I have no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſs;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not ſtrike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Becauſe ſhe's ſomething lower than myſelf,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! hark, again.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be ſo bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counſels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your ſtealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To ſtrike me, ſpurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me go:

or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle. So, in this play Act II. ſc. iii:

"Some to kill *cankers* in the muſk-roſe buds." STEEVENS

[1] — *I was never* curſt;] Perverſe; wicked. MALONE.

Yo

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You ſee how ſimple and how fond I am[2].

Her. Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lyſander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lyſ. Be not afraid: ſhe ſhall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, ſir; ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keen and ſhrew'd:
She was a vixen when ſhe went to ſchool;
And, though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?—
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lyſ. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-graſs made[3];
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that ſcorns your ſervices.
Let her alone; ſpeak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou doſt intend
Never ſo little ſhew of love to her,
Thou ſhalt aby it[4].

Lyſ. Now ſhe holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe right,
Or thine or mine[5], is moſt in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.

[*Exeunt* LYSANDER *and* DEMETRIUS.

Her. You, miſtreſs, all this coil is 'long of you:

[2] — *how* fond] i. e. fooliſh. See Vol. III. p. 66, n. 5. STEEVENS.

[3] — *of* hind'ring *knot-graſs made*;] It appears that knot-graſs was anciently ſuppoſed to prevent the growth of any animal or child. Beaumont and Fletcher mention this property of it in the *Knight of the burning peſtle*, and in the *Coxcomb*. Daiſy roots were ſuppoſed to have the ſame effect. STEEVENS.

[4] *Thou ſhalt* aby *it.*] To *aby* is to pay dear for, to ſuffer. STEEV.

[5] Or *thine or mine*,—] The old copies read—*Of* thine. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. I am not ſure that the old reading is corrupt. If the line had run—"Of mine or thine," I ſhould have ſuſpected that the phraſe was borrowed from the Latin:—Now follow, to try whoſe right of *property*,—of *meum* or *tuum*,—is the greateſt in Helena. MALONE.

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Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not truſt you, I;
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to ſay.
[*Exit, purſuing* HELENA.

Obe. This is thy negligence: ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe commit'ſt thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of ſhadows, I miſtook.
Did not you tell me, I ſhould know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And ſo far blameleſs proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And ſo far am I glad it ſo did ſort[6],
As this their jangling I eſteem a ſport.

Obe. Thou ſee'ſt, theſe lovers ſeek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcaſt the night;
The ſtarry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead theſe teſty rivals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lyſander ſometime frame thy tongue,
Then ſtir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And ſometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting ſleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then cruſh this herb into Lyſander's eye;
Whoſe liquor hath this virtuous property[7],
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeem a dream, and fruitleſs viſion;
And back to Athens ſhall the lovers wend,
With league, whoſe date till death ſhall never end.

6 — *ſo did ſort,*] So happen in the iſſue. JOHNSON.

7 — virtuous *property,*] Salutiferous. So he calls, in the *Tempeſt*, *poiſonous dew*, wicked *dew*. JOHNSON.

While

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Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſter's view, and all things ſhall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this muſt be done with haſte;
For night's ſwift dragons cut the clouds full faſt[8],
And yonder ſhines Aurora's harbinger;
At whoſe approach, ghoſts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned ſpirits all,
That in croſs-ways and floods have burial[9],
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear leſt day ſhould look their ſhames upon,
They wilfully themſelves exile from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are ſpirits of another ſort:
I with the morning's love have oft made ſport[1];

And,

[8] — *night's ſwift dragons cut the clouds full faſt,*] "The image of dragons drawing the chariot of the night is derived" (as a late writer has obſerved,) "from the watchfulneſs of that fabled animal." LETTERS OF LITERATURE, 8vo. 1785.

This circumſtance Shakſpeare might have learned from a paſſage in Golding's Tranſlation of Ovid, which he has imitated in the *Tempeſt*:

"Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortal war did ſet,
"And brought aſleep the *dragon* fell, *whoſe eyes were never ſhet.*"

See Vol. I. p. 88. MALONE.

9 —— *damned ſpirits all,*

That in croſs-ways *and* floods *have burial,*] i. e. The ghoſts of ſelf-murderers, who are buried in croſs-roads; and of thoſe who being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of ſepulture had never been regularly beſtowed on their bodies. That the waters were ſometimes the place of reſidence for *damned ſpirits*, we learn from the ancient bl. l. Romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date:

"Let ſome preeſt a goſpel ſaye,
"For doute of *fendes in the fiode.*" STEEVENS.

[1] *I with the morning's love have oft made ſport;*] Thus all the old copies, and I think, rightly. Tithonus was the huſband of Aurora, and Tithonus was no *young* deity. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 3:

"As faire *Aurora* riſing haſtily,
"Doth by her bluſhing tell that ſhe did lye
"All night in *old Tithonus' frozen* bed."

How ſuch a waggiſh ſpirit as the King of the Fairies might make ſport with an antiquated lover, or his miſtreſs in his abſence, may be eaſily underſtood

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And, like a foreſter, the groves may tread,
Even till the eaſtern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair bleſſed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his ſalt-green ſtreams.
But, notwithſtanding, haſte; make no delay:
We may effect this buſineſs yet ere day. [*Exit* OBE.

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lyſ. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? ſpeak thou now.
Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.
Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground. [*Exit* Lyſ. *as following the voice.*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lyſander! ſpeak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In ſome buſh? Where doſt thou hide thy head?
Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,
That draws a ſword on thee.
Dem. Yea; art thou there?
Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt* PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd, than I:
I follow'd faſt, but faſter he did fly;
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will reſt me. Come, thou gentle day!
[*lies down.*

derſtood. Dr. Johnſon reads with all the modern editors, "I with the *morning light*, &c." STEEVENS.

For

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For if but once thou ſhew me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this ſpight. [*ſleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! coward, why comeſt thou not[2]?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt; for well I wot,
Thou runn'ſt before me, ſhifting every place;
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'ſt me. Thou ſhalt buy this dear[3],
If ever I thy face by day-light ſee:
Now, go thy way. Faintneſs conſtraineth me
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be viſited. [*lies down and ſleeps.*

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: ſhine, comforts, from the eaſt;
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From theſe that my poor company deteſt:—
And, ſleep, that ſometime ſhuts up ſorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*ſleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here ſhe comes, curſt, and ſad:—
Cupid is a knaviſh lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never ſo weary, never ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my deſires.

Here

[2] Ho, ho, ho! *coward, why comeſt thou not?*] It may be remarked that this exclamation is peculiar to *Puck*. In the old ſong printed by Peck, in which he relates all his gambols, he concludes every verſe with *ho, ho, ho!* He here forgets his aſſumed character. ANONYMOUS.

The ſong above alluded to may be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 203. MALONE.

[3] — *buy this dear,*] i. e. *thou ſhalt dearly pay for this.* Though this is

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Here will I reſt me, till the break of day.
Heavens ſhield Lyſander, if they mean a fray! [*lies down.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep ſound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*ſqueezing the juice on* Lyſander's *eye.*
When thou wak'ſt,
Thou tak'ſt[4]
True delight
In the ſight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man ſhould take his own,
In your waking ſhall be ſhown;
Jack ſhall have Jill[5]:
Nought ſhall go ill;
The man ſhall have his mare again, and all ſhall be well.
[*Exit* PUCK.—DEM. HEL. &c. *ſleep.*

is ſenſe, and may well enough ſtand, yet the poet perhaps wrote *thou ſhalt* 'by *it dear*. So, in another place, *thou ſhalt* aby it. So, *Milton*:
" *How* dearly I abide *that boaſt ſo vain.*" JOHNSON.

