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THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

THE TEXT FORMED FROM

A new Collation of the early Editions:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED ALL

THE ORIGINAL NOVELS AND TALES ON WHICH THE PLAYS ARE FOUNDED;
COPIOUS ARCHÆOLOGICAL ANNOTATIONS ON EACH PLAY;
AN ESSAY ON THE FORMATION OF THE TEXT;
AND A LIFE OF THE POET:

BY

JAMES O. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY; THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE; THE NEWCASTLE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY; THE ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY, AND THE SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE; FELLOW OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES; AND CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETIES OF SCOTLAND, POICTIERS, PICARDIE, AND CAEN (ACADEMIE DES SCIENCES), AND OF THE COMITE DES ARTS ET MONUMENTS.

VOLUME II.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.
LOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS—WINDSOR AND BRENTFORD.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND WOOD-ENGRAVINGS

BY

FREDERICK WILLIAM FAIRHOLT, ESQ., F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF 'COSTUME IN ENGLAND,' ETC.

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List of Plates.

	PAGE
1. View of Datchet Mead and Windsor Park in the seventeenth century, exhibiting the site of Falstaff's adventure of the Buck-basket, from the original drawing in the Sutherland Collection	<i>frontispiece</i>
2. Facsimile of the first page of the Two Gentlemen of Verona, from the folio edition of 1623	28
3. Facsimile of an early English A. B. C.-Book, dated A. D. 1575, from the original black-letter broadside in the possession of the Editor, the first portion	78
4. The second part of the same	<i>ib.</i>
5. The Music of My Lady Carey's Dump, from the original manuscript of the time of Henry VIII., preserved in the Old Royal Library in the British Museum	127
6. Passages from the Two Gentlemen of Verona, and the Merry Wives of Windsor, as they occur in a manuscript of the seventeenth century, many of which exhibit examples of the unauthorized alterations of the text which were common at that period	177
7. Facsimiles of the title-pages of the early quarto Editions of the Merry Wives of Windsor	210
8. A Plan of Windsor and the Little Park, as they existed in the year 1607, from the original by John Norden	255
9. Facsimile of the black-letter Ballad of 'Live with me, and be my Love,' from the original printed in the seventeenth century	375
10. The black-letter Ballad of 'Fortune my Foe,' the song alluded to in the Merry Wives of Windsor, from a copy preserved in the Bagford Collection	399

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

EARLY EDITIONS.

(1). In the folio edition of 1623; in the division of Comedies, pp. 20 to 38, sigs. B 4 v^o—D.

(2). In the folio edition of 1632. The pagination and signatures are the same as in the above.

(3). In the folio edition of 1664. The pagination and signatures are the same as in the above.

(4). In the folio of 1685; in the division of Comedies, pp. 18—34, sigs. B 3 v^o—C 5.

INTRODUCTION.

THE popular literature of England, at the conclusion of the sixteenth century, included many reliques of medieval romance; and there can be but little doubt that Shakespeare, in his earlier days, had become acquainted with most of the more favorite stories of ancient date, then rendered familiar to the populace by oral tradition, and by that extensive series of publications generally known as chap-books, so few of which belonging to that period now remain. Our acquaintance at the present day with the baser literature of the Elizabethan era is so exceedingly circumscribed, we can derive but a very faint impression of the vastness of the stores whence the poets and dramatists of the day obtained many of their materials. There is an incident at the conclusion of the play now under consideration, the suggestion of which, amongst others, may fairly be ascribed to the efforts of a mind strongly imbued with early romantic lore—the incident, I mean, of Valentine's unnatural generosity, where, in the excess of his rapture for the repentance of Proteus, he gives up to him all his right in Silvia. More extravagant instances of a similar description occur in the old English metrical romance of *Amis and Amiloun*; and, in fact, Shakespeare has only adopted a very subdued type of a friendship story. That he should have availed himself of any narrative of the kind indicates certainly the period of composition to have been early in the poet's career, but, beyond this, there seems to be clearly no necessity for adopting any refined explanation of the scene, which is inconsistent with its obvious import.

All this is necessarily to be accepted on the supposition that the incident referred to is not to be found in some earlier novel or play, in itself the origin of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. It is evidently by no means impossible that this is the case. Tieck mentions an old German play, printed soon after the

death of Shakespeare (*Englische Comedien und Tragedien*, 1620), a tragedy entitled 'Julio und Hypolita,' which, according to him, is almost identical with this drama, except that, in the German piece, at the wedding, the deceived friend stabs the false one, who has certainly carried on his intrigue very clumsily—the bride murders herself, and her lover follows her example. The clown of the play is called Grobianus Pickelhering, and, according to Tieck, the piece is only very roughly and briefly given, much of it appearing to be omitted. It is deeply to be regretted that this German play should at present be inaccessible, Tieck not having included it in his collection, and the most careful search for a copy of the original work having hitherto proved unsuccessful.

The following observations by Karl Simroek will form an appropriate introduction to any further remarks of our own on the source of the plot. "The novel of Bandello, which Shakespeare followed in *Twelfth Night*, furnished the Spanish writer, Montemayor, with the materials for an episode in his *Diana*, which again has been used by Shakespeare, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; thus Bandello's story may be considered as the foundation of the two plays of Shakespeare. Bandello's tales were extant in 1554. Montemayor's 'Diana,' therefore, which was printed in 1560 in seven books [and frequently republished], may have been indebted to the Italian novelist. That this is the case, and how it has happened, the reader will see by comparing the tale of Felismena with the story of Bandello. It seems to have been the first intention of Montemayor to follow his original more closely than he eventually did; at least, the introduction of the story of Felismena shows us that her twin brother, whose name is not mentioned, was to have answered the unfortunate passion of Celia for Felismena, disguised under the name of Valerio; as Paolo, in Bandello, indemnifies Catella. It is true that Montemayor lets Celia die of despair at the coldness of the page, but probably he had here another novel of Bandello's in his mind, and meant that she should be ~~restored~~, as Fenicie is, and then be married to Felismena's twin brother. Montemayor does not, indeed, mention the likeness of the twins, but probably he had reasons for not indicating this too soon; besides, in twins such a likeness is tacitly supposed. Montemayor's 'Diana' was continued, first by Alonso Perez, a physician of Salamanca (1564), and then by Gil Polo (1574), to which latter Cervantes allows

even higher praise than to Montemayor himself. Neither of these continuators, however, has taken up the intention of Montemayor. Celia dies in reality, and Felismena's brother does not fulfil the purpose for which Montemayor appears to have introduced him. If the untimely death of Montemayor has withheld from his readers an important portion of the invention of Bandello, Shakespeare went still further in this play; for though he gives from Montemayor's episode the history of Felismena (Julia), from the letter of Don Felis (Proteus) and her quarrel with the chambermaid, to the infidelity of Felis (whom Felismena serves disguised as a page, and courts another woman for her lover and master); yet he suppresses still more of the relation of Bandello, since Silvia (Celia, Catella), whose heart is already occupied by Valentine, does not fall in love with the page. But it is precisely the portion of the story here suppressed which makes the main incident of the later play of Twelfth Night; whilst in this latter the first part of Bandello's tale is wanting, inasmuch as we learn nothing of the earlier love of the Duke for Viola. In reply to the censure, in itself unjust, which English critics bestow on Shakespeare for this omission, it should be remembered that it was necessary to avoid a repetition of the same incident. In the Two Gentlemen of Verona, Shakespeare has contrived very artfully to connect the episode of Montemayor with an action perfectly distinct from it; Proteus, while he is faithless to his beloved, also practising treason against his friend. The relation of the two friends to one another and to Silvia; the fickleness of Proteus (indicated in his very name), who is false to Valentine for the sake of an unreturned passion, in contrast with the noble fidelity of the latter, who is willing to sacrifice his tenderly-returned love to the friend whose falsehood he has detected, form the main incident of this play, to which the love of Julia to Proteus serves only as an episodical by-play. The source whence Shakespeare borrowed his principal incident was probably one of the numerous modifications of the friendship-story, which, in its German form, has always for its subject the collision of love with friendship. Which of these was present to his imagination we cannot decide, since the source of this part of his play is not yet discovered. Tieck (*German Theatre*, i., 27,) suspects it, without any very weighty grounds, in an older English play, of which an imitation, he says, has been preserved in an old German tragedy, 'Julio und Hypolita.' It is quite possible that

Shakespeare may here have followed no distinct model, and may only have drawn upon his general knowledge of the poems and popular books belonging to this cycle of ideas, but still more upon his own imagination; the beginning of the play, however, where Valentine insists upon going to the court of the Emperor (it is true that he is afterwards always called the *Duke* of Milan), and there falls in love with the daughter of his lord, reminds us very distinctly of Amicus and Amelius, one of the most celebrated friendship-stories, which perhaps was the foundation of the tale made use of by Shakespeare. The part of the false Harderich, in whose place Thurio stands at first, is here carried out by Proteus, in whom, from this time, love triumphs over friendship; whilst Valentine ceases not to bear himself as a pattern for true friends. Tieck, in his second part of the poet's life (*Novellen Kranz* for 1831), directed his attention especially to this play, when he makes the poet experience, with his friend Lord Southampton, something of the same painful nature which happens to Valentine with Proteus. It is very possible that Shakespeare may have represented some of his own trials in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; but the composition of this play falls into an earlier period than the incident with the Earl." It has been observed by Dunlop that a mistress serving her lover in the capacity of a page, and employed by him to propitiate an obdurate fair one, is a common love adventure with the old novelists; and he mentions a tale, founded on this incident, in the *Ecatommithi* of Cinthio.

The 'Diana' of Montemayor was one of the books which had the rare merit of escaping the flames that consumed the greater portion of the library of Don Quixote. "I am of opinion we ought not to burn it, but only take out that part of it which treats of the magician Felicia and the enchanted water, as also all the longer poems, and let the work escape with its prose, and the honour of being the first in that kind." The 'Diana' deserved the praise of Cervantes, and it appears to have been extremely popular in England during the later years of the sixteenth century. It was translated by Bartholomew Yong in and before 1583, by Thomas Wilson in 1596, and parts of it were rendered into English by Edward Paston and the celebrated Sir Philip Sidney; but Yong's version was the only one published, and that did not appear till 1598, the year in which we first hear of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* in the pages of Meres. It was published in a folio volume, entitled,

‘Diana of George of Montemayor, translated out of Spanish into English by Bartholomew Yong of the Middle Temple gentleman; at London, Printed by Edm. Bollifant, impensis G.B., 1598.’ Yong, in his preface, observes that the translation had been completed in manuscript upwards of sixteen years.

The fact of the popularity of the ‘Diana’ in England at this period is of considerable importance, for, although it would seem that Shakespeare could not have read the printed translation by Yong before he composed the play, there are similarities between a story contained in the work of Montemayor, and the drama, too minute to be accidental. According to one critic, the incident common to the two is only such as might be found in other romances, and he limits the resemblance to the assumption of male attire by the lady. But the most striking similitude is contained in the account of the circumstance of bringing the letter, and the waywardness of Julia; and I subjoin an extract from the ‘Diana,’ containing the principal portion of the autobiography of Felismena, which will exhibit even several of Shakespeare’s own expressions, and prove that such an opinion is quite untenable:

You shall therefore knowe (faire nymphes) that great Vandalia is my native countrie, a province not far hence, where I was borne, in a citie called Soldina; my mother called Delia, my father Andronius, for linage and possessions the chiefest of all that province. It fell out that as my mother was married many yeeres and had no children, by reason whereof she lived so sad and malecontent that she enjoyed not one merry day, with teares and sighes she daily importuned the heavens, and, with a thousand vowes and devout offerings, besought God to grant her the summe of her desire: whose omnipotencie it pleased, beholding from his imperiall throne her continuall orisons, to make her barren bodie (the greater part of her age being now spent and gone) to become fruitful. What infinite joy she conceived thereof, let her judge, that after a long desire of any thing, fortune at last doth put it into her handes. Of which content my father Andronius being no lesse partaker, shewed such tokens of inward joy as are impossible to be expressed. My mother Delia was so much given to reading of ancient histories, that if, by reason of sicknes or any important businesse, she had not bene hindred, she would never (by her will) have passed the time away in any other delight; who (as I said) being now with childe, and finding herselfe on a night ill at ease, intreated my father to reade something unto her, that, her minde being occupied in contemplation thereof, she might the better passe her greefe away. My father, who studied for nothing els but to please her in all he might, began to reade unto her the historie of Paris, when the three Ladies referred their proude contention for the golden apple to his conclusion and judgement. But as my mother held it for an infallible opinion that Paris had partially given that sentence, perswaded thereunto by a blinde passion of beautie, so she said, that without all doubt he did not with due reason and wisdomc consider the goddessse of battels; for, as martiall and heroicall feates (saide she)

excelled all other qualities, so with equitie and justice the apple should have bene given to her. My father answered, that since the apple was to be given to the fairest, and that Venus was fairer then any of the rest, Paris had rightly given his judgement, if that harme had not ensued thereof, which afterwarde did. To this my mother replied, that, though it was written in the apple, *That it should be given to the fairest*, it was not to be understood of corporall beautie, but of the intellectuall beautie of the mind. And therefore since fortitude was a thing that made one most beautiful, and the exercise of arms an exterior aet of this vertue, she affirmed, that to the goddesse of battels this apple should be given, if Paris had judged like a prudent and unappassionate judge. So that (faire nymphes) they spent a great part of the night in this controversie, both of them alledging the most reasons they could to confirme their owne purpose. They persisting in this point, sleepe began to overeome her, whom the reasons and arguments of her husband coulde not once moove; so that being very deepe in her disputations, she fell into as deepe a sleepe, to whom, my father being now gone to his chamber, appeered the goddesse Venus, with as frowning a countenance as faire, and saide, I marvell, Delia, who hath mooved thee to be so contrarie to her, that was never opposite to thee? If thou hadst but called to minde the time when thou wert so overeome in love for Andronius, thou wouldest not have paide me the debt thou owest me with so ill coine. But thou shalt not escape free from my due anger; for thou shalt bring forth a sonne and a daughter, whose birth shall cost thee no lesse then thy life, and them their contentment, for uttering so much in disgrace of my honour and beautie: both which shall be as infortunate in their love as any were ever in all their lives, or to the age wherein, with remedylesse sighes, they shall breath forth the summe of their ceaselesse sorrowes. And having saide thus, she vanished away: when, likewise, it seemed to my mother that the Goddesses Pallas came to her in a vision, and with a merry countenance saide thus unto her: With what sufficient rewardes may I be able to requite the due regarde (most happie and discreete Delia) which thou hast alleaged in my favour against thy husbands obstinate opinion, except it be by making thee understand that thou shalt bring foorth a sonne and a daughter, the most fortunate in armes that have bene to their times. Having thus said, she vanished out of her sight, and my mother, thorow exeeding feare, awaked immediately. Who, within a moneth after, at one birth was delivered of me, and of a brother of mine, and died in childebed, leaving my father the most sorrowfull man in the world for her sudden death; for greefe whereof, within a little while after, he also died. And bicause you may knowe (faire nymphes) in what great extremities love hath put me, you must understand, that (being a woman of that qualitie and disposition as you have heard) I have bene forced by my cruell destinie to leave my naturall habit and libertie, and the due respect of mine honour, to follow him, who thinkes (perhaps) that I doe but leese it by loving him so extremely. Behold, how bootelesse and unseemely it is for a woman to be so dextrous in armes, as if it were her proper nature and kinde, wherewith (faire nymphes) I had never bene indued, but that, by meanes thereof, I should come to doe you this little service against these villaines; which I account no lesse then if fortune had begun to satisfie in part some of those infinite wrongs that she hath continually done me. The nymphes were so amazed at her words, that they coulde neither aske nor answere any thing to that the faire Shepherdesse tolde them, who, prosecuting her historie, saide:

My brother and I were brought up in a nunnerie, where an aunt of ours was abbesse, untill we had accomplished twelve yeeres of age, at what time we were taken from thence againe, and my brother was caried to the mightie and invincible king of Portugall his court (whose noble fame and princely liberalitie was

bruted over all the world) where, being grown to yeeres able to manage armies, he atchieved as valiant and almost incredible enterprises by them, as he suffered unfortunate disgraces and foiles by love. And with all this he was so highly favoured of that magnificent king, that he would never suffer him to depart from his court. Unfortunate I, reserved by my sinister destinies to greater mishaps, was caried to a grandmother of mine, which place I would I had never seenc, since it was an occasion of such a sorrowfull life as never any woman suffered the like. And bicause there is not any thing (faire nymphes) which I am not forced to tell you, as well for the great vertue and desertes which your excellent beauties doe testifie, as also for that my minde doth give me, that you shall be no small part and meanes of my comfort, knowe, that as I was in my grandmothers house, and almost seventeene yeeres olde, a certaine yoong gentleman fell in love with me, who dwelt no further from our house then the length of a garden terrasse, so that he might see me every sommers night when I walked in the garden. When as therefore ingrategull Felix had beheld in that place the unfortunate Felismena (for this is the name of the wofull woman that tels you her mishaps) he was extremely enamoured of me, or else did cunningly dissemble it, I not knowing then whether of these two I might beleeve, but am now assured, that whosoever beleeves lest, or nothing at all, in these affaires, shall be most at ease. Many daies Don Felix spent in endeavouring to make me know the paines which he suffered for me, and many more did I spende in making the matter strange, and that he did not suffer them for my sake: and I know not why love delaied the time so long by forcing me to love him, but onely that (when he came indeed) he might enter into my hart at once, and with greater force and violence. When he had, therefore, by sundric signes, as by tylt and tourneyes, and by prancing up and downe upon his proude jennet before my windowes, made it manifest that he was in love with me (for at the first I did not so well perceive it) he determined in the end to write a letter unto me; and having practised divers times before with a maide of mine, and at length, with many gifts and faire promises, gotten her good will and furtherance, he gave her the letter to deliver to me. But to see the meanes that Rosina made unto me, (for so was she called) the dutifull services and unwoonted circumstances, before she did deliver it, the othes that she sware unto me, and the subtle words and serious protestations she used, it was a pleasant thing, and woorthie the noting. To whom (neverthesse) with an angrie countenance I turned againe, saying, If I had not regard of mine owne estate, and what heerafter might be said, I would make this shamelesse face of thine be knowne ever after for a marke of an impudent and bolde minion: but bicause it is the first time, let this suffice that I have saide, and give thee warning to take heede of the second.

Me thinkes I see now the craftie wench, how she helde her peace, dissembling very cunningly the sorrow that she conceived by my angrie answer; for she fained a counterfaite smiling, saying, Jesus, Mistresse! I gave it you, bicause you might laugh at it, and not to moove your pacience with it in this sort; for if I had any thought that it woulde have provoked you to anger, I praie God he may shew his wrath as great towards me as ever he did to the daughter of any mother. And with this she added many wordes more (as she could do well enough) to pacifie the fained auger and ill opinion that I conceived of her, and taking her letter with her, she departed from me. This having passed thus, I began to imagine what might ensue thereof, and love (me thought) did put a certaine desire into my minde to see the letter, though modestic and shame forbad me to aske it of my maide, especially for the wordes that had passed betweene us, as you have heard. And so I continued all that day untill night, in varietie of many

thoughts; but when Rosina came to helpe me to bedde, God knowes how desirous I was to have her entreat me againe to take the letter, but she woulde never speake unto me about it, nor (as it seemed) did so much as once thinke thereof. Yet to trie, if by giving her some oecasion I might prevaile, I saide unto her: And is it so, Rosina, that Don Felix, without any regard to mine honour, dares write unto me? These are things, mistresse, saide she demurely to me againe, that are commonly incident to love, wherfore I beseech you pardon me, for if I had thought to have angred you with it, I woulde have first pulled out the bals of mine eies. How cold my hart was at that blow, God knowes, yet did I dissemble the matter, and suffer myselfe to remaine that night onely with my desire, and with oecasion of little sleepe. And so it was, indeede, for that (me thought) was the longest and most painfull night that ever I passed. But when, with a slower pace then I desired the wished day was come, the discreet and subtile Rosina came into my chamber to helpe me to make me readie, in dooing whereof, of purpose she let the letter closely fall, which, when I pereeved, What is that that fell downe? (saide I), let me see it. It is nothing, mistresse, saide she. Come, come, let me see it (saide I): what! moove me not, or else tell me what it is. Good Lord, mistresse (saide she), why will you see it! it is the letter I would have given you yesterday. Nay, that it is not (saide I), wherfore shew it me, that I may see if you lie or no. I had no sooner said so, but she put it into my handes, saying, God never give me good if it be anie other thing; and although I knewe it well indeede, yet I saide, What, this is not the same, for I know that well enough, but it is one of thy lovers letters: I will read it, to see in what neede he standeth of thy favour. And opening it, I founde it contened this that followeth.

“I ever imagined (deere mistresse) that your discretion and wisdom woulde have taken away the feare I had to write unto you, the same knowing well enough (without any letter at all) how much I love you, but the very same hath so cunningly dissembled, that wherein I hoped the onely remedie of my griefes had been, therein consisted my greatest harme. If according to your wisdom you censure my boldnes, I shall not then (I know) enjoy one hower of life; but if you do consider of it according to loves accustomed effects, then will I not exchange my hope for it. Be not offended, I beseech you (good ladie) with my letter, and blame me not for writing unto you, untill you see by experience whether I can leave of to write: and take me besides into the possession of that which is yours, since all is mine doth wholly consist in your hands, the which, with all reverence and dutifull affection, a thousand times I kisse.”

When I had now seene my Don Felix his letter, whether it was for reading it at such a time, when by the same he shewed that he loved me more then himselfe, or whether he had disposition and regiment over part of this wearied soule, to imprint that love in it whereof he wrote unto me, I began to love him too well, (and, alas, for my harme!) since he was the cause of so much sorrow as I have passed for his sake. Whereupon, asking Rosina forgiveness of what was past (as a thing needfull for that which was to come) and committing the seerecie of my love to her fidelitie, I read the letter once againe, pausing a little at every worde (and a very little indeede it was) because I concluded so soone with my selfe to do that I did, although in verie truth it lay not otherwise in my power to do. Wherfore, calling for paper and inke, I answered his letter thus.

“Esteeme not so slightly of mine honour, Don Felix, as with fained words to thinke to enveagle it, or with thy vaine pretenses to offend it any waies. I know wel enough what manner of man thou art, and how great thy desert and presumption is; from whence thy boldnes doth arise (I gesse), and not from

the force (which thing thou wouldst faine perswade me) of thy fervent love. And if it be so (as my suspicion suggesteth) thy labor is as vaine as thy imagination presumptuous, by thinking to make me do any thing contrarie to that which I owe unto mine honour. Consider (I beseech thee) how seldome things commenced under suttletie and dissimulation have good successe; and that it is not the part of a gentleman to meane them one way and speak them another. Thou praigest me (amongst other things) to admit thee into possession of that that is mine: but I am of so ill an humour in matters of this qualitie, that I trust not things experienced, how much lesse then thy bare wordes; yet, neverthelesse, I make no small account of that which thou hast manifested to me in thy letter; for it is ynough that I am incredulous, though not unthankfull."

This letter did I send, contrarie to that I should have done, bicause it was the occasion of all my harmes and greefes; for after this, he began to waxe more bolde by unfolding his thoughts, and seeking out the meanes to have a parly with me. In the ende, faire nymphes, a few daies being spent in his demaunds and my answers, false love did worke in me after his wonted fashions, every hower seasing more strongly upon my unfortunate soule. The tourneies were now renewed, the musicke by night did never cease; amorous letters and verses were re-continued on both sides; and thus passed I away almost a whole yeere, at the end whereof, I felt my selfe so far in his love, that I had no power to retire, nor stay my selfe from disclosing my thoughts unto him, the thing which he desired more then his owne life. But my adverse fortune afterwardes would, that of these our mutuall loves (when as now they were most assured) his father had some intelligence, and whosoever revealed them first, perswaded him so cunningly, that his father (fearing least he would have married me out of hand) sent him to the great Princesse Augusta Cæsarinas court, telling him, it was not meete that a yoong gentleman, and of so noble a house as he was, should spende his youth idly at home, where nothing could be learned but examples of vice, whereof the very same idlenes (he said) was the onely mistresse. He went away so pensive, that his great greefe would not suffer him to acquaint me with his departure; which when I knew, how sorrowfull I remained, she may imagine that hath bene at any time tormented with like passion. To tell you now the life that I led in his absence, my sadnes, sighes, and teares, which every day I powred out of these wearied eies, my toong is far unable: if then my paines were such that I cannot now expresse them, how could I then suffer them? But being in the mids of my mishaps, and in the depth of those woes which the absence of Don Felix caused me to feele, and it seeming to me that my greefe was without remedie, if he were once seene or knowen of the ladies in that court (more beautifull and gracious then my selfe), by occasion whereof, as also by absence (a capitall enemy to love) I might easily be forgotten, I determind to adventure that, which I thinke never any woman imagined; which was to apparell my selfe in the habit of a man, and to hye me to the court to see him, in whose sight al my hope and content remained. Which determination I no sooner thought of then I put in practise, love blinding my eies and minde with an inconsiderate regarde of mine owne estate and condition. To the execution of which attempt I wanted no industrie; for, being furnished with the helpe of one of my approved friends, and treasuresse of my secrets, who bought me such apparell as I willed her, and a good horse for my journey, I went not onely out of my countrie, but out of my deere reputation, which (I thinke) I shall never recover againe; and so trotted directly to the court, passing by the way many accidents, which (if time would give me leave to tell them) would not make you laugh a little to heare them. Twenty daies I was in going thither, at the ende of which, being come to the desired place, I took up

mine inne in a streete lest (*sic*) frequented with concourse of people : and the great desire I had to see the destroyer of my joy did not suffer me to thinke of any other thing, but how or where I might see him. To inquire of him of mine host I durst not, lest my comming might (perhaps) have bene discovered ; and to seeke him forth I thought it not best, lest some inopinate mishap might have fallen out, whereby I might have bene knowen. Wherefore I passed all that day in these perplexities, while night came on, each hower whereof (me thought) was a whole yeere unto me. But midnight being a little past, mine host called at my chamber doore, and tolde me if I was desirous to heare some brave musicke, I should arise quickly, and open a window towards the street. The which I did by and by, and making no noise at all, I heard how Don Felix his page, called Fabius (whom I knew by his voice) saide to others that came with him, Now it is time, my masters, bicause the lady is in the gallerie over her garden, taking the fresh aire of the coole night. He had no sooner saide so, but they began to winde three cornets and a sackbot, with such skill and sweetnesse, that it seemed celesstiall musicke ; and then began a voice to sing, the sweetest (in my opinion) that ever I heard. And though I was in suspence, by hearing Fabius speake, whereby a thousand doubttes and imaginations (repugnant to my rest) occurred in my minde, yet I neglected not to heare what was sung, bicause their operations were not of such force that they were able to hinder the desire, nor distemper the delight that I conceived by hearing it. That therefore which was sung were these verses :—

Sweete mistresse, harken unto me,
 (If it grieves thee to see me die)
 And hearing, though it greeveth thee,
 To heare me yet do not denie.

O grant me then this short content,
 For fore'd I am to thee to flie.
 My sighes do not make thee relent,
 Nor teares thy hart do mollifie.

Nothing of mine doth give thee payne,
 Nor thou think'st of no remedie :
 Mistresse, how long shall I sustaine
 Such ill as still thou dost applie ?

In death there is no helpe, be sure,
 But in thy will, where it doth lie ;
 For all those illes which death doth cure,
 Alas ! they are but light to tric :

My troubles do not trouble thee,
 Nor hope to touch thy soule so nie :
 O ! from a will that is so free,
 What should I hope when I do crie ?

How can I mollifie that brave
 And stonie hart of pittie drie ?
 Yet mistresse, turne those eies (that have
 No peeres) shiming like stars in skie ;

But turne them not in angrie sort,
 If thou wilt not kill me thereby :
 Though yet, in anger or in sport,
 Thou killest onely with thine eie.

After they had first, with a conceit of musicke, sung this song, two plaied, the one upon a lute, the other upon a silver sounding harpe, being accompanied with the sweete voice of my Don Felix. The great joy that I felt in hearing him cannot be imagined, for (me thought) I heard him nowe, as in that happie and passed time of our loves. But after the deccit of this imagination was discovered, seeing with mine eies, and hearing with mine cares, that this musicke was bestowed upon another, and not on me, God knowes what a bitter death it was unto my soule : and with a greevous sigh, that caried almost my life away with it, I asked mine host if he knew what the ladie was for whose sake the musick was made? He answered me, that he could not imagine on whom it was bestowed, bicause in that streete dwelled manie noble and faire ladies. And when I saw he could not satisfie my request, I bent mine eares againe to heare my Don Felix, who now, to the tune of a delieate harpe, whereon he sweetely plaied, began to sing this sonnet following :

A Sonnet.—My painefull yeeres impartiall Love was spending
 In vaine and booteles hopes my life appaying,
 And cruell Fortune to the world bewraying
 Strange samples of my teares that have no ending.
 Time, everie thing to truth at last commending,
 Leaves of my steps such markes, that now betraying,
 And all deccitfull trusts shall be decaying,
 And none have cause to plaine of his offending.
 Shee, whom I lov'd to my obliged power,
 That in her sweetest love to me discovers
 Which never yet I knew (those heavenly pleasures),
 And I do saie, exclaiming every hower,
 Do not you see what makes you wise, O lovers?
 Love, Fortune, Time, and my faire mystresse treasures.

The sonnet being ended, they paused awhile, playing on fower lutes together, and on a paire of virginals, with such heavenly melodie, that the whole worlde (I thinke) could not affoord sweeter musick to the eare nor delight to any minde, not subject to the panges of such predominant greefe and sorrow as mine was. But then fower voices, passing well tuned and set together, began to sing this song following :

A Song.—That sweetest harme I doe not blame,
 First caused by thy fairest eies,
 But greeve, bicause too late I came,
 To know my fault, and to be wise.

I never knew a worsor kinde of life,
 To live in feare, from boldnesse still to cease :
 Nor, woorse then this, to live in such a strife,
 Whether of both to speake, or holde my peace?

And so the harme I doe not blame,
 Caused by thee or thy faire eies ;
 But that to see how late I came,
 To knowe my fault, and to be wise.

I ever more did feare that I should knowe
 Some sceret things, and doubtfull in their kinde,
 Bieause the surest things doe ever goe
 Most contrarie unto my wish and minde.

And yet by knowing of the same
 There is no hurt ; but it denies
 My remedie, since late I came,
 To knowe my fault, and to be wise.

When this song was ended, they began to sound divers sorts of instruments, and voices most excellently agreeing together, and with such sweetnes that they could not chuse but delight any very much who were not so farre from it as I. About dawning of the day the musicke ended, and I did what I could to espie out my Don Felix, but the darknes of the night was mine enimie therein. And seeing now that they were gone, I went to bed againe, where I bewailed my great mishap, knowing that he whom most of al I loved, had so unwoorthily forgotten me, whercof his musicke was too manifest a witnes. And when it was time, I arose, and without any other consideration, went straight to the Princessc her pallace, where (I thought) I might see that which I so greatly desired, determining to call my selfe Valerius, if any (perhaps) did aske my name. Comming therefore to a faire broad court before the pallace gate, I viewed the windowes and galleries, where I sawe such store of blazing beauties, and gallant ladies, that I am not able now to recount, nor then to do any more but woonder at their graces, their gorgeous attyre, their jewels, their brave fashions of apparell, and ornaments wherewith they were so richly set out. Up and downe this place, before the windowes, roade many lords and brave gentlemen in rich and sumptuous habits, and mounted upon proud jennets, every one easting his eie to that part where his thoughts were secretly placed. God knowes how greatly I desired to see Don Felix there, and that his injurious love had becne in that famous pallace ; bieause I might then have beene assured that he shoulde never have got any other guerdon of his sutes and services, but onely to see and to be seene, and sometimes to speake to his mistresse, whom he must serve before a thousand cies, bieause the privilege of that place doth not give him any further leave. But it was my ill fortune that he had settled his love in that place where I might not be assured of this poore helpe. Thus, as I was standing neere to the pallace gate, I espied Fabius, Don Felix his page, comming in great haste to the pallace, where, speaking a word or two with a porter that kept the second entrie, he returned the same waie he came. I gessed his errant was, to knowe whether it were fit time for Don Felix to come to dispatch certaine busines that his father had in the court, and that he could not choose but come thither out of hand. And being in this supposed joy which his sight did promise me, I sawe him comming along with a great traine of followers attending on his person, all of them being bravely apparelled in a liverie of watchet silke, garded with yellow velvet, and stitched on either side with threedes of twisted silver, wearing likewise blew, yellow, and white feathers in their hats. But my lorde Don Felix had on a paire of ash colour [velvet] hose, embrodered and drawen foorth with watchet tissue ; his dublet was of white satten, embrodered with knots of golde, and likewise an embrodered jerkin of the same coloured velvet ; and his short cape cloke was of blacke velvet, edged with gold lacc, and hung full of buttons of pearle and gold, and lined with razed watchet satten : by his side he ware, at a paire of embrodered hangers, a rapier and dagger, with engraven hilts and pommell of beaten golde. On his head, a hat beset full of golden stars, in the mids of everic which a rich orient pearle was enehased, and

his feather was likewise blew, yellow, and white. Mounted he came upon a faire dapple graie jennet, with a rich furniture of blew, embrodered with golde and seede pearle. When I sawe him in this rich equipage, I was so amazed at his sight, that how extremely my senses were ravished with sudden joye I am not able (faire nymphes) to tell you. Truth it is, that I could not but shed some tearcs for joy and greefe, which his sight did make me feele, but, fearing to be noted by the standers by, for that time I dried them up. But as Don Felix (being now come to the pallace gate) was dismounted, and gone up a paire of staires into the chamber of presence, I went to his men, where they were attending his returne; and seeing Fabius, whom I had seene before amongst them, I tooke him aside, and saide unto him, My friend, I pray you tell me what Lord this is, which did but even now alight from his jennet, for (me thinkes) he is very like one whom I have seene before in an other farre countrey. Fabius then answered me thus: Art thou such a novice in the court that thou knowest not Don Felix? I tell thee there is not any lord, knight, or gentleman better knowne in it then he. No doubt of that (saide I), but I will tell thee what a novice I am, and how small a time I have beene in the court, for yesterday was the first that ever I came to it. Naie then, I cannot blame thee (saide Fabius) if thou knowest him not. Knowe, then, that this gentleman is called Don Felix, borne in Vandalia, and hath his chieftest house in the ancient cittie of Soldina, and is remaining in this court about certaine affaires of his fathers and his owne. But I pray you tell me (said I) why he gives his liveries of these colours? If the cause were not so manifest, I woulde conceale it (saide Fabius), but since there is not any that knowes it not, and canst not come to any in this court who cannot tell thee the reason why, I thinke by telling thee it I do no more then in courtesie I am bound to do. Thou must therefore understand, that he loves and serves a ladie heere in this citie named Celia, and therefore weares and gives for his liverie an azure blew, which is the colour of the skie, and white and yellow, which are the colours of his lady and mistresse. When I heard these words, imagine (faire nymphes) in what a plight I was; but dissembling my mishap and grieffe, I answered him: This ladie certes is greatly beholding to him, bicause he thinkes not enough, by wearing her colours, to shew how willing he is to serve her, unlesse also he beare her name in his liverie; whereupon I gesse she cannot be but very faire and amiable. She is no lesse, indeede, saide Fabius, although the other whom he loved and served in our owne countrey in beautie farre excelled this, and loved and favoured him more then ever this did; but this mischievous absence doth violate and dissolve those things which men thinke to be most strong and firme. At these wordes (faire nymphes) was I faine to come to some composition with my teares, which, if I had not stopped from issuing forth, Fabius could not have chosen but suspected, by the alteration of my countenance, that all was not well with me. And then the page did aske me, what countrey-man I was, my name, and of what calling and condition I was: whom I answered, that my countrey where I was borne was Vandalia, my name Valerius, and till that time served no master. Then by this reckoning (saide he) we are both countrey-men, and may be both fellowes in one house if thou wilt; for Don Felix my master commanded me long since to seeke him out a page. Therefore if thou wilt serve him, say so. As for meate, drinke, and apparell, and a couple of shillings to play away, thou shalt never want; besides pretie wenches, which are not daintie in our streete, as faire and amorous as queenes, of which there is not anie that will not die for the love of so proper a youth as thou art. And to tell thee in secret (because, perhaps, we may be fellowes), I know where an old cannons maide is, a gallant fine girle, whom if thou canst but finde in thy hart to love and serve as I do, thou shalt never want

at her hands fine hand-kerchers, peeces of bacon, and now and then wine of S. Martyn. When I heard this, I could not choose but laugh, to see how naturally the unhappie page played his part by depainting foorth their properties in their lively colours. And because I thought nothing more commodious for my rest, and for the enjoying of my desire, then to follow Fabius his counsell, I answered him thus: In truth, I determined to serve none; but now, since fortune hath offered me so good a service, and at such a time, when I am constrained to take this course of life, I shall not do amisse if I frame myselfe to the service of some lord or gentleman in this court, but especially of your master, because he seemes to be a woorthy gentleman, and such an one that makes more reekoning of his servants then an other. Ha, thou knowest him not as well as I (said Fabius); for I promise thee, by the faith of a gentleman (for I am one indeede, for my father comes of the Caehopines of Laredo), that my master Don Felix is the best natured gentleman that ever thou knewest in thy life, and one who useth his pages better then any other. And were it not for those troublesome loves, which makes us runne up and downe more, and sleepe lesse, then we woulde, there were not such a master in the whole worlde againe. In the end (faire nymphes) Fabius spake to his master, Don Felix, as soone as he was come foorth, in my behalfe, who commanded me the same night to come to him at his lodging. Thither I went, and he entertained me for his page, making the most of me in the worlde; where, being but a fewe daies with him, I sawe the messages, letters, and gifts that were brought and earied on both sides, greevous wounds (alas! and eorsives to my dying hart), which made my soule to flie sometimes out of my body, and every hower in hazard to leese my forced patience before every one. But after one moneth was past, Don Felix began to like so well of me, that he dislosed his whole love unto me, from the beginning unto the present estate and forwardnes that it was then in, committing the charge thereof to my seerecie and helpe; telling me that he was favoured of her at the beginning, and that afterwards she waxed wearie of her loving and accustomed entertainment, the cause whereof was a secret report (whosoever it was that buzzed it into her eares) of the love that he did beare to a lady in his owne countrey, and that his present love unto her was but to entertaine the time, while his busines in the court were dispatched. And there is no doubt (saide Don Felix unto me) but that, indeede, I did once commenee that love that she laies to my charge; but God knowes if now there be any thing in the world that I love and esteeme more deere and precious then her. When I heard him say so, you may imagine (faire nymphes) what a mortall dagger pierced my wounded heart. But with dissembling the matter the best I coulde, I answered him thus: It were better, sir (me thinkes), that the gentlewoman should complaine with eause, and that it were so indeed; for if the other ladie, whom you served before, did not deserve to be forgotten of you, you do her (under correction, my lord) the greatest wrong in the world. The love (said Don Felix againe) which I beare to my Celia will not let me understand it so; but I have done her (me thinkes) the greater injurie, having placed my love first in an other, and not in her. Of these wrongs (saide I to my selfe) I know who beares the woorst away! And disloyall he, pulling a letter out of his bosome, which he had received the same hower from his mistresse, reade it unto me, thinking that he did me a great favour thereby, the contents whereof were these:

Celias letter to Don Felix.—“Never any thing that I suspected, touching thy love, hath beene so farre from the truth, that hath not given me occasion to beleeve more often mine owne imagination then thy innoeencie; wherein, if

I do thee any wrong, referre it but to the censure of thine owne follie. For well thou mightest have denied, or not declared thy passed love, without giving me occasion to condemne thee by thine owne confession. Thou saiest I was the cause that made thee forget thy former love. Comfort thy selfe, for there shall not want another to make thee forget thy second. And assure thy selfe of this (lord Don Felix) that there is not any thing more unbeseeming a gentleman, then to finde an occasion in a gentlewoman to leese himselfe for her love. I will saie no more, but that in an ill, where there is no remedie, the best is not to seeke out any."

After he had made an end of reading the letter, he said unto me, What thinkest thou, Valerius, of these words? With pardon, be it spoken, my Lord, that your deedes are shewed by them. Go to, said Don Felix, and speake no more of that. Sir, saide I, they must like me wel, if they like you, because none can judge better of their words that love well then they themselves. But that which I thinke of the letter is, that this gentlewoman would have beene the first, and that fortune had entreated her in such sort, that all others might have envied her estate. But what wouldest thou counsell me? saide Don Felix. If thy grieffe doth suffer any counsell, saide I, that thy thoughts be [not] divided into this second passion, since there is so much due to the first. Don Felix answered me againe, sighing, and knocking me gently on the shoulder, saying, How wise art thou, Valerius, and what good counsell dost thou give me if I could follow it. Let us now go in to dinner, for when I have dined, I will have thee carie me a letter to my lady Celia, and then thou shalt see if any other love is not woorthy to be forgotten in lieu of thinking onely of her. These were wordes that greeved Felismena to the hart, but bicause she had him before her eies, whom she loved more then her-selfe, the content, that she had by onely seeing him, was a sufficient remedie of the paine, that the greatest of these stings did make her feele. After Don Felix had dined, he called me unto him, and giving me a speciall charge what I should do (because he had imparted his grieffe unto me, and put his hope and remedie in my hands), he willed me to carie a letter to Celia, which he had alreadie written, and, reading it first unto me, it said thus:

Don Felix his letter to Celia.—"The thought, that seekes an occasion to forget the thing which it doth love and desire, suffers it selfe so easily to be knowne, that (without troubling the minde much) it may be quickly discerned. And thinke not (faire ladie) that I seeke a remedie to excuse you of that, wherewith it pleased you to use me, since I never came to be so much in credit with you, that in lesser things I woulde do it. I have confessed unto you that indeede I once loved well, because that true love, without dissimulation, doth not suffer any thing to be hid, and you (deere ladie) make that an occasion to forget me, which should be rather a motive to love me better. I cannot perswade me, that you make so small an account of your selfe, to thinke that I can forget you for any thing that is, or hath ever been, but rather imagine that you write cleane contrarie to that, which you have tried by my zealous love and faith towards you. Touching all those things, that, in prejudice of my good will towards you, it pleaseth you to imagine, my innocent thoughts assure me to the contrarie, which shall suffice to be ill recompenced besides being so ill thought of as they are."

After Don Felix had read this letter unto me, he asked me if the answer was correspondent to those words that his ladie Celia had sent him in hers, and if there was any thing therein that might be amended; whereunto I answered thus: I thinke, Sir, it is needlesse to amende this letter, or to make the gentlewoman amendes, to whom it is sent, but her, whom you do injurie so much with it. Which under your lordships pardon I speake, bicause I am so much affected to the first love in all my life, that there is not any thing that can make me alter

my minde. Thou hast the greatest reason in the world (said Don Felix) if I coulde perswade my selfe to leave of that, which I have begun. But what wilt thou have me do, since absenee hath frozen the former love, and the continuall presence of a peerelesse beautie rekindled another more hot and fervent in me? Thus may she thinke her selfe (saide I againe) unjustly deceived, whom first you loved, because that love which is subject to the power of absence cannot be termed love, and none can perswade me that it hath beene love. These words did I dissemble the best I could, because I felt so sensible grieffe, to see my selfe forgotten of him, who had so great reason to love me, and whom I did love so much, that I did more, then any would have thought, to make my selfe still unknowen. But taking the letter and mine errant with me, I went to Celas house, imagining by the way the wofull estate whereunto my haplesse love had brought me; since I was forced to make warre against mine owne selfe, and to be the intercessour of a thing so contrarie to mine owne content. But comming to Celas house, and finding a page standing at the dore, I asked him if I might speake with his ladie: who being informed of me from whence I came, tolde Celia how I would speake with her, commending therewithall my beautie and person unto her, and telling her besides, that Don Felix had but lately entertained me into his service; which made Celia saie unto him, What, doth Don Felix so soone disclose his seeret loves to a page, but newly entertained? he hath (belike) some great occasion that mooves him to do it. Bid him com in, and let us know what he would have. In I came, and to the place where the enimie of my life was, and, with great reverence kissing her hands, I delivered Don Felix his letter unto her. Celia tooke it, and easting her eies upon me, I might perceiue how my sight had made a sudden alteration in her countenance, for she was so farre besides herselfe, that for a good while she was not able to speake a worde, but, remembering her selfe at last, she saide unto me, What good fortune hath beene so favourable to Don Felix to bring thee to this court, to make thee his page? Even that, faire ladie, saide I, which is better then ever I imagined, because it hath beene an occasion to make me behold such singular beautie and perfections as now I see cleerely before mine eies. And if the paines, the teares, the sighes, and the continuall disquiets that my lord Don Felix hath suffred have greeved me heeretofore, now that I have seene the source from whence they flow, and the cause of all his ill, the pittie that I had on him is now wholly converted into a certaine kinde of envie. But if it be true (faire lady) that my comming is welcome unto you, I beseech you by that, which you owe to the great love which he beares you, that your answer may import no lesse unto him. There is not anie thing (saide Celia) that I would not do for thee, though I were determined not to love him at all, who for my sake hath forsaken another; for it is no small point of wisdom for me to learne by other womens harmes to be more wise, and warie in mine owne. Beleeve not, good lady (saide I), that there is any thing in the worlde that can make Don Felix forget you. And if he hath cast off another for your sake, woonder not thereat, when your beautie and wisdom is so great, and the others so small that there is no reason to thinke that he will (though he hath woorthelie forsaken her for your sake) or ever can forget you for any woman else in the worlde. Doest thou then know Felismana (said Celia), the lady whom thy master did once love and serve in his owne countrey? I know her (saide I), although not so well as it was needfull for me to have prevented so many mishaps, (and this I spake softly to my selfe); for my fathers house was neere to hers; but seeing your great beautie adorned with such perfections and wisdom, Don Felix can not be blamed, if he hath forgotten his first love only to embrace and honour yours. To this did Celia answer, merily

and smiling, Thou hast learned quickly of thy master to sooth. Not so, faire ladie, saide I, but to serve you woulde I faine learne: for flatterie cannot be, where (in the judgement of all) there are so manifest signes and proofes of this due commendation. Celia began in good earnest to aske me what manner of woman Felismena was, whom I answered, that, touching her beautie, Some thought her to be very faire; but I was never of that opinion, bicause she hath many daies since wanted the chieftest thing that is requisite for it. What is that? said Celia. Content of minde, saide I, bicause perfect beautie can never be, where the same is not adjoynd to it. Thou hast the greatest reason in the world, said she, but I have seene some ladies whose lively hewe sadnes hath not one whit abated, and others whose beautie anger hath increased, which is a strange thing me thinkes. Haplesse is that beauty, said I, that hath sorrow and anger the preservers and mistresses of it, but I cannot skill of these impertinent things: And yet that woman, that must needes be molested with continuall paine and trouble, with greefe and care of minde and with other passions to make her looke well, cannot be reckoned among the number of faire women, and for mine owne part I do not account her so. Wherein thou hast great reason, said she, as in all things else that thou hast saide, thou hast shewed thy selfe wise and discreete. Which I have deerely bought, said I againe: But I beseech you (gracious lady) to answer this letter, because my lord Don Felix may also have some contentment, by receiving this first well employed service at my hands. I am content, saide Celia, but first thou must tell me if Felismena in matters of discretion be wise, and well advised? There was never any woman (saide I againe) more wise then she, bicause she hath beene long since beaten to it by her great mishaps: but she did never advise her selfe well, for if she had (as she was accounted wise) she had never come to have bene so contrarie to her selfe. Thou speakest so wisely in all thy answeres, saide Celia, that there is not any that woulde not take great delight to heare them:—which are not viands (said I) for such a daintie taste, nor reasons for so ingenious and fine a conceit (faire lady), as you have, but boldly affirming, that by the same I meane no harme at all. There is not any thing, saide Celia, whereunto thy wit cannot attaine, but because thou shalt not spende thy time so ill in praising me, as thy master doth in praying me, I will reade thy letter, and tell thee what thou shalt say unto him from me. Whereupon unfolding it, she began to read it to her selfe, to whose countenance and gestures in reading of the same, which are oftentimes outwarde signes of the inwarde disposition and meaning of the hart, I gave a watchfull eie. And when she had read it, she said unto me, Tell thy master, that he that can so well by wordes expresse what he meanes, cannot choose but meane as well as he saith: and comming neerer unto me, she saide softly in mine eare, And this for the love of thee, Valerius, and not so much for Don Felix thy master his sake, for I see how much thou lovest and tenderest his estate. And from thence, alas (saide I to my selfe), did all my woes arise. Whereupon kissing her hands for the great curtesie and favour she shewed me, I hied me to Don Felix with this answer, which was no small joy to him to heare it, and another death to me to report it, saying manie times to my selfe (when I did either bring him home some joyfull tydings or carrie letters or tokens to her), O thrise unfortunate Felismena, that with thine owne weapons art constrained to wounde thy ever-dying hart, and to heape up favours for him, who made so small account of thine. And so did I passe away my life with so many torments of minde, that if by the sight of my Don Felix they had not beene tempered, it coulde not have otherwise beene but that I must needes have lost it. More then two monethes together did Celia hide from me the fervent love she bare me, although not in such sort, but that by

certaine apparant signes I came to the knowledge thereof, which was no small lighting and ease of that grieffe, which incessantly haunted my wearied spiritess; for as I thought it a strong occasion, and the onely meane to make her utterly forget Don Felix, so likewise I imagined, that, perhaps, it might befall to him as it hath done to many, that the force of ingratitude, and contempt of his love, might have utterly abolished such thoughtes out of his hart. But, alas, it happened not so to my Don Felix; for the more he perceived that his ladie forgot him, the more was his minde troubled with greater cares and greefe, which made him leade the most sorrowfull life that might be, whereof the least part did not fall to my lot. For remedie of whose sighes and pitious lamentations, poore Felismena (even by maine force) did get favours from Celia, scoring them up (whensoever she sent them by me) in the catalogue of my infinite mishaps. For if by chaunce he sent her any thing by any of his other servants, it was so slenderly accepted, that he thought it best to send none unto her but my selfe, preceiving what inconvenience did ensue thereof. But God knowes how many teares my messages cost me, and so many they were, that in Celias presence I ceased not to powre them foorth, earnestly beseeching her with praieres and petitions not to entreat him so ill, who loved her so much, because I woulde binde Don Felix to me by the greatest bonde, as never man in like was bounde to any woman. My teares greeved Celia to the hart, as well for that I shed them in her presence, as also for that she sawe if I meant to love her, I woulde not (for requitall of hers to me) have sollicited her with such diligence, nor pleaded with such pittie, to get favours for another. And thus I lived in the greatest confusion that might be, amidst a thousand anxieties of minde, for I imagined with my selfe, that if I made not a shew that I loved her, as she did me, I did put it in hazard lest Celia, for despite of my simplicitie or contempt, woulde have loved Don Felix more then before, and by loving him that mine could not have any good successe; and if I fained my selfe, on the other side, to be in love with her, it might have beene an occasion to have made her rejeet my lord Don Felix; so that with the thought of his love neglected, and with the force of her contempt, he might have lost his content, and after that, his life, the least of which two mischiefes to prevent I woulde have given a thousand lives, if I had them. Manie daies passed away in this sort, wherein I served him as a thirde betweene both, to the great cost of my contentment, at the end whereof the successe of his love went on woorse and woorse, because the love that Celia did beare me was so great, that the extreme force of her passion made her leese some part of that compassion she should have had of her selfe. And on a day after that I had caried and recaried many messages and tokens betweene them, somtimes faining some my selfe from her unto him, because I could not see him (whom I loved so deerly) so sad and pensive, with many supplications and earnest praieres I besought lady Celia with pittie to regard the painfull life that Don Felix passed for her sake, and to consider that by not favouring him, she was repugnant to that which she owed to her selfe: which thing I entreated, because I sawe him in such a case, that there was no other thing to be expected of him but death, by reason of the continuall and great paine which his greevous thoughts made him feele. But she, with swelling teares in her eies, and with many sighes, answered me thus: Unfortunate and accursed Celia, that nowe in the end dost know how thou livest deceived with a false opinion of thy great simplicitie (ungratefull Valerius) and of thy small discretion. I did not beleve till now that thou didst crave favours of me for thy master, but onely for thy selfe, and to enjoy my sight all that time, that thou diddest spende in suing to me

for them. But now I see thou dost aske them in earnest, and that thou art so content to see me use him well, that thou canst not (without doubt) love me at all. O how ill dost thou acquite the love I beare thee, and that which, for thy sake, I do nowe forsake? O that time might revenge me of thy proude and foolish minde, since love hath not beene the meanes to do it. For I cannot thinke that Fortune will be so contrarie unto me, but that she will punish thee for contemning that great good which she meant to bestow on thee. And tell thy lord Don Felix, that if he will see me alive, that he see me not at all: and thou, vile traitour, cruell enemie to my rest, com no more (I charge thee) before these wearied eies, since their teares were never of force to make thee knowe how much thou art bound unto them. And with this she suddenly flang out of my sight with so many teares, that mine were not of force to staie her. For in the greatest haste in the worlde she got her into her chamber, where locking the dore after her, it availed me not to call and crie unto her, requesting her with amorous and sweete words to open me the dore, and to take such satisfaction on me as it pleased her: nor to tell her many other things, whereby I declared unto her the small reason she had to be so angrie with me, and to shut me out. But with a strange kinde of furie she saide unto me, Come no more, ungratefull and proud Valerius, in my sight, and speake no more unto me, for thou art not able to make satisfaction for such great disdaine, and I will have no other remedie for the harme which thou hast done me, but death it selfe, the which with mine owne hands I will take in satisfaction of that, which thou deservest: which words when I heard, I staid no longer, but with a heavie cheere came to my Don Felix his lodging, and, with more sadnes then I was able to dissemble, tolde him that I could not speake with Celia, because she was visited of certaine gentlewomen her kinsewomen. But the next day in the morning it was bruted over all the citie, that a certaine trance had taken her that night, wherein she gave up the ghost, which stroke all the court with no smal woonder. But that, which Don Felix felt by her sudden death, and how neere it greeved his very soule, as I am not able to tell, so cannot humane intendment conceive it, for the complaints he made, the teares, the burning sighes, and hart-breake sobbes, were without all measure and number. But I saie nothing of my selfe, when on the one side the unluckie death of Celia touched my soule very neere, the teares of Don Felix on the other did cut my hart in two with greefe: and yet this was nothing to that intollerable paine which afterwardes I felt. For Don Felix heard no sooner of her death, but the same night he was missing in his house, that none of his servants nor any bodie else could tell any newes of him.

Whereupon you may perceive (faire nymphes) what cruell torments I did then feele: then did I wish a thousand times for death to prevent all those woes and myseries, which afterwards befell unto me: for Fortune (it seemed) was but wearie of those which she had but till then given me. But as all the care and diligence which I emploied in seeking out my Don Felix was but in vaine, so I resolved with my selfe to take this habite upon me as you see, wherein it is more then two yeeres since I have wandred up and downe, seeking him in manie cuntryes: but my Fortune hath denied me to finde him out, although I am not a little now bounde unto her by conducting me hither at this time, wherein I did you this small pecce of service. Which (faire nymphes) beleve me, I account (next after his life in whom I have put all my hope) the greatest content that might have fallen unto me.

Yong's translation of Montemayor, although not printed before 1598, having been composed many years previously,

there is not the least improbability in the supposition that a manuscript copy, either of this or of some other translation, had fallen in Shakespeare's way. Wilson's translation, which differs considerably from that by Yong, is still preserved in manuscript, and although it consists only of the first book, is worthy of notice as an evidence of the popularity of the work in this country. It is entitled, "Diana de Montemayor done out of Spanish by Thomas Wilson esquire in the yeare 1596, and dedicated to the Erle of Southampton, who was then upon the Spanish voiage with my Lord of Essex; wherein, under the names and vailes of sheppards and their lovers, are covertly discovried manie noble actions and affections of the Spanish nation, as is of the English of that admirable and never enough praised booke of Sir Philip Sidneys Arcadia;" but notwithstanding the testimony of the title-page, the translation is really inscribed "to the right honorable Sir Fulke Grevyll Knight, Privie Counsellor to his Majesty, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, my most honorable and truly worthy to be honored frend." According to Wilson, the Diana was one of Sidney's favorite works. "When the rest of these my chyldish exercises can be found," he observes, "your honor only shall have the use of them, for that I know you will well esteeme of them, because that your most noble and never enough honored frend Sir Phillipp Siddney did very much affect and imitate the excellent author thereof, whoe might well tearme his booke *Diana* as the Suter of Apollo and the twinn borne with him, as his *Arcadia*, which by your noble vertue the world so hapily enjoyes, might well have had the name of *Phæbus*, for never was our age lightned with two starres of such high and eminent witt, as are the bookes of these two excelling authors, which doe resemble one another as the sonne and the moone doth, but with this contrariety, that as the moone takes her light from the sonne, soc heere this sonne, taking some light from this moone, grewe much more resplendent then that from whence it had it." The manuscript is a neatly written quarto, and was preserved until lately in the archives of a Warwickshire family.

It is worthy of remark that a play called 'Felix and Philiomena' was performed before Queen Elizabeth in 1584, conjectured by one critic to have been a drama on the story in Montemayor, one of the names having been mis-written:—"The history of Felix and Philiomena shewed and enacted before her highnes by her Majesties servauntes on the sondaie

next after newe yeares daie, at night, at Grenwicke, whereon was ymployed one battlement and a house of canvas." No conclusion, however, can be safely derived from this obscure notice, but it is by no means impossible that the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, as we now possess it, has received additions from its author's hands to what was perhaps originally a very meager production. This conjecture would well agree with what is known to have been the dramatic usage of the time; and it seems difficult to account on any other supposition for the use Shakespeare has made of the tale of *Felismena*. The absolute origin of the entire plot has possibly to be discovered in some Italian novel. The error in the first folio of Padua for Milan, in the second act, and the other oversights of a similar description which occur in this play, have perhaps to be referred to some of the scenes in the original tale.

The commentators have brought much curious learning to illustrate the question of the date at which this play was written; but their arguments are for the most part founded on vague generalities, such as notices of foreign adventure and classical allusions, not by any means sufficiently minute to enable us to conclude any particular circumstances were intended by the author. Meres, in his '*Wits Treasury*,' 1598, says "Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, &c." This is the earliest notice of the play that has come down to us; but most critics believe it to have been written several years before the publication of the '*Wits Treasury*,' and Mr. Hudson (*Lectures on Shakespeare*, i. 220) appears to consider it the poet's earliest dramatic work.

Although probably not quite the "first heir" of Shakespeare's dramatic invention, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* exhibits a deficiency of effective situation, and to some extent a crudity of construction, which would most likely have been avoided by a practised writer for the stage. But these defects are unnoticed by the reader in the richness of its poetical beauties and overflowing humour,—its romance and pathos. The tale is based on love and friendship. Valentine is the ideal personification of both, of pure love to Silvia, and romantic attachment to the friend of his youth. Proteus, on the contrary, selfish and sensual, suffers himself to be guided by his passions, and concludes his inconstancy to his love with perfidious treachery to his friend. Valentine, noble and brave,

but timid before the mistress of his affections, adoring Silvia's glove, and too diffident even to interpret her stratagem of the letter: Proteus, daring all, and losing his integrity, in the excess of a tumultuous passion. If Shakespeare has painted these elements in an outline something too bold for the extreme refinement of the present day, the error must be ascribed to his era, not to himself; and if it be also objected to this play, that the female characters are germs only of more powerful creations in *Twelfth Night* or *Cymbeline*, the reader must bear in mind they are perhaps more suitable to the extreme simplicity of the story, and that the chief object of the dramatist is directed to the development of the characters of Valentine and Proteus, who are the essential dramatic agents of the comedy.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF MILAN, *father to Silvia.*

VALENTINE, }
PROTEUS, } *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

ANTONIO, *father to Proteus.*

THURIO, *a foolish rival to Valentine.*

EGLAMOUR, *agent for Silvia in her escape.*

SPEED, *a clownish servant to Valentine.*

LAUNCE, *a clownish servant to Proteus.*

PANTHINO, *servant to Antonio.*

HOST, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*

OUT-LAWS.

JULIA, *a Lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.*

SILVIA, *the Duke's daughter, beloved by Valentine.*

LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE, *sometimes in VERONA; sometimes in MILAN; and on the frontiers
of MANTUA.*

Act the First.

SCENE I.—*An open place in Verona.*

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus ;¹
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits :²
Were 't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully³ sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.⁴
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy⁵ object in thy travel :
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap : and in thy danger,—
If ever danger do environ thee,—
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman,⁶ Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I 'll pray for thee.

Val. That 's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.⁷

Pro. That 's a deep story of a deeper love ;
For he was more than over shoes in love.⁸

Val. 'T is true ; for you are over boots in love,⁹
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots ? nay, give me not the boots.¹⁰

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not,—

Pro. What ?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans ;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs ; one fading moment's mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights :
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain ;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won ;
However, but a folly bought with wit,¹¹
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your eircumstance,¹² you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you 'll prove.

Pro. 'T is Love you cavil at ; I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you :
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,¹³
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly ; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to eounsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire ?
Once more, adieu ! my father at the road¹⁴
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee,¹⁵ Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no ; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters,¹⁶
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absenee of thy friend ;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan !

Val. As much to you at home ! and so, farewell.

[*Exit* VALENTINE.]

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love :
He leaves his friends to dignify them more ;



THE Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine: Protheus, and Speed.

Valentine.

Val. Ease to perswade, my louing *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth, haue euer homely wits,
Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes
To the sweet glaunces of thy honour'd Loue,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (liuing dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse.
But since thou lou'st; loue still, and thrue therein,
Euen as I would, when I to loue begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* ad ew,
Thinke on thy *Protheus*, when thou (hap'ly) see'st
Some rare note-worthy obiekt in thy trauaile.
Wish me partaker in thy happinesse,
When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger,
(If euer danger doe enuiron thee)
Commend thy griuance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beades-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a loue-booke pray for my successe?

Pro. Vpon some booke I loue, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow Storie of deepe loue,
How yong *Leander* crost the *Hellepont*.

Pro. That's a deepe Storie, of a deeper loue,
For he was more then ouer-shoes in loue.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are ouer-bootes in loue,
And yet you neuer swom the *Hellepont*.

Pro. Ouer the Bootes? nay giue me not the Boots.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

(grones)

Val. To be in loue; where scorne is bought with
Coy looks, with hart-fore sighes: one fading moments
With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights; (mirth,
If hap'ly won, perhaps a haplesse gaine;
If lost, why then a gricuous labour won;
How euer; but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit, by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me foole.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I feare you'll proue.

Pro. 'Tis Loue you canill at, I am not Loue.

Val. Loue is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a foole,
Me thinkes should not be chronieled for wise.

Pro. Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud,
The eating Canker dwels; so eating Loue
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And Writers say; as the most forward Bud

Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Euen so by Loue, the yong, and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud,
Loosing his verdure, euen in the prime,
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my Father at the Road
Expects my comming, there to see me ship'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: Now let vs take our leaue:
To *Millicaine* let me heare from thee by Letters
Of thy successe in loue; and what newes else
Betideth here in absence of thy Friend:
And I likewise will visite thee with mine.

Pro. All happinesse bechance to thee in *Millicaine*.

Val. As much to you at home: and so farewell. *Exit.*

Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Loue;
He leaues his friends, to dignifie them more;
I loue my selfe, my friends, and all for loue:
Thou *Julia* thou hast metamorphis'd me:
Made me neglect my Studies, loofe my time;
Warre with good counsaile; set the world at nought;
Made Wit with musing, weake; hart sick with thought.

Sp. Sir *Protheus*: 'saue you: saw you my Master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for *Millicaine*.

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already,
And I haue plaid the Sheepe in loosing him.

Pro. Indeede a Sheepe doth very often stray,
And if the Shepheard be awhile away.

Sp. You conclude that my Master is a Shepheard then,
and I Sheepe?

Pro. I doe.

Sp. Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I
wake or sleepe.

Pro. A silly answere, and fitting well a Sheepe.

Sp. This proues me still a Sheepe.

Pro. True: and thy Master a Shepheard.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall goe hard but ile proue it by another.

Sp. The Shepheard seekes the Sheepe, and not the
Sheepe the Shepheard; but I seeke my Master, and my
Master seekes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe.

Pro. The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepheard,
the Shepheard for foode followes not the Sheepe: thou
for wages followest thy Master, thy Master for wages
followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.

Sp. Such another prooffe will make me cry baâ.

Pro. But do'st thou heare: gau'st thou my Letter
to *Julia*?

I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.¹⁷
 Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me,—
 Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
 War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
 Made wit with musing weak, heart siek with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,
 And I have play'd the sheep¹⁸ in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
 An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then,
 and I a sheep.