4 *When thou wak'ſt,*
Thou tak'ſt] The ſecond line would be improved, I think, both in its meaſure and conſtruction, if it were written thus:
When thou wak'ſt,
See *thou tak'ſt*
True delight &c. TYRWHITT.

5 *Jack ſhall have Jill: &c.*] Theſe three laſt lines are to be found among *Heywood's Epigrams on three hundred Proverbs.* STEEVENS.

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ACT IV. SCENE I[6].

The ſame.

Enter TITANIA, *and* BOTTOM, Fairies *attending*; OBERON *behind, unſeen.*

Tita. Come ſit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy[7],
And ſtick muſk-roſes in thy ſleek ſmooth head,
And kiſs thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peaſe-bloſſom?

Peaſe. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaſe-bloſſom.—Where's monſieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monſieur Cobweb; good monſieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hip'd humble-bee on the top of a thiſtle; and, good monſieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourſelf too much in the action, monſieur; and, good monſieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you over-flown[8] with a honey-bag, ſignior.—Where's monſieur Muſtard-ſeed?

Muſt. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif[9], monſieur Muſtard-ſeed. Pray you, leave your courteſy, good monſieur.

Muſt. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monſieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb[1] to ſcratch. I muſt to the barber's, monſieur; for, methinks,

[6] I ſee no reaſon why the fourth act ſhould begin here, when there ſeems no interruption of the action. In the old quartos of 1600, there is no diviſion of acts, which ſeems to have been afterwards arbitrarily made in the firſt folio, and may therefore be altered at pleaſure. JOHNS.

[7] — *do coy,*] To *coy*, is to ſooth, to ſtroke. STEEVENS.

[8] — *overflown*—] It ſhould be *overflow'd*; but it appears from a rhyme in another play that the miſtake was our author's. MALONE.

[9] — *neif,*] i. e. firſt. *Henry IV.* Act II. ſc. x:
"*Sweet knight, I kiſs thy* neif." GREY.

[1] — *cavalero* Cobweb—] Without doubt it ſhould be *Cavalero* Peaſe-bloſſom; as for *cavalero Cobweb*, he had juſt been diſpatched upon a perilous adventure. GREY.

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methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am ſuch a tender aſs, if my hair do but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear ſome muſick, my ſweet love?

Bot. I have a reaſonable good ear in muſick: let us have the tongs[2] and the bones.

Tita. Or, ſay, ſweet love, what thou deſir'ſt to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great deſire to a bottle of hay: good hay, ſweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that ſhall ſeek
The ſquirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peaſe. But, I pray you, let none of your people ſtir me; I have an expoſition of ſleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away[3].
So doth the woodbine[4], the ſweet honey-ſuckle,
Gently

2 —*the* tongs—] The old ruſtic muſic of the *tongs and key*. The folio has this ſtage direction.—"*Muſicke Tongs, Rurall Muſicke.*" STEEVENS.

3 —*and be* all ways *away*.] i. e. diſperſe yourſelves, and ſcout out ſeverally, in your *watch*, that danger approach us from no quarter. THEOBALD.

The old copies read—be *always*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

4 *So doth the woodbine, the ſweet honey-ſuckle,*
Gently entwiſt,—the female ivy ſo
Enrings, the barky fingers of the elm.] Dr. Warburton objects, that the wood-bine and the honey-ſuckle are the ſame plant, and that therefore it is abſurd to make one of them entwine the other. But the interpretation of either Dr. Johnſon or Mr. Steevens removes all difficulty. The following paſſage in *The fatal Union*, 1640, in which the honey-ſuckle is ſpoken of as the flower, and the woodbine as the plant, adds ſome ſupport to Dr. Johnſon's expoſition:

"——— as fit a gift
"As this were for a lord,—a *honey-ſuckle*,
"The amorous *woodbine's offſpring*."

But Minſhieu in v. *Woodbinde*, ſuppoſes them the ſame: "Alio nomine nobis Anglis *Honyſuckle* dictus." If Dr. Johnſon's explanation be right, there ſhould be no point after *woodbine, honey-ſuckle*, or *enrings*. MALONE.

Shakſpeare perhaps only meant, ſo the leaves involve the flower, uſing *woodbine* for the plant, and *honey-ſuckle* for the flower; or perhaps Shakſpeare made a blunder. JOHNSON.

The thought is Chaucer's. See his *Troilus and Creſſeide*, v. 1236, lib. iii.

"And as about a tre with many a twiſt

"Bitrent

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Gently entwiſt,—the female ivy[5] ſo
Enrings, the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*They ſleep.*

OBERON *advances.* *Enter* PUCK.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See'ſt thou this ſweet ſight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking ſweet ſavours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers;
And that ſame dew, which ſometime on the buds
Was wont to ſwell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flouret's eyes,
Like tears, that did their own diſgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleaſure, taunted her,
And ſhe, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did aſk of her her changeling child;

" Bitrent and writhin is the ſwete *wodbinde*,
" Gan eche of hem in armis other winde."

What Shakſpeare ſeems to mean, is this.—*So the woodbine*, i. e. *the ſweet honey-ſuckle, doth gently entwiſt the barky fingers of the elm, and ſo does the female ivy enring the ſame fingers.* It is not unfrequent in the poets, as well as other writers, to explain one word by another which is better known. The reaſon why Shakſpeare thought *woodbine* wanted illuſtration, perhaps is this. In ſome counties, by *woodbine* or *woodbind* would have been generally underſtood the ivy, which he had occaſion to mention in the very next line. STEEVENS.

It is certain that the *woodbine* and the *honey-ſuckle* were ſometimes conſidered as different plants. But I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. The old writers did not always carry the auxiliary verb forward, as the late editor ſeems to have thought by his alteration of *enrings* to *enring*. So Biſhop Lowth, in his excellent *Introduction to Grammar*, p. 126, has without reaſon corrected a ſimilar miſtake in St. *Matthew*. FARMER.

[5] — *the female ivy*] Shakſpeare calls it *female* ivy, becauſe it always requires ſome ſupport, which is poetically called its huſband. So Milton:

" —— led the vine
" To wed *her* elm: ſhe ſpous'd, about him twines
" Her marriageable arms."

Ulmo conjuncta marito. Catull.
Platanuſque *cælebs*
Evincet ulmos. Hor. STEEVENS.

Which

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Which ſtraight ſhe gave me, and her fairy ſent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed ſcalp
From off the head of this Athenian ſwain;
That he awaking when the others do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But firſt I will releaſe the fairy queen.
Be, as thou waſt wont to be;
[*touching her eyes with an herb.*
See, as thou waſt wont to ſee:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower[6]
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my ſweet queen.
Tita. My Oberon! what viſions have I ſeen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an aſs.
Obe. There lies your love.
Tita. How came theſe things to paſs?
O, how mine eyes do loath his viſage now!
Obe. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, muſick call; and ſtrike more dead
Than common ſleep, of all theſe five the ſenſe[7].
Tita. Muſick, ho! muſick; ſuch as charmeth ſleep.
Puck. Now, when thou wak'ſt, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Obe. Sound, muſick. [*Still Muſick.*] Come my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;

[6] *Dian's bud* o'er *Cupid's flower*] The old copies read—*or* Cupid's. Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. The herb now employed is ſtyled *Diana's bud*, becauſe it is applyed as an antidote to that charm which had conſtrained Titania to dote on Bottom with "the ſoul of *love*." MALONE.

[7] — *all theſe* five *the ſenſe.*] The old copies read—theſe *fine*; the *u* being accidentally reverſed at the preſs. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. See Vol. I. p. 292, n. 9. MALONE.

The five that lay aſleep on the ſtage were Demetrius, Lyſander, Hermia, Helena, and Bottom. THEOBALD.

And

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And will, to-morrow midnight, ſolemnly,
Dance in duke Theſeus' houſe triumphantly,
And bleſs it to all fair proſperity[8]:
There ſhall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theſeus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in ſilence ſad,
Trip we after the night's ſhade[9]:
We the globe can compaſs ſoon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping here was found,
With theſe mortals, on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

Horns ſound within.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, EGEUS, *and Train.*

The. Go, one of you, find out the foreſter;—
For now our obſervation is perform'd[1]:

And

[8] —*to all fair* proſperity:] I have preferred this, which is the reading of the firſt and beſt quarto, printed by Fiſher, to that of the other quarto and the folio, *(poſterity,)* induced by the following lines in a former ſcene:

" —— your warrior love
" To Theſeus muſt be wedded, and you come
" To give their bed joy and *proſperity*." MALONE.

[9] *Then, my queen, in ſilence ſad,*
Trip we after the night's ſhade:] *Sad* ſignifies grave, ſober; and is oppoſed to their dances and revels, which were now ended at the ſinging of the morning lark. So *Winter's Tale*, Act IV: " *My father and the gentlemen are in* ſad *talk*." WARBURTON.

A ſtatute 3 Hen. VII. c. 14, directs certain offences committed in the king's palace, to be tried by twelve *ſad* men of the king's houſhold. BLACKSTONE.

[1] — *our* obſervation *is perform'd:*] The honours due to the morning of *May*. I know not why Shakſpeare calls this play a *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, when he ſo careſully informs us that it happened on the night preceding *May*-day. JOHNSON.

The title of this play ſeems no more intended to denote the preciſe *time of the action*, than that of *The Winter's Tale*; which we find, was at the ſeaſon of ſheep-ſhearing. FARMER.

The ſame phraſe has been uſed in a former ſcene:

" To do *obſervance* to a morn of May."

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And ſince we have the vaward of the day,
My love ſhall hear the muſick of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the weſtern valley; go:—
Diſpatch, I ſay, and find the foreſter.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the muſical confuſion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear[2]
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding[3]; for, beſides the groves,
The ſkies, the fountains[4], every region near
Seem all one mutual cry: I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind[5],
So

I imagine that the title of this play was ſuggeſted by the time it was firſt introduced on the ſtage, which was probably at *Midſummer*. "A Dream for the *entertainment* of a Midſummer-night." *Twelfth Night* and The Winter's *Tale* had probably their titles from a ſimilar circumſtance. MALONE.

[2] — *they bay'd the bear*] Thus all the old copies. And thus in Chaucer's *Knightes Tale*, v. 2020, late edit:

"The hunte yſtrangled with the wilde *beres*." STEEVENS.

Holinſhed, with whoſe hiſtories our poet was well acquainted, ſays, "the *beare* is a beaſt commonlie hunted in the Eaſt countries." See vol. i. p. 206; and in p. 226, he ſays, "Alexander at vacant times hunted the tiger, the pard, the bore, and the *beare*." Pliny, Plutarch, &c. mention bear-hunting. Turberville, in his *Book of Hunting*, has two chapters on hunting the *bear*. As the perſons mentioned by the poet are foreigners of the heroick ſtrain, he might perhaps think it nobler ſport for them to hunt the *bear* than the *boar*. TOLLET.

[3] *Such gallant* chiding;] *Chiding* in this inſtance means only *ſound*. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"As doth a rock againſt the *chiding* flood." STEEVENS.

[4] — *for, beſides the groves,*
The ſkies, the fountains,—] Inſtead of *fountains*, Mr. Heath would read *mountains*. The change had been propoſed to Mr. Theobald, who has well ſupported the old reading, by obſerving that Virgil and other poets have made rivers, lakes, &c. reſponſive to ſound:

Tum vero exoritur clamor, ripæque *lacus*que
Reſponſant circa, et cœlum tonat omne tumultu. MALONE.

[5] *My hounds are bred* &c.] This paſſage has been imitated by Lee in his *Theodoſius*:

"Then through the woods we chac'd the foaming boar,
"With hounds that open'd like Theſſalian bulls;

"Like

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So flew'd[6], ſo ſanded[7]; and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Theſſalian bulls;
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Theſſaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, ſoft; what nymphs are theſe?
Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here aſleep;
And this, Lyſander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of[8] their being here together.
The. No doubt, they roſe up early, to obſerve
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our ſolemnity.—
But, ſpeak, Egeus; is not this the day

" Like tygers flew'd, and ſanded as the ſhore;
" With ears and cheſts that daſh'd the morning dew." MALONE.

[6] *So flew'd,*] i. e. ſo *mouthed*. *Flews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouthed hound. HANMER.

Arthur Golding uſes this word in his tranſlation of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*, finiſhed 1567, a book with which Shakſpeare appears to have been well acquainted. The poet is deſcribing Actæon's hounds, b. iii. p. 33, b. 1603. Two of them, like our author's, were of Spartan kind; bred from a Spartan bitch and a Cretan dog:

" —— with other twaine, that had a fire of Crete,
" And dam of Spart: th' one of them called Jollyboy, a grete
" And *large-flew'd* hound."

Shakſpeare mentions Cretan hounds (with Spartan) afterwards in this ſpeech of Theſeus. And Ovid's tranſlator, Golding, in the ſame deſcription, has them both in one verſe, ibid. p. 33, a:

" This latter was a hound of Crete, the other was of Spart."
T. WARTON.

[7] *So ſanded*;] So marked with ſmall ſpots. JOHNSON.

Sandy'd means of a ſandy colour, which is one of the true denotements of a blood-hound. STEEVENS.

[8] *I wonder of*—] The modern editors read—I wonder *at* &c. But changes of this kind ought, I conceive, to be made with great caution; for the writings of our author's contemporaries furniſh us with abundant proofs that many modes of ſpeech, which now ſeem harſh to our ears, were juſtified by the phraſeology of former times. In *All's well that ends well*, we have:

" —— thou diſlik'ſt
" *Of* virtue, for the name." MALONE.

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That Hermia ſhould give anſwer of her choice?

Ege. It is: my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntſmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and ſhout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA, *and* HELENA, *wake and ſtart up.*

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is paſt[9];
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now?

Lyſ. Pardon, my lord. [*He and the reſt kneel to* Theſeus.

The. I pray you all, ſtand up.
I know, you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo far from jealouſy,
To ſleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lyſ. My lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Half 'ſleep, half waking: But as yet, I ſwear,
I cannot truly ſay how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I ſpeak,—
And now I do bethink me, ſo it is;)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have ſtol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You, of your wife; and me, of my conſent;
Of my conſent that ſhe ſhould be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me[1].

9 — *Saint Valentine is paſt:*] Alluding to the old ſaying, that birds begin to couple on St. Valentine's day. STEEVENS.