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why, then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or
 sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the
 shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me:
 therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd
 for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy
 master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou
 art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me ery 'baa.'

Pro. But, dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, Sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a
 lae'd mutton;¹⁹ and she, a lae'd mutton, gave me, a lost mutton,
 nothing for my labour!

Pro. Here 's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best stiek her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a-stray;²⁰ 't were best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying
 your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound,—a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin?²¹ fold it over and over,
'T is threefold too little for earrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she?

Speed. She did²²—[*he nods.*]

Pro. Did she nod?

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I; why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I pereceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word 'noddy' for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quiek wit.

Speed. And yet it eannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, eome, open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains (*giving him money*): what said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why, eouldst thou pereceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I eould pereceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a dueat²³ for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.²⁴ Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What! said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—'Take this for thy pains.' To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd²⁵ me; in requital whereof, heneeforth earry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll eommend you to my master. [*Exit.*]

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreek,
Which eannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:²⁶
I must go send some better messenger;
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Reeeiving them from such a worthless post.²⁷ [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Garden of Julia's House.**Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle²⁸ encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, I 'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair sir Eglamour?²⁹

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 't is a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure³⁰ thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus: of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.³¹

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire that 's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. 'To Julia!'—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee.

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!³²

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 't is an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper! see it be return'd,

Or else return no more into my sight!

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. [*Aside.*] That you may ruminate.

[*Exit.*

Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view!

Since maids, in modesty, say 'No' to that³³

Which they would have the profferer construe 'Ay.'

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chid Luceetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!

How angerly³⁴ I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enfore'd my heart to smile!

My penance is, to call Luceetta back,

And ask remission for my folly past.

What, ho! Luceetta!

Re-enter Luceetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is 't near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were,

That you might kill your stomach³⁵ on your meat,

And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is 't that you took up so gingerly?³⁶

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, Madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set—

Jul. As little by such toys³⁷ as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' love.'³⁸

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song:—How now, minion? [*Slaps her.*]

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; 't is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:³⁹
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.⁴⁰

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.⁴¹

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation! [*Tears the letter.*]
Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fing'ring them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange;⁴² but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!

Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,⁴³

And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ—'kind Julia:'—unkind Julia!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain!

And here is writ—'love-wounded Proteus:'—

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,⁴⁴

Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.⁴⁵

But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down.
 Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
 Till I have found each letter in the letter,
 Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
 Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
 And throw it thence into the raging sea!
 Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
 ‘Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,—
 To the sweet Julia;’ that I ’ll tear away,—
 And yet I will not, sith so prettily
 He couples it to his complaining names;
 Thus will I fold them one upon another:
 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
 Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.⁴⁶

Jul. I see you have a month’s mind⁴⁷ to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
 I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come; will ’t please you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in ANTONIO’S House.*

*Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.*⁴⁸

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk⁴⁹ was that,
 Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pan. ’T was of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pan. He wonder’d that your lordship
 Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
 While other men, of slender reputation,⁵⁰
 Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
 Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
 Some, to discover islands far away;⁵¹
 Some, to the studious universities.
 For any, or for all these exercises,
 He said that Proteus, your son, was meet:

And did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,⁵²
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that,
Whereon this month I have been hammering.

I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.⁵³

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'T were good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel: well hast thou advis'd:
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known:
Even with the speediest expedition,
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And,—in good time.⁵⁴

Enter PROTEUS reading.

Now will we break with him.⁵⁵

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May 't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well-belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,⁵⁶
For what I will, I will, and there an end.⁵⁷
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.⁵⁸
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And, with the vantage of mine own excuse,
Hath he excepted most against my love.⁵⁹
O, how this spring of love resembleth

The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!⁶⁰

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, No.

[*Exeunt.*]

Notes to the First Act.

¹ *My loving Proteus.*

“The old copy has—*Protheus*; but this is merely the antiquated mode of spelling *Proteus*. See the Princely Pleasures at Kenelworth Castle, by G. Gascoigne, 1587, where ‘Protheus appeared, sitting on a dolphyns back.’ Again, in one of Barclay’s Eclogues: ‘Like as *Protheus* oft chaungeth his stature.’ Shakespeare’s character was so called, from his disposition to change. Thus in the True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke, 1595, on which Shakespeare formed the Third Part of King Henry VI.: ‘And for a need change shapes with *Protheus*.’ Again in Greene’s *Philomela*: ‘Nature foreseeing how men would devise more wiles than *Protheus*.’ Our ancestors seem to have been fond of introducing the letter *h* into proper names to which it does not belong; and hence, even to this day, our common christian name *Antony* is written improperly *Anthony*. Even scholars shewed the same disregard to propriety in this respect as the unlearned. Thus Sir John Davys, in his fine eulogy on the English law, prefixed to his Reports, folio 1615:—‘a greater combustion than that which happened when the chariot of the Sun did want a guide but half a day, as is lively expressed in the fable of *Phaethon*.’ So also Sackville, in the *Mirroure for Magistrates*: ‘And *Phaethon* now near reaching to his race.’ Tuberville, in his *Tragical Tales*, 1567, has *Thunis* for *Tunis*. Lydgate, in like manner, has *Thelephus* and *Anthenor*; and in an old translation of the *Gesta Romanorum*, printed about 1580, we find in p. 1, *Athalanta* for *Atalanta*.” This note is entirely taken from Steevens and Malone.

² *Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.*

It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence.—*Milton*.

³ *Than, living dully sluggardiz’d at home.*

Dully, slothfully, with dulness. “Why stay’st thou dully here.”—*The Young King, or the Mistake*, 1698.

⁴ *With shapeless idleness.*

“The expression is fine, as implying that idleness prevents the giving any form or character to the manners.”—*Warburton*.

⁵ *Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel.*

What can a man better present both to give contentment, and some cure to these false shapes, then this treatise, which having beene collected many yeares

agoe, and generally received with all the applause and liking due to so witty a speaker, is now, for your better recreation, newly augmented and adorned with many excellent and *note-worthy* essayes of wit.—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614, pref.

Athenæus relates in his fore-mentioned booke, in the night did eat up his own wife, and in the morning finding her hands in his devouring jaws, slew himselfe, the fact being so hainous and *note-worthy*.—*Optick Glasse of Humors*, 1639.

⁶ *For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.*

Beadsman, as Nares observes, from *béd*, a prayer, and from counting the beads, the way used by the Romish church in numbering their prayers; a *prayer-man*. Commonly one who prays for another. The office of a *beadsman* is thus expressed by Herrick:

Yet in my depth of grief I'de be
One that should drop his beads for thee.

Also he (Mahomet) *badde*, that the men of his lawe sholde every year, if they myghte, goo in too Goddis house, for too *bydde theyr bedes*. And they sholde throwe oute stones, through hooles of the walles, as it were for to stone the devyll, and said that Abraham made that house for hys chyldren Ismaelytes, for they shold there *byd theyr bedes*.—*Trevisa*.

In later times the term meant little more than *servant*, as we now conclude letters. Many of the ancient petitions and letters to great men were addressed to them by their "poor daily orators and *beadsmen*." Nicholas Breton in one place signs himself as "Your Laydship's sometime unworthy poet, and now and ever poore Beadman," and the expression was exceedingly usual in the sense of a small pensioner or dependant.

I shal assoille thee myself
For a seem of whete,
And also be thi *bedeman*,
And bere wel thi message
Amonges knyghtes and clerkes,
Conscience to torne.—*Piers Ploughman*, p. 45.

And even by that single bountie dubble stitch him unto mee to be my devoted *beadsman* till death, but not a pinnes head or a moath's pallet roome gets he of anie farther contribution.—*Nash's Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596. An out-brothership or *beadsman's* stipend of ten shillings a yeare.—*Ibid*. "Item, to Sir Torche, the Kinges bede-man at the Rodes in Grenewiche for one yere now ended, xl. s."—*Privy Purse Expences*, 1530.

I credit thee so well, that what is mine,
My flocks, lodge, and Vrania, all is thine.
This day I will possesse thee of them, and retire
My weary thoughts from covetous desire
Of this uncertain good, and only spend
My houres in thanks and prayers, that ere my end,
So great a good befell me; I tell thee, son,
I only be thy *beadsman*, and return
On thee and thine, as payment for my board, unnumbered blessings.
Daborne's Poor Man's Comfort, 1655.

Mr. Fairholt selects the annexed engraving in illustration:—"From the drawing of the Funeral of Abbot Islip, in Westminster Abbey, 1522. The drawing is elaborately executed on a roll of vellum, and is the property of the Society of Antiquaries of London, who published outline engravings therefrom in their *Vetusta Monumenta*."

⁷ *How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.*

The story is again alluded to in the third act; and as Shakespeare has quoted elsewhere a line from Marlowe's poem, the probability is that it was in his thoughts when writing the present comedy. Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in September, 1593, but it was not published till 1598, or rather no copy of an earlier date than 1598 is known to exist. There is no improbability in the supposition that the work had been seen by Shakespeare when only in manuscript.



⁸ *Over shoes in love. . . . over boots in love.*

What, Pimpe? what, Pander? why was not this the Lord Nonsuch? did I not see his chaine? nay, prethee, say 'twas not he; nay, sweare it too: *over shooes, over bootes*, since yee have waded to the bellie in sinne, nay now goe deeper even to the breast and heart.—*Cupid's Whirligig*.

Ev'n so seem'd I, amidst the guarded troope
Of gold-lac'd actors, yet all could not droope
My fixed mind, for where true courage roots,
The proverb sayes, *Once over shooes, o'r boots*.

The Workes of John Taylor, 1630.

I have met a meanes fit for my purpose already: Mopsa Dameta's onely daughter is *over shooes* in love with me, and to her Ile feigne extreame ardor of affection, and make her the shadow under which Ile court the true substance of my divine Hippolita.—*Ile of Gulls, 1633*.

I leave them therefore to be fathom'd by this gentlemans plummet. He has been over shoes already, ay, and over boots too.—*The Transproser Rehears'd, or the Fifth Act of Mr. Bayes's Play, 12mo, 1673*.

⁹ *For you are over boots in love.*

"When Proteus says that Leander, who crossed the Hellespont, was more than over shoes in love, Valentine catches him up—'tis true: no doubt of it: he must have been more than over shoes in love; *for you*, who never swam the Hellespont at all, are actually over boots in love.' The reasoning here seems very plain. If Proteus, without swimming the Hellespont, was over *boots* in love, surely the very least that could be said of Leander, who did swim it, must be that he was more than over *shoes* in love."—*Blackwood's Magazine, Aug. 1853*. The Perkins MS. reads *but you &c.*, one of the numerous instances which indicate that the writer of that annotated volume was some conceited personage who thought himself capable of improving the text, not one having access to any authority.

¹⁰ *Nay, give me not the boots.*

A proverbial phrase, equivalent to, do not make a laughing-stock of me. "*Il luy l'a baillé belle*, he hath sold him a bargaine, he hath given him the boots, a

gleeke or gudgeon.”—*Cotgrave*. “*Bailler foin en corne*, to give one the boots, to sell him a bargain.”—*Ibid*.

Sil. But what are you for a man? methinks you loke as pleaseth God.
Acc. What, doo you *give me the boots*? *Hulf*. Whether will they, here be right coblers cuts.—*Lilly’s Mother Bombie*, 1594.

Did not you say first you would mall us all, and then cald me nit, nit? ’Tis not your big belly, nor your fat bacon, can cary it away, if ye offer us the boots?—*The Weakest goeth to the Wall*, 1618.

Some of the commentators incline to the opinion that there is, in the text, an allusion to the ancient engine of torture termed the *boots*, “the Scottish bootcs,” as it is called in *Pathomachia*, 1630, p. 29. The passages from *Cotgrave*, above quoted, seem decisive as to the meaning of the phrase intended to be used by Shakespeare. The equivalent phrase, to sell a bargain, occurs in the third act of *Love’s Labour’s Lost*.

¹¹ *However, but a folly bought with wit.*

In any case, if love be won, it is only a folly purchased at the expense of wisdom; if it be lost, it is wisdom vanquished by folly.

¹² *So, by your circumstance.*

There is here a play on the word *circumstance*. Proteus uses it in the sense of *circumstance of words*, Valentine in that of *circumstance of deeds or conduct*. “To use great circumstance of woordes, to goe about the bushe.”—*Baret’s Alvearie*, 1580. “*Circumstance*, a space of time or an argument.”—*Williams’ Poetical Piety*, 1677. “A circumstance, or circuit of words, compasses, or going about the bush.”—*Minsheu*. The fourth chapter in Sir H. Gilbert’s *Discourse of a Discoverie for a new Passage to Cataia*, 4to, Lond. 1576, is entitled, “To prove, by *circumstance*, that the Northwest passage hath beene sayled thorough out.”

What shall it nede great *circumstance* to showe
To prove us noble? you knowe’t well enough.

The Neue Metamorphosis, 1600, MS.

¹³ *Is eaten by the canker ere it blow.*

Canker, a kind of caterpillar. Shakespeare frequently repeats this parallel, as in the following instances collected by Warton. Three times in the *Sonnets*:

For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love. . . .
And loathsom canker lives in sweetest bud. . . .
Which, like a canker in thy fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name.

And of a rose again, which had feloniously stolen the boy’s complexion and breath, *ibid*. xcix.

But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengefull canker eat him up to death.

Again, *Tempest*, Act i.

—Something stain’d
With grief, that’s beauty’s canker.—

And in the First Part of *Henry VI.*, Act ii.

Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

And in *Hamlet*, Act i.

The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons are disclos’d.

And in *King Richard II.*, Act ii.

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud.

And in the Rape of Lucrece,

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?

And in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the fairies are employed,

Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds.

Of Caterpillars, or Palmer Wormes, called of some Cankers.—Now I am come to speake of caterpillars, sometimes the destroyers and wasters of Egypt: as well in regard of the great difference that is found in their severall sorts, as for their great dignity and use, wherein some of them are most notable and excellent. Some thinke that *Eruca*, which is Englished a catterpillar, hath his derivation *ab erodendo*, which is not altogether improbable: for they gnaw of and consume by eating, both leaves, boughes, and flowers: yea, and some fruits also, as I have often seene in peaches.—*Topsell's Serpents*, 1608.

But as the sweetest rose is soonest subject to canker, and the moth doth soonest breed within the finest cloth, even so abuse is soonest wrought by this, for that it is nearest the truth, which ignorance doth most pollute.—*Baret on Horsemanship*, 1618.

Instead of them the caterpillar hants,
And *canker worm* among the tender plants,
That here and there in nooks and corners grew,
Of cormorants and locusts not a few.

Browné's Britannia's Pastorals, book ii, song 1.

¹⁴ *At the road.*

A bay or open harbour for ships. Coles translates it by *sinus*. The word occurs again in Act ii., sc. 4. "A road for ships, *spiaggia del mare*," *Howell*.

¹⁵ *And thither will I bring thee.*

That is, accompany thee; a common mode of expression. There is a phrase still in use in the North of England, "to bring one going," to bring one on one's way, to accompany a person part of a journey; and to *bring gwain*, a West country phrase of similar import. "Courteously and lovingly brought on their way by the Church," marg. note on Acts, xv., 3, fol. ed. 1640, Amst. "I pray you, my Lord, to commune with him, whiles I *bring* my Lord of Durham *going*," Philpot's Examination. "To bring one on his way, *deduco*," Coles. "She went very lovingly to bring him on his way to horse," *Woman Killed with Kindness*, 1617. "You'll bring me onward, brother," *Revengers Tragædie*, 1608.

Tom asked the man which road he intended to travel? Nay, said the other, I must go back with the horse I hired. Quoth Tom, what did you give for the hire of him? Five shillings, said the man. Well, said Tom, I will *bring you so far in the way back*, and pay the five shillings. The place appointed being two miles off, he sent for some companions to meet him.—*The Mad Pranks of Tom Tram, Son-in-law to Mother Winter*, 12mo, n. d.

¹⁶ *To Milan let me hear from thee by letters.*

That is, let me hear from thee by letters addressed to Milan. A similar ellipsis occurs in the Comedy of Errors,—“to excuse your breach of promise *to* the Porcupine,” that is, to meet me at the Porcupine. The second folio unnecessarily reads, *at* Milan.

It came to me in letters two dayes since,
That this Plaine Dealing serves the Fairy Queene,
And will no more be seene in Babilon.

Decker's Whore of Babylon, 1607.

¹⁷ *I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.*

“The old copy has—I *love* myself. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. In Antony and Cleopatra, Act V. we have in the old copy—For Cæsar cannot *leave* to be ungentle—for *live* to be ungentle.”—*Malone*.

¹⁸ *And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.*

Speed here plays on the words *ship* and *sheep*, which were, in Shakespeare's time, pronounced alike. The orthography *ship* for *sheep* occurs several times amongst the records of the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon, (Chamberlains' Accounts for 1612, &c.) So the old proverb, “Lose not the sheep for a ha'porth of tar,” has been corrupted into, “spoil not the ship for a ha'porth of tar,” and is now usually understood in the latter sense. A curious illustration is afforded by



the old token here engraved, which was issued by William Eyc at the *Sheepe* in Rye, 1652, the figure of the vessel clearly showing what was the sign intended; and in the British Museum is preserved another token, “J. D. in *Shepe* Yard: his halfpeny: without Temple Bar,” the figure being a ship in full sail. In the will of Agnes Arden, 1579, sheep is spelt *sheepe* and *shipe*; and Malone

observes that in Playford's ‘Dancing Master,’ ed. 1698, in the table there is the name of a dance, ‘Three *sheep* skins,’ while, in the page referred to, it is ‘Three *ship* skins.’

Item, that no man have hys or ther *shyp* goynge or pasturyng in the bancroft over and above on oure in a day in peyn of every offendor to forfet and losse for every falt xij.*d.* only excepte straungeres for ther bayt, and that no man have eny swyne goynge ther unryngyd in lyke peyne.—*Corporation MSS., Stratford upon Avon, 1553.*

A hood shall flap up and downe heere, and this *ship-skin* cap shall be put off.—*Decker's Satiromastix, 1602, ap. Dyce.*

The following curious notices of corrupt pronunciation are taken from Coote's English Schoolemaster, 1632,—

“*Mast.* I know not what can easily deceive you in writing, unlesse it be by imitating the barbarous speech of your country people, whercof I will give you a tast, thereby to give you an occasion to take heed, not of these only, but of any like. Some people speake thus: The mell standeth on the hel, for the mill standeth on the hill: so knet for knit, bredg for bridg, knaw for gnaw, knat for gnat, belk for belch, yerb for herb, grisse for grasse, yelk for yolk, ream for realme, afeard for afraid, durt for dirt, gurt for girth, stomp for stamp, *ship for sheepe*, hafe for halfe, sample for example, parfit for perfect, dauter for daughter, certen for certaine, cercher for cerchiefe, leash for lease, hur for her, sur and suster, for sir and sister, to spat for to spit, &c.”

¹⁹ *A lac'd mutton.*

This was a common cant term for a courtesan, who was also, like a sheep, called a *mutton*. Speed, in his eagerness to quibble, and remembering his receiving no pay, is not very complimentary. Mr. Knight remarks that the designation is received by Proteus very patiently, and seems to doubt its meaning

in the above sense; but the whole scene tends to exhibit Proteus as a mere sensual lover, one bandying coarse allusions. We meet with nothing of the kind in the subsequent dialogue between Valentine and Speed. The following curious lines in the *Workes of John Taylor the Water-Poet*, fol. 1630, afford a good illustration of the quibbling in the text:

And heere's a mystery profound and deepe,
 There's sundry sorts of *mutton* are no *sheepe*:
Lac'd Mutton which let out themselves to hire,
 Like hackneys, who'l be fir'd, before they tire.
 The man or men which for such *mutton* hungers,
 Are (by their Corporation) *mutton-mongers*:
 Which is a brother-hood so large and great,
 That if they had a Hall, I would intreat
 To be their Clarke, or keeper of accounts,
 To shew them unto what their charge amounts:
 My braines in numbring then would grow so quicke,
 I should be Master of Arithmeticke:
 All states, degrees, and trades, both bad and good,
 Afford some members of this Brotherhood. . . .
 Too much of one thing's good for nought (they say)
 Ile therefore take this needlesse dish away:
 For should I too much of *Lac'd Mutton* write,
 I may o'recome my readers stomacke quite.

“Laced mutton, *garse, putain, fille de joye*; a mutton-monger, *putier*,” Sherwood’s Dictionarie, 1632. “Laced mutton, *scortum*,” Coles. “Why, here is good *lac'd mutton*, as I promist you,” Shoo-makers Holy-day, 1631. “And I smealt he loved *lase mutton* well,” Promos and Cassandra, 1578.

He that wold not stick so to extoll stale rotten *lac'd mutton*, will, like a true Millanoys, sucke figges out of an asses fundament, or doo anie thing.—*Nash’s Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596.

Laz. Pilcher, Cupid hath got me a stomacke, and I long for *lac'd mutton*.
Pil. Plaine mutton without a lace would serve.—*Blurt Master Constable*, 1602.

A fine *lac'd mutton*,
 Or two; and either has her frisking husband:
 That reades her the Corranto every weeke.—*Ben Jonson*.

Marquess of melancholly and mad folkes, Grand Signior of griefs and groans, Lord of lamentations, Heroe of hie-hoes, Admiral of aymeas, and Monsieur of mutton-lac’d.—*Heywood’s Love’s Mistress*, 1640.

But pray, Ciceley, withall, neglect not my breakfast. Rising early and walking gets us good stomacks: yet I could be content to fast with such *lac'd mutton* and a good cullice more then halfe a morning.—*Tottenham-Court*, 1638.

And what d’ye think is all their gains,
 But . . . and labour for their pains;
 Better of pig to be a glutton,
 Than thus to feed upon *Lac'd Mutton*.

Poor Robin’s Almanack, 1694.

Several other allusions to laced-mutton occur in *Poor Robin*. “Those who with *lac'd mutton* trade,” 1707; “married men that thus run after *lac'd mutton*,” 1746, &c.

“Speed calls himself a *lost mutton*, because he had lost his master, and

because Protheus had been proving him a *sheep*. But why does he call the lady a lac'd mutton? Wenchers are to this day called mutton-mongers; and consequently the object of their passion must, by the metaphor, be the mutton; and Motteux has rendered this passage of Rabelais, in the prologue of his fourth book, *Cailles coiphees mignonnement chantans*, in this manner; *Coated quails and lac'd mutton waggishly singing.*—*Theobald*.

“A *laced mutton* was in our author’s time so established a term for a courtesan, that a street in Clerkenwell, which was much frequented by women of the town, was then called *Mutton-lane*. It seems to have been a phrase of the same kind as the French expression—*caille coifée*, and might be rendered in that language, *mouton en corset*. This appellation appears to have been as old as the time of King Henry III. “Item sequitur gravis pœna corporalis, sed sine amissione vitæ vel membrorum, si raptus fit de *concubina* legitima, vel *abia questum faciente*, sine delectu personarum: has quidem *oves* debet rex tueri pro pace suâ,” Bracton de Legibus, lib. ii.—*Malone*. Mutton Lane is mentioned, with other streets of questionable character, in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1639.

Search all the alleys, Spittle or Pickthatch,
Turnbull, the Bank-side, or the Minories,
White Friars, St. Peter’s Street, and *Mutton Lane*.

In illustration of the probable circumstance that the term *laced*, in this phrase, took its origin from dress, Mr. Fairholt has selected the accompanying engraving. “It is taken,” he observes, “from the print by Israel Van Mechlin (circa 1500), known as the Herodiade, and detailing the principal incidents in the life of Herodias; whose character was generally represented by mediæval sculptors and artists as immodest and vicious. She is here delineated in a loose dress, laced down the front, but not drawn close; in the original print she is dancing with a man, who places his arm round her waist, and is habited in the style of a prodigal of the period.” Deloney, in his *Thomas of Reading*, writes, “no meat pleased him so well as *mutton*, such as was *laced* in a red petticoat.”



²⁰ *You are a-stray.*

A quibble, depending on the adjective *astray* being taken also as a substantive. A stray animal was called a stray. “Item, That non shall knowe, take uppe, or dryve away, anie waiefe or *stray*, or any thing that shall grow due, or be forfeited to her highness, or anye wrecke within this lordshipp, but shall give knowledge thereof to the steward, or his deputye there, or the bailiffe of the libertyes of Fournes for the time beinge, within as short tyme as may convainiently be given, as hearetofore hathe been accustomed, sub pena iij.s. iiij.d.”—*MS. Court Roll*.

²¹ *From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over.*

This is the punctuation of the first folio, but doubts may perhaps be entertained as to its correctness. The quibble on the term pin-fold is expansive, even for Speed.

²² *She did.*

I have ventured to introduce this and the next line, spoken by Proteus, in preference to Theobald's alteration. Some addition to the text is absolutely necessary, and Theobald's does not agree with what Speed says afterwards,—“You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, I.” Reed cites a similar play upon words from *Wits Private Wealth*, 1612,—“if you see a trull scarce, give her a *nod*, but follow her not, lest you prove a *noddy*;” and Minsheu quaintly observes that the term is applied to a fool, “because he nods when hee should speake.” There is no allusion in the text to the game of cards called *noddy*, but solely to the ordinary meaning of the word, a simpleton. “A foolish fellow, a *noddie*, a gull,” Minsheu's *Spanish Dictionarie*, 1599, p. 55; and in *Damon and Pythias*, 1571, “The king delighted in me; now I am but a *noddy*.”

Next, in the ancient famous Cambrian tongue,
To call thee *noddy*, he accounts no wrong.
T' interpret this I need to goe to schoole,
I wot not what he meanes, except a ().

Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that, in Speed's speech, the *I* is preserved instead of changing it to the modern *ay*, on account of the quibble.

²³ *No, not so much as a ducat.*

“The ducats current in Verona and Milan at this period were the Venetian coinage, and they will be more appropriately described and engraved in the Merchant of Venice.”—*F. W. Fairholt*.

²⁴ *In telling your mind.*

That is, as hard to you when you tell your mind to her, *i. e.* address her. The second folio unnecessarily reads, *her mind*, and Perkins and Jackson, *you her mind*, the former also reading, “that brought to *her* your mind,” and thus clumsily making verse of it,—

Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her *better*,
No, not so much as ducat for delivering your letter;
And being so hard to me that brought to *her* your mind,
I fear she 'll prove as hard to you in telling *you* her mind.

There have been few things in Shakespearian criticism so extraordinary, as the infatuation which has prompted one of the editors to print such stuff as this for the restored language of Shakespeare.

²⁵ *I thank you, you have testern'd me.*

Testern, corrupted from *teston*, was, in Shakespeare's time and for long afterwards, merely the name of the sixpence. After the decease of Queen Mary, observes Harrison, “the ladie Elizabeth, hir sister, and now our most gracious queene, sovereigne and princesse, did finish the matter wholie, utterly abolishing the use of copper and brasen coine, and converting the same into guns and great ordinance, she restored sundrie coines of fine silver, as peeces of halfe penie farding, of a penie, of three halfe pence, peeces of two pence, of three pence, of foure pence called the groat, of six pence usuallie named the *testone*, and shilling of twelve pence, whereon she hath imprinted hir owne image and emphaticall superscription.” Camden, in his *Remaines*, ed.

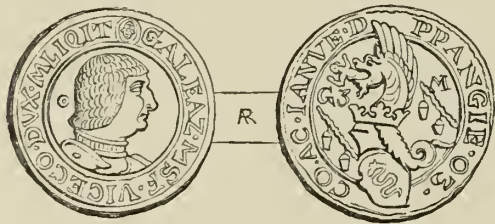
1629, p. 175, mentioning the base coinage of the time of Henry and Edward, observes "that some of them, which was then called testons, because the King's head was thereon figured, contained but twopence farthing in silver, and other fourpence halfe-penny;" and, according to Holme, Acad. Arm. iii. 2, p. 28, "A sixpence or tester answereth the King's fourpence in all respects, having this mark vi. or a rose; if it have neither, it is a half faced groat, and goeth for no more; it is an inch in diameter." The following account of this coin is also worth quoting:—"Testons, or, as we commonly call them, *testers*, from a head that was upon them, were coin'd 34 H. 8. Sir H. Spelman says they are a French coin, of the value of 18*d.*, and he does not know but they might have gone for as much in England. He says it was brass, and covered over with silver, and went in H. 8 days for 12*d.*, but 1 Ed. 6 it was brought down to 9*d.*, and then to 6*d.*, which still retains the name, and in an. 1559 to 4*d.* ob. Stow says there was a second sort of testons, which in 1559 was cried down to 2*d.* q., and a third sort that was made unpassable at any rate. 'Tis certain there were very good ones coined in E. 6 time, and they have still continued under all princes, under the same name, and are the usefulest pieces we have."—*Chronicon Preciosum*, 1707. It appears certain that the tester of Shakespeare was the sixpence, and that, although it varied in value at an earlier period, it was often considered, even in the middle of the sixteenth century, as synonymous with it. The following observations on the original teston are from the pen of Mr. Fairholt:

"The most remarkable of the continental coins, after the series of the German emperors, were those of the independant Dukes of Milan. For many centuries the general coinage of Europe presented only a series of crosses, badges of cities, or emblematic figures; and it was not till the latter half of the fifteenth century that any attempt was made at portraiture on money; an unmeaning full face being used continually as the type of every ruler. The first successful attempt at change was made by the Duke whose coin is here engraved, and who reigned from 1466 to 1476, when he was murdered. It is of silver, having on the obverse his portrait with this legend abbreviated—

GALEAZVS MARIA SFORTZIA VICECOMES DVX MEDIOLANI

and on the reverse the family arms, and the inscription, also abbreviated,

PAPLE ANGIERÆQUE COMES AC JANVÆ DOMINVS,



the characteristic feature of these coins being the *head* of the ruler, they at once received the generic title of *testone*. They were immediately imitated in France and England. Louis XII. introducing his portrait in profile; and the coin receiving the name of *testons*, or *great heads*. Henry VII. introduced the custom to

England in the year 1503, when he issued an entire new coinage. This head being like its prototype represented in profile; the original name for the coin being anglicized into *testoon* and *testern*. From this period the coinage has always borne the head of the Sovereign."

The first folio reads *cestern'd*, corrected in the second folio of 1632. Latimer, in one of his sermons, speaks of the teston being worth tenpence, which is,

however, merely a proof that its value was subject to fluctuation. According to Machyn, in his diary for the year 1556:—"The xxiiij. day of Desember was a proclamasyon through London, and shall be through the quen(s) reuym, that watt man somover thay be that doysse forsake *testorns*, and do not take them for *vj.d.* a pesse for corne or vetelles or any odur thynges or ware, that they to be taken and browth a-for the mayre or shreyff, baylle, justus a pesse, or constabulle, or odur offesers, and thay to ley them in presun tyll the quen and her conseil, and thay to remayn ther plesur, and to stand boyth body and goodes at her grace(s) plesur."—In proclamations of the early part of Edward VI.'s reign, these coins are described as "pieces of *xij.d.* commonly called *testons*," so that Spelman is probably mistaken in asserting they were reduced in value as early as 1547-8.

The assertion of Stowe respecting the inferior *testons* will be well illustrated by the following extract from a proclamation of Queen Elizabeth, dated December 23rd, 1560:—"The Quenes majestie beyng infourmed that, in some partes of her realme, sundrye either ignoraunt or malicious people doe spread rumours abroad, that the base *testons* of foure pence halfe peny should not be currant after the end of January next: hath thought meet (lest the lyke false and seditious rumours might be further spread), to doe all maner her subjectes to understand, that it hath beene alwayes and so is meant by her majestie, that all maner the base monyes, which hath ben of late decreed by proclamacion, saving the *testons* of twopence farthyng, shoulde continue and be currant still, and so taken and paid from subjecte to subjecte, at the values as they be rated by former proclamacion, and so to continue untill the same may be by her majesties subjectes brought to the mint at London, and there exchaunged for new sterlynge monyes, with thallowance to the brynger of three pence in the pound. Wherin such expedition is made, as in a matter of such a moment, possyble lytherto could be, and shall be nowe from day to day much more. And as for the peeces of two pence farthing, it is and was meant and declared in the proclamacion, that they shoulde be taken as currant money untill the last day of January, that day beyng the ende of foure monethes from Michaelmas laste. And yet neverthelesse, because within that tyme it shall be harde to bryng up and make exchaunge of the same in the mynt with newe monyes: her majestie is well pleased, that whosoever shall brynge anye of the same *testons* of two pence farthyng after the saide last day of January to the sayde mint at London, within the space of three moneths after, shall have for the same in newe sylver two pence farthing: so as her majestie meaneth, as much as in her shall be, to beare herein with the burden of her poore subjects. And her pleasure is, that this shoulde be notified to all her loving subjectes: gevyng also straight commandement that no maner person doe refuse to take in paiment any of the said base monyes, that is to say the fourepence hal peny, the thre half-pence, the threfarthings, at the values rated by the former proclamation, at any time hereafter: neither the other base *testons* of twopence farthing at the same rate, untill the laste day of January; and in anye wyse to cause all persons doying the contrary, to be severely punished as obstinate and seditious."

²⁶ *Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.*

This proverb is alluded to three times in the *Tempest*. "He that is born to be hang'd, shall never be drown'd."—*Ray's English Proverbs*, ed. 1678, p. 104.

It wanted but little that he and his horse had been lost, not so much by the depth of the water, as the fury of the current; but he had a proverb in his favour, and he got out of the water, though with difficulty enough, not being born to be drowned, as I shall observe afterwards in its place.—*History of Colonel Jack*, 1723.

²⁷ *Such a worthless post.*

A post was a messenger, generally one who carried a letter, a postman before post-offices were established.—“Item, the xxvij. daye, paied to a post that came fro Venice, by way of rewarde, xx.s.”—*Privy Purse Expences*, 1530.

What though such *post* cannot ride post
 Twixt Exceter and this
 In two months space, yet careless they
 Those ten whole months to mis.—*Ballads, MS. temp. James I.*

²⁸ *That every day with parle encounter me.*

Here ceast the *parle* of all the gods assembled.
 Then mightie Jove rose from his golden throne,
 By all the gods to's station tended on.

Virgil, translated by John Vicars, 1632.

²⁹ *Sir Eglamour . . . he never should be mine.*

This name is possibly adopted from the old English metrical romance of Eglamour of Artoys, early MS. copies of which are preserved in MS. Cantab. Ff. ii. 38, MS. Cott. Calig. A. ii, and in the Percy MS. A single leaf of another early copy is preserved in a MS. belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere. It was printed at Edinburgh, in 1508, by Walter Chepman, and subsequently at London by Copland and Walley; and the name of the hero seems afterwards to have passed into a proverbial appellation for an insignificant wooer. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*,—“Adieu, Sir Eglamour; adieu, lute-string, curtain-rod, goose-quill.” Most readers will recollect the celebrated ballad, “Sir Eglamore, that valiant Knight,” so often reprinted in the seventeenth century. A copy in the *Merry Drollerie* commences as follows:

Sir Eglamore, that valiant Knight, fa, la, la, la, la,
 He put on his sword, and he went to fight, fa, la,
 And as he rid o'r hill and dale,
 All armed, and in his coat of maile,
 Fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, lalla la.

There starts a huge dragon out of his den, fa, la,
 Which had kill'd I know not how many men, fa, la,
 But when he see Sir Eglamore,
 If you had but heard how the Dragon did roar, fa, la, la, &c.

This dragon he had a plaguy hard hide, fa, la, la,
 Which could the strongest stell abide, fa, la, la,
 He could not enter him with cuts,
 Which vex'd the Knight to his heart bloud, &c.

³⁰ *Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.*

Censure, to remark or pass an opinion upon; a very common use of the word. “*Noto*, to note, observe, mark, distinguish, censure,”—Coles. Pope reads, *a lovely gentleman*; and Perkins, *a loving gentleman*. Lucetta observes she is to blame for passing an opinion on such worthy gentlemen. She has given none on Proteus, and therefore Julia's next observation. There is surely no necessity for disturbing the original text, and the two emendators above named have clearly misunderstood the context.

Lovely is of course equivalent to, worthy of love, amiable. “*Lovely* or amiable.”—Minsheu. “Saul and Jonathan were *lovely* and pleasant in their

lives," 2 Sam. i. 23. The tendency of the MS. corrector to change *lovely* into *loving* here and elsewhere, is one proof among many that might be adduced of his belonging to a comparatively recent period of criticism, I should say not earlier than quite the end of the seventeenth or the commencement of the eighteenth century.

³¹ *Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.*

Mov'd, solicited. "A soliciting, inciting, or moving of one to do a thing," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. "To move, solicit, *solicito*."—*Coles*.

³² *Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!*

Broker, a pander or go-between. See Gawin Douglas gl. Virgil; King John; Troilus and Cressida; Lover's Complaint, "vows are ever brokers to defiling," compared with Hamlet, act i; Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*, ed. Dyce, v. 235; "And flie, o flie, these bed-brokers unclean," Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond, 1599. There are twelve very coarse lines in *Looke to It, for Ile stabbe ye*, 1604, entitled, "filthy pander," which commence as follows:

You scurvie fellow, in the broker's suite,
A sattin doublet fac'd with grease and ale,
That of the art of bawdry canst dispute, &c.

³³ *Since maids, in modesty, say 'No,' to that.*

A paraphrase of the old proverb, "maids say nay and take," which is given in Ray's collection, ed. 1678, p. 172. "Good stomachs are soon invited; we had scarce the maydes manners to say nay and take it, but to take before we say nay," Rowley's Search for Money, 1609. "Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it," Richard III., act iii.

³⁴ *Angerly.*

The old adverb for *angrily*. It occurs again in Macbeth, and King John. "Angrely, *acerbe*," Huloet's *Abcedarium*, 1552. "Angerly, *irate, iracunde*," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. "Angerly, *in colera*," Howell's *Lex. Tet.* 1660.

³⁵ *Stomach.*

Passion or ill-temper. Lucetta plays upon the double meaning of the word. It is also used for *appetite*.

³⁶ *Took up so gingerly.*

"In the North of England it implies, gently, carefully, without agitation. I once heard a lady tell her daughter to bring a bottle of wine, and to bring it *gingerly*, meaning, without agitation."—*Dr. Sherwen*. The use of the word in this sense is almost too universal to warrant its being termed a provincialism; but it is very nearly obsolete.

³⁷ *As little by such toys.*

Julia plays on the two meanings of the word *set*, Lucetta having used it in the musical sense, Julia taking it up, and adding the preposition *by*. To *set by*, to make account of. "David behaved himself more wisely than all, so that he was much set by," *Samuel*, xviii. 30. "For connyng they set not by," Interlude of the Four Elements. So, in an early ballad,—

For in this vaine world, which now we live in,
Is nothinge but miserie, sorrowe, and sinne,
Temptation, untruth, contention, and strife,
And riches alone make us *set by* this life.

“Money is every where much set by, *plurimi passim fit pecunia.*”—*Walker on English Particles*, ed. 1663, p. 86. “Do you set so little by me? Itane abs te contemnor?—*Ter.* I set the more by him, *Pluris cum feci, quod.*—*Cic. Fam.* I set much by it, *In magno pretio habeo.*—*Sen. Ep.* In former times it was much set by, *Apud antiquos in pretio fuit.*—*Macrob. Sat.* They set nothing by it, *Pro nihilo ducunt.*—*Cic. Off.* *Nihili, parvi, æstimant, faciunt, habent, pendunt.* I set nought by them, *Ingrata ea habui, atque irrita.*—*Plaut. Amph.* He sets too much by himself, *Sibi nimium tribuit.*—*Quint.* I shall set much by your letters, *Magni erunt mihi tuæ literæ.*—*Cic. Fam.* To set light by, *Susque deque habere.*—*Plaut. Amph.*”—*Idiomatologia Anglo-Latina*, 1670.

³⁸ *Best sing it to the tune of Light o' love.*

Observations on this popular old tune will be found in the notes to *Much Ado about Nothing*.

³⁹ *And mar the concord with too harsh a descant.*

“The name of descant is usurped of the musicians in divers significations: sometime they take it for the whole harmonic of many voyces: others sometime for one of the voyces or parts: and that is, when the whole song is not passing three voyces: last of all, they take it for singing a part extempore upon a plaine song, in which sense wee commonly use it; so that when a man talketh of a descanter, it must be understood of one that can, extempore, sing a part upon a plaine song.—*Phi.* What is the meane to sing upon a plaine song?—*Ma.* To knowe the distances, both concords and discords.—*Phi.* What is a concord?—*Ma.* It is a mixt sound compact of divers voyces, entring with delight in the eare.”—*Morley's Plaine and Easie Introduction onto Practicall Musicke*, 1608. “Descant,” observes Malone, “signified formerly what we now denominate variations,”—

O what a world of *descant* makes my soul
Upon the voluntary *ground* of love!

“Ferst for the sithgt of descaunt, it is to wete, as it is aforseide, that ther be nine acordis of descant, scilicet, a unisoun, a 3de, a 5te, a 6te, a 8te, a 10e, a 12e, a 13e, a 15c. Of the wheche nine acordis ther be five perfite and four inperfite. The 5 perfite be these, the unisoun, the 5, the 8, the 12, and the 15. Of these 5 perfite, ther be 3 ful perfite, and 2° les perfite. The 3 ful perfite be the unisoun, the 8, and the 15. The 2° lasse perfite be the 5te and the 12e. The 4 inperfite be these, the 3de, the 6, the 10, and the 13. And with these acordis of descaunt, every descanter may ryse in voyse and falle with the plain song excepte out of one perfite into another bothe of one kynde, as it is afor rehersed.” *MS. on Music, of the fifteenth century.*

“*Accino*, to syng to an instrument, or to syng a parte, as a treble to a tenour, or a *descant* to a playne songe.”—*Eliotes Dictionarie*, ed. Cooper, 1559. Blount defines *descant*, “to run division or variety with the voice upon a musical ground in true measure; to sing off of a ground.”—*Glossographia*, 1681.

Learning may as wel counsell where money doeth want,
But riches causeth the common sort to esteem counsell best;
For if a rich man, well apparelled, have a fine tonge to descant,
He shall be taken for learned, though he know never a letter.

Lupton's Comedie intituled All for Money, 1578.

⁴⁰ *There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.*

The tenor in music. “Meane, a parte of a songe, *moyen*,” Palsgrave. According to Blount, “an inner part between the treble and base.”—*Glossographia*, ed. 1681, p. 404.

Thi organys so hihe begynne to syng ther messe,
With treble *meene* and tenor discordyng as I gesse.

Lydgate's Minor Poems, p. 54.

Utilitie can sing the base full cleane,
And noble honour shall sing the *meane*.

Life and Repentaunce of Marie Magdalene, 1567.

In the next line, the first folio reads, by an oversight, *with you unruly base*.

⁴¹ *Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.*

That is, I challenged you on behalf of Proteus. The phrase is taken from the old game of prison's-base, or barrs, so called from the bars surrounding the ground where it was played. One of the earliest allusions to this game is found in the legend of St. Gregory, MS. Cotton. Cleop. D. ix, repeated, with a few variations, in a copy in the Auchinlech MS. at Edinburgh:

Gregorye can ful wel his pars,
He can ful muche also of lawe,
And muchel understonde of ars;
He wende in a day to plawe,
The children ournen at the *bars*;
A cours he toke with a felawe,
Gregorie the swiftere was,
After hym he leap pas wel gode,
With honden seyseth him with skept;
That other was unblithe of mode:
For tene of herte sore he wept,
And ran home as he were wode.

It is very curious to compare this notice with the following account of the game given by Strutt:—"The performance of this pastime requires two parties of equal number, each of them having a *base* or home, as it is usually called, to themselves, at the distance of about twenty or thirty yards. The players then on either side taking hold of hands, extend themselves in length, and opposite to each other, as far as they conveniently can, always remembering that one of them must touch the *base*; when any one of them quits the hand of his fellow and runs into the field, which is called giving the chace, he is immediately followed by one of his opponents; he again is followed by a second from the former side and he by a second opponent, and so alternately, till as many are out as choose to run, every one pursuing the man he first followed, and no other, and if he overtake him near enough to touch him, his party claim one towards their game, and both return home. They then run forth again in like manner, until the number is completed, which decides the victory; this number is optional, and I am told rarely exceeds twenty. It is to be observed that every person on either side who touches another during the chace, claims one for his party, and when many are out, it frequently happens that many are touched." This author adds that the earliest allusion to the game he had met with occurs in a proclamation, temp. Edw. III, where it is spoken of as a childish amusement, and prohibited to be played in the avenues of the palace at Westminster. The following notice is cited by Charpentier, "En laquelle place devoit avoir unes barres, donc ledit Jaquot estoit roy pour le jour: et pour ce avoit lors assemblé plusieurs gens et de plusieurs villes pour veoir les dittes barres."—*Lit. remiss. ann.* 1400 in *Reg.* 155. *Cartoph. reg. ch.* 54.

"Bace pleye, *barrus*, *barri*, *barrorum*, *dantur ludi puerorum*," Prompt. Parv. *Barri*: ludus puerorum. A pley to the *barrys*."—*Ortus Vocab.*

When mustred all they had, and all the field had compast round,
 And viewd Anchises tombe, they joynd all on equall ground;
 Epitides to them with noise and whipping gave a sound.
 They coursing brake their bands, and thre from thre dissevered all,
 By matches halfe from halfe, and fast againe they turne at call,
 With weapons breast to breast, and compasse round returning met,
 By coursings bickring brave, and race with race entangling let,
 Invading skirmish wise, and like the face of battel fight.
 And now retire they done, now shew their backs in signe of flight,
 Now turning throw their darts, now truce they make with hand in hand;
 Like Labirinthus maze, that men recport in Candy land,
 Is compast déepe in ground with sundry wals, and crookings blinde,
 And thousand wandring waies, and entries false for men to finde,
 Where tokens none there be, nor scape can none that steps astray,
 Such turnings them beguiles, and so deceitful is their way.
 None otherwise, the Trojan youth by coursings round about,
 Disporting chase themselves, and windings weave both in and out.
 Like Dolphin fishes light, that for their pastime daunsing swim,
 In mids of déepest seas, and play themselves on water brim.
 This kinde of pastime first, and custome boyes to learne at *Base*;
 Ascanius when Alba wals he made did bring in place,
 And taught the Latines old, in solemne sort to use the same,
 As he sometime a childe, with Trojan youth had made that game.
 The Albans then from thence with practise like their children taught,
 And thence hath pcerlesse Rome, and most of might, the custome caught.
 And for their countries love, with honor due this day it stands,
 And yet the name remaines of Trojan boyes, and Trojan bands.

Phaer's translation of Virgil, 4to. Lond. 1600.

“How play of Base came up,” marg. note, *ibid.* Dr. Caius, in his *Boke or Counseill against the disease commonly called the Sweate*, 1552, mentions “skirmishe at base” as “an exercise for a gentlemanne muche used among the Italianes.” Other notices of the game will be found in the notes to the fifth act of *Cymbeline*.

Sometimes the game itself was called *bidding of base*. “We have had here a winter war (as you will have heard) not much unlike our English boy’s play of *bidding of base*; for when Count Henry Vomdenberg having crossed the Ysell into the Velnure, he retired to his passage, and there stopt.”—Letter dated 1624. In Lincolnshire, and some other counties, the sport is occasionally called *bidly-base* or *billy-base*; and Kennett, MS. Lansd. 1033, speaks of *bitty-base* as the Yorkshire term for the game. Compare, also, Spenser:

Whylome thou wont the shepheard’s handes to lead
 In rimes, in riddles, and in *bidding base*.

Hence the metaphorical meaning of *bidding the base*, as above mentioned. Malone cites the following from Hall’s Chronicle, fol. 98: “The Queen marched from York to Wakefield, and *bade base* to the Duke even before his castle.” Again, in a letter from Lord Henry Howard to James King of Scotland, “It were a vain part for him to contend alone, or to *bid base* foolishly.” So, also, Milton,—“I do not intend this hot season to *bid you the base*, through the wide and dusty champaign of the councils;” and Shakespeare himself in the following lines in *Venus and Adonis*,—

To *bid* the wind a *base* he now prepares,
 And wh’er he run, or fly, they knew not whether.

Compare, also, Spenser,—

Ne was Satyrane her far behind,
But with like fierceness did ensue the chace:
Whom when the giant saw, he soon resign'd
His former suit, and from them fled apace;
They after both, and boldly *bad him base*.

⁴² *She makes it strange.*

That is, she puts on an appearance of coldness or indifference respecting it.
“Strange, *shy*,”—*Coles*.

⁴³ *To feed on such sweet honey, and kill the bees.*

“The wasp is much more hurtful than the hornet, for the hornet now and then killeth a bee, but the wasp wasteth the hoonni, wherby many whole stalls doo perish. For besides the harm that shee dooeth herself, shee oft times setteth the robber on woork; who when the wasp hath begun, wil bee redly to take part with her: and then all goes to wrak. A wasp is by nature stronger than a bee, specially in Libra: insomuch that oft times shee breaketh from two or three of them, though they have all holde of her at once: and perhaps killeth one of them out of hand. At Cancer, or the Spring beeing hot and drye in the later part of the former moonth, the wasp beginneth to bee bred: within a moonth after, shee first appeereth, and in a while, shee beginneth to feede upon ded and weak bees, which shee qikly cutting of in the middle with hir fangs, first carryeth away the nether part, and anon fetcheth the other, when shee hath bitten of the wings (for easier carriage) not far from the place where shee tooke it up. Within a moonth after hir cooming abroad, shee waxeth bolde, and adventureth into the hives for hoonni: but, by reason of the strangenes of hir voice and habit, shee is descryed before shee coom neere. And at the first, while the wether is warm, and the beees bothe early and late keepe watch and ward at the hive doore, cooming single against many, shee is commonly repulsed and sent bak agin with a flea in hir ear: and if by chance shee slip in, shee dooeth not always escape. Soomtime shee is killed in the hive, and browght foorth the ded: soomtime without the doore, when shee hath got hir prey. But afterwards the wether waxing colde, (and specially in mornings and eevnings) and the beees therefore retiring from the doore higher into the hive; the wasps make great spoyl: specially among them that ar weak. And this they continue until Scorpio: after which time they begin to wear. Nevertheless, while they liv, that is, until Sagittarius (if abundance of colde and wet rid them not a little rather) they will bee filching, and one wasp wil carry out as much as two beees bring in.”—*Butler's Feminine Monarchie, or the Historie of Bees*, 1634.

⁴⁴ *My bosom, as a bed, shall lodge thee.*

Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast.—*V. A.*

⁴⁵ *And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.*

It may be just worth notice that *search* is here used in the surgical sense, to probe a wound. “To search wounds, *specillo tentare vulnus*.”—*Coles*.

⁴⁶ *Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.*

That is, lest they should catch cold. So in the fifty-second sonnet, *for blunting*, i. e. for fear of blunting. “So, in an ancient ‘Dialogue both pleasaunte and profitable,’ by Willyam Bulleyn, 1564: ‘My horse starteth, and had like to have unsaddled me; let me sit faster, *for falling*.’ Again, in Plutarch's Life of Antony, translated by Sir Thomas North: ‘So he was let in, and brought to her muffled as he was, *for being known*,’ i. e. for fear of being known. Again, in Peele's King

Edward I., 1593: 'Hold up your torches *for* dripping.' Again, in Love's Pilgrimage, 'Stir my horse, *for* catching cold.' Again, in Barnabie Riche's 'Soldier's Wishe to Britons Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill,' 1604, p. 64: 'Such other ill-disposed persons, being once press'd, must be kept with continual guard, &c., *for* running away.'"—*Steevens*. The expression itself also occurs in Lilly's *Euphues*, 1581, "if he were too long for the bed, Procrustes cut off his legs *for* catching cold."

⁴⁷ *I see you have a month's mind to them.*

That is, a strong inclination for them. This phrase, which was proverbial, and is still in provincial use, does not appear to have the slightest connexion with the ancient monthly remembrances of the dead, which were so called; although Peck attempts the following unsatisfactory explanation—"By saying they have a month's mind to it, they anciently must undoubtedly mean that, if they had what they so much longed for, it would (hyperbolically speaking) do them as much good (they thought) as they believed a month's mind, or service said once a month (could they afford to have it), would benefit their souls after their decease."

These verses *Euphues* sent also under his glasse, which having finished, he gave himselfe to his booke, determining to end his life in Athens, although he had a *moneths minde* to England: who at all times, and in all companies, was no niggard of his good speech to that nation, as one willing to live in that Court, and wedded to the manners of that country.—*Lilly's Euphues and his England*, 1623.

Tyn. Steel'd impudence!

What fruit can I expect the bough should bear
That grows from such a stock? *Dip.* I had of late
A *moneths mind*, sir to you; Y' ave the right make
To please a lady.—*Randolph's Jealous Lovers*, 1646.

Hark you, couzens mine; if in this Persian war you chance to take a handsome she captive, pray you be not unmindfull of us your friends at home; I will disburse her ransome, couzens, for I've a *months mind* to try if strange flesh, or that of our own countrey, has the compleater relish.—*Chapman's Revenge for Honour*, 1654.

For look ye, suppose a man shu'd have a minde unto her.

Pol. A minde, what minde?

Pam. Why, a *moneths minde* or so.

Pol. Why then, after a moneth you may be rid of't.

Pam. I hope, sir, you do not mock me?

Flecknoe's Love's Kingdom, 12mo. 1664.

For by his troth he swore, and all the troths he could swear by, that for this whole year he had had a *months mind* to me, and do what I could I could not be rid of him, before I did tell him that I could love him, and so indeed I could if I had known him, for he was a handsome fellow: but being a stranger, he should pardon me for the main chance.—*New Art of Enditing Epistles*, n. d.

In short, Pedro, you have a *month's mind* to measure lengths with Madam Mariana, and you, Antonio, have as much to a day to try how things will fit with brisk Ismena. Come, confess, confess; I see plainly by your solemn pace and grave contriving looks, you have been running over all the stories in romances to accomplish your designs.—*The Reformation*, 4to. 1673.

For when maids (to gratify their avaricious parents) are fore'd to marry, where they would not, it makes them have a *month's mind* to another place. But a good breakfast to a hungry man is better than a kiss of the fairest lady in the whole universe.—*Poor Robin*, 1741.

⁴⁸ *Panthino.*

“In the enumeration of characters in the old copy, this attendant on Antonio is called *Panthion*, but in the play always *Panthino*.”—*Steevens*.

⁴⁹ *What sad talk was that.*

Sad, grave, serious. “So sad and so demure,” Phyllyp Sparowe. “The king feigneth to talk *sadly* with some of his counsel,” *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578. “Marry, sir Knight, I saw them in *sad* talke, but to say they were directly whispering I am not able.”—*Wise Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638.

He set hym up, and sawe their biside
A *sad* man, in whom is no pride,
Right a discrete confessor, as I trow,
His name was called Sir John Doelow.—*MS. Rawl. C. 86.*

⁵⁰ *Of slender reputation.*

That is, as *Steevens* observes, who are thought slightly of, are of little consequence.

⁵¹ *Some, to discover islands far away.*

To *discover*, not necessarily to make what we now should call a discovery, but merely to voyage to for the sake of obtaining information. Every voyage was termed a discovery. Thus Taylor, the Water-Poet, gives an account of a “Discovery by sea from London to Salisbury,” and Jourdain’s pamphlet on the Bermudas is also called a *discovery*. Hariot is mentioned by Grenville, 1590, as being “servant to Sir Walter Raleigh, a member of the colony, and there employed in *discovering*.”

The following observations by Malone, who fancied that these lines were evidences in the question of the chronology of the play, may be worth adding:—“Shakspeare, as has been often observed, gives to almost every country the manners of his own: and though the speaker is here a Veronese, the poet, when he wrote the last two lines, was thinking of England; where voyages for the purpose of *discovering islands far away* were at this time much prosecuted. In 1595, Sir Walter Raleigh undertook a voyage to the island of Trinidad, from which he made an expedition up the river Oronoque, to discover Guiana. Sir Humphry Gilbert had gone on a similar voyage of discovery the preceding year. The particular situation of England in 1595 I had supposed might have suggested the line above quoted. In that year it was generally believed that the Spaniards meditated a second invasion of England, with a much more powerful and better appointed Armada than that which had been defeated in 1588. Soldiers were levied with great diligence, and placed on the sea-coasts, and two great fleets were equipped; one to encounter the enemy in the British seas; the other to sail to the West Indies, under the command of Hawkins and Drake, to attack the Spaniards in their own territories. About the same time also Elizabeth sent a considerable body of troops to the assistance of King Henry IV. of France, who had entered into an offensive and defensive alliance with the English Queen, and had newly declared war against Spain. Our author, therefore, we see, had abundant reason for both the lines before us.”

⁵² *Which would be great impeachment to his age.*

Impeachment, a subject for reproach or accusation. The word here seems used in rather an unusual sense, as from the Latin *impeto*.

⁵³ *Attends the emperor in his royal court.*

“Shakspeare has been guilty of no mistake in placing the emperor’s court at

Milan in this play. Several of the first German emperors held their courts there occasionally, it being, at that time, their immediate property, and the chief town of their Italian dominions. Some of them were crowned kings of Italy at Milan, before they received the imperial crown at Rome. Nor has the poet fallen into any contradiction, by giving a duke to Milan at the same time that the emperor held his court there. The first dukes of that, and all the other great cities in Italy, were not sovereign princes, as they afterwards became: but were merely governors, or viceroys, under the emperors, and removable at their pleasure. Such was the Duke of Milan mentioned in this play. Mr. Monck Mason adds, that 'during the wars in Italy between Francis I. and Charles V. the latter frequently resided at Milan.'—*Stevens*.

⁵⁴ *In good time.*

This phrase, equivalent to *à propos*, is spoken at the sight of Proteus. "In good time, *opportune*," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. "And in good time here comes the sweating lord," *Richard III.* "In very good time, *opportune, optime, peropportune*," *Idiomatologia Anglo-Latina*, 1670. "In good time, *in hora buona*," *Howell*.

⁵⁵ *Now will we break with him.*

Break the subject to him. "To breake talke or communication, *incidere sermonem*," Baret, *ibid.* The phrase occurs again in the first act of *Much Ado about Nothing*.

⁵⁶ *Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed.*

Muse, wonder. So in *Macbeth*, "Do not *muse* at me, my most worthy friends." Huloet, *Abcedarium*, 1552, refers *muse*, "vide in *marvoyle*."

⁵⁷ *And there an end.*

The third folio alters this quaint and expressive phraseology to the modern, "and *there's* an end."

⁵⁸ *Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.*

Exhibition, allowance, pension. Compare *Othello*, act i.; *King Lear*, act i. So, in Webster's *Devil's Law Case*, 1623, "in his riot does far exceed the exhibition I allowed him." The term is still in use in the Universities. "A pensioner, or he that liveth upon some annuitie, yearely allowance, or *exhibition*," *Nomenclator*, 1585. "His braynes, his time, all hys maintenance and *exhibition* upon it he hath consumed," Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, or *Gabriell Harvey's Hunt is Up*, 1596. "Fearing, by your narrow *exhibition*, you lov'd me not," *Shirley's Brothers*, p. 26. "All things requisite and necessary for their exhibition and findings as my kynneswomen," MS. *Accounts*. The term is of constant occurrence in this sense.

Of all the *exhibition* yet bestow'd,
This woman's liberality likes me best.—*Heywood's Edward IV.*

No; whether you be at primero, or hazard, you shall sit as patiently, though you lose a whole half-year's *exhibition*, as a disarmed gentleman does when he is in the unmerciful fingers of sergeants.—*Decker's Gull's Hornbook*, 1609.

⁵⁹ *Hath he excepted most against my love.*

An honest man invited a physition to dinner, and at dinner time drunk to him in a cup of wine: whereunto the physition *excepted*, and said, that he durst not pledge him in wine for feare of pimples and inflammations in his face. The other then answered, a foule yll on that face that makes the whole body fare the worse.—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

⁶⁰ *And by and by a cloud takes all away.*

In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.—*Sonnets.*

“At the end of this verse (O, how, &c.), there is wanting a syllable, for the speech apparently ends in a quatrain. I find nothing that will rhyme to *sun*, and therefore shall leave it to some happier critic. But I suspect that the author might write thus :

“Oh, how this spring of love resembleth *right*,
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the glory of the *light*,
And, by and by, a cloud takes all away!

“*Light* was either by negligence or affectation changed to *sun*, which, considered without the rhyme, is indeed better. The next transcriber, finding that the word *right* did not rhyme to *sun*, supposed it erroneously written, and left it out.”—*Johnson.*

I quote this chiefly for the sake of remarking how exceedingly dangerous and unnecessary it is to interfere with the original text, merely on account of a deficiency of rhyme, which is, in fact, one of the most striking, and often most beautiful, peculiarities of the ancient dramatists. The Perkins MS. affords several examples in this kind of what a prosaic mind will venture upon, when uncontrolled by a deference to authority; but Dr. Johnson's alterations, given above, are more favorable specimens of a similar license. Mr. Wheler's annotated copy of the third folio (earlier than Pope's time) reads—

Oh, how this spring of love resembleth *well*.

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—Milan. *A Room in the Duke's palace.*

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Speed. [*Picking up a glove.*] Sir, your glove?

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why, then this may be yours, for this is but one.¹

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:

Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!

Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. [*Calls.*] Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learn'd, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A.B.C.;² to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet;³ to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.⁴ You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a

eock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions;⁵ when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd⁶ with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain, for without you were so simple, none else would:⁷ but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal,⁸ that not an eye that sees you but is a physieian to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.⁹

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungarter'd!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose;¹⁰ and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set;¹¹ so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them;—
Peace! here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion!¹² O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.¹³

Speed. O, 'give ye good ev'n! here's a million of manners. [*Aside.*

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant,¹⁴ to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 't is very clerkly done.¹⁵

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;¹⁶
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet. [*Aside.*]

Val. What means your ladyship; do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ,
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I 'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it 's writ, for my sake read it over:
And if it please you, so: if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:
And so, good morrow, servant. [*Exit SILVIA.*]

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face,¹⁷ or a weathereock on a steeple!¹⁸
My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the
letter?

Val. How now, sir? what, are you reasoning with yourself?¹⁹

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 't is you that have the reason.²⁰

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she woos you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to
yourself? Why do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir: but did you perceive
her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.²¹

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That 's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.²²

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I 'll warrant you 't is as well:

For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—

All this I speak in print,²³ for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the cameleon Love can
feed on the air,²⁴ I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals,²⁵
and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be
moved, be moved.²⁶ [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Verona. *A room in JULIA'S House.*

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not,²⁷ you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake. [*Giving a ring.*]

Pro. Why, then we 'll make exchange;²⁸ here, take you this.
[*Giving her another.*]

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.²⁹

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not 'Julia' for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not:
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should: [*Exit JULIA.*]
Julia, farewell!—What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come:—
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A street.**Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog.*

Laun. Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have receiv'd my proportion, like the Prodigious Son, and am going with sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our eat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog! A Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I 'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;³⁰ no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither:—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worsor sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on 't! there 't is: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily,³¹ and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:³²—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O! the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; 'Father, your blessing;' now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now like an old woman;³³)—well, I kiss her;—why, there 't is; here 's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard! Thy master is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you 'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost;³⁴ for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pan. What 's the unkindest tide;

Laun. Why, he that 's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tide,³⁵ and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide!—Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.

Sil. Servant.

Val. Mistress.

Speed. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote³⁶ you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.³⁷

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give me leave,³⁸ madam; he is a kind ofameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter the DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father is in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know ye, Don Antonio,³⁹ your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,⁴⁰
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath sir Proteus, for that's his name,

Made use and fair advantage of his days;
 His years but young, but his experience old;⁴¹
 His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe;
 And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
 Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
 He is complete in feature,⁴² and in mind,
 With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
 He is as worthy for an empress' love,
 As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
 Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,
 With commendation from great potentates;
 And here he means to spend his time awhile:
 I think 't is no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him, then, according to his worth;
 Silvia, I speak to you: and you, sir Thurio:—
 For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:⁴³
 I will send him hither to you presently.

[*Exit* DUKE.]

Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
 Had come along with me, but that his mistress
 Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them,
 Upon some other pawn for fealty.⁴⁴

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then, he should be blind; and, being blind,
 How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say that Love hath not an eye at all—

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;
 Upon a homely object Love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

[*Exeunt* THURIO and SPEED.]

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you
 Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
 If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
 To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant!

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed;
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.⁴⁵

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.⁴⁶

Re-enter THURIO.

Thu. Madam, my lord⁴⁷ your father would speak with you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me:—once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* SILVIA and THURIO.]

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning Love,
Whose high imperious thoughts⁴⁸ have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe⁴⁹ to his correction,
Nor to his service no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of Love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye;
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.⁵⁰

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me, for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was siek, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,⁵¹
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her, too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture ehanee to steal a kiss,⁵²
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,⁵³
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone!⁵⁴

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.⁵⁵

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd: Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;

The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.—

[*Exit* VALENTINE.]