1 *Fair Helena in* fancy *following me.*] *Fancy* is here taken for *love* or *affection*, and is oppoſed to *fury*, as before:

Sighs and tears, poor Fancy's *followers.*

Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in, his *fancy*. *Flower-fancier*, for a floriſt, and *bird-fancier*, for a lover and feeder of birds, are colloquial words. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"A martial man to be ſoft *fancy's* ſlave!" MALONE.

But

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But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by ſome power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the ſnow [2], ſeems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd [3],
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I did ſee [4] Hermia:
But, like a ſickneſs, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taſte,
Now do I wiſh it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this diſcourſe we will hear more anon.—
Egeus, I will over-bear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is ſomething worn,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.—
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We'll hold a feaſt in great ſolemnity.—
Come, Hippolita. [*Exeunt* THE. HIP. EGE. *and Train.*

Dem. Theſe things ſeem ſmall, and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I ſee theſe things with parted eye,
When every thing ſeems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own [5].

Dem.

[2] — *as* doth *the ſnow*,] The word *doth* which ſeems to have been inadvertently omitted, was ſupplied by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

[3] — *an idle* gawd,] See p. 443. n. 6. STEEVENS.

[4] — *ere I* did *ſee*—] *Did*, which is wanting in the old copies, was ſupplied by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[5] *And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,*
Mine own, and not mine own.] Helena, I think, means to ſay, that having found Demetrius *unexpectedly*, ſhe conſidered her property in him as inſecure as that which a perſon has in a jewel that he has *found* by *accident*; which he knows not whether he ſhall retain, and

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Dem. Are you ſure
That we are awake[6]?—it ſeems to me,
That yet we ſleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?
Her. Yea; and my father.
Hel. And Hippolita.
Lyſ. And he did bid us follow to the temple.
Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

As they go out, Bottom *awakes.*

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer: —my next is, *Moſt fair Pyramus.*—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! ſtolen hence, and left me aſleep! I have had a moſt rare viſion. I have had a dream,—paſt the wit of man to ſay what dream it was: Man is but an aſs, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patch'd fool[7], if he will offer to ſay what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not ſeen; man's hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it ſhall be call'd Bottom's Dream, becauſe it hath no

which therefore may properly enough be called *his own and not his own.* She does not ſay, as Dr. Warburton has repreſented, that Demetrius *was like a jewel,* but that ſhe had *found* him, like a jewel, &c.

A kindred thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" —— by ſtarts,
" His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
" *Of what he has, and has not.*"

The ſame kind of expreſſion is found alſo in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" Where every ſomething, being blent together,
" Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy,
" *Expreſt, and not expreſt.*" MALONE.

6 *Are you* ſure
That we are awake?] *Sure* is here uſed as a diſſyllable: ſo *fire, hour,* &c. The word *now* [That we are *now* awake?] ſeems to be wanting, to complete the metre of the next line. MALONE.

7 — *patch'd fool,*] That is, a fool in a party-colour'd coat. JOHNSON.

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bottom; and I will ſing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it at her death[8]. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Athens. *A Room in* Quince's *Houſe.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELLING.

Quin. Have you ſent to Bottom's houſe? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is tranſported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd; It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not poſſible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to diſcharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-craft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon too; and he is a very paramour, for a ſweet voice.

Flu. You muſt ſay, paragon: a paramour is, God bleſs us! a thing of nought[9].

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Maſters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our ſport had gone forward, we had all been made men[1].

[8] — at her *death.*] He means *the death of Thiſbe*, which is what his head is at preſent full of. STEEVENS.

Theobald reads—*after* death. He might have quoted the following paſſage in the *Tempeſt* in ſupport of his emendation. "This is a very ſcurvy tune (ſays Trinculo,) for a man to *ſing at his funeral.*"—Yet I believe the text is right. MALONE.

9 — *a thing of nought.*] This Mr. Theobald changes with great pomp to *a thing of* naught; i. e. a *good for nothing thing.* JOHNSON.

A thing of nought is the true reading. So in *Hamlet*:

"*Ham.* The king is a *thing*—

"*Guil.* A *thing*, my lord?

"*Ham. Of nothing.*"

See the note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

[1] — *made men.*] In the ſame ſenſe as in the *Tempeſt*, "*any monſter is England* makes *a man.*" JOHNSON.

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Flu. O ſweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he loſt ſix-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'ſcaped ſix-pence a-day: an the duke had not given him ſix-pence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd; he would have deſerv'd it: ſix-pence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are theſe lads? where are theſe hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O moſt courageous day! O moſt happy hour!

Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders: but aſk me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, ſweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good ſtrings to your beards[2] new ribbons to your pumps; meet preſently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferr'd[3]. In any caſe, let Thiſby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they ſhall hang out for the lion's claws. And, moſt dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter ſweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them ſay, it is a ſweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. [*Exeunt.*

[2] — *good ſtrings to your beards*] i. e. to prevent the falſe beards, which they were to wear, from falling off. MALONE.

[3] — *our play is* preferr'd.] This word is not to be underſtood in its moſt common acceptation here, as if their play was choſen in *preference* to the others; (for that appears afterwards not to be the fact:) but means, that it was given in among others for the duke's option. So, in *Julius Cæſar* Decius, ſays,

" Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go
" And preſently *prefer his ſuit* to Cæſar." THEOBALD.

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ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame. An Apartment in the Palace of Theſeus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, PHILOSTRATE, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Hip. 'Tis ſtrange, my Theſeus, that theſe lovers ſpeak of.

The. More ſtrange than true. I never may believe
Theſe antique fables, nor theſe fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have ſuch ſeething brains [1],
Such ſhaping fantaſies, that apprehend
More than cool reaſon ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet [2],
Are of imagination all compact [3]:
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantick,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling [4],
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.

[1] — *ſuch* ſeething *brains*,] We meet with the ſame expreſſion in *The Winter's Tale*: "Would any but theſe *boil'd brains* of three and twenty hunt this weather?" MALONE.

[2] *The lunatick, the lover, and the poet*,] An ingenious modern writer ſuppoſes that our author had here in contemplation Oreſtes, Mark Antony, and himſelf; but I do not recollect any paſſage in his works that ſhows him to have been acquainted with the ſtory of Agamemnon's ſon,—*ſceleruni furiis agitatus Oreſtes*: and indeed, if even ſuch were found, the ſuppoſed alluſion would ſtill remain very problematical. MALONE.

[3] *Are of imagination all* compact:] i. e. made up of mere imagination. So, in *As you like it*:

"If he, *compact* of jars, grow muſical." STEEVENS.

[4] — *in a fine frenzy rolling*,] This ſeems to have been imitated by Drayton in his *Epiſtle to J. Reynolds on Poets and Poetry*: deſcribing Marlowe, he ſays,

"——— that *fine madneſs* ſtill he did retain,
"Which rightly ſhould poſſeſs a *poet's* brain." MALONE.

Such

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Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend ſome joy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining ſome fear,
How eaſy is a buſh ſuppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the ſtory of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancy's images,
And grows to ſomething of great conſtancy [5];
But, howſoever, ſtrange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and freſh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lyſ. More than to us
Wait on [6] your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what maſks, what dances ſhall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-ſupper, and bed-time?
Where is our uſual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing hour?
Call Philoſtrate [7].

Philoſt. Here, mighty Theſeus.

The. Say, what abridgement [8] have you for this evening?
What maſk? what muſick? How ſhall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with ſome delight?

[5] — *conſtancy*;] Conſiſtency, ſtability, certainty. JOHNSON.

[6] *Wait* on—] The old copies have—wait *in*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[7] *Call Philoſtrate.*] In the *Knight's Tale* of Chaucer, Arcite, under the name of *Philoſtrate*, is ſquire of the chamber to *Theſeus*. STEEV.

[8] *Say, what abridgement* &c.] By *abridgement* our author means a dramatick performance, which crowds the events of years into a few hours. So, in *Hamlet*, Act. II. ſc. vii. he calls the players "*abridgements, abſtracts*, and *brief chronicles of the time.*" Again, in *K. Hen. V.*

"Then brook *abridgement*; and your eyes advance
"After your thoughts. STEEVENS.

Philoſt.

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Philoſt. There is a brief[9], how many ſports are ripe; [*giving a paper.*
Make choice of which your highneſs will ſee firſt.

The. *The battle with the Centaurs, to be ſung* [reads.
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinſman Hercules.
The riot of the tipſy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian ſinger in their rage.
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came laſt a conqueror.
The thrice three Muſes mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary[1].
That is ſome ſatire, keen, and critical[2],
Not ſorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief ſcene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thiſbe; very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical[3]? Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wonderous ſtrange ſnow[4].

Philoſt.

9 —*a* brief,] i. e. a ſhort account or enumeration. STEEVENS.

1 *The thrice three Muſes mourning for the death*
Of learning, &c.] I do not know whether it has been obſerved, that Shakſpeare here, perhaps, alluded to Spenſer's poem, entitled *The Tears of the Muſes*, on the neglect and contempt of learning. This piece firſt appeared in quarto, with others, 1591. T. WARTON.

This pretended title of a dramatic performance might be deſigned as a covert ſtroke of ſatire on thoſe who had permitted Spenſer to die through abſolute want of bread, in the year 1598:- "*late* deceas'd in beggary," ſeems to refer to this circumſtance. STEEVENS.

If ſuch an alluſion was intended, this paſſage muſt have been added after the original appearance of this play; for we know that it was written in or before the year 1598, and Spenſer did not die till 1599. MALONE.

2 — *keen* and critical,] *Critical* here means *criticizing, cenſuring.* So in *Othello*: "*O, I am nothing if not* critical." STEEVENS.

3 *Merry and tragical?*—] Our poet is ſtill harping on *Cambyſes.* STEEVENS.

4 *That is, hot ice, and wonderous ſtrange ſnow.*] Mr. Upton reads, not improbably:

— *and wonderous ſtrange* black *ſnow.* JOHNSON.

I think the paſſage needs no change on account of the verſification; for *wonderous* is as often uſed as *three*, as it is as *two* ſyllables. The meaning

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How ſhall we find the concord of this diſcord?

Philoſt. A play there is, my lord, ſome ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himſelf.
Which, when I ſaw rehears'd, I muſt confeſs,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed.

The. What are they, that do play it?

Philoſt. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories [5]
With this ſame play againſt your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philoſt. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unleſs you can find ſport in their intents [6],
Extremely ſtretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you ſervice.

The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiſs,
When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.

meaning of the line is—" That is, *hot ice* and ſnow of *as ſtrange a quality*." STEEVENS.

As there is no antitheſis between *ſtrange* and *ſnow*, as there is between *hot* and *ice*, I believe we ſhould read—" and wonderous *ſtrong* ſnow. MASON.

In ſupport of Mr. Maſon's conjecture it may be obſerved that the words *ſtrong* and *ſtrange* are often confounded in our old plays. MALONE.

[5] — unbreath'd *memories*] That is, unexerciſed, unpractiſed memories. STEEVENS.

[6] *Unleſs you can find ſport in their intents,*] Thus all the copies. But as I know not what it is to *ſtretch* and *con* an *intent*, I ſuſpect a line to be loſt. JOHNSON.

To *intend* and to *attend* were anciently ſynonymous. Of this uſe ſeveral inſtances are given in a note on the third ſcene of the firſt act of *Othello*. *Intents* therefore may be put for the objects of their *attention*. We ſtill ſay a perſon is *intent* on his buſineſs. STEEVENS.

Go,

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Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.

Hip. I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.

The. Why, gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.

Hip. He ſays, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our ſport ſhall be [7], to take what they miſtake:
And what poor duty cannot do [8],
Noble reſpect takes it in might, not merit [9].
Where I have come, great clerks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have ſeen them ſhiver, and look pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in concluſion, dumbly have broke off [1],
Not paying me a welcome: Truſt me, ſweet,
Out of this ſilence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modeſty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue

[7] *Our ſport ſhall be*, &c.] Voltaire ſays ſomething like this of Louis XIV. who took a pleaſure in ſeeing his courtiers in confuſion when they ſpoke to him. STEEVENS.

[8] *And what poor duty cannot do,*] The defective metre of this line ſhews that ſome word was inadvertently omitted by the tranſcriber or compoſitor. Mr. Theobald ſupplied the defect by reading "And what poor *willing* duty, &c." MALONE.

[9] *And what poor duty cannot do,*
Noble reſpect takes it in might, not merit.] And what dutifulneſs tries to perform without ability, regardful generoſity receives with complacency, eſtimating it not by the actual *merit* of the performance, but by what it *might* have been, were the abilities of the performers equal to their zeal.—Such, I think, is the true interpretation of this paſſage; for which the reader is indebted partly to Dr. Johnſon, and partly to Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[1] *Where I have come, great* clerks *have purpoſed—*
And in concluſion dumbly have broke off,] So, in *Pericles*, 1609:
"She ſings like one immortal, and ſhe dances
"As goddeſs like to her admired lays;
"*Deep clerks ſhe dumbs.*"
It ſhould be obſerved, that *periods* in the text is uſed in the ſenſe of *full points*. MALONE.

Of

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Of ſawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeak moſt, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philoſt. So pleaſe your grace, the prologue is addreſt[2].
The. Let him approach. [*Trumpets ſound*[3].

Enter Prologue.

Prol. *If we offend, it is with our good will.*
That you ſhould think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To ſhew our ſimple ſkill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpight.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you ſhould here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not ſtand upon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the ſtop. A good moral, my lord: It is not enough to ſpeak, but to ſpeak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue, like a child on a recorder[4]; a ſound, but not in government[5].

The. His ſpeech was like a tangled chain; nothing impair'd, but all diſorder'd. Who is next?

Enter

2 —*addreſt.*] That is, ready. So, in *K. Henry V.*
"To-morrow for our march we are *addreſt.*" STEEVENS.

3 *Trumpets ſound.*] It appears from the *Guls Hornbook* by Decker, 1609, that the prologue was anciently uſher'd in by trumpets. "Preſent not yourſelfe on the ſtage (eſpecially at a new play) untill the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got cullor in his cheeks, and is ready to give the *trumpets* their cue that hee's upon point to enter." STEEVENS.

4 — *a* recorder;] A kind of flute. Shakſpeare introduces it in *Hamlet*; and *Milton*, ſays:
"To the ſound of ſoft *recorders.*"
This inſtrument is mentioned in many of the old plays. STEEVENS.
Sir John Hawkins ſuppoſes it to have been a *flageolet.* MALONE.

5 — *but not in government.*] That is, not regularly, according to the tune. STEEVENS.

Hamlet

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Enter PYRAMUS *and* THISBE, Wall, Moonſhine, *and* Lion, *as in dumb ſhow* [6].