Even as one heat another heat expels,⁵⁶
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it her mien, or Valentino's praise,⁵⁷
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia, that I love—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,⁵⁸
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too-too much,⁵⁹
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,⁶⁰
That thus without advice begin to love her!
'Tis but her picture⁶¹ I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;⁶²
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *A street in Milan.*

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not
welcome. I reckon this, always—that a man is never undone,

till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, 'Welcome.'

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of five-pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.⁶³

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do, too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.⁶⁴

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will 't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a seeret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'T is well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou,⁶⁵ that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass! thou mistak'st me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee, I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so:⁶⁶ if not, thou art a Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why.

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale⁶⁷ with a Christian: Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Milan. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
 To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
 To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
 And ev'n that pow'r which gave me first my oath,
 Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
 Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear:
 O sweet suggesting⁶⁸ Love! if thou hast sinn'd,
 Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
 At first I did adore a twinkling star,
 But now I worship a celestial sun.
 Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
 And he wants wit that wants resolved will
 To learn his wit⁶⁹ t' exchange the bad for better.—
 Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
 Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
 With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
 I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
 But there I leave to love, where I should love.
 Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
 If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
 If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
 For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
 I to myself am dearer than a friend,
 For love is still most precious in itself:⁷⁰
 And Silvia, (witness Heaven, that made her fair!)
 Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
 I will forget that Julia is alive,
 Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,
 Without some treachery us'd to Valentine:—
 This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder

To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,
 Myself in counsel, his competitor:⁷¹
 Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising, and pretended flight;⁷²
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine,
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!⁷³

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—Verona. *A Room in Julia's House.*

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta! gentle girl, assist me!
 And, ev'n in kind love, I do conjure thee,⁷⁴
 Who art the table⁷⁵ wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—
 To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
 How, with my honour, I may undertake
 A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
 Much less shall she that hath love's wings to fly;
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
 Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
 By longing for that food so long a time.
 Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,⁷⁶
 Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
 But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
 Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damn'st it up, the more it burns;
 The current that with gentle murmur glides,
 Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
 But, when his fair course is not hindered,

He makes sweet music with th'enamell'd stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge⁷⁷
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
 And so by many winding nooks he strays,
 With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
 Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
 I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
 And make a pastime of each weary step,
 Till the last step have brought me to my love;
 And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
 A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman, for I would prevent
 The loose encounters of lascivious men:
 Gentle Luceetta, fit me with such weeds
 As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,⁷⁸
 With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:⁷⁹
 To be fantastie may become a youth
 Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well as—'Tell me, good my lord,
 What compass will you wear your farthingale?'⁸⁰
 Why, ev'n what fashion thou best lik'st, Luceetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a eod-pieece,⁸¹ madam.

Jul. Out, out, Luceetta!⁸² that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose,⁸³ madam, now 's not worth a pin, unless
 you have a eod-pieece to stick pins on.

Jul. Luceetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
 What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
 But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
 For undertaking so unstaidd a journey?
 I fear me it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
 If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
 No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone;
 I fear me he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
 A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,

And instances of infinite⁸⁴ of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!

But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.⁸⁵
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,⁸⁶
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu, thereof, despatch me hence:
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Second Act.

¹ *For this is but one.*

To understand Speed's jest, it is necessary to observe that *one* was constantly pronounced, and often written, *on*. Examples of this in early English are almost innumerable. *On urd*, one word, Untrussing of the Humorous Poet. "If in a morning his shoes were put *one* wrong, and namely the left for the right, he held it unlucky," Holland's Suetonius, 1606.

You knowe in court up-trained is
A lyon very young;
Of *on* litter two whelps beside,
As yet not very strong.

Preston's Life of King Cambises.

² *Like a school-boy that had lost his A B C.*

The large facsimile of a metrical A B C book, dated 1575, here inserted, is one of the most curious early school relics known to exist, all broadsides of this kind being of the highest degree of rarity. A still earlier A. B. C. is preserved in a MS. of the fifteenth century, here transcribed; but the A B C mentioned by Speed would be either a primitive horn-book, a broadside similar to the one given in facsimile, or a small spelling book:—in short, the very first paper or book given to a child at the commencement of his education.

"Who so wyll be wyse and worshyp to wynne, leern he on lettur and loke upon another of the A. B. C. of Arystotle. Noon argument agaynst that, ffor it is counselle for clerkes and knightes a thowsand; and also it myght amend a meane man fulle oft the lernyng of a lettur, and his lyf save. It shal not greve a good man, though gylt be amend. Rede on this ragment, and rule the theraftur, and whoso be grevid yn his goost governe the bettur. Herkyn and here every man and child how that I begynne:

- A. to Amerous, to Aventurous, ne Angre, the not to moche.
- B. to Bold, to Besy, and Bourde not to large.
- C. to Curtes, to Cruel, and Care not to sore.
- D. to Dulle, to Dredefulle, and Drynk not to oft.
- E. to Ellynge, to Excellent, ne to Ernstfulle neyther.
- F. to Ferse, ne to Familier, but Frendely of chere.
- G. to Glad, to Glorious, and Gelowsy thow hate.
- H. to Hasty, to Hardy, ne to Hevy yn thyne herte.
- J. to Jettyng, to Janglyng, and Jape not to oft.

K. to Keping, to Kynd, and ware Knaves tatches among.
 L. to Lothe, to Lovyng, to Lyberalle of goodes.
 M. to Medlus, to Mery, but as Maner asketh.
 N. to Noyous, to Nyce, nor yet to Newefangle.
 O. to Orpyd, to Ovyrthwarte, and Othes thou hate.
 P. to Preysyng, to Privy, with Princes ne with dukes.
 Q. to Queynt, to Querelous, to Quesytife of questions.
 R. to Ryetous, to Revelyng, ne Rage not to meche.
 S. to Straunge, ne to Steryng, nor Stare not to brode.
 T. to Taylous, to Talewyse, for Temperaunce ys best.
 V. to Venemous, to Vengeable, and Wast not to myche.
 W. to Wyld, to Wrothfulle, and Wade not to depe,
 A mesurabllle meane Way is best for us alle.

MS. Harl., 541, from two versions (in this MS.) collated.

In the A. B. C. of bokes the least,
 Yt is written *Deus charitas est.*
 Lo! charytie is a great thing,
 Of all virtues it is the kynge:
 Whan God in earth was here livinge,
 Of charyti he found none endinge.

The Interlude of Youth, n. d.

Doe not so by mee, I beseech you, for I am a very bad writer of orthography, and can scarce spell my *abcie* if it were laid before mee.

King's Halfe-Pennyworth of Wit, 1613.

By sweating too much backwards; nay I find
 They know the right, and left hand file, and may
 With some impulsion no doubt be brought
 To passe the *A, B, C*, of war, and come
 Unto the Horne-booke.—*Thierry and Theodoret, 1621.*

I wish Religion timely be
 Taught him with his *A B C*.
 I wish him good and constant health,
 His father's learning, but more wealth;
 And that to use, not hoard; a purse
 Open to bless, not shut to curse.—*Cartwright's Poems, 1651.*

But much more thou wouldst long (in mine opinion)
 To see those that have had such large dominion,
 (I meane the Kings and great men) salt-fish sell,
 Opprest with want, teach igno'rant ghosts to spell,
 And learne their *A B C*: to all disgraces
 Subject, their eares boxt, beaten on the faces,
 Like slaves and captives.

Heywood's Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels, fol. 1635.

³ *Like one that takes diet.*

Under the severe regimen formerly required for a disease which need not be particularly mentioned. See further observations on the subject in the notes to Timon of Athens.

⁴ *To speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.*

Hallowmas, or Hallows, or All Hallows, Hallontide, or All Saint's Day,

All the Letters of the A. B. C.

of, ther is a good Document se



Ye Youngones / haue
 ally to Heart. Enterpr
 hee haue well exercised
 Enterpryse not also to be a M
 in the Discipline of your Maister.
 But first-of-all take-heede
 Letters. and in so doinge, grow
 so becom repleamished with the g

Pro. 1.4.b.

Attend yee Youngones / and learne Vnderstan-
 ding.

1. Cor. 12. d.
 15.
 Col. 3. b. c.

Beare-fauor to the Loue / that she in you may

Zach. 9. c.
 Math. 11. 2. 1.

Come to the meekmynded Beeinge of Bounteousnesse.

Math. 11.

Directlye the right Humilitie, to you it doth expresse.

Psal. 1. 2.

Earrestly sett your Lust to the good Lyfe, so cleare.

Ier. 17. b.
 Math. 7. 16.
 Luk. 6. g.

Fasten therin your Heart / so shall yee not feare.

Ioha. 8. 14. 17.

Geeue-eare to the Trueth / so lyue yee vnmolest.

Math. 7. d. 8.
 Luk. 11. b. c.

Holy and wyse is Hee, that standeth Therto prest:

Ier. 6.
 Math. 11. d.
 A. 3. 4. c.

In Heauen nor on Earth, none other Rest yee finde.

Deu. 6. 8. 10.
 Ioc. 2.
 Pro. 3.

Keepe and turne therto, all your Heart / Lust / and Minde.

Math. 16. c. 19.
 Luk. 14. d.

Let not such thinges hyde-back, for any Frinde therfore.

Pro. 2. 2.

Meekly therto apply you / and hunt for no thinge more.

Rom. 12. a.

Note and haue regarde, to the good Beeinge alwaye.

CHARITA

Translated out of Base-almaine i

C. by euery sondrye Letter wher= fourth and taught, in Ryme.

Take a good regarde vnto these Sentences / and take the Instruction of those same effectu-
se not / nor yet take, in any wyse; vpon you, to reade many or great Bookes, er-euer
you in the A. B. C. / and can perfectly spell all Woordes / to an apt Sentence.
Maister or Teacher, er-euer yee haue obedientlie accomplished your Vocation or Callinge,

rightly in your Heartes, onto the good Documentes of this Crosse-roue or A. B. C.
e-vpp therin / till vnto the Olde-age of the manlye Vnderstandu, of Jesu Chriſt : and
odlie Wpſdome.



TAKETH HEART.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>Open your Heart / and receaue the Loue, I ſaye.</p> | <p>D.
Pſal. 32. a.
Ephc. 3. b.</p> |
| <p>Puſture your Spirit vnder Gods Power and Will.</p> | <p>P.
Ecd. 7. b.
1. Pet. 5. a.</p> |
| <p>Do not vex or vex not yourſelues, with Cogitations ill.</p> | <p>D.
Eſa. 1. c. 15. a.
ſap. 1. a.</p> |
| <p>Remember and call to the Lorde, in all your Sufferinge.</p> | <p>R.
Pſal. 17. a. 18. a.
4. 55. 1.</p> |
| <p>Seeke in your Conflict, your Reioycinge.</p> | <p>S.
Rom. 8. d. 11. b.
Ephc. 6. b.</p> |
| <p>Let not your ſelues / and your owne Mynde yee ſhall.</p> | <p>L.
1. Cor. 9. c. 10.
Gal. 5. c.
1. Pet. 2. h. 4.</p> |
| <p>Willingly loue God / and his Lawe / aboue all.</p> | <p>W.
Deu. 6. a. 10. b.
Math. 22. d.</p> |
| <p>Do not to fleashlye Deſyres fall not / ne haue therin delight.</p> | <p>D.
Rom. 6. b. 8. b.
Gal. 5. b.</p> |
| <p>Exerciſe you in Vertue / and praife the Loue vpright.</p> | <p>E.
Ephc. 4. a. 5.
Col. 3. b.</p> |
| <p>Imagine alwayes, what is right and reſonable.</p> | <p>I.
1. Tim. 4. b. 6.
Phil. 4. 2.</p> |
| <p>Be ſlowly thinke vpon that which is peaceable.</p> | <p>B.
Rom. 12. b.
Heb. 12. b.</p> |
| <p>Becometh the Youngones, that they deale eauenſo.</p> | <p>B.
&c.
Iohn. 13. d. 1.
a. 15. b.</p> |
| <p>Coſider now theſe thinges / and yee ſhall wiſely go.</p> | <p>C.
Pſal. 1. a.
Pro. 3. 4. a.
Math. 7. c.</p> |

EXTORSIT PBR HN.

into Engliſh.

Anno: 1575.

Nov. 1. That is, says Johnson, about the feast of All Saints, when winter begins, and the life of a vagrant becomes less comfortable.

“It is worth remarking, that, on All-Saint’s-Day, the poor people in Staffordshire, and perhaps in other country places, go from parish to parish *a souling*, as they call it; i. e. begging and *puling* (or singing small, as Bailey’s Dict. explains *puling*) for *soul-cakes*, or any good thing to make them merry? This custom is mentioned by Peck, and seems a remnant of Popish superstition to pray for departed souls, particularly those of friends. The *souler’s* song in Staffordshire, is different from that which Mr. Peck mentions, and is by no means worthy publication.” —*Tollet*.



GROUP OF BEGGARS—ROXBURGHE BALLADS.

The custom of going a Souling still continues in some parts of the county, peasant girls visiting farmhouses in groups, singing,—

“Soul, soul, for a soul cake,
Pray, you, good mistress, a soul cake.”

And other verses are sung on the same occasion, but which I suspect are not the ancient ones. It was formerly usual to keep a soulmass-cake for good luck. Young, in his *History of Whitby*, says, “a lady in Whitby has a soul-mass loaf near a hundred years old.” The above characteristic engraving of a group of old English beggars, is copied from a ballad in the Roxburghe collection.

⁵ *To walk like one of the lions.*

Ritson thinks there may here be an allusion to the lions kept at the Tower of London, but the use of the definite article can scarcely be considered in itself decisive. The Tower lions were amongst the sights of the metropolis for several centuries, and have, indeed, not been removed many years, for they are included in my own recollection of London exhibitions. They are thus mentioned in a ballad of the seventeenth century in MS. Harl. 3910,—

Then through the Bridge to the Towre I went,
With much adoe I wandred in,
And when my penny I had spent,
Thus the spokesman did begin.
This lyon’s the King’s, and this is the Queene’s,
And this is the Prince’s that stands by hym.
I drew nere, not knowing which hee means,—
What ayle you, my frend, to go so nigh him?
Do you see the lyon, this that lyes downe?
It’s Henry the Great, twoe hondred years olde!
Lord bless us, quoth I, how he doth frown!
I tell you, quoth hee, hee’s a lyon boule!

⁶ *Now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress.*

The Perkins MS. reads, "so metamorphos'd," a specious modernization, *so* being understood before *that*. The same alteration was made by Victor, 1763.

⁷ *None else would.*

That is, unless you were so simple, none else would be able to see them; they are seen without you, or else no one would perceive them. Dr. Johnson's explanation appears to me to be erroneous.

⁸ *Like the water in an urinal.*

The subjoined engraving, representing the interior of a doctor's shop, the urinal being held up for examination, is taken from an illuminated copy of the



well-known treatise *De proprietatibus rerum*, in the British Museum, Bibl. Reg. 15 E. ii, of the fifteenth century. The judgment of diseases by this inspection, which was carried to an absurd extent, is one of the most curious subjects in the history of medicine. An old black-letter book on this matter, now before me, thus commences,—
 “In the begynnyng of this goodly treatyse, thou must take hede to foure thynges; that is to saye, to the substaunce, to the coloures, to the regyons, and to the contentes, whiche longe to the dome of uryne: and fyrst loke to the uryne, whether it be thyecke or thyn, or els betwene bothe; than shalte thouse throughethejoyntes

of thy fyngers, and than it betokeneth a bad stomacke, and water in the bowelles; and yf the uryne be betwene thicke and thyn, than it betokeneth swellynge of the gall. The seconde is that thou shal take hede to the coloures of the uryne, as sayth the mayster of physycke: and these be the coloures of waters that folowe.”

⁹ *I account of her beauty.*

Account of, esteem, value. “There dwelled sometime in the cite of Rome a baker, named Astatio, who, for his honest behaviour, was well *accounted of* amongst his neighbours,” Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatorie*, n. d.

¹⁰ *He, being in love, could not see to garter his hose.*

The ungartered hose was one of the characteristics of the lover. An amonist is thus described in the *Overbury Characters*, ed. 1626,—“Hee fights with passion, and loseth much of his bloud by his weapon; dreames, thence his palenesse: his armes are carelesly used, as if their best use were nothing but embracements: he is untrust, unbottomed, and ungartered, not out of carelesnesse, but care; his

farthest end being but going to bed." Compare, also, Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1637,—“Shall I, that have jested at love's sighs, now raise whirlwinds? Shall I, that have flouted ah-me's once a quarter, now practise ah-me's every minute? Shall I defy hatbands, and *tread garters* and shoe-strings under my feet?” In the comedy of *How to Chuse a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1602, a lover is called a “goer without garters.” These garters, being worn in sight, were often of great value. The continuator of Stowe asserts that, about the year 1625, men of mean rank wore “garters and shoe-roses of more than five pound price;” and Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, mentions them as being made of silk, “some edged deep with gold.” At this period garters were worn outside the hose, immediately beneath the knee; and were generally in the form of a full sash, tied in a bow at the outside of the leg, the garter itself being of silk, and the pendant ends richly decorated with point-lace. In *Cornu-copiæ*; Pasquil's *Night-cap*, or *Antidot for the Headache*, 1612, mention is made of—

—— a swaggering cavalier,
Which hath his garters bravely fring'd with gold.

Hee never tries his strength to beare foure or five hundred acres on his backe at once; his legges are alwayes at liberty, not being fettred *with golden garters*, and manacled *with artificial roses*, whose weight (sometime) is the reliques of some decayed lordship.—*Taylor's Workes*, fol. 1630.

“The hose of the Elizabethan period,” observes Mr. Fairholt, “was generally drawn over the knee, and secured beneath it by garters of a costly kind. Taylor, the Water-poet, speaks of “spangled garters worth a copyhold.” They were generally formed like a narrow scarf of silk tied in a large bow and having laced, spangled, or fringed ends; like the example given in the woodcut, which is copied from one on the title-page of “*Woe to Drunkards*,” a Sermon preached by Samuel Ward, of Ipswich, 1627; the vices of that age being typically contrasted with the virtues of a former one; the gartered leg here copied being placed under that of a booted soldier with the foot in stirrup, to show the degeneracy of masculine virtue according to the preacher's idea of it.”



“*Ligula cruralis*, a hose garter,” *Nomenclator*, 1585.

We never yet had *garter* to our hose,
Nor any shooe to put upon our feete.—*The Knave of Harts*, 1613.

Good bounteous house-keeping is quite destroy'd,
And large revenewes other wayes imployd;
Meanes that would foure men meate and meanes allow,
Are turnd to garters, and to roses now;
That which kept twenty, in the dayes of old,
By Satan is turn'd sattin, silke, and gold,
And one man now in garments he doth weare,
A thousand akers on his backe doth beare,
Whose ancestours in former times did give
Meanes for a hundred people well to live.

Workes of Taylor, the Water-Poet, 1630.

Your clothes unbuttoned doe not use,
Let not your hose ungartered bee;
Have handkerchiefe in readinesse,
Wash hands and face, or see not mee.

Cooté's English Schoolemaster, 4to. 1632.

¹¹ *I would you were set.*

Set is evidently used in opposition to *stand*, in the preceding line, meaning, probably, *set down*, in the sense of *put down*.

¹² *O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet!*

A motion was a puppet-show. *Exceeding puppet*, a great puppet. "That exceeding gyant," Gayton's Notes upon Don Quixot, 1654, p. 33. Speed says that Valentine will be the interpreter of the puppet-show. The chief part of the fifth act of Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, relates to a *motion*, or puppet-show, which is thus mentioned by Pepys in 1661,—“My wife and I to ‘Bartholomew Fayre’ with puppets (which I had seen once before, and the play without puppets often); but though I love the play as much as ever I did, yet I do not like the puppets at all, but think it to be a lessening to it.”

—She'd get more gold
Then all the baboones, calves with two tailes,
Or *motions* whatsoever.—*Ram Alley*, 1611.

D. Where's the dumbe shew you promis'd me? *L.* Even ready, my lord; but may be cal'd a *motion*; for puppets wil speak but such corrupt language you'le never understand without an interpreter.—*Knave in Graine*, 1640.



A single puppet was occasionally so called:—"The *motion* says, you lie, he is called Dionysius."—Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*. "*Beat.* A motion, sister.—*Crisp.* Ninivie, Julius Ceasar, Jonas, or the distruction of Jerusalem."—Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605. The very curious representation of a medieval motion or puppet-show, here engraved, is copied from an illumination in the celebrated MS. of the

Romance of Alexander, preserved in the Bodleian library.

¹³ *A thousand good morrows.*

E. But, by your leave, I will goe away, and will presently returne to you againe.—*A.* With a thousand leaves.—*Passenger of Benvenuto*, 1612.

¹⁴ *Sir Valentine and servant.*

Servant was the common designation of a lover in Shakespeare's time, and the term was also constantly used when merely an admirer was intended, or sometimes one who engaged to attend courteously on another. The corresponding term, *mistress*, is still retained. Cowley, in his *Cutter of Coleman Street*, 1663, evidently uses the word *servant* in the sense of a fantastic admirer,—“Here comes another of her *servants*; a young, rich, fantastical fop, that would be a wit, and has got a new way of being so; he scorns to speak any thing that's common, and finds out some impertinent similitude for every thing; the devil, I think, can't find out one for him. This coxeomb has so little brains too, as to make me the confident of his amours; I'le thank him for his confidence ere I ha' done with him.” In Witts Reereations, 1654, are some verses entitled, “Her supposed *servant* subscribed,”—

I would have him if I could,
Noble; or of greater blood:
Titles, I confess, do take me;
And a woman God did make me;

French to boot, at least in fashion,
And his manners of that nation.

Wherefore do women require, above all things, their *servants* and lovers to be secret?—*Delectable Demaundes and Pleasant Questions*, 1596, p. 48.

O Sir Puntarvolo, you must thinke every man was not borne to have my *servant* Briskes feature.—*Every Man out of his Humor*, 1600.

Emil. Most strange: see, heere's my servant, yong Ferrard: how many servants thinkest thou I have, Maquarelle?—*Maq.* The more the merrier: 'twas well saide, use your servants as you doe your smockes, have many, use one, and change often, for that's most sweete and courtlike.—*Marston's Malcontent*, 1604.

Celia. Sweet sister Meletza, lets sit in judgment a little; faith, of my *servant* Mounsier Laverdure.—*Mel.* Troth, well for a *servant*, but for a husband (figh) I.—*Marston's What You Will*, 1607.

Lit. Now, I conceive you, reade them out.—*Dot.* First, that after Hymen has once joynd us together, she shall admit of no man whatsoever, to intitule him with any suspitious name of friend, or *servant*: doe you marke me?—*Marmyon's Five Companion*, 1633.

To speak the truth, she was a delicate woman, but when I found that she was not contented with one *servant*, and began to affect others as well as myself, I made no more esteem of her, but by little and little retired myself from her conversation, without demanding of her if her law businesse were almost brought to an end, or not, or if she were ready to return to her own country.—*Comical History of Francion*, 1655.

Lady, if you think me not too unworthy to expect a favour from you, I shall be ambitious as a *servant* to call you mistress, till the happyer title of a wife crown our desires.—*Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter*, 1671, p. 35.

It is Mr. Bennedick, quoth she, which for my love hath left the love of our kinswoman, and hath vowed himself for ever to be my *servant*. O dissembling Italian, quoth he, I will be revenged on him for this wrong.—*The Pleasant History of Jack of Newbury*, n. d.

¹⁵ 'Tis very clerkly done.

Clerkly, like a clerk or scholar. "Clearnly reed," i. e., learned counsel, Sidney's *Arcadia*. "Thou art clerkly, Sir John," Merry Wives of Windsor.

¹⁶ It came hardly off.

That is, it was executed with difficulty or with ill success. A similar phrase occurs in *Timon of Athens*, q. v.

¹⁷ As a nose on a man's face.

A proverbial phrase. "As plain as the nose on a man's face," Ray's *English Proverbs*, 1678, p. 287. "As plain as the nose on yan's faas," it is perfectly clear, Craven Gloss., ii. 13.

The simple soules not perceiving that this their transformation, or rather deformation, is no more seene than a nose in a man's face.—*The Civile Conversation of M. Stephen Guazzo*, by Pettie, 1586.

Those of the sun you cannot behold, because they happen in the night season, but those of the moon may be seen as perfectly as the nose on a man's face, if the air be clear, and that you are awake and up at such time as they shall happen. *Poor Robin*, 1696.

¹⁸ Or a weathercock on a steeple.

The vane in the form of a cock, hence called a weather-cock, was said to be

emblematic of watchfulness. "In summitate erueis, quæ companario vulgo imponitur, galli gallinacei effugi solet figura, quæ ecclesiarum rectores vigilantie admoneat,"—Du Cange, Gloss. The hallowing of the weather-cock, set upon Louth Steeple, in 1515, is mentioned in Arch. x. The following note on the subject is by Mr. Fairholt:



"The genuine old weather-cock was not an arrow pointing to the way the wind blows as an index to the letters denoting the points of the compass beneath it, but a representation of a cock, whose spreading tail caught the wind, and turned his beak to the spot from which it blew. The annexed engraving represents an old weather-cock of this kind from one which is placed on the

steeple of the Church at Walton-on-the-Hill, co. Surrey."

¹⁹ *Are you reasoning with yourself?*

That is, *discoursing, talking*. An Italianism.—*Johnson*. So, in the Merchant of Venice:—"I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday."—*Steevens*.

²⁰ *'T is you that have the reason.*

A story is told of a gentleman bringing a foolish tract in manuscript to Sir Thomas More, to obtain his opinion upon it. Sir Thomas strongly advised him to put it into verse, and it appears the author followed his recommendation. "Now it is somewhat like," said More, "now it is rhythm: before it was neither rhythm nor reason." There is a well-known anecdote related of Spenser, that on occasion of a royal order for a reward for one of his poems not having been duly attended to, he addressed the following verses to Queen Elizabeth, here given on the authority of Manningham's MS. Diary for 1602,—

It pleased your Grace upon a tyme,
To graunt me reason for my ryme;
But from that tyme until this season,
I heard of neither ryme nor reason.

²¹ *She gave me none.*

"It is still customary in the west of England, when the conditions of a bargain are agreed upon, for the parties to ratify it by joining their hands, and at the same time for the purchaser to give an *earnest*. To this practice the poet alludes."—*Henley*.

²² *And there an end.*

This long line seems to be one of Speed's miserable attempts at rhyme. The second folio reads, *there's an end*, but unnecessarily. See p. 56, and examples of the phrase in Macbeth, Richard II., and 2 Henry IV.

²³ *All this I speak in print.*

In print, with exactness; a phrase probably derived from the regularity and precision of printing. Still in provincial use. "Her lov'th to see everything in print," i. e. in order, Palmer's Devonshire Glossary, p. 74. "To do a thing in print, *graphice et exquisite agere*," Coles. So, in the comedy of All Fools, 1605: "not a hair about his bulk, but it stands *in print*." Again, in the Portraiture of Hypocrisy, bl. l. 1589, "—others lash out to maintaine their porte, which must needes bee *in print*." Again, in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, a young lover, "must be in league with an excellent taylor, barber, have neat shooe-ties, points, garters, speak *in print*, walk *in print*, eat and drink *in print*, and that which is all in all, he must be mad *in print*." Compare, also, the Honest Whore, i. 2., "I am sure my husband is a man *in print* for all things," i. e., in exact and

neat order. "To have his ruffles set *in print*, to picke his teeth, and play with a puppet."—*Breton's Good and the Badde*, 1616.

²⁴ *The cameleon love can feed on the air.*

Here's your Amadis de Gaul; your lover in heroicks! Oh, Palmerin, Palmerin, how cheaply dost thou furnish out thy table of love? Canst feed upon a thought; live upon hopes; feast upon a look; fatten upon a smile; and surfeit and dye upon a kiss! What a cameleon lover is a Platonick?

The World in the Moon, 4to. 1697.

²⁵ *Nourish'd by my victuals.*

Of the same opinion was a character in Cartwright's comedy of the Siege:—"We're no such subtle feeders as to make meals on air, sup on a blast, and think a fresh gale second course."

²⁶ *Be moved, be moved.*

That is, be persuaded. "To move, *suadeo*," Coles. Malone's explanation can scarcely be correct, for Silvia certainly has some consideration for her lover.

²⁷ *If you turn not.*

That is, if your love for me does not alter.

²⁸ *We 'll make exchange.*

The exchange of rings was a solemn mode of private contracts between lovers. The custom is again alluded to in *Twelfth Night*.

²⁹ *And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.*

This phrase is scriptural. See Romans, xvi. 16.

³⁰ *This left shoe is my father.*

The useful fashion of having shoes adapted to the right and left feet, prevalent in Shakespeare's day, entirely went out of fashion, and has only been revived in modern times. The commentators have made long notes on the subject on a passage in *King John*, which curiously show the difficulties experienced by the antiquary in tracing the fluctuations of fashion in all matters regarding costume.

³¹ *As white as a lily, and as small as a wand.*

These are probably either proverbial phrases, or quoted from an old ballad.

³² *I am the dog.*

So, in *A christian turn'd Turke*, 4to. Lond. 1612,—“you shall stand for the lady, you for her dogge, and I the page; you and that dogge looking one upon another; the page presents himselfe,” sig. G. 3. It is scarcely necessary to observe that Launce's accumulated blundering is intentional on the part of the author.

³³ *O, that she could speak now like an old woman!*

The old copies read *a would woman*, a corruption so evident we are thrown upon conjecture. Launce is speaking here of the shoe, and to make the representation more distinct, wishes it could speak like an old woman. Pope is the author of this reading. Theobald conjectures *a wood woman*, an emendation he is very fond of, introducing it again into the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, but the subsequent part of the passage appears to agree better with Pope's emendation. "Here's my mother's breath *up and down*," i. e. exactly, in every respect. The same phrase occurs in the second act of *Much Ado About Nothing*.

The Perkins MS. has *wild woman* (*wold*, wild as the wold, Capell, 156).

Monek Mason (ed. 1807, p. 15) thus cleverly defends Theobald's conjecture;—"Launce is describing the melancholy parting between him and his family. In order to do this more methodically, he makes one of his shoes stand for his father, and the other for his mother; and when he has done taking leave of his father, he says, *Now come I to my mother*, turning to the shoe that is supposed to personate her: and in order to render the representation more perfect, he expresses his wish that it could speak like a woman frantic with grief! There could be no doubt about the sense of the passage, had he said—"O that *it* could speak like a *wood woman!*" but he uses the feminine pronoun in speaking of the shoe, because it is supposed to represent a woman."

³⁴ *If the ty'd were lost.*

An early instance of this quibble was pointed out by Boswell in Heywood's *Epigrammes uppon Proverbs*, ed. 1577,—

The *tyde* tarieth no man, but here to scan
Thou art *tyde* so, that thou taryest every man.

Steevens has noticed two other instances of it; the first in Lilly's *Endymion*, 1591: '*Epi.* you know it is said, the *tide* tarieth for no man.—*Sam.* True.—*Epi.* A monstrous lye: for I was *ty'd* two hours, and tarried for one to unlose me.' The second in Chapman's *Andromeda Liberata*, 1614: 'And now came roaring to the *tied* the *tide*.'

³⁵ *Lose the tide.*

Repetitions of the kind here occurring in the text are so usual there is no absolute necessity for any alteration. Perhaps we may read, *lose the ty'd*, where Pope would read, *lose the flood*; and the same suggestion occurs in the Perkins MS. Mr. Knight suggests the second *tide* is a pun on *tied*, which is, I think, the more plausible opinion, looking to the arrangement of the subject in the previous speeches.

³⁶ *And how quote you my folly?*

Quote, to observe, to notice, to write down. Cf. *Hamlet*; Webster's *White Devil*, ed. Dyce, i. 84; Ben. Jonson's *Fox, &c.* Valentine, as Malone observes, in his answer, plays upon the word, which was pronounced as if written *coat*. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594,—"the illiterate will *cote* my loathsome trespass in my looks."

You forg'd a will, where every line you writ,
You studied where to *quote* your lands might lie.

The London Prodigal.