Prol. " Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this ſhow;
" But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
" This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
" This beauteous lady Thiſby is, certain.
" This man, with lime and rough-caſt, doth preſent
" Wall, that vile wall which did theſe lovers ſunder:
" And through wall's chink, poor ſouls, they are content
" To whiſper; at the which let no man wonder.
" This man, with lantern, dog, and buſh of thorn,
" Preſenteth moon-ſhine: for, if you will know,
" By moon-ſhine did theſe lovers think no ſcorn
" To meet at Ninus' tomb [7], there, there to woo.
" This griſly beaſt, which by name lion hight [8],
" The truſty Thiſby, coming firſt by night,
" Did ſcare away, or rather did affright:
" And, as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall [9];
" Which lion vile with bloody mouth did ſtain:
" Anon comes Pyramus, ſweet youth, and tall,
" And finds his truſty Thiſby's mantle ſlain:

Hamlet ſpeaking of a recorder, ſays, " *Govern* theſe ventages with your fingers and thumb, breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt elegant muſick." This explains the meaning of *government* in this paſſage. MASON.

6 In this place the folio, 1623, exhibits the following prompter's direction. *Tawyer with a trumpet before them.* STEEVENS.

7 *To meet at Ninus' tomb*, &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thiſbe of Babylon:*

" Thei ſettin markes ther metingis ſhould be,
" There king *Ninus* was graven undir a tre."

Again: " And as ſhe ran her *wimple* ſhe let fall." STEEVENS.

8 — *which by name lion* hight,] *Hight*, in old Engliſh ſignifies—*is called.* The old copies read—*which lion highte by name.* The preſent regulation was made by Mr. Theobald. I think it more probable that a line, following the words—*by night*, has been loſt. MALONE.

9 — *her mantle ſhe* did *fall*;] *To fall* in this inſtance is a verb active. So, in the *Tempeſt*, Act II. ſc. i:

" And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
" To *fall* it on Gonzalo." STEEVENS.

" Whereat

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" Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade[1],
" He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breaſt;
" And, Thiſby tarrying in mulberry ſhade,
" His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
" Let lion, moon-ſhine, wall, and lovers twain,
" At large diſcourſe, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt* Prol. THISBE, Lion, *and* Moonſhine.

The. I wonder, if the lion be to ſpeak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many aſſes do.

Wall. " In this ſame interlude, it doth befall,
" That I, one Snout by name, preſent a wall:
" And ſuch a wall, as I would have you think,
" That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
" Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thiſby,
" Did whiſper often very ſecretly.
" This lome, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone, doth ſhow
" That I am that ſame wall; the truth is ſo:
" And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
" Through which the fearful lovers are to whiſper."

The. Would you deſire lime and hair to ſpeak better?

Dem. It is the wittieſt partition that ever I heard diſcourſe, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: ſilence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. " O grim-look'd night! O night with hue ſo black!
" O night, which ever art, when day is not!
" O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
" I fear my Thiſby's promiſe is forgot!—

[1] *Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,*] Mr. Upton rightly obſerves, that Shakſpeare in this line ridicules the affectation of beginning many words with the ſame letter. He might have remarked the ſame of

The raging rocks
And ſhivering ſhocks.

Gaſcoigne, contemporary with our poet, remarks and blames the ſame affectation. JOHNSON.

" And

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" And thou, O wall, O ſweet, O lovely wall,
" That ſtand'ſt between her father's ground and mine;
" Thou wall, O wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
" Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
[Wall *holds up his fingers.*
" Thanks, courteous wall: Jove ſhield thee well for this!
" But what ſee I? No Thiſby do I ſee.
" O wicked wall[2], through whom I ſee no bliſs;
" Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being ſenſible, ſhould curſe again.

Pyr. No, in truth, ſir, he ſhould not. *Deceiving me,* is Thiſby's cue; ſhe is to enter now, and I am to ſpy her through the wall. You ſhall ſee, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder ſhe comes.

Enter THISBE.

Thiſ. " O wall, full often haſt thou heard my moans,
" For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
" My cherry lips have often kiſs'd thy ſtones;
" Thy ſtones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

Pyr. " I ſee a voice: now will I to the chink,
" To ſpy an I can hear my Thiſby's face.
" Thiſby!"

Thiſ. " My love! thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. " Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
" And like Limander am I truſty ſtill[3]."

Thiſ. " And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

Pyr. " Not Shafalus to Procrus was ſo true."

Thiſ. " As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyr. " O, kiſs me through the whole of this vile wall."

Thiſ. " I kiſs the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

Pyr. " Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me ſtraight-
" way?"

Thiſ. " Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."

2 *O wicked wall,* &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thiſbe:*
" Thus would thei ſaine, alas! thou *wicked wal,* &c." STEEV.

3 *And like Limander,* &c.] Limander and Helen, are ſpoken by the blundering player, for Leander and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus, for Cephalus and Procris. JOHNSON.

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Wall. " Thus have I wall my part diſcharged ſo;
" And, being done, thus wall away doth go."
[*Exeunt* Wall, PYRAMUS, *and* THISBE.

The. Now is the mural [4] down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are ſo wilful to hear without warning [5].

Hip. This is the ſillieſt ſtuff that ever I heard.

The. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadows: and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It muſt be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worſe of them, than they of themſelves, they may paſs for excellent men. Here come two noble beaſts in, a man and a lion [6].

Enter Lion *and* Moonſhine.

Lion. " You, ladies, you, whoſe gentle hearts do fear
" The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creeps on floor,
" May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
" When lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roar.

4 — *the* mural—] Old Copies—*moral*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

5 — *when walls are ſo wilful to* hear *without warning*.] This alludes to the proverb, " *Walls* have *ears*." A *wall* between almoſt any two *neighbours* would ſoon be *down*, where it to exerciſe this faculty without previous *warning*. FARMER.

6 — *a* man, *and a lion*.] Mr. Theobald reads—a *moon* and a lion, and the emendation was adopted by the ſubſequent editors; but, I think, without neceſſity. The conceit is furniſhed by the perſon who repreſents the lion, and enters covered with the hide of that beaſt; and Theſeus only means to ſay, that the *man* who repreſented the moon, and came in at the ſame time, with a lantern in his hand, and a buſh of thorns at his back, was as much a beaſt as he who performed the part of the lion. MALONE.

The *man in the moon* was no new character on the ſtage, and is here introduced in ridicule of ſuch exhibitions. Ben Jonſon in one of his maſques, call'd, *News from the New World in the Moon*, makes his *Factor* doubt of the perſon who brings the intelligence. " I muſt ſee his dog at his girdle, and the buſh of thorns at his back, ere I believe it."—" Thoſe", replies one of the heralds, " are *ſtale enſigns o' the ſtage*." FARMER.

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" Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
" A lion fell, nor elſe no lion's dam [7]:
" For if I ſhould as lion come in ſtrife
" Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Dem. The very beſt at a beaſt, my lord, that e'er I ſaw.

Lyſ. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a gooſe for his diſcretion.

Dem. Not ſo, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his diſcretion; and the fox carries the gooſe.

The. His diſcretion, I am ſure, cannot carry his valour; for the gooſe carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his diſcretion, and let us liſten to the moon.

Moon. " This lantern doth the horned moon preſent;"

Dem. He ſhould have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no creſcent, and his horns are inviſible within the circumference.

Moon. " This lantern doth the horned moon preſent;
" Myſelf the man i'th'moon do ſeem to be."

The. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt: the man ſhould be put into the lantern; how is it elſe the man i'the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you ſee, it is already in ſnuff [8].