³⁷ *My jerkin is a doublet.*

The jerkin was merely an outside coat, worn generally over the doublet, which it frequently closely resembled, but sometimes worn by itself. Its exact shape and fashion varied at different times, and the only absolute definition of it I have met with, occurs in Meriton's *Clavis*, 1697, the compiler stating that "a jerkin is a kind of jacket, or upper dublet, with four skirts or laps." That the jerkin was worn over the doublet clearly appears from an anecdote related by L'Estrange, the point of which turns on the gerfalcon being popularly termed a jerkin,—"Sir Thomas Jermin going out with his brooke hawkes one evening at Burry, they were no sooner abroad but fowle were found. He calls out to one of his falconers: 'Lett out your jerkin; off with your jerkin.' The fellow being into the wind did not heare him: he stormes and cries out still,—'Off with your jerkin, you knave, off with your jerkin!' Now it fell out there was at that instant a plaine townsman of Burry, in a freeze jerkin, stood betwixt

him and his falconer, who seeing Sir Thomas in such a rage, and thinking he had spoken to him, unbuttons amaine, throwes off his jerkin, and beseeches his worshippe not to be offended, for he would off with his doublet too to give him content.”—

MS. Harl. Cotgrave translates *juppe*, “a cas-socke, long coat, *loose jerkin*;” and Baret has, “a jerkin of lether, *collobium scorteum*; a freese jerkin, *habillement velu contre l’hyver*; a jacket or jerkin, *tunicula*.” Levins, in his Dictionarie, 1570, has, “a jerkin, *tunicella*;” and earlier, Huloet, 1552, “*jerky*n, *cincticulus*.” To these notices may be added the following. “The hostler was in hys jerkyn, and hys shirte sleeves wer above his elbowes,” Skelton’s *Meric Tales*, n. d. “*Habiliment sans manches*, a jacket, jerken, mandilion, trusse, or sleveles coate,” Nomenclator, 1580. “A jerkin, *tunica*; a leather jerkin, *colet*,” Minsheu, ed. 1627. “*Volante*, a loose jerkin, or cassock, a mandilion,” Cotgrave. “A jerkin, *un saye, gippon*; a loose jerkin, *volante, juppe*; a Spanish leather jerkin, *colet de marroquin*,” Sherwood. “*Un saye et une juppe de velour*, a long coate and



a jerkin of velvet; *deux pourpoints de satin noir*, two doublets of blacke satin; *un colet de fin drap noir*, a jerkin of fine blacke cloath; *un colet de marroquin parfumé de musc*, a Spanish leather perfumed jerkin; *un colet de bœufte passementé d’or*, a buffe jerkin layd with gold lace,” Marrow of the French Tongue, 1625. “A jerkin, *tunicula, colobium*; a frieze jerkin, *endromis*,” Coles. “A jerkin or little jakket,” Thomasi Dictionarium, 1596. The two engravings here copied, one with the jerkin, the other with the doublet, are taken from early black-letter ballads. A document, dated 1554, mentions some noblemen having “upon their arms goodly jenkins of blue velvet.” Pinking a jerkin, in other words jaggging it, is noticed in one of Hakluyt’s voyages; and Falstaff tells Bardolph that an old cloak will make a new jerkin.



Item, paied to Golde the hosyer for ij. payer of hosen, a lether jerkyn, and a doublet of white fustian for Raulf Mundy, xiiij.s.,—*Privy Purse Expences*, 1530.

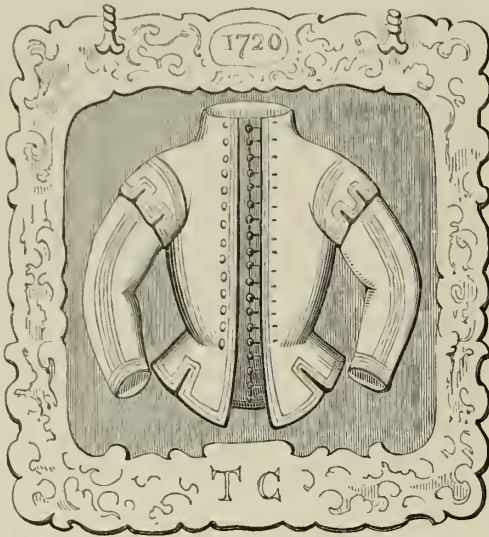
But my lorde Don Felix had on a paire of ash colour hose, embrodered and drawen foorth with watchet tissue; his dublet was of white satten, embrodered with knots of golde, and likewise an embrodered jerkin of the same coloured velvet; and his short cape cloke was of blacke velvet, edged with gold lace, and hung full of buttons of pearle and gold, and lined with razed watchet satten: by his side he ware, at a paire of embrodered hangers, a rapier and dagger, with engraven hilts and pommell of beaten golde.—*Diana of George of Montemayor*, 1598.

Why there’s my cloake and hat to keep thee warme;
Thy cap and *jerkin* will serve me to ride in
By the way: thou hast winde and tyde—take oares.

A Pleasant Commodie called Looke about You, 1600.

Wilt thou? O heavens, that a Christian should be found in a buffe jerkin!—*Marston's Malcontent*, 1604.

Notices of the doublet are innumerable, and it would scarcely answer any useful purpose to print a large collection of them. In Upper Thames Street, near London Bridge, is still standing an old warehouse known as the Doublet, and,



singularly enough, the ancient sign, dated 1720, is preserved. The annexed engraving of this curious relic shows us exactly what a doublet was at that period, and indeed in the previous century, for the sign itself is undoubtedly either a copy or a restoration of a more ancient one. The sleeves here appear as separately inserted, and, indeed, the doublet was worn either with or without sleeves. Holme mentions "an high winged doublet and short skirts, with trunk or sailers breeches," *Acad. Arm.*, iii. 19. The following notices of the doublet may also be worth giving.

Item, ij. dowblett of grene satten for the said ij. foutemen.

Item, iiij. dowbletts of sattyn of

briguse for the said ij. footemen; videl. two dowbletts of yellow, and ij. of orrange collar tawney. Item, ij. dowbletts of grene satten for the said ij. foowtemen. Item, iiij. dowbletts of sattyn, &c.—*Egremont MSS.*

The modest upper parts of a concealing straight gowne, to the loose, lascivious open embracement of a *French dublet*, being all unbutton'd to entyce, all of one shape to hide deformitie, and extreme short-wasted to give a most easie way to every luxurious action.—*Hic Mulier, or the Man Woman*, 1620.

The bombasting of long pease-cod-bellied doublets, so cumbersome to arme, and which made men seeme so far from what they were, was sure invented in emulation of the Grobian or All-paunch family, and the same affectation with that of the Gordians and Muscovites, and other gorbellied nations. The slashing, pinking, and cutting of our doublets, is but the same phansie and affectation with those barbarous gallants who slash and carbonado their bodies, and who pinke and raze their sattin, damaske, and Duretto skins. I saw in Paternoster Row, the day this sheet came as a prooffe unto me, the picture of Francis the First, King of France, drawn in full length, who was painted *in a jerkin-like doublet*, slashed in the breast downwards towards the belly, which, for the curiosity of the workmanship, and the singularity of the habit, was valued at two hundred pounds. When we wore short-wasted doublets, and but a little lower than our breasts, we would maintaine by militant reasons that the waste was in its right place, as Nature intended it; but when after (as lately) we came to weare them so long-wasted, then began we to condemn the former fashion as fond, intollerable, and deformed, and to commend the later as comely, handsome, and commendable.—*Bulwer's Pedigree of the English Gallant*, 1653.

It were enough should I hang out to view one of the suits that was generally worn heretofore in England, where you had a dublet all jagg'd and prickt, the wastband coming down but a little below the armholes, guarded with eight long skirts; to this dublet was clasped a pair of breeches close made to the body, and whose length must make up the defect of the shortness of the dublet. The large

and ample codpiss supplied the want of pockets, which came up with two wings fastned to either side with two points, which unknit made way to the linnen bags tyed to the inside between the shirt and codpiss. These bags held everything they carried about them, except the gloves, which ever hung very reverently at the girdle, where hung a pouch made fast with a ring or lock of iron weighing at least two or three pound, whether there was any money in it or no.—*England's Vanity*, 1683.

Give me my cloak. Præbeto mihi pallium.—I must go forth to day. Mihi foris hodié eundum est.—Button your doublet. Confibulato diploidem.—The collar of your doublet is too high. Thoracis collare peccat in altitudine.—Why do not you hook up your breeches? Quare non uncinulis femoralia diploidi nectis?—It is not handsome to go with your doublet open. Non decorum est laxo thorace incedere.—It is the fashion. Sic moris est.—It is the sloven's fashion then. Nempe apud squalidos.—*Familiares Colloquendi Formulæ*, 1678.

Now the hot weather declines apace, and those that are not provided for winter, it is high time now for them to look out sharp. The countryman now before he goes to work, peeps out to see how he likes the weather, and consider whether he had better cast off his doublet, or put on his coat upon it, or if he does put it off when he goes to work, it is ten to one but that he puts it on as soon as he has done.—*Poor Robin*, 1735.

³⁸ *Give me leave, madam.*

This is written, *give him leave*, in some early MS. extracts from this play. Valentine uses a common phrase, equivalent to,—allow me to observe.

³⁹ *Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?*

“The characters being Italians, not Spaniards, Ritson proposes to omit *Don*, though we have had (as he acknowledges) *Don* Alphonso in a preceding scene; which shews decisively how very improper such an omission would be. For this incongruity the youthful poet must answer.”—*Malone*.

⁴⁰ *To be of worth, and worthy estimation.*

In other words,—I know the gentleman to be of worth, and worthy of esteem, and not dignified with so much reputation without proportionate merit. The latter is Dr. Johnson's paraphrase of the last line. The repetition, *worth, worthy*, is exactly in Shakespeare's manner, and again is used by Valentine in this same scene,—“whose *worth* makes other *worthies* nothing.” So, also, in the first act, *eating canker, eating Love*, occur in one line; in the present act, “by *longing* for that food so *long* a time;” and instances are all but innumerable; yet Mr. Collier, on the authority of Perkins, would read, *to be of wealth*, to “avoid the *objectionable* repetition.” Wealth is not an element in the *character* of Antonio as given by Valentine.

⁴¹ *His years but young, but his experience old.*

Sed gravibus curis animum sortita senilem,

Ignea . . . frenatur corde juvenus.—

Claud. in Consulatu. Prob. et Olyb. 154.

⁴² *He is complete in feature.*

“He has all the advantage which is derived from a handsome well-formed person. *Feature* in the age of Shakspeare often signified both beauty of countenance, and elegance of person. See Bullokar's Expositor, Svo. 1616: ‘*Feature*; handsomeness, comeliness, beautie.’ So in Henry VI. First Part: ‘Her peerless *feature*, joined with her birth.’ Again in Richard III.: ‘Cheated of *feature* by dissembling nature.’”—*Malone*. “The *feature, figura*,” Coles. “The *feature* and

fashion, or the proportion and figure of the whole bodie," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. "The fair feature of her limbs," Spenser.

⁴³ *I need not cite him to it.*

"To *cite* is to summon, to command. As Sir Proteus is your dear friend, Valentine, I need not *cite* (charge and command) you to give him welcome—you will gladly do it of your own will and motion."—*White's MS. Notes.*

⁴⁴ *Upon some other pawn for fealty.*

Perhaps by this time she has set his eyes free, some other pledge being given for his fidelity.

⁴⁵ *I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.*

In other words, I will contend to the death with any one except yourself, who dares to say so. "He holds it next his creed, that no coward can be an honest man, and *dare die in't*. He doth not thinke his body yeelds a more spreading shadow after a victory then before, and when he lookes upon his enemies dead body, tis with a kinde of noble heavinesse, not insultation," *Characters*, Sir Thomas Overbury, ed. 1626.

⁴⁶ *That you are worthless.*

Dr. Johnson reads, "No, that you are worthless;" but although this emendation may give more power to the reply, we are clearly not warranted in so wide a departure from the original without much greater necessity. Douce says the measure is not defective, though the harmony is. The original text seems to be in accordance with the metrical usages of the period.

⁴⁷ *Madam, my lord.*

This speech is assigned to a servant by Theobald, but is rightly restored by Collier and Knight to Thurio, who either retires at the entrance of Proteus, and now re-enters, or steps to the door and receives the message.

⁴⁸ *Whose high imperious thoughts.*

The imperial or commanding thoughts of love. Johnson unnecessarily reads *those*. "*Imperiosus*, imperious, lordely, stately, full of commaundementes," Elyot's *Dictionarie*, 1559. "*Imperious* (which in our author's time generally signified imperial) is an epithet very frequently applied to *love* by Shakspeare and his contemporaries. So, in the *Famous Historie of George Lord Faulconbridge*, 'Such an *imperious* God is love, and so commanding.' A few lines lower, Valentine observes that 'love's a *mighty lord*.' That *imperious* formerly signified imperial, is shewn by a passage in *Hamlet*: *Imperious* Cæsar dead and turn'd to clay—and various others quoted there and elsewhere. See also Cawdray's *Alphabetical Table of Hard Words*, 8vo. 1604: '*Imperious*; desiring to rule; full of commanding; stately.'—*Malone*. First folio, *emperious*.

⁴⁹ *There is no woe to his correction.*

To, compared to. See the verse from *Wily Beguiled*, quoted in vol. i., p. 271, repeated also in *Cupid's Whirligig*, one copy of which, now before me, reads,—

So sweete a thing is Love,
That rules both heart and minde;
There is no comfort in the world,
To women that are blinde.

Herbert, as noted by Johnson, called for the prayers of the Liturgy a little

before his death, saying, *None to them, none to them.* A poem, in the *Paradise of Dayntie Devises*, is entitled, “No foe to a flatterer.”

Ah Cælia look down from your window,
And view your poor lover a strowling,
How for puss I by night,
Quarrell, scratch, brawl, and fight,
There's no love to true caterwauling.

Win Her and Take Her, 4to. 1691.

In the next line, Mr. Wheeler's annotated folio reads,—“*but*, to his service.”

⁵⁰ *But she is an earthly paragon.*

Compare a passage in *Cymbeline*, act iii.—*Malone*.

⁵¹ *Yet let her be a principality.*

That is, if she is not divine, a goddess, at least acknowledge her to be a principality or angel, superior to all mortals. “Nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers,” *Romans*, viii. 38. “The first he calleth Seraphim, the second Cherubim, the third thrones, the fourth dominations, the fift vertues, the sixt powers, the seventh principalities, the eight archangels, the ninth and inferior sort he calleth angels,” *Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 500.

⁵² *Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss.*

Malone refers to Richard II., “You debase your knee, To make the base earth proud by kissing it.”—*Braggardism*; first folio, *bragardisme*.

⁵³ *Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower.*

“I once thought,” says Steevens, “that the poet had written *summer-smelling* flower: but the epithet which stands in the text I have since met with in the translation of *Lucan* by Sir Arthur Gorges, 1614, B. viii., p. 554.

—no Roman chieftaine should
Come near to Nyles Pelasian mould,
But shun that *sommer-swelling* shore.

“The original is—*ripasque æstate tumentes*, l. 829. *May* likewise renders it, “*summer-swelled* banks.”—The *summer-swelling* flower, is the flower which swells in summer till it expands itself into bloom.” The Perkins MS. reads *summer-smelling*, and a MS. commonplace-book of the seventeenth century, “disdaine to beare the sommer swelling flower.”

⁵⁴ *She is alone.*

Unique in her perfections. A few lines after this, for *the water*, an old MS. commonplace-book has it, *their water*.

⁵⁵ *For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.*

Res est solliciti plena timoris amor.

⁵⁶ *Even as one heat another heat expels.*

So in *Coriolanus*,—“One fire drives out one fire; one nail one nail.” “The latter image,” says *Malone*, “occurs also in the *Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1582: which the poet may here have had in his thoughts, having, like the author of that poem, applied this imagery to the subject of love:”

And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive,
So novel love out of the minde the ancient love doth rive.

“*Un clou sert à pousser l'autre*, one nayle serves to drive out another; one

friend employed to supplant the other," Cotgrave. So the old Latin proverb, *clarum clarò pellere*.

⁵⁷ *Is it her mien, or Valentino's praise.*

The first folio reads, "It is mine, or Valentine's praise;" and the second,— "Is it mine then, or Valentinian's praise," the latter reading not making very good sense, Proteus not having praised her sufficiently to justify the meaning evidently intended. The insertion of the personal pronoun, and interpreting *mine* as *mien*, in consonance with the orthography of Shakespeare's age, were the happy suggestions of Blakeway. Some would read, "Is it mine eye," but if the line originally took a form like this, some other word, better suiting the context, would probably have taken the place of *eye*. Capell reads,— "Is it mine own, or Valentino's praise," which latter is also found in the Perkins MS. "The objection to *then*," observes Capell, "is—that Protheus had not prais'd her 'any farther than giving his opinion of her in three words when his friend ask'd it of him: if his speeches be look'd into, we shall find a few more, and tokens of much praise; and 'tis this suppress'd praise that Protheus fears had debauch'd him; Is it, says he, the approof my heart gives her, or that of Valentine's tongue, that makes me talk thus? and his very next line ascribes *perfection* to her: we may then infer, safe enough, that the second folio has given his author's sense, and fail'd only in the expression." *Eyne*, or *eyen*, was also suggested by the critics of the last century.

⁵⁸ *Like a waxen image 'gainst a fire.*

The opinion of the commentators that there is here an allusion to the figures made by witches, as representatives of those whom they designed to torment or destroy, seems to be an unnecessary refinement on the plain and obvious meaning, especially as Shakespeare uses the same simile elsewhere. The same image also occurs in Ovid, and in other writers.

⁵⁹ *I love his lady too-too much.*

I print *too-too* with a hyphen, as in the original. It is a genuine compound archaism, used both as an adjective and adverb, meaning excessive or excessively. I was the first to notice this in the Papers of the Shakespeare Society a few years ago, but the truth has been disputed even against an overwhelming amount of evidence, so difficult is it to establish a novelty in these matters.

⁶⁰ *With more advice.*

That is, on further reflection. How shall I dote upon her on greater reflection, when I thus commence loving her without any reflection or deliberation? "That is done in haste without advisement," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. "Advise or conjcet how a thyng shall be done, *præmeditor*," Huloet, 1552. "Yet did repent me after more advice," *Measure for Measure*.

⁶¹ *'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld.*

Picture does not of course here mean literally *portrait*, Proteus merely speaking figuratively of her person being merely a picture, when placed in apposition with her mind. He had only seen her outside form. In the following line, it has been suggested we should read *sight*, but unnecessarily, *light* being metaphorically equivalent to it.

There is a somewhat similar image to this in the *Scornful Lady*, Beaumont and Fletcher, ed. Dyce, iii. 96,—

I was mad once, when I lov'd pictures;
For what are shape and colours else but pictures?

In that tawny hide there lies an endless mass
Of virtues, when all your red and white ones want it.

⁶² *And that hath dazzled my reason's light.*

The editor of the second folio unnecessarily reads *dazzled so*, the first being a trisyllable. Compare Drayton,—

A diadem once *dazzling* the eye,
The day too darke to see affinitie.

The plain meaning is, Her mere outside has dazzled me; when I am acquainted with the perfections of her mind, I shall be struck blind.—*Malone*. “There is no reason but I shall be blind,” either involves a singular construction, a peculiar use of the word *reason*, or imposes the necessity of a new punctuation.

⁶³ *They are both as whole as a fish.*

My heart is well eased, and I have my wish;
This chafing hath made me *as whole as a fish*,
And now I dare boldly be merrie again.

Tom Tyler and his Wife, 4to. Lond. 1661.

San. Oh, Oh. *Ruis*. Sanco. *San*. Don Ruis—O, sir, are you alive? *Ruis*. And so art thou. *San*. Aye, sir, and *as whole as a fish*. A . . . on't, I could not get my sword out.—*Wrangling Lovers, or the Invisible Mistress*, 1677.

⁶⁴ *My staff understands me.*

This equivocation, says Johnson, miserable as it is, has been admitted by Milton in his great poem, b. vi:

— The terms we sent were terms of weight,
Such as we may perceive, amaz'd them all,
And stagger'd many; who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well *understand*;
Not *understood*, this gift they have besides,
To shew us when our foes stand not upright.

The same quibble occurs likewise in the second part of the *Three Merry Coblers*, an ancient ballad:

Our work doth th' owners *understand*,
Thus still we are on the mending hand.—*Steevens*.

Other instances of this play upon words occur in the *Comedy of Errors*, act ii., and *Twelfth Night*, act iii.

⁶⁵ *How say'st thou.*

That is, what say'st thou to this?

⁶⁶ *If thou wilt go, &c., so; if not, thou art, &c.*

The insertion of the word *so*, from the second folio, is adopted on the judgment of Mr. Dyce, who considers it sufficiently supported by a previous line, “And, if it please you, *so; if not*, why so;” and by similar phraseology in *Henry IV.*, &c. The usage of *so* in this way is exceedingly common, but the original text makes very good sense, provided a comma is placed after *wilt*.

⁶⁷ *As to go to the ale with a Christian.*

Ale, the ale-house, as appears from Launce's previous feast; and not a Church-feast, in apposition to *Christian*. “Launce,” says Mr. Knight, “calls Speed a Jew because he will not go to the ale (the Church feast) with a Christian.” I

cannot think this was intended, the appellation being proverbial. "They were bound," says Falstaff, "every man of them; or I am *a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew*;" and in the present play,—“a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting.” *Ale* was not unusual in the sense of an ale-house.

I am ocupied eche day,
Haly-day and oother,
With ydel tales at the *ale*,
And outhere while at chirche.—*Piers Ploughman*.

Leve, lystynes to me,
Two wordys or thre,
And herkenes to my songe;
And I schalle telle sow a tale,
Howe x. wyffys satt *at the nale*,
And no mane hem amonge.
The Tale of the x. Wyves, Porkington MS.

When thei have wroght an oure ore two,
Anone to the *ale* thei wylle go.—*MS. Ashmole* 61, f. 25.

In the goodlyest maner, with game and gle,
To the *ale* they went, with hey troy loly.
Cryste Crosse me Spede, 4to. bl. l., n. d.

I am the spirit of the dead man that was slain in thy company, when we were drunk together at the *ale*.—*Greene's Looking Glass for London and England*.

The banditti do you call them? I know not what they are call'd here, but I am sure we call them plain thieves in England. O, Tom, that we were now at Putney, at the *ale* there!—*Lord Cromwell*.

They which will eyther sleape at noone tyme of the day, or els make merye with theyr neighbours at the *ale*.—*Ascham's Toxophilus*.

⁶⁸ *O sweet-suggesting Love.*

To *suggest*, to *tempt*. So, again in the next act,—‘Knowing that tender youth is soon *suggested*.’ The word often occurs in this sense in Shakespeare. The sense of the whole is this,—O sweet-tempting Love, if thou hast sinned in bidding me first swear fealty to one, and then to forswear it in favor of another, teach me, thy tempted subject, how to excuse it. Some of the critics of the last century, and the Perkins MS. notes, read, *I have sinn'd*, which not only deteriorates the force of the passage, but does not make good sense, Proteus being still deliberating whether he should sin or not. This reading is adopted by Victor, 1763.

⁶⁹ *To learn his wit.*

To learn in the sense of, to teach, is common in old writers, and is still a provincial mode of expression.

By their loss. So the first folio, the three later copies reading erroneously, *but their loss*, thus “corrected” in the Dent annotated copy of the third folio,—“but thus find I their loss.”

⁷⁰ *For love is still most precious in itself.*

So the original copies. Steevens reads *more precious*, and Perkins *to itself*, but both wrongly. The meaning is this,—for love is always most esteemed when its power is directed on one's self, and has, therefore, made him dearer to himself (for the sake of love) than to a friend.

⁷¹ *His competitor.*

His confederate or partner; not rival, as stated by Dr. Johnson. The word is used in the same sense in *Twelfth Night*, iv. 2, and in several other passages in Shakespeare.

⁷² *And pretended flight.*

Pretend, to intend. So, in Borde's Booke of the Introduction of Knowledge, ap. Reed,—“I pretend to return and come round about thorow other regyons in Europ.”

Than dyd I go
Where I came fro,
And ever I dyd *pretend*
Not to tary long,
But of this song
To make a fynall ende.

The Armonye of Byrdes, n. d.

Synce the disappointing of their *pretended* rebellion, I am secretly given to understande that some recusants have prepared themselves to flye beyonde sea.—*Letter dated 1586.*

⁷³ *To plot this drift.*

To Mercury I give my sharking shifts,
My two-fold false equivocating tricks:
All cunning sleights, and close deceiving *drifts*,
Which to deceitfull wrong my humour pricks.

The Workes of Taylor, the Water-Poet, 1630.

“I suspect,” says Dr. Johnson, “that the author concluded the act with this couplet, and that the next scene should begin the third act; but the change, as it will add nothing to the probability of the action, is of no great importance.”

The third folio reads, by mistake, *his* for *this*, and Mr. Wheeler's annotated copy of that volume has *cross this drift*, a striking instance of the rashness of the MS. annotators. The first-mentioned error also occurs in the second folio.

⁷⁴ *And, ev'n in kind love, I do conjure thee.*

Mr. Knight alters the contracted *ev'n* of the first folio to *even*, to obtain the present pronunciation of *conjure*; but Shakespeare has the accent on the first syllable of this word in passages that decide the pronunciation.

⁷⁵ *Who art the table.*

Alluding to the tables or tablets universally used for memoranda in Shakespeare's time. The poet elsewhere writes, “unclasp the tables of their thoughts.”

⁷⁶ *Didst thou but know the inly touch of love.*

Inly is here an adjective, as in the following passage in the Tragedy of Hoffman, 4to. Lond. 1631,—

Trust me, Lorrique, besides the *inlie* grieve
That swallowes my content, when I perceive
How greedily the fierce unpitying sea, and waves,
Devour'd our frends, another trouble greeves my vexed eyes
With gastly apperitions, strange aspects,
Which eyther I doe certainly behold.—*Hoffman*, 1631.

The third folio reads *inchly*.

⁷⁷ *Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge.*

—Hast not observ'd the sea?

Where every wave that hastens to the bank,
Though in its angry course it overtake a thousand petty ones,
How unconcern'd 'twill triumph o'er their ruin,
And make an easie passage to the shore,—

Ger. Which in its proud career 'twill roughly kiss,
And then 'twill break to nothing.

The Young King, or the Mistake, 4to. 1698.

⁷⁸ *No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings.*

The annexed curious engraving of a lady whose hair is thus tied, was selected by Mr. Fairholt, to illustrate the present line, from a monument in Ashford Church, co. Kent, respecting which I have collected the following particulars.



The lady from whose effigy the engraving is taken, was Katherine, daughter of Sir John Smythe of Ostenhanger, who married Sir Harry Baker of Sissinghurst. Her hair appears to be drawn tightly off the face, over a sort of rounded lozenge, and fastened at the back of the head with bows of ribbon in the centre, at the top, and at the sides. The date of the monument has been satisfactorily ascertained by the researches of Viscount Strangford (kindly communicated to me by the Rev. L. B. Larking), to belong to a period some-

where in or between the years 1608 and 1611.

Fynes Morison, in his *Itinerary*, 1617, describing the dress of the English ladies, says,—“Gentlewomen virgins weare gownes close to the body, and aprons of fine linnen, and goe bareheaded, *with their haire curiously knotted*, and raised at the forehead; but many against the cold (as they say) weare caps of haire that is not their owne, decking their heads with buttons of gold, pearles, and flowers of silke, *or knots of ribben.*”

⁷⁹ *With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.*

“*True love*, in *true love knot*, which is never to be untied, and in the north is a knot delineated with a pen, or cut in a seal, which country sweethearts make use of as a symbol, when they give promise of marriage, or promise to be faithfull to one another; and when they write to one another they seal their letters with a *true love knot*, and if either of them prove false, he or she is said to break their *true love knot*, and that is a great reproach. Now this knot is not so called from *true love* but from the old Danish or Islandick word *trulofa*, *fidem dare promittere*, which is compounded of *tru*, *fides*, and *lofa*, *polliceri*, *promittere*: and it is specially used in marriage contracts, so, *ad virginem desponsatam viro*, Lue. i. 27, is rendered, *til eirnar meyar, er trulofad war einum manne*, verbatim, *ad unam virginem quæ desponsata erat uni viro.*”—Kennett, MS. Lansd. 1033.

He beres in cheef of azour,
Engrelyd with a satur,
With doubule tressour,
And *treveloves* bytwene;

Hys bagges this blake,
 For he wol no man forsake,
 A lyoun tyed to an ake
 Off gold and of grene :
 An helme ryche to behold ;
 He beres a dolfyn of gold,
 With *trewelovus* in the mold,
 Compasyd ful clene.—*Sir Degrevant.*

⁸⁰ *Farthingale.*

The farthingale was properly the broad roll used for making the gown ridiculously full about the hips, though the term was sometimes applied to the gown itself when so widened. Holmes, describing gowns of this fashion, says they were “broad shouldered, narrow wasted, wide breeched, and gathered in plaits and trusses to make it full in the skirt.”

⁸¹ *You must needs have them with a codpiece.*

An account of this part of our ancestor’s costume will be found in the notes to King Lear. The engraving of a man with the round hose, here represented, is taken from a black-letter ballad formerly in the Heber collection. “If you aske why I have put him in rounde hose, that usually weares Venetians, it is because I would make him looke more dapper and plump and round upon it, whereas otherwise he looks like a case of tooth-pickes, or a lute-pin put in a sute of apparell,” Nash’s *Have with You to Saffron Walden*, 1596.



⁸² *Out, Out, Lucetta!*

This is equivalent to *fie, fie*, or *get out, begone!* The exclamation is common in Shakespeare and all our old dramatists. So in Chapman’s version of the thirteenth Iliad: ‘*Out, out*, I hate ye from my heart, ye rotten-minded men!’ And in *Every Man out of his Humor*, 1600, sig. G. iv, “*Out, out!* unworthy to speake where he breatheth.”

⁸³ *A round hose, madam, now’s not worth a pin.*

Although most readers will be familiar with the above phrase, yet, as there is no telling to what lengths conjectural criticism may proceed, even in the simplest passages, it may be as well to quote an example or two. “And yet my tale not worth a pinne,” Church-yard’s *Chippes*, 1578; “Apothecaries were not worth a pin,” Taylor’s *Workes*, 1630.

⁸⁴ *And instances of infinite of love.*

Considering *infinite* here as a substantive, the construction is included in the rule mentioned at vol i., p. 281, where the substantive in the genitive case is to be construed adjectively. The line would then be explained thus,—and infinite instances of love. The editor of the second folio, not understanding this construction, reads,—“and instances *as* infinite of love;” and *so infinite* has also been suggested, as well as, *of the infinite*. “And although the life of it be stretched with *infinite of tyme*,” Chaucer’s *Boetius*, ed. Urry, p. 402. Shakespeare else-

where uses *the infinite* as a substantive. Thus, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: ‘It is past the *infinite* of thought.’ Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*: ‘The past proportion of his *infinite*.’ *Infinities*, as Malone observes, appears even in the latter end of the sixteenth century to have been used as a substantive in the sense of an *infinity*. Thus in the *Memoirs of Lord Lonsdale* written in 1688, and printed in 1808, p. 49: ‘*Infinities* of men prest for the shippes and forces drawn out of Ireland.’ It may be just worth note that “instance of love” is a phrase also used by Ben Jonson in *Volpone*.

An *infinite* of emmets lay upon a vineyard, and sore spoyl’d the vines. A beggar by chance comming that way, and hearing thereof, undertooke only for ten daies victualls, to destroy them all. Then made he a little leather bag and sow’d within it a scrowle, as it might seeme a charme, and buried it in the highest plot of the vine-yard, and so let it lie.—*Copley’s Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

“His words are bonds.” A similar thought occurs in Chaucer’s *Dreame*, ed. Urry, p. 579,—

—that yet in all mine age
Herd I nevir so conningly
Man speke, ne halfe so faithfully,
For every thing he said there
Semid as it inselid were,
Or approvid for very trew.

⁶⁵ *To furnish me upon my longing journey.*

If the report be good, it causeth love,
And *louging* hope, and well assured joy.—*Davies*.

⁶⁶ *All that is mine I leave at thy dispose.*

Dispose, disposal. “Shee’s doom’d alreadie, and at your dispose,” *Nobody and Somebody, with the true Chronicle Historie of Elydure*, n. d.

The building is much handsomer than I,
But both are (equally) at your *dispose*:
The rooms of state your lordship may see now,
But ’twill be dinner-time ere I can show you
The private lodgings.—*The Slighted Maid*, p. 20.

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—Milan. *An Ante-room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit* THURIO.]
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.¹

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.

This love of theirs myself have often seen,
 Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
 And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
 Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
 But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,²
 And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,
 (A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)
 I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find
 That which thyself hast now diselos'd to me.
 And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
 Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
 I mightly lodge her in an upper tower,
 The key whereof myself have ever kept;
 And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
 How he her chamber-window will ascend,
 And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
 For which the youthful lover now is gone,
 And this way comes he with it presently;
 Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
 But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
 That my discovery be not aimed at;
 For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
 Hath made me publisher of this pretence.³

Duke. Upon mine honour he shall never know
 That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; sir Valentine is coming.

[*Exit.*]

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
 That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
 And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
 My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then, no matter; stay with me awhile;
 I am to break with thee of some affairs,
 That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
 'T is not unknown to thee, that I have sought
 To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match

Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where⁴ I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower,
For me and my possessious she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady of Verona⁵ here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long ago I have forgot to court:
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd;⁶)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;⁷
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometime scorns what best content her:⁸
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:
For 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away!'⁹
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets¹⁰ but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.¹¹—
What letter is this same? What's here?—'To Silvia?'
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

[*Reads.*

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,¹²
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:

I curse myself, for they are sent by me,¹³
That they should harbour where their lord should be.

What 's here?

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee :

'T is so; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son,¹⁴)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?¹⁵
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,¹⁶
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Begone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit DUKE.*
Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?¹⁷
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.¹⁸
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,¹⁹
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:²⁰
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.²¹

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy; run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-hough!—so-hough!²²

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we go to find:

There's not a hair on's head, but 't is a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who would'st thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear!

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.²³

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!
What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banish'd,—O, that is the news;
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.

Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offered to the doom
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)

A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:²⁴

Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;

With them, upon her knees, her humble self;

Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,

As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
 But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
 Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
 Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
 But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
 Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
 When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
 That to close prison he commanded her,
 With many bitter threats of bidding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
 Have some malignant power upon my life:
 If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
 As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
 And study help for that which thou lament'st.
 Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
 Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
 Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
 Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
 And manage it against despairing thoughts.
 Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence:
 Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
 Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
 The time now serves not to expostulate:
 Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
 And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
 Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
 As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,²⁵
 Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launee, an if thou seest my boy,
 Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*

Laun. I am but a fool, look you;²⁶ and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave.²⁷ He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse²⁸ shall not pluck that from me; nor who 't is I love, and yet 't is a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 't is a milk-maid; yet 't is not a maid, for she hath had gossips:²⁹ yet 't is a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath

more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian.³⁰ Here is the catalog [*pulling out a paper*] of her conditions.³¹ “Imprimis, She can fetch and carry.” Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. “Item, She can milk;” look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

Laun. With my master’s ship?³² why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: What news, then, in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard’st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest: I can.

Laun. I will try thee. Tell me this: Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother:³³ this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!³⁴

Speed. “Item, She can milk.”³⁵

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. “Item, She brews good ale.”

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.³⁶

Speed. “Item, She can sew.”

Laun. That’s as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. “Item, She can knit.”

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?³⁷

Speed. “Item, She can wash and scour.”

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not be wash’d and scour’d.

Speed. “Item, She can spin.”

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels,³⁸ when she can spin for her living.

Speed. “Item, She hath many nameless virtues.”

Laun. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. "Item, She is not to be kissed fasting,³⁹ in respect of her breath."

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. "Item, She hath a sweet mouth."⁴⁰

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. "Item, She doth talk in her sleep."

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. "Item, She is slow in words."

Laun. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. "Item, She is proud."

Laun. Out with that, too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. "Item, She hath no teeth."

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.⁴¹

Speed. "Item, She is curst."

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. "Item, She will often praise her liquor."⁴²

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. "Item, She is too liberal."⁴³

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut: now of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. "Item, She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

Laun. Stop there! I'll have her! She was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. "Item, She hath more hair than wit,"⁴⁴—

Laun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt,⁴⁵ and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed.—"And more faults than hairs,"—

Laun. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed.—"And more wealth than faults."

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious:⁴⁶ Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay: who art thou? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long, that going will searee serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter! An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE and THURIO.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you, Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile, she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice,⁴⁷ which, with an hour's heat, Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.— [*Enter PROTEUS.*
How now, sir Proteus? Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.⁴⁸

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.— Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee, (For thou hast shown some sign of good desert) Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she 'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:

Therefore it must with circumstance⁴⁹ be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:

'T is an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very⁵⁰ friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;⁵¹
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,⁵²
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,⁵³
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;⁵⁴
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind;
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt⁵⁵ and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;

For she is lumpish,⁵⁶ heavy, melancholy,
 And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
 Where you may temper her,⁵⁷ by your persuasion,
 To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
 But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
 You must lay lime,⁵⁸ to tangle her desires,
 By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
 Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
 You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
 Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
 Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
 That may discover such integrity:⁵⁹
 For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,⁶⁰
 Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
 Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
 Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
 After your dire-lamenting elegies,
 Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
 With some sweet consort:⁶¹ to their instruments
 Tune a deploring dump;⁶² the night's dead silence
 Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
 This, or else nothing, will inherit her.⁶³

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
 Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
 Let us into the city presently
 To sort⁶⁴ some gentlemen well skill'd in music:
 I have a sonnet that will serve the turn,
 To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper;
 And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you.⁶⁵

[*Exeunt.*]

Notes to the Third Act.

¹ *Being unprevented.*

The third folio reads *unprepared*, a striking instance of the editor's incompetency to deal with the text.

² *Lest my jealous aim might err.*

Aim, guess. Used as a verb a few lines afterwards, and several times in other plays. "I ayme, I mente or gesse to hyt a thyng, *je esme*," Palsgrave, 1530.

³ *Publisher of this pretence.*

Pretence, design, purpose. The word occurs twice in this sense in *King Lear*, and it is also found in *Macbeth*. "A pretence, purpose," Minsheu.

⁴ *Where I thought.*

Whereas I thought. "*Cum nihil præcipi posse dicamus*, where we affirme that there can be nothing prescribed," *Phraseologia Puerilis*, 1667.

⁵ *There is a lady of Verona here.*

The original reads, "There is a lady *in* Verona here," an oversight which must, in all probability, be attributed to the author himself. Pope reads, "There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here;" and the Perkins MS., "in *Milano* here," which latter requires better support before it could be received, the accent in the original folio being on the first syllable. The alteration here adopted seems less violent than any other, and on that account to be preferred, when we are attempting a correction of Shakespeare's own words.

⁶ *The fashion of the time.*

"The modes of courtship, the acts by which men recommended themselves to ladies," *Johnson*.

⁷ *Win her with gifts, if she respect not words.*

Wherefore, Leander's fancy to surprise,
To the rich ocean for gifts he flies:
'Tis wisdom to give much; a gift prevails,
When deep-persuading oratory fails.

Marlowe's Hero and Leander, Works, ed. Dyce, iii. 33-4.

Again, in the First Part of Jeronymo, 1605: though written much earlier: (quoted by Reed)

— let his protestations be
Fashioned with rich jewels, for in love
Great *gifts* and gold have the best tongues to move.
Let him not sweare an oath without a jewel
To bind it fast: oh, I know women's hearts
What stuff they are made of, my lord; *gifts* and giving,
Will melt the chastest seeming female living.

⁸ *What best content her.*

“The rhyme, which was evidently here intended, requires that we should read, ‘what best content her.’ The word *what* may imply *those which*, as well as *that which*.”—*Monck Mason*.

⁹ *For, Get you gone, she doth not mean, Away.*

So, in the Shoo-makers Holy-day, or the Gentle Craft, with the humorous Life of Simon Eyre, Shoo-maker and Lord Mayor of London, 1631,—

All this, I hope, is but a woman's fray,
That meanes, Come to me, when she cries, Away.

And, earlier, in Hawes' Pastime of Pleasure, 1555, sig. K. ii,—

Forsake her not, thoughe that she say naye,
A woman's guyse is evermore to delaye.

With these may be compared the following lines in John Heywoode's Woorkes, 4to. Lond. 1576,—

Say nay and take it; yea, say nay and take it;
But say nay, or say yea, never forsake it.
Say nay and take it; heare me say this o thing;
Say nother yea nor nay; takte and say nothing.

¹⁰ *What lets.*

That is, what hinders. “To let, to hinder, *obsto*,” Baret's Alvearie, 1580. “Let or hinder a tale, *obacero*,” Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552. “To lett or hinder, *empescher*,” Sherwood's Dictionarie, 1632. “A certain chauce did *let* me from doing of it, *casus quidam me facere impedivit*,” Coles; “what doth *let* why it should not be, *quod obstat quo minus fiat*,” *ibid*. Compare Hamlet, act i., Twelfth Night, act v., Comedy of Errors, act ii., &c. The term is still retained in some legal documents. “That lets her not to be your daughter,” Middleton's No Wit like a Woman, 1657.

Yet though I wryte not with ynke,
No man can let me thynke,
For thought hath lyberté,
Thought is franke and fre.—*Phyllyp Sparowe*, 1198.

¹¹ *Let me feel thy cloak upon me.*

The Dent annotated copy of the third folio adds the stage-direction, *disclokes him*; and two lines afterwards, the Perkins MS. has, *ladder and letter fall out*, the letter of course falling out before the ladder does. It seems strange that Valentine, thus furnished for his undertaking, should be now carrying a letter addressed to Silvia.

¹² *That thither them importune.*

Importune seems to be here used in a peculiar sense, to command or require service.

¹³ *For they are sent by me.*

For, for that, because. His thoughts rest in Silvia's bosom,—referring to the custom of ladies carrying letters in a pocket in the fore part of their stays. Proteus afterwards promises to deliver Valentine's letters "even in the milk-white bosom of thy love." So, in Hamlet,—“In her excellent white bosom, these;” and in Gascoigne's Hundreth Sundrie Flowres bounde up in one small Poesie, p. 206, mention is made of a love-letter, “at deliverie therof, she understode not for what cause he thrust the same into hir bosome.” Malone refers to Surrey's Sonnets, 1557:—

My song, thou shalt attain to find the pleasant place,
Where she doth live, by whom I live; may chance to have the grace,
When she hath read and seen the grief wherein I serve,
Between her brests she shall thee put, there shall she thee reserve.

“Trifling as the remark may appear,” observes Steevens, “before the meaning of this address of letters to the bosom of a mistress can be understood, it should be known that women anciently had a pocket in the fore part of their stays, in which they not only carried love-letters and love tokens, but even their money and materials for needle-work. Thus Chaucer, in his *Merchant's Tale*: ‘This purse hath she in hire bosome hid.’ In many parts of England the rustic damsels still observe the same practice; and a very old lady informs me that she remembers, when it was the fashion to wear very prominent stays, it was no less the custom for stratagem or gallantry to drop its literary favours within the front of them.” Brathwait, in his *English Gentleman*, 1641, speaks even of ladies carrying small pamphlets in their bosoms.

¹⁴ *For thou art Merops' son.*

For Merops, the reader may be referred to Ovid, *Trist.* III. iv. 30, *Metam.* i. 763, ii. 184. “Merops, maritus Clymenes, pater putativus Phaëtonis et rex Ethiopæ,” not. ad *ibid.* See, also, Golding's translation of the latter. Johnson thus explains the passage,—“Thou art Phaëton in thy rashness, but without his pretensions; thou art not the son of a divinity, but a *terre filius*, a low-born wretch; Merops is thy true father, with whom Phaëton was falsely reproached.” This scrap of mythology Shakespeare, says Steevens, might have found in the spurious play of K. John, 1591:—“as sometime Phaëton, mistrusting silly Merops for his sire;” or in Robert Greene's *Orlando Furioso*, 1594:

Why, foolish, hardy, daring, simple groom,
Follower of fond conceited Phaëton, &c.

Upton is of opinion that “the comment on this passage, if it requires any, should be, Why, Phaëton, wilt thou, of low birth, and who vainly vauntest thyself to be the son of Phœbus, aspire to guide, &c.” Perhaps, however, *for thou art Merops' son*, is merely to be understood as, “who art the son of Merops.”

¹⁵ *Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?*

Ah, Fawnia, why doest thou gaze against the sunne, or catch at the winde? Starres are to be looked at with the eye, not reacht at with the hande: thoughts are to be measured by fortunes, not by desires; falles come not by sitting low, but by climbing too hie.—*The Historie of Dorastus and Fawnia*, 1588.

¹⁶ *If thou linger in my territories.*

An early MS. extract reads *our* in place of *my*, and, in the next line, *the swiftest*. A passage similar to the present occurs in *King Lear*, act i.

¹⁷ *And why not death, rather than living torment?*

Banish'd the kingdom? 'Tis a benefit,
 A mercy I must thank 'em for: but banish'd
 The free enjoying of that face I die for,
 Oh, 'twas a studied punishment; a death
 Beyond imagination! such a vengeance,
 That, were I old and wicked, all my sins
 Cou'd never pluck upon me. Palamon,
 Thou hast the start now, thou shalt stay, and see
 Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy window,
 And let in life into thee: thou shalt feed
 Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty,
 That nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall:
 Good gods—what happiness has Palamon!
 Twenty to one, he'll come to speak to her,
 And if she be as gentle, as she's fair,
 I know she's his: he has a tongue will tame
 Tempests, and make the wild rocks wanton. Come what can come,
 The worst is death—I will not leave the kingdom:
 I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

The Two Noble Kinsmen, act ii., sc. 2.

Banisht the Court? Let me be banisht life;
 Since the chiefe end of life is there concluded:
 Within the Court is all the Kingdome bounded;
 And as her sacred spheare doth comprehend
 Ten thousand times so much, as so much place
 In any part of all the empire else;
 So every body, mooving in her spheare,
 Containes ten thousand times as much in him,
 As any other her choice orbe excludes.
 As, in a circle, a magitian then
 Is safe against the spirit he excites;
 But out of it, is subject to his rage,
 And looseth all the vertue of his art:
 So I, exil'd the circle of the court,
 Loose all the good gifts that in it I joy'd.

Jonson's Poetaster, or the Arraignement, 1602.

¹⁸ *And feed upon the shadow of perfection.*

Animum pictura pascit inani.—*Virg.* (quoted by *Henley*).

¹⁹ *And I leave to be.*

Leave, cease, leave off. “I leve, I cease, *je cesse*; he never left calling upon me tyll he had his desyre,” Palsgrave, 1530. “I counsell them to rest their railing, and *leave* their brabbling, least perchaunce they heare of their owne pranks.”—*Baret's Alvearie*, 1580.

Let's visit them, and slyde from our aboade;
 Who loves not virtue *leaves* to be a god.

Marston's Masque at Ashby Castle, MS.

“*Oránda finem facito*, cease to intreate me any more; *leave* to pray me any longer,” Terence in English, 1614.

²⁰ *I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom.*

I do not escape from Death by flying from his deadly sentence. So Donne,—

Go, and if that word have not quite kill'd thee,
Ease me with death, by bidding me go too.

²¹ *But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.*

How many *deaths* are in that word *depart*.—*Dryden*.

²² *So-hough! so-hough!*

So the old copy, altered by modern editors to *so-ho*. The original, however, expresses the old hunting cry when the hare was found, and exhibits more clearly Launce's foolish quibble. “So-howe, the hare ys fownde, *boema lepus est inventus*,” Prompt. Parv. So, in the old poem on the hare, preserved in MS. Cantab. Ff. v. 48, f. 109,—

Rachis rennyng on every side
Be falowe before me for to fynde;
These hunters wil on her horses ride,
And cast the cuntré with the wynde.
When they loken toward me,
I loke asyde, I hurke fullc lowe;
The furst man that me may see,
Anon he cryes, *So-howe! so-howe!*
Lo! he seith, here sittes an hare!
Rise up, Wat, and goo be-lyve!
Then with myculle sorow and care,
Unnethe I may scape with my lyve.

And, again, in a poem (temp. Eliz.), the Hare to the Hunter,—

Sa hav, sayth one, as soone as he me spies;
Another cryes, *Now, now*, that sees me start;
The hounds call on with hydeous noyse and cryes;
The spurgalde jade must gallop out his part.

An illustration of this subject is afforded by the annexed engraving from a seal of the fourteenth century, discovered in Sussex, of a hare in the centre, the legend being, so. HOV. so. HOV. This curious specimen was obtained by Mr. Fairholt. I have seen another specimen, the legend of which is, so. HOV. IE. AIM. KOEV., but the last word is indistinct, and it may be doubted whether the copy is correct.

So, sir, when we had rewarded our dogges with the small guttes and the lights, and the bloud, the huntsmen hallowed, so ho, Venue a coupler, and so coupled the dogges, and then returned homeward; another company of houndes that lay at advantage, had their couples cast off, and we might heare the huntsemen cry, ‘horse, decouple, Avant,’ but streight we heard him cry, *le Amoud*, and by that I knew that they had the hare and on foote, and by and by I might see sore and resore, prick, and reprick: what, is he gone? ha, ha, ha, ha, these schollers are the simplest creatures!—*The Returne from Peruassus*, 1606.



²³ *So much of bad already hath possess'd them.*

So the old copies, *news* being used as a singular noun. In the next line, an old MS. commonplace-book reads *dull silence*.

²⁴ *A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears.*

So, in Sir J. Suckling's *Aglaure*, fol. 1638,—“Nothing but pearle dissolv'd, teares still fresh feteh'd from lover's eyes, which if they come to be warme in the carriage, are streight cool'd with sighs.”

²⁵ *Though not for thyself.*

The Dent annotated copy of the third folio omits *for*. The meaning of the original is,—though not for thy own sake. Have regard to the danger of your position for the sake of Silvia, even if you are indifferent to it on your own account.

²⁶ *I am but a fool, look you.*

“The character of Speed is that of a shrewd witty servant. Launce is something different, exhibiting a mixture of archness and rustic simplicity. There is no allusion to dress, nor any other circumstance, that marks either of them as the domestic fool or jester.”—*Douce*.

²⁷ *That's all one, if he be but one knave.*

Launce seems to be as usual punning, and says, “if he be *but one* knave, that's *all one*;” it is, indeed, a very fortunate thing if he is only a single knave, not a double one both to his mistress and friend. A person knave enough to pass for two, in other words, a very great knave, was proverbial. Thus, in *Damon and Pithias*, 1571,—

A villaine for his life, a varlet died in graine,

You lose money by him if you sell him for one knave, for he serves for twaine. Again, in *Like Will to Like*, quoth the Devil to the Collier, 1587,—

Thus thou may'st be called a knave in graine,
And where knaves be seant, thou may'st go for *twayne*.

I desire no more cunning than I now have, and I'll serve you still and set up for myself; for I had rather be a double knave than a single fool.—*Two Wise Men, and all the rest Fools*, 1619.

“This most poor passage,” says Capell, “has employ'd a number of pens, and all unsuccessfully; for, as it appears to the editor, the full force and conceit of it has not been seen into yet: the expression is quibbling, as was proper, but the sense serious:—my master, says the speaker, is a kind of knave: but that were no great matter, if he were but *one* knave; but he is *two*,—a knave to his friend, and a knave to his mistress: and out of this intimation, this imply'd *mistress*, rises the thought that follows, about his being himself *in love*, and the consequent pleasant-ries in the description of *his* mistress.”

²⁸ *A team of horse shall not pluck that from me.*

This metaphor, observes Dr. Sherwen, is still used by the mountebank's Merry Andrew in giving a character of the Doctor's Plaster. One of the spectators is made to ask if the plaster will draw well—“aye, that it will; it will draw a broad-wheel waggon up the Castle Ditch without horses.” The expression in the text is proverbial. So, in the *Loyal Subject*, 1647,—“A coach and four horses cannot draw me from it;” and in *Twelfth Night*,—“oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together.” Johnson refines too much on Launce's character, when he glosses the passage thus,—“I see how Valentine suffers for telling his love secrets; therefore I will keep mine close.”

²⁹ *For she hath had gossips.*

Gossips were sponsors at baptism, and the women who attended confinements. Launce's quibbles are sometimes scarcely worth explanation. "I hope it is a good sign that I shall shortly be a *gossip* over again, for I must be thy perpetual gossip; but the poor fool Kate hath, by importunity, gotten leave of me to send thee both her rich chains; and this is now the eighth letter I have written for my two boys, and six to Kate," Letter of King James I., 1623.

³⁰ *In a bare Christian.*

Bare, mere. So, in Coriolanus,—"'tis but a bare petition of the state."

³¹ *Here is the cate-log of her conditions.*

Conditions, qualities. This is the reading of the fourth folio, the others reading *condition*. There is a scene, slightly similar to the present one, in Heywood's *Love's Mistress, or the Queen's Masque*, 4to. Lond. 1640,—"*Swa.* First, she's old.—*Clo.* It was very well said, to say *first*, because she was before us, and for *old*, is not age reverend? and therefore in mine eyes she's honourable.—*Swa.* And wrinkled.—*Clo.* Is't not the fashion? do not our gentles wear their hair crisped, the nimphs their gowns pleated, and the fawns their stockings, for the more grace, wrinkled? doth not the earth shew well when 'tis plowed, and the land best when it lyes in furrows?—*Swa.* Besides, she hath a horrible long nose.—*Clo.* That's to defend her lips! But, thou sinner to sence, and renegade to reason, dost thou blame length in anything? Dost thou not wish thy life long, and know'st thou not that truth comes out at length? When all our joyes are gone and past, doth not Long-looked-for come at last? If any of our nimphs be wrong'd, will she not say, 'tis long of me, 'tis long of thee, or long of him? If they buy any comodity by the yard, do they not wish it long? Your advocate wishes to have a law-suit hang long, and the poor client, be his cloak never so short and thred-bare, yet would be glad to wear it longer."

Mr. Singer reads *condition*, quoting from Baret, 1580,—“a condition, honest behaviour or demeanour in living, a custome, or facion.” Huloet, in his *Abcedarium*, 1552, gives only the following uses of the word,—“*condition*, effect or purport of a matter; *condicion*, state, or qualitye.” Compare Palsgrave, 1530, “condycions, maners, *meurs* ;” and Cotgrave, in the same word, “manners, conditions, qualities, fashions.”

And by her supersticyons,
And wonderfull *condityons*.—*Phyllyp Sparowe.*

For I knowe his olde gise and *condicion*,
Never to leave tyll all his mony bee goon.

A new Enterlued named Jacke Jugeler, n. d.

But kepe his olde *condicions*,
For all the neue comyssyons.—*Doctour Double Ale*, n. d.

³² *With my master's ship.*

The first folio reads, “With my mastership.” The requisite correction was made by Theobald.

³³ *It was the son of thy grandmother.*

This speech, left to itself, is very humorous, Launce seizing the opportunity of an absurd joke to prove jocularly his position. Steevens, I think unnecessarily, considers there may be an allusion to the well-known proverb of the mother only knowing the legitimacy of the child.

³⁴ *And Saint Nicholas be thy speed.*

Saint Nicholas was the patron saint of school-boys and scholars; the origin of the patronage being thus accounted for in an Italian life of the saint, printed in the year 1645,—“The fame of St. Nicholas’s virtues was so great, that an Asiatic gentleman, on sending his two sons to Athens for education, ordered them to call on the bishop for his benediction, but they, getting to Myra late in the day, thought proper to defer their visit till the morrow, and took up their lodgings at an inn, where the landlord, to secure their baggage and effects to himself, murdered them in their sleep, and then cut them into pieces, salting them, and putting them into a pickling tub, with some pork which was there already, meaning to sell the whole as such. The bishop, however, having had a vision of this impious transaction, immediately resorted to the inn, and, calling the host to him, reproached him for his horrid villany. The man, perceiving that he was discovered, confessed his crime, and entreated the bishop to intercede on his behalf to the Almighty for his pardon; who, being moved with compassion at his contrite behaviour, confession, and thorough repentance, besought Almighty God not only to pardon the murderer, but also, for the glory of his name, to restore life to the poor innocents who had been so inhumanly put to death. The saint had hardly finished his prayer, when the mangled and detached portions of the two youths were, by divine power, reunited, and perceiving themselves alive, threw themselves at the feet of the holy man to kiss and embrace them. But the bishop, not suffering their humiliation, raised them up, exhorting them to return thanks to God alone for this mark of his mercy, and gave them good advice for the future conduct of their lives; and then giving them his blessing, he sent them with great joy to prosecute their studies at Athens.” The same story is told in Wace’s Life of St. Nicholas, v. 216,—

Trei clere aloent à escole,
N’en ferai mie grant parole,
Lor ostes par nuit les oscit,
Les cors museca, l’avoir enprit;
Saint Nicholas par Deu le sout,
S’einpres fu là si cum Deu plout.
Les elers al oste demanda,

N’as pout muscier, si li mostra.

Seint Nicholas par sa priere
Les ames mist el cors ariere.
Por eeo que as elers fist tiel honor,
Font li elere feste à ieel jor
De bien lirre, de bien chantier,
E de miraeles recitier.

Three clerks went to school,
I will not make a great talk about it,
Their host slew them at night,
Hid the bodies, and took their money;
St. Nicholas, through God, knew it,
For he was near there, as it pleased God.
He asked the host for the clerks,
{ He could not conceal them, so he showed
 them to him.
St. Nicholas by his prayer
Restored the souls back to the body.
Because he did to the clerks such honour,
The clerks keep his festival on that day
With good reading, and good chaunting,
And reciting of his miraeles.

Another reason is assigned in the English festival, f. 55, ap. Brand:—“It is sayed of his fader, hyght Epiphanius, and his moder Joanna, &c., and when he was born, &c. they made him Christin, and called hym Nycholas, that was a mannes name; but he kepeth the name of *the child*, for he chose to kepe vertues, meknes, and simplenes; he fasted Wednesday and Friday; *these dayes he would souke but ones of the day, and therwyth held him plesed*. Thus he lyved all his lyf in vertues with his childes name, and *therefore children doe him worship before all other saints, &c.*” Wace’s story is found in the early English metrical lives.

“That this saint presided over young scholars may be gathered from Knight’s Life of Dean Collet, p. 362; for by the statutes of Paul’s school, there inserted, the

children are required to attend divine service at the cathedral on his anniversary. The reason I take to be, that the legend of this saint makes him to have been a bishop, while he was a boy.”—*Sir J. Hawkins*. “So, Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589:—Methinks this fellow speaks like bishop Nicholas; for on *Saint Nicholas’s* night commonly the scholars of the country make them a bishop, who, like a foolish boy, goeth about blessing and preaching with such childish terms, as maketh the people laugh at his foolish counterfeit speeches.”—*Stevens*. A curious practice, still kept up in schools, refers to this patron saint. When a boy is hard pressed in any game depending upon activity, and perceives his antagonist gaining ground upon him, he cries out *Nic’las*, upon which he is entitled to a suspension of the play for a moment; and on any occasion of not being ready, wanting, for instance, to fasten his shoe, or remedy any accidental inconvenience, the cry of *Nic’las* always gives him a right to protection. When the inveterate punster Launce says, “be thy speed,” he quibbles on the name of Speed.

³⁵ *Item, she can milk.*

All editors read *imprimis*, but the “cate-log” was not intended to blunder, however Launce and Speed might. I think this alteration will be considered right by any one who will carefully read the preceding speeches. Dr. Farmer would omit this, and the next speech, on the ground that “there is not only no attempt at humour in them, contrary to all the rest in the same dialogue, but Launce clearly directs Speed to go on with the paper where he himself left off.” May not Launce, however, desperate in his efforts for the creation of a quibble, intend a pun on the word *can*—a can of milk? With respect to Farmer’s suggestion of omitting the passage, Malone judiciously remarks,—“Of all the modes of emendation, *omission* is, in my opinion, the most dangerous; and therefore nothing but the most cogent reasons shall ever induce me to omit what is found in the most authentic copies. A compositor may inadvertently repeat a word in a line, or his eye may catch a word from a preceding or subsequent line, and hence the sense of a passage may be destroyed; but he never invents whole lines or speeches, nor do transcribers. Shakespeare, we know, in repeating a letter already recited from a paper, sometimes varies the words, in spite of the adage, *littera scripta manet*; and therefore, I am confident, took no care that Speed should begin where Launce left off.”

³⁶ *Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.*

We sell good ware,
And we need not care
Though court and country knew it;
Our ale’s o’ the best,
And each good guest
Prays for their souls that brew it.

Jonson’s Masque of Augurs, Works, vii. 435.

³⁷ *She can knit him a stock.*

See observations on *stock* in the notes to *Twelfth Night*.

³⁸ *Then may I set the world on wheels.*

The world no more shall run on wheels
With coachmen, as’t has done,
But they must take them to their heels,
And try how they can run.

The Coaches’ Overthrow, a ballad, bl. l.

The annexed curious satirical engraving is copied from one in a very scarce tract by Taylor the Water-Poet, entitled, 'The World runnes on Wheelles, or



Oddes betwixt Carts and Coaches,' London, Printed by E. A. for Henry Gosson, 1623, the following "meaning of the embleme" being inserted on a leaf opposite the title-page :—

The devill, the flesh, the world doth man oppose,
 And are his mighty and his mortall foes :
 The devill and the whorish flesh drawes still,
 The world on wheelles runs after with good will ;
 For that which wee the world may justly call,—
 I meane the lower globe terrestriall,—
 Is,—as the devill, and a whore doth please,—
 Drawne here and there, and every where, with ease :
 Those that their lives to vertue heere doe frame,
 Are in the world, but yet not of the same.
 Some such there are, whom neither flesh or devill
 Can wilfully drawe on to any evill :
 But for the world, as 'tis the world, you see
 It runnes on wheelles, and who the palfreys bee,
 Which embleme, to the reader doth display
 The devill and the flesh runnes swift away.
 The chayn'd ensnared world doth follow fast,
 Till all into perditions pit be cast.
 The picture topsie-turvie stands kew-waw :
 The world turn'd upside downe, as all men know.

The tract itself is a tirade against coaches, and commences as follows :—“What a murraine, what picce of work have we here? The World runs a Wheelles!

On my conscience, my dung-cart will be most unsavourily offended with it. I have heard the wordes often,—The World runs on Wheeles! What, like Pompeies Bridge at Ostend, the great gridyron in Christ-church, the landskips of China, or the new found instrument that goes by winding up like a Jacke, that a gentleman entreated a musitian to rost him Sellenger's Round upon it?"

³⁹ *She is not to be kiss'd fasting.*

The word *kiss'd*, which is not in the original, was added by Rowe, and has been generally adopted. I doubt whether it be absolutely necessary.

⁴⁰ *Item, She hath a sweet mouth.*

That is, she is fond of good living, a proverbial phrase scarcely out of use. We still say a person has a *sweet tooth*, who is fond of delicacies and sweetmeats. Launce chooses to take the expression literally. "A sweet-lips, *friand, friandean,*" Sherwood, 1632. "Saucie, lickorous, daintie-mouthed, sweet-toothed," Cotgrave. "I am glad that my Adonis hath a sweet tooth in his head," Lilly's Euphues and his England, 1623.

That consume what soo ever may be gotten by lande or see, not to susteyne theyr lyfe, but to delyte their swete mouthes.—*Of the Wood called Guaiacum*, 12mo. Lond. 1539. . . . And I praye God they may ones be broughte to extreme hunger, whyche nowe serche in al places, not for meate to lyve with, but for delycates and deynties, wherewith they may stere up their sweete mouthes, and provoke theyr appetites.—*Ibid.*

Let *sweet-mouth'd* Mercia bid what crowns she please
For half-red cherries, or green garden peas,
Or the first artichokes of all the year,
To make so lavish cost for little cheer.

Hall's Satires, book iv., satire 2.

⁴¹ *Because I love crusts.*

Love, like. So Tusser,—

Serve them with hay while the straw stover last;
Then *love* they no straw—they had rather to fast.

⁴² *She will often praise her liquor.*

"That is," says Johnson, "shew how well she likes it by drinking often;" she has it always at her call. She may praise it, because it is her own brewing.

⁴³ *She is too liberal.*

The following memoranda are taken from Johnson, Steevens, and Malone. *Liberal*, is licentious and gross in language. So, in Othello: 'Is he not a most profane and *liberal* counsellor?' Again, in the Fair Maid of Bristow, 1605,

But Vallenger, most like a *liberal* villain,
Did give her scandalous ignoble terms.

Again, in Woman's a Weathercock, by N. Field, 1612:

—next that the fame
Of your neglect and *liberal-talking* tongue,
Which breeds my honour an eternal wrong.

To which may be added the following example of the word in Bastard's Chrestoleros, 1598,—

Caius will doe me good, he swears by all
That can be sworne, in swearing *liberall*.

⁴⁴ *She hath more hair than wit.*

A favorite old English proverb. "Bush natural, mare hair than wit," Yorkshire Ale, 8vo. Lond. 1697.

Bare and uncover'd? he whose years do rise
To their full height, yet not bald, is not wise:
The head is wisdom's house, hair but the thatch;
Hair? it's the basest stubble; in scorn of it
This proverb sprung,—He has more hair than wit;
Mark you not, in derision how we call
A head grown thick with hair, bush-natural?

Decker's Untrussing of the Humorous Poet.

Stevens also refers to Rhodon and Iris, 1631:—"Now is the old proverb really perform'd: More hair than wit;" and Singer cites Florio,—"a tisty-tosty wag-feather, more haire than wit."