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: Would, he would change!

The. It appears, by this ſmall light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courteſy, in all reaſon, we muſt ſtay the time.

Lyſ. Proceed, moon.

[7] *Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am*
A lion fell, nor elſe no lion's dam:] That is, that I am Snug the joiner; and neither a lion, nor a lion's dam. Dr. Johnſon has juſtly obſerved in a note on *All's well that ends well*, that *nor* in the phraſeology of our author's time often related to two members of a ſentence, though only expreſſed in the latter. So in the play juſt mentioned:

" —— contempt *nor* bitterneſs
" Were in his pride or ſharpneſs."

The reading of the text is that of the folio. The quartos read—that I, *as* Snug the joiner, &c. MALONE.

[8] — *in ſnuff.*] An equivocation. *Snuff* ſignifies both the cinder of a candle, and haſty anger. JOHNSON.

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Moon. All that I have to ſay, is, to tell you, that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-buſh, my thorn-buſh; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all theſe ſhould be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But, ſilence; here comes Thiſbe.

Enter THISBE.

Thiſ. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh.—" [*The lion roars.* Thiſbe *runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd, lion.

The. Well run, Thiſbe.

Hip. Well ſhone, moon.—Truly, the moon ſhines with a good grace.

The. Well mous'd, lion[9]. [*The Lion tears* Thiſbe's *mantle.*

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Lyſ. And ſo the lion vaniſh'd[1]. [*Exit* Lion.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy ſunny beams;
"I thank thee, moon, for ſhining now ſo bright:
"For by thy gracious, golden, glittering ſtreams[2],
"I truſt to taſte of trueſt Thiſby's ſight.
"But ſtay;—O ſpight!
"But mark;—Poor knight,
"What dreadful dole is here?
"Eyes, do you ſee?
"How can it be?
"O dainty duck! O dear!
"Thy mantle good,
"What, ſtain'd with blood?
"Approach, ye furies fell!

[9] *Well* mous'd, *lion.*] Theſeus means that he has well tumbled and bloody'd the veil of Thiſbe. STEEVENS.

[1] *And then came Pyramus.*
And ſo the lion vaniſh'd.] Dr. Farmer would read—
And *ſo comes* Pyramus,
And *then* the *moon* vaniſhes. MALONE.

[2] — *glittering* ſtreams,] The old copies read—*beams.* STEEVENS. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

"O fates!

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" O fates! come, come;
" Cut thread and thrum [3];
" Quail, cruſh, conclude, and quell [4]!"

Tbe. This paſſion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look ſad.

Hip. Beſhrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. " O, wherefore nature didſt thou lions frame?
" Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
" Which is—no, no—which was the faireſt dame,
" That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd, with
" cheer.
" Come, tears, confound;
" Out, ſword, and wound
" The pap of Pyramus:
" Ay, that left pap,
" Where heart doth hop:—
" Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
" Now am I dead,
" Now am I fled;
" My ſoul is in the ſky:
" Tongue, loſe thy light!
" Moon, take thy flight!
" Now die, die, die, die, die. [*dies. Exit* Moonſhine.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lyſ. Leſs than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

Tbe. With the help of a ſurgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an aſs [5].

Hip. How chance moonſhine is gone, before Thiſbe comes back and finds her lover?

3 *Cut tbread and tbrum;*] *Tbrum* is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp; it is popularly uſed for very coarſe yarn. The maids now call a mop of yarn a *tbrum mop.* WARNER.

4 — *and* quell!] To *quell* is to murther, to deſtroy. STEEVENS.

5 — *and prove an aſs.*] The character of Theſeus throughout this play is more exalted in its humanity, than its greatneſs. Though ſome ſenſible obſervations on life, and animated deſcriptions fall from him, as it is ſaid of Jago, *you ſhall taſte him more as a ſoldier than as a wit,* which is a diſtinction he is here ſtriving to deſerve, though with little ſucceſs; as in ſupport of his pretenſions he never riſes higher than a *pun,* and frequently ſinks as low as a *quibble.* STEEVENS.

Tbe.

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The. She will find him by ſtar light.—Here ſhe comes;

Enter THISBE.

and her paſſion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks, ſhe ſhould not uſe a long one, for ſuch a Pyramus: I hope, ſhe will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thiſbe, is the better [6].

Lyſ. She hath ſpied him already, with thoſe ſweet eyes.

Dem. And thus ſhe moans [7], *videlicet.*—

Thiſ. "Aſleep, my love?
"What, dead, my dove?
"O Pyramus, ariſe,
"Speak, ſpeak. Quite dumb?
"Dead, dead? A tomb
"Muſt cover thy ſweet eyes.
"Theſe lilly lips,
"This cherry noſe [8],
"Theſe yellow cowſlip cheeks,

[6] The firſt quarto makes this ſpeech a little longer, but not better. JOHNSON.

The paſſage omitted is,—"He for a man, God warn'd us; ſhe for a woman, God bleſs us." STEEVENS.

[7] *And thus ſhe* moans,—] The old copies read—*means.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. A late writer contends for the old reading, which, he ſays, is a common term in the Scotch law, ſignifying to *tell*, to *relate*, to *declare*. "Petitions to the lords of ſeſſion in Scotland run, To the lords of council and ſeſſion humbly *means* and ſhews your petitioner." *Letters of Literature*, 8vo. 1785. MALONE.

[8] *Theſe lilly* lips, *this cherry* noſe,] It ſhould be:

"Theſe lips lilly,
"This noſe cherry."

This mode of poſition adds not a little to the burleſque of the paſſage. FARMER.

Mr. Theobald for the ſake of rhime would read— lilly *brows*. But *lips* could ſcarcely have been miſtaken by either the eye or the ear for *brows*. MALONE.

We meet with ſomewhat like this paſſage in George Peele's *Old Wives Tale*, 1595:

Her coral lippes, her crimſon chinne,

Thou art a flouting knave—Her coral lippes, her *crimſon chinne!* STEEVENS.

"Are

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" Are gone, are gone:
" Lovers, make moan!
" His eyes were green as leeks.
" O ſiſters three,
" Come, come, to me,
" With hands as pale as milk;
" Lay them in gore,
" Since you have ſhore
" With ſhears his thread of ſilk.
" Tongue, not a word:—
" Come, truſty ſword;
" Come, blade, my breaſt imbrue:
" And farewel, friends;—
" Thus Thiſby ends:
" Adieu, adieu, adieu." [*dies.*

The. Moonſhine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomaſk dance [9], between two of our company.

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Never excuſe; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hang'd himſelf in Thiſbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and ſo it is, truly; and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your Bergomaſk: let your epilogue alone. [*Here a dance of clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almoſt fairy time.
I fear, we ſhall out-ſleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-groſs play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait [1] of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.

9 — *a Bergomaſk dance,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer obſerves in his *Gloſſary*, that this is a dance after the manner of the peaſants of *Bergomaſco*, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in Italy affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people; and from thence it became alſo a cuſtom to imitate their manner of dancing. STEEV.

1 — *gait*] i. e. *paſſage, progreſs.* STEEVENS.

A fort-

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A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon [2];
Whilſt the heavy ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taſk fordone [3].

[2] *And the wolf* behowls *the moon*;] The old copies read—*beholds* the moon. The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton. The word *beholds* was in the time of Shakſpeare frequently written *beheulds*, (as, I ſuppoſe, it was then pronounced,) which probably occaſioned the miſtake. The following paſſage in Marſton's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602, which (as Mr. Theobald has likewiſe obſerved) ſeems to have been copied from that before us, appears to me a ſtrong confirmation of the reading ſuggeſted by Dr. Warburton:

"Now *barks* the *wolfe* againſt the full-cheek'd *moon*,
"Now lyons half-clam'd entrals *roar for food*,
"Now croaks the toad, and night-crows *ſcreech aloud*,
"Flurt'ring 'bout caſements of departing ſouls;
"Now *gape* the *graves*, and thro' their yawns let looſe
"Impriſon'd ſpirits to revifit earth."

It is obſervable, that in the paſſage in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592, which Shakſpeare ſeems to have had in his thoughts, when he wrote, in *As you like it*,—"*'Tis like the* howling *of Iriſh* wolves *againſt* the moon,"—the expreſſion is found, that Marſton has here uſed inſtead of *bebowls*. "In courting Phebe, thou *barkeſt* with the wolves of Syria againſt the moon."

Theſe lines alſo in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*. B. I. C. 5. ſt. 30. which Shakſpeare might have remembered, add ſupport to the emendation now made:

"And all the while ſhe [*Night*] ſtood upon the ground,
"The wakeful dogs did never ceaſe to bay;—
"The meſſenger of death, the ghaſtly owle,
"With drery ſhrieks did alſo her bewray;
"And hungry *wolves* continually did *howle*
"At her abhorred face, ſo filthy and ſo fowle." MALONE.

I think, *Now the wolf* behowls *the moon*, was the original text. The alluſion is frequently met with in the works of our author, and his contemporaries. "'Tis like the *howling* of Iriſh *wolves* againſt the *moon*," ſays he, in *As you like it*. FARMER.

[3] —*fordone*.] i. e. overcome. STEEVENS.

Now

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Now the waſted brands do glow,
Whilſt the ſcritch-owl, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his ſpright,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the preſence of the ſun,
Following darkneſs like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouſe
Shall diſturb this hallow'd houſe:
I am ſent, with broom, before[4],
To ſweep the duſt behind the door.

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA, *with their Train.*

Obe. Through the houſe give glimmering light[5],
By the dead and drowſy fire:
Every elf and fairy ſprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.
Tita. Firſt, rehearſe this ſong by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we ſing, and bleſs this place.

4 *I am ſent with broom, before,*
To ſweep the duſt behind the door.] Cleanlineſs is always neceſſary to invite the reſidence and the favour of fairies:

" *Theſe make our girls their ſlutt'ry rue,*
" *By pinching them both black and blue,*
" *And put a penny in their ſhoe,*
" *The houſe for cleanly ſweeping.* Drayton. JOHNSON.

To ſweep the duſt behind the door is a common expreſſion, and a common practice in large, old houſes; where the doors of halls and galleries are thrown backward, and ſeldom or never ſhut. FARMER.

5 *Through the houſe give glimmering light,*] Milton perhaps had this picture in his thought:

" *Glowing embers through the room*
" *Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.*" Il Penſeroſo. JOHNSON.

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SONG [6], *and* DANCE.

Obe. Now, until the break of day
Through this houſe each fairy ſtray.
To the beſt bride-bed will we,
Which by us ſhall bleſſed be;
And the iſſue, there create,
Ever ſhall be fortunate.
So ſhall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor ſcar,
Nor mark prodigious [7], ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew conſecrate,
Every fairy take his gait [8];
And each ſeveral chamber bleſs,
Through this palace, with ſweet peace;
E'er ſhall it in ſafety reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.
Trip away;
Make no ſtay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, *and Train.*

Puck. *If we ſhadows have offended,*
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but ſlumber'd here,
While theſe viſions did appear,

[6] This ſong, like many others, is loſt. Dr. Johnſon thinks that another ſong has alſo been loſt, which he ſuppoſes to have been ſung by Oberon, immediately after his firſt ſpeech on his entrance:

And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly. MALONE.

[7] *Nor mark* prodigious,] *Prodigious* has here its primitive ſignification of *portentous*. So, in *K. Richard III.*

" If ever he have child, abortive be it,
" *Prodigious*, and untimely brought to light." STEEVENS.

[8] — *take his* gait;] i. e. take his *way*, or direct his *ſteps*. STEEV.

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And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I'm an honeſt Puck[9],
If we have unearned luck[1]
Now to 'ſcape the ſerpent's tongue[2],
We will make amends, ere long:
Elſe the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands[3], *if we be friends,*
And Robin ſhall reſtore amends. [*Exit*[4].

9 — *an* honeſt *Puck,*] The propriety of this epithet has been already ſhewn in p. 460, n. 7. MALONE.

1 — *unearned luck*] i. e. if we have better fortune than we have deſerved. STEEVENS.

2 *Now to 'ſcape the ſerpent's tongue,*] That is, if we be diſmiſſed without hiſſes. JOHNSON.

3 *Give me your hands,*—] That is, Clap your hands. Give us your applauſe. JOHNSON.

So in J. Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607:

" But then ymph, after the cuſtom of diſtreſt tragedians, whoſe firſt act is entertained with a *ſnaky* ſalutation, &c. STEEVENS.

4 Wild and fantaſtical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleaſure which the author deſigned. Fairies in his time were much in faſhion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenſer's poem had made them great. JOHNSON.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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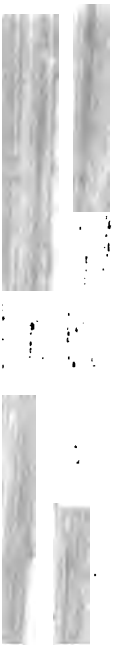

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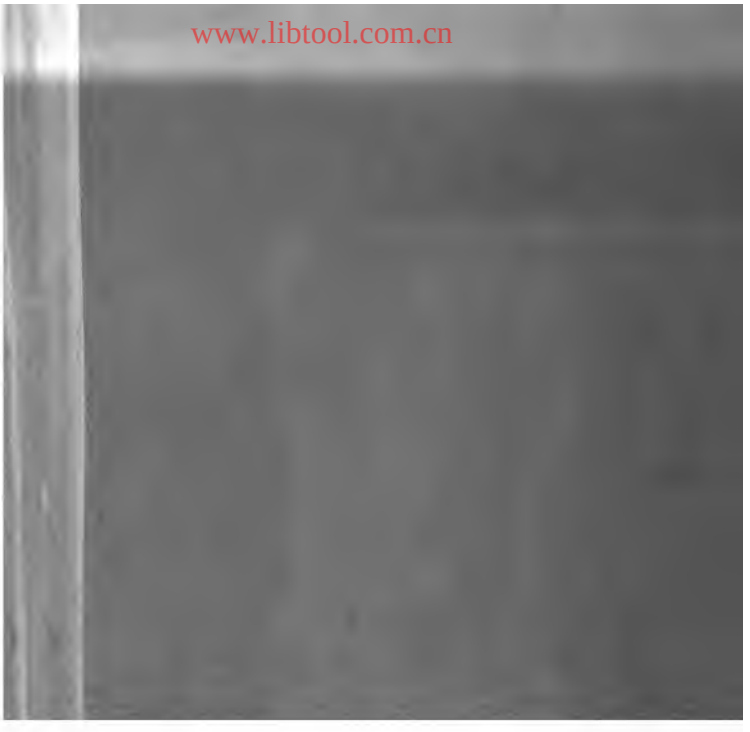

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