Thinne hayres and thicke wittes be deintie;
Thicke hayres and thinne wittes be plentie.
Thicke hayres and thicke wittes be skant;
Thinne hayres and thinne wittes none want.

Heywood's Epigrammes upon Proverbes, 1577.

⁴⁵ *The cover of the salt hides the salt.*

The salt, or the large and high salt-cellar, of our ancestors, was generally placed in the middle of the table, and formed a conspicuous feature in the appearance of the entertainment, as they were frequently highly ornamented. Sometimes the bowl which held the salt was supported by grotesque figures, but in the



one here represented, the stand is merely a highly ornamented cylinder. The original of the latter is in silver, and according to Mr. Fairholt, "when the cover is removed, the salt is exposed in a shallow cup, which does not descend deeper than the base of the curved rim of the upper part of the vessel." Sir John Arden, in his will dated 1526, leaves his son Thomas "the best salt *with a cover*," and to his son John "the secunde salt *with a cover*." Another will, dated 1554, mentions "my best sylver salt with the cover, havinge a borral in the bottome, and a George on the toppe;" but there were also great varieties of salts of inferior descriptions, which were independent of the larger salt, the latter becoming gradually more for ornament and distinction than for use. In the *Boke of Kerynge*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1513, in the directions for laying out the table,—*"than set your salt on the ryght syde where your*

soverayne shall sytte, and on the lefte syde the salte set your trenchours; than laye your knyves, and set your brede one lofe by another, your spones and your

napkyns fayre folden besyde your brede; than cover your brede and trenchoures, spones and knyves, *and at every ende of the table set a salte seller*, with two treachour loves." The author says shortly afterwards, "and whan your soveraynes table is thus arayed, cover all other bordes with salte, trenchoures, and cuppes." When the guests were assembled on both sides of a long table, the position of the principal salt marked the distinction between their ranks, the superior guests being placed *above*, the others *below the salt*. There are numerous allusions, in our old writers, to this invidious distinction. Of the salt itself, notices all but innumerable may be collected from the wills and inventories of the period.

Jan. 19th, borrowed of Adam Holland of Newton £5 till Hilary day, uppon a silver *salt* dubble gilt, with a cover waying 14 oz.—*Dr. Dee's Diary*, 1601.

Garnish'd with *salls* of pure beaten gold,
Whose silver-plated edge of rarest mould,
Mov'd admiration in my searching eye,
To see the goldsmith's rich artifice.

Middleton's Works, ed. Dyce, v. 492.

Item, 2 lowe and flatt trencher saltes.—Item, one double salt with a cover all razed with two scutchions of the Bromleys armes, and a pheasant upon the cover.—*MS. Inventory of White Plate*, 1628.—Item, one small bell salt, *MS. Ibid.*—Item, two great saltes sutable, whereof one hath a cover, *MS. List of Plate parcell quilt, ibid.*—Item, one great salt upon three round balles, three hawkes feete, with a cover having a man in the topp holdinge a speare in the one hand, and a scutchion of my master's coate in the other.—Item, one imbossed salt standinge upon three feete, with dogges heades, and with a cover havinge on the head a man holdinge a clubbe in the one hand, and a scutchion of my master his coate of armes in the other.—Item, one pounced salt, with a cover.—*Guilt plate in the keepinge of Beatrice Old, MS. Ibid.* 1628.

Item, one guilt salte with a cover, and two christall standerds, *v.li. x.s.*—Two salts (silver) and one cover, weighinge 50=11 oz., two triangle salts and two other salts weighinge 19 ounces.—One salte weighinge 205 oz.—A bell salt.—One gilt salte and two covers weighinge 68 oz.—*MS. Inventory of the Goods of the Countess of Leicester, taken 1634-5.*

The lorde whoe beeinge an earle or upwarde, if hee bee servide in staite, hee is to have in the greate chamber a cloathe of estate accordinge to his place, vidz. an earle to the pummell of his chaire, a marquesse to the seate of his chaire, a duke to within a foote of the grounde, placede in the upper ende thereof, with chaire, cushinge, and stooles sutable thereunto, and at dinner, or supper, is to have his seate in the midst of the table, *a littell above the salte*, his face beeinge to the whole vewe of the chamber, and oposite to him the carver is to stande, and at the upper hannde of the carver, the countis, or ells to sitte above the carver of the same side hee is of, oposite to her lorde; and in this service it is to bee notede that the lordes messe is to bee placcd *above the salte*, and his service of meate to bee presented before him in order, as it is servide up, and the best sorte of straungers are to bee placede at the upper ende of the table, above the lorde and ladie, as the principall place, and those so placede, the carver is to have a speciall respecte unto, for *those beneath the salte*, if any such bec so placed, the carver is not to deale withall, but by derection from the lorde or ladye, as at their pleasure in curtesie.—*A Breviate touching the Order and Governmente of a Nobleman's House*, 1605.

Now for his fare, it is lightly at the checfest table, but he must sit *under the salt*; that is an axiome in such places.—*Nixon's Strange Foot-Post*, 1613.

Old Homer in his time made a great feast,
And every Poet was thereat a guest:

All had their welcome; yet not all one fare;
 To them *above the salt* (his chiefest care)
 He spewd a banquet of choise Poesie,
 Whereon they fed even to satietie.

Hutton's Follies Anatomie, 1619.

There is another sort worse then these, that never utter anything of their owne, but get jests by heart, and rob bookes and men of prettie tales, and yet hope for this to have a roome *above the salt*.—*Essayes by Cornwalllyes*, 1632, No. 13.

That patience is the lard of the leane meate of adversitie. The epicure puts his money into his belly, and the miser his belly into his purse. That the best company makes the upper end of the table, and not the salt-celler.—*The Overbury Characters*, ed. 1626.

He shall weare a cloake, and a paire of boots as long, borrow your horse as often, and ride him as well as the best in the towne: and shal as respectively diet him, and shooe him, as if he were his owne. Hee can hold up *the lower salt* with festivall and timely table talke in competent and commendable sort: and, barre distinction and orderly speaking, he wil over-argue a scholler in his owne profession.—*Rich Cabinet furnished with Varietie of Excellent Discriptions*, 1616.

Pray y' what of this? where you are best esteem'd,
 You only pass under the favourable name
 Of humble cozens, that sit *below the salt*.

Cartwright's Siedge, or Love's Convert, 1651.

————— my proud ladie

Admits him to her table, marry ever

Beneath the salt, and there he sits the subject

Of her contempt and scorn.—*Massinger's City Madam*, 4to. 1658.

Of the time-aged porter? He
 Who, after reverence, humbly sate
Below the salt, and munch'd his sprat,
 And after all this to be vex't
 Past sufferance, by a man o'th' Text!—*Wit and Drollery*.

Salt-spoons appear to have been comparatively a modern introduction. In a very curious list of regulations for behaviour at table, printed as late as 1684, the reader is told that, in taking salt, he is to take care that his "knife be not greasie, when it ought to be wiped, or the fork; one may do it neatly with a little peace of bread, or, as in certain places, with a napkin, but never with a whole loaf."

⁴⁶ *That word makes the faults gracious.*

Gracious, graceful. "Gracyouse, full of grace," Palsgrave, 1530. "There was not such a gracious creature born," King John. Again, in Albion's Triumph, 1631:—"On which [the *freeze*] went festoons of several fruits in their natural colours, on which in *gracious* postures lay children sleeping." Again, in Marston's Malcontent, 1604,—"hee is the most exquisite in forging of veines, sprightning of eyes, dying of haire, sleeking of skinnes, blushing of cheekes, surphleing of breastes, blanching and bleaching of teeth, that ever made an old lady *gracious* by torch-light." Steevens's interpretation of the word *gracious* has been controverted, but it is right. We have the same sentiment in the Merry Wives of Windsor:

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd *faults*
 Look *handsome* in *three hundred* pounds a year!

This note is chiefly taken from Steevens and Malone.

⁴⁷ *A figure trenched in ice.*

Trenched in ice, cut, carved in ice; *trancher*, to cut, Fr.—*Johnson*. So, in Arden of Feversham, 1592: ‘Is deeply *trenched* in my blushing brow.’—*Steevens*. “Twenty trenched gashes on his head,” Macbeth.

⁴⁸ *Takes his going grievously.*

That is, heavily, with grief. It is worthy of remark that the second folio reads *heavily*, and Malone says some copies of the first folio have the same reading; but I have some suspicion this is an error, arising perhaps from an imperfect copy having been made up from the second edition. The booksellers have played innumerable tricks with that “triumphantly trading article,” the first folio Shakespeare; and my conjecture, that some such cause has led to Malone’s mistake, is supported by the other reading he mentions as being on the same page, *in that article*, which is also the erroneous reading of the second folio. Three copies of the first folio, now (1853) in my possession, read *grievously*.

⁴⁹ *With circumstance.*

“With the addition of such incidental particulars as may induce belief,” *Johnson*. “A circumstance, or circuit of words, compasses, or going about the bush,” *Minsheu*.

Though laureat poets in old antiquity
Feigned false fables under cloudy sentence,
Yet some intituled fruitful morality,
Some of love wrote great *circumstance*;
Some of chivalrous acts made remembrance;
Some as good philosophers naturally indited,
Thus wisely and wittily their time they spend.

Controversy between a Lover and a Jay, n. d.

Sonne, you might marveile at your entertainment, and repute mee mute, or simple, to use no more words nor *circumstances* at my first view of you, but it is my fashion, as they which know me, know.—*The Man in the Moone*, 1609.

This to the Ostrich motion’d he agrees,
The wages are set downe, the vailes, the fees,
The livery, with *circumstance* enough.

Scots Philomythie, Svo. Lond. 1616.

Father, you have order to stay the rest; be sententious, and full of *circumstance*, I advise you; and remember this, that more then mortality fights on our side; for we have treason and iniquity to maintayne our quarrell.—*The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631.

⁵⁰ *His very friend.*

His true or undoubted friend. Massinger calls one of his plays, *A Very Woman*. Perhaps *undoubted* is the best explanation of the word as it is used in old plays. A letter from Sir F. Calton to Alleyn, dated April, 1612, is subscribed, “Your *very friend*, Fran. Calton,” MS. printed in the Alleyn Papers, p. 56.

A *very woman* is a dough-bak’d man, or a She, meant well towards man, but fell two bows short, strength and understanding. Her virtue is the hedge modesty, that keeps a man from climbing over into her faults.—*The Overbury Characters*.

⁵¹ *Your slander never can endamage him.*

“Endamage, *damnifico*,” Huloet’s *Abcedarium*, 1552. “To receive endamage, hurt, or damage, *detrimentum accipere*,” Baret, 1580. “Endamageable, *empeccible*,” Percivale, 1599. “To endamage, to damnific,” *Minsheu*.

⁵² *But say, this weed her love from Valentine.*

Weed, root out, eradicate. I think rapid extirpation was intended, and that it is to be inferred thus from the previous line, "she shall *not long* continue," &c. The Perkins MS. reads, more tamely, *wean*, a modernized reading also adopted in Victor's alteration of the play, 1763. Compare the *Andria* of Terence, act ii, sc. 2.—*Ridiculum Caput!* Quasi necesse sit, si huic non dat, te illam uxorem ducere. "O wise woodcocke, as though it must needes follow, if he give not his daughter to him, that therefore you should marrie her," Bernard's translation, ed. 1614, p. 31. This translation appears to be copied from that of Kyffin, published at London in 1588.

⁵³ *As you unwind her love from him.*

— Go, get you in ;
You shall see me winde my tongue about his heart,
Like a skeine of silke.—*Webster's Dutchesse of Malfy*, 1623.

⁵⁴ *To bottom it on me.*

Alluding to the process of winding a bottom of thread or ball of thread upon a cylindrical body. So, in *Grange's Garden*, 1557, ap. Steevens, "in answer to a letter written unto him by a curtyzan :

A *bottom* for your silke it seemes
My letters are become,
Whiche with oft winding off and on
Are wasted whole and some.

"A bottom to wind silk, thread, yarn, &c., *foudrillon*," Howell's *Lex. Tet.* fol. Lond. 1660.

⁵⁵ *And cannot soon revolt.*

That is, make or cause to revolt,—you cannot readily change and make your mind rebel against Love. So, in North's *Plutarch*, 1579,—"to conquer Egypt, and to *revolte* all the countries upon the sea coastes from the empire of the King of Persia."

⁵⁶ *For she is lumpish.*

That is, very dull, heavy. "As I drawe the more to lumpishe age," *Jocasta*, 1566. "Each lumpish asse and dronish noddie," Taylor's *Workes*, 1630. "What, Meanewell, why so lumpish," Cartwright's *Ordinary*, 1651.

⁵⁷ *Where you may temper her.*

"Mould her, like wax, to whatever shape you please. So, in *King Henry IV. Part II.* :—I have him already *tempering* between my finger and my thumb; and shortly will I seal with him."—*Malone*. The term was anciently used in the sense of, to correct, to manage.

Some laughed without fayle,
Some sayd, Dame, temprc thy tayle,
Ye wreste it all amysse.—*Frere and the Boye*.

⁵⁸ *You must lay lime.*

Lime, bird-lime. "Lime to take birds with," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580: "misselden or birdlime, for birdlime is made of the beries thereof," *ibid.* "Lyme for byrdes," *Huloet*.

Over heo bylevith in folie,
So in the lym doth the flye.—*Kyng Alisaunder*.

*A Dump of the Sixteenth Century, from the original Manuscript in the British Museum. Append.
Bibl. Reg. M. S. S. 58.*

My lady carols dompo

This is a handwritten musical score for a piece titled "My lady carols dompo". The score is written on ten staves, organized into five systems of two staves each. The notation is in a historical style, featuring a treble clef on the upper staff of each system and a bass clef on the lower staff. The music is written in a single system with a common time signature (C). The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines. The handwriting is fluid and characteristic of the sixteenth century. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a fermata-like flourish.

⁵⁹ *That may discover such integrity.*

That is, frame or compose some line or poem, fraught with so great sensibility, that it will in itself disclose the honesty and sincerity of your passion.

⁶⁰ *For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews.*

Upon a harp whose strings none other be,
Than of the heart of chaste Penelope.—*Inner Temple Masque.*

⁶¹ *With some sweet consort.*

“*Concénto*, a consort, or concordance in musick,” Florio’s *Worlde of Wordes*, 1598. The modern term is *concert*, and the present word must not be confused with *consort*, as it occurs in the next scene, as it there merely means a company, without any reference to music. “A consort, in musick, *concentus, harmonia*,” Coles. One of Churchyard’s tracts, 1595, is entitled,—“A Musicall Consort of Heavenly Harmonie, compounded out of manie parts of musicke.” A musical consort was the harmony arising from two or more musical instruments, not necessarily what is now implied by the term, as two or three would have been sufficient to authorize its use; although, in many cases, as in the text, we have the word applied to any company of musicians. “A *consort* is many musitians playing on several instruments together,” Holme’s *Acad. Arm.* iii., 160; and Massinger, in his *Fatal Dowry*, 1632, seems to apply the term to a single musician.

A physition being askt his opinion of musitions: said, sixe were a *consorte*; five musitions, foure fidders, and three rogues.—*Copley’s Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.—A poore knight of small revenue retain’d a *consort* of viols in his house, and asking at dinner time a gentleman, a guest of his, how he liked of his musicke? He answered, They play wcll, onely they want dauncers.—*Ibid.*

Some of your old companions have brought you a fit of mirth. But if they enter to make a tavern of my house, I’ll add a voice to their *consort* shall drown all their fiddling. What are they? *Pa.* Some that come in gentile fashion to present a mask.—*Brome’s Northern Lass.*

May it please your Majesty to command that some moneys may be assigned to me to provide me with instruments that I may be heard to play in the *consort*, there will not be a lord in the court that will not follow your example.—*Comical History of Francion*, 1655.

I had rather hear a broken *consort* in my hogyard: my bores and sows grunt out harmonious bases, my hogs sing out their brisker countenours, my sweet voic’d pigs squeak out melodious trebles.—*Bell.* What think you of a *consort* of cathedral voices?—*The Woman Captain*, 1680.

⁶² *Tune a deploring dump.*

Numerous specimens of the dump, a kind of music suited to melaneholy occasions, are preserved in early manuscripts, the one here given in facsimile being *My Lady Carey’s dompe*, from a MS. temp. Hen. VIII., *Bibl. Reg. Append.* 58. “Queen Maries dump” is preserved in Ballet’s *Lute-Book* at Dublin; and “the Irishe dump” in Queen Elizabeth’s *Virginal-Book* in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. Further observations on the *dump* will be found in the notes to *Romeo and Juliet*.

Methinks I heare Apollo graunt
Melodiously for to devise,
And Venus bid Minerva vaunt,
So that no *dolefull dumpes* may rise:
The Muses likewise (graunting ayde),
Do bid strike up, thus none denayde.—*Grange’s Garden*, 1577.

Dr. Rimbault has kindly favored me with the following observations on the subject:—"I do not find any specimen of the dump so characteristic as 'My Lady Carey's Dompe.' The MS. contains two other specimens of the dump,—the 'Power Manes doumpe,' f. 53, and 'the Duke of Somersettes Dompe,' f. 49. Both these tunes are for the lute. Lady Carey's dump, being for the virginals, is much more perfect in the harmony. The copy of this dump, given by Steevens, consists of the first portion only, thirty-three bars out of sixty-five. The peculiar features of the dump require the whole tune to be given, before we can judge of it. The slow character of the commencement, followed by the instrumental division; the return to the opening subject at the end; and the recurrence, over and over again, of the ground-bass upon which the air is constructed, are all characteristics of the *deploring dump*."

⁶³ *Will inherit her.*

That is, will obtain possession of her. The word occurs in a similar sense in Titus Andronicus, act ii., and in Romeo and Juliet, act i. "This sense of the word," observes Steevens, "was not wholly disused in the time of Milton, who, in his *Comus*, has—*disinherit Chaos*, meaning only, dispossess it."

⁶⁴ *To sort.*

To choose or select. So, in 3 Henry VI., act v., "I will sort a pitchy day for thee;" and Richard III., act ii., "I'll sort occasion." Compare, also, the Spanish Tragedy, 1603,—“for they had sorted leisure;” Ford’s Lover’s Melancholy, 1629,—“we shall sort time to take more notice of him;” Chapman,—“that he may sort her out a worthy spouse;” and the Rape of Lucrece,—“when wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?”

⁶⁵ *I will pardon you.*

A conventional phrase. The Duke excuses their further attendance.

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—*A Forest near Mantua.*

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we 'll make you sit,¹ and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

1 *Out.* That 's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace! we 'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man!²

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so:
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?³

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been often miserable.⁴

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,⁵
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

1 *Out.* We'll have him; sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them; 't is an honourable kind of
thievery.

Val. Peace, villain.

2 *Out.* Tell us this: Have you anything to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth,
Thrust from the company of awful men:⁶
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.⁷

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood,⁸ I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excuse'd our lawless lives,
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape; and, by your own report,
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want.⁹

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?

To make a virtue of necessity,¹⁰
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?¹¹
Say 'ay' and be the captain of us all:¹²

We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women,¹³ or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,¹⁴

And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Milan. *The Court of the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend:
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,¹⁵
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.¹⁶

Enter THURIO and *Musicians.*

Thu. How now, sir Proteus; are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in serviee, where it cannot go.¹⁷

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter Host, at a distance; and JULIA in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're allieholly;¹⁸ I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music!¹⁹

[*Music plays.*]

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,²⁰
The heaven such grace did lend her,²¹
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:²²
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:²³
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.²⁴

Jul. You mistake! the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so! but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing.

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick.²⁵

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.²⁶

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt THURIO and Musicians.*]

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:
Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What's your will.

Pro. That I may compass yours.²⁷

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed,—
Thou subtle, perjurd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,²⁸
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to elide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady
But she is dead.

Jul. 'T were false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.

[*Aside.*]

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness²⁹
I am betroth'd: And art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunaey?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave³⁰
Assure thyself my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and eall her's thence;
Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that.

[*Aside.*]

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouehsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,—
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. If't were a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

[*Aside.*]

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well³¹
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS, and SILVIA from above.]

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom,³² I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think, 't is almost
day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same, under SILVIA'S window.**Enter EGLAMOUR.*

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,³³
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,)
Valiant, wise, remorseful,³⁴ well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.³⁵
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,—
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which Heaven and fortune still reward with plagues:
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,

To bear me company, and go with me :
 If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
 That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances ;³⁶
 Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
 I give consent to go along with you ;
 Reeking as little what betideth me,³⁷
 As much I wish all good befortune you.
 When will you go ?

Sil. This evening eoming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you ?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
 Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:
 Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*The Court of the Palace.*

Enter LAUNCE with his dog.

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher,³⁸ and steals her capon's leg. O, 't is a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog³⁹ at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for 't; sure as I live he had suffered for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark!) a pissingwhile,⁴⁰ but all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog,' says one; 'What cur is that?' says another; 'Whip him out,' says the third; 'Hang him up,' says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs:⁴¹ 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the

‘dog?’ ‘Ay, marry, do I,’ quoth he ‘You do him the more wrong,’ quoth I; ‘’t was I did the thing you wot of.’⁴² He makes me no more ado,⁴³ but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I ’ll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stol’n, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory⁴⁴ for geese he hath kill’d, otherwise he had suffered for ’t: thou think’st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you serv’d me when I took my leave of madam Silvia;⁴⁵ did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman’s farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please.—I ’ll do what I can.⁴⁶

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant;
Where have you been these two days loitering? [*To* LAUNCE.

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you,
currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv’d my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him
back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?⁴⁷

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel⁴⁸ was stol’n from me by
the hangman’s boys in the market-plaee: and then I offer’d her
mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore
the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne’er return again into my sight.

Away, I say: Stayest thou to vex me here?

A slave, that, still an end,⁴⁹ turns me to shame. [*Exit* LAUNCE.

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,—
For ’t is no trusting to yon foolish lout,—
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which (if my augury deceive me not)

Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
 Therefore know thee, for this I entertain thee.
 Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
 Deliver it to madam Silvia:
 She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.⁵⁰

Jul. It seems you lov'd not her to leave her token:⁵¹
 She is dead, belike?⁵²

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas!

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
 As you do love your lady Silvia:
 She dreams on him that has forgot her love;⁵³
 You dote on her that cares not for your love.
 'T is pity love should be so contrary,
 And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
 This letter;—that 's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
 I elaim the promise for her heavenly picture.
 Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
 Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [*Exit* PROTEUS.]

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
 Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
 A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:
 Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him,
 That with his very heart despiseth me?
 Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
 Because I love him, I must pity him.
 This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
 To bind him to remember my good will:
 And now am I (unhappy messenger)
 To plead for that, which I would not obtain;⁵⁴
 To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
 To praise his faith,⁵⁵ which I would have disprais'd.
 I am my master's true confirmed love,
 But cannot be true servant to my master,
 Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
 Yet will I woo for him,—but yet so coldly,
 As, Heaven it knows, I would not have him speed!

Enter SILVIA, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O!—he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there. [*Picture brought.*

Go, give your master this: tell him, from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold!

I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,⁵⁶
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,⁵⁷
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?⁵⁸

Jul. About my stature:⁵⁹ for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,⁶⁰
For I did play a lamentable part;
Madam, 't was Ariadne, passioning⁶¹
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight,—
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell.

[*Exit SILVIA.*

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,⁶²
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.⁶³
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:⁶⁴

If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.⁶⁵
Her eyes are grey as glass;⁶⁶ and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead 's low,⁶⁷ and mine 's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,⁶⁸
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 't is thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue⁶⁹ in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,⁷⁰
To make my master out of love with thee!

[*Exit.*

Notes to the Fourth Act.

¹ *We'll make you sit.*

So the first and second folio. The third edition reads *sir*, altered in Mr. Wheler's annotated copy to *sure*.

² *For he is a proper man.*

Proper, well-shaped, elegant in figure. See observations on this use of the word in the notes to Twelfth Night.

³ *Have you the tongues?*

That is, are you skilled in languages?

⁴ *Or else I often had been often miserable.*

The repetition of the adverb occurs in the first folio, and is probably the author's own language, though invariably altered by modern editors. A similar iteration occurs in a line in Henry VIII., act ii.,—"is *only* bitter to him, *only* dying."

⁵ *By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar.*

It was usual to swear by Robin Hood, or by some of his companions. "Marry, said the other, I will bring the mover this bridge. By Robin Hood, said he that came from Nottingham, but thou shalt not. By Maid Marrion, said he that was going thitherward, but I will," Merry Tales of the Mad-men of Gottam. "By the armes of Robyn Hood," Jacke Jugeler, n. d. The fat friar, it is scarcely necessary to say, is Friar Tuck, so distinguished a personage of the Robin Hood ballads; and the woodcut here given is taken from one of them, preserved in the Roxburghe collection in the British Museum, printed in black-letter in the seventeenth century. Thus Drayton,—

THE Curtal Fryer.



Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hoode, his outlawes, and his trade.

And Skelton, in the play of Magnificence,—

Another bade shave halfe my berde,
And boyes to the pylery gan me plucke,
And wolde have made me freer Tucke,
To preche oute of the pylery hole.



It would answer no useful purpose to insert here any collection of notices of these mythological personages, but, in illustration of the line in the text, it may not be thought irrelevant to refer to the remarkable early painted window, so constantly mentioned by all writers on the morris-dance, which includes (3) a representation of the friar. “Friar Tuck,” says Douce, “is known to have formed one of the characters in the May games during the reign of Henry the Eighth, and had been probably introduced into them at a much earlier period. From the occurrence of this name on other occasions, there is good reason for supposing that it was a sort of generic appellation for any friar, and that it originated from the dress of the order, which was *tucked* or folded at the waist by means of a cord or girdle. Thus Chaucer, in his prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, says of the Reve,— ‘Tucked he was, as is a frere aboute;’ and he describes one of the friars in the *Sompnour’s Tale*, ‘with scrippe and tipped staff, y-tucked hie.’” He is mentioned by Peele in 1593, but he appears to have disappeared shortly afterwards from amongst the characters of the morris-dance. Friar Tuck

is thus made to describe himself in the *Playe of Robyn Hode*, n. d.,—

But am not I a jolly fryer?
For I can shote both farre and nere,
And handle the sworde and buckler,
And this quarter-staffe also.
If I mete with a gentylman or yeman,
I am not afrayde to loke hym upon,
Nor boldely with him to carpe;
If he speake any wordes to me,
He shall have strypes two or thre,
That shal make his body smarte.

⁶ *Thrust from the company of awful men.*

Shakespeare in this, and two other passages, appears to use *awful* in the sense of *lawful*, or rather, perhaps, in the provincial sense mentioned by Johnson, reverend, worshipful. According to another critic, “an awful man is to this day

used in the North to denote a man of dignity: I once heard an accomplished young lady from the North, on being asked by a clergyman, in a large company, to recite some verses, make answer that she could not do it before so *awful* a man." The term *seems* to occur in a similar sense in Webster's Works, ed. Dyce, i. 31,—“neglect your *awful* throne for the soft down of an insatiate bed;” and again in Chapman's *Revenge for Honour*, 1654,—“whate're your *awful* wil, sir, shall determine.”

“I believe we should read *lawful* men, i. e. *legales homines*. So, in the *Newe Boke of Justices*, 1560:—“commaundinge him to the same to make an inquest and pannel of *lawful* men of his countie.”—*Farmer*.

⁷ *An heir, and near allied unto the duke.*

The first folio reads, “*And* heire and *Neece*, alide vnto the Duke;” and the third folio has, “*An* heir, and *Neice* allide unto the Duke.” The alteration in the text was suggested by Theobald. If the original text be preserved, the word *niece* must refer to the speaker, the lady being in that case his own relative, and the purpose of marriage not being necessarily implied. One annotated copy reads, “an *heiress*, near allied unto the duke.”

⁸ *In my mood.*

Mood, without an adjective, is sometimes used in the sense of anger or resentment; as in the following instance.

But only to the poste,
Wherto I cleve and shall,
Whyche is thy mercye moste?
Lord let thy mercye fall,
And mytygate thy *moode*,
Or els we peryshe all!
The pryce of thys thy bloode,
Wherin mercye I calle!—*MS. Poems*, temp. Eliz.

The bishop he came to the old woman's house,
And called with a furious *mood*:
Come let me see, and bring unto me
That traytor Robin Hood.—*Robin Hood and the Bishop*.

⁹ *As we do in our quality much want.*

Quality, profession, occupation. Chettle, speaking in regret of Shakespeare having been unfairly accused, says,—“I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault; because my selfe have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the qualitie he professes.” Shakespeare uses the term several times in the same sense.

¹⁰ *To make a virtue of necessity.*

In suche thynges as wee can not flee,
But neades they must abydden bee,
Let contentashyn be decree,
Make vertue of nessesytee.—*MS. Ballad*, temp. Eliz.

¹¹ *Wilt thou be of our consort?*

And lastly sorted with her damn'd *consorts*,
Entred a laborinth to myrther love.

Looke about You, 4to. Lond. 1600.

Shrill trumpets sound amidst those thick *consorts*,
And summon them to those propounded sports.

Virgil, translated by *Vicars*, 1632.

¹² *Say 'ay,' and be the captain of us all.*

Some of the incidents in this play, observes Steevens, may be supposed to have been taken from the *Areadia*, where Pyrocles consents to head the Helots. He refers to the present scene, but incidents of this kind are so common in early narratives and romances, there does not appear to be sufficient grounds for believing that Shakespeare had recourse, in this instance, to Sidney's celebrated work.

¹³ *On silly women, or poor passengers.*

This, as Steevens observes, was one of the rules of Robin Hood's government; and, in fact, it was the characteristic of all romantic outlawry. *Silly*, harmless, simple. Joy, in his Exposition of Daniel, 1545, speaks of "Christes poore *sely lombes*." Palsgrave, 1530, has, "sely, or fearfull," and, "sely, wretched."

This sacred service to a *sillie* dame
Shall be ingraven in tables of my heart.

Warres of Cyrus King of Persia, 1594.

It is the manner of cowards to carry weapons, and fight with *silly women*, in an open and desert field, where none is able to defend them but their virtue and honest reasons.—*Diana of George of Montemayor, 1598.*

How happy is he borne or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And *silly* Truth his highest skill.

Overbury's New and Choise Characters, 1615.

¹⁴ *We'll bring thee to our crews.*

It is evident only a small number of the outlaws were intended to be on the stage, I should think not more than three, the second outlaw speaking, in tone of great defiance, of attacking *even ten* passengers. On the supposition that the "crews" were present on the stage, the Perkins MS. proposes to read *cave*.

¹⁵ *Notwithstanding all her sudden quips.*

That is, hasty passionate reproaches and scoffs. So Macbeth is, in a kindred sense, said to be *sudden*; that is, irascible and impetuous. The same expression is used by Dr. Wilson in his *Arte of Rhetorique, 1553*:—"and make him at his wit's end through the *sudden quip*." (From Johnson and Malone).

Manes.—We *eyniekes* are madde fellows; didst thou not finde I did quip thee? *Psyllus*.—No, verely; why, what's a quip? *Manes*.—We great girders call it a short saying of a sharp wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word.—*Alexander and Campaspe, 1591.*

¹⁶ *And give some evening music to her ear.*

Barelay, in his translation of the *Ship of Fooles, 1570*, has some significant verses against the practice of serenading, "of night watchers and beters of the stretes, playing by night on instrumentes, and using like follies, when time is to reste,"—

He is a foole that wandreth by night
In fieldes or towne, in company or alone,
Playing at his lemmans doore withouten light,
Till all his body be colde as leade or stone:
These fooles knocking till the night be gone,
At that season, though that they feele no colde,
Shall it repent and feele when they be olde.

The curious satirical woodcut, here annexed, which is taken from the same work, furnishes a good idea of a group of serenaders, as they may be supposed to be playing under the window, not of Silvia, but of some lady who was averse to the entertainment, and throws a basin of water upon their heads. The engraving, however, is a good contemporary illustration of the practice of serenading.

¹⁷ *Will creep in service where it cannot go.*

“Love will creep where it cannot go,” Ray’s Collection of English Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 54. There is another proverb, a Scotch one, of similar import, — “Kindness will creep where it may not gang,” *ib.*, p. 381. “Kindness wil creep where it cannot go,” Camden’s Remaines, ed. 1629, p. 269. The same proverb occurs in the collection of Proverbs by N. R., 12mo. Lond., 1659, p. 71; and in Codrington’s Collection, 1685, p. 113.



¹⁸ *Me thinks you're allicholly.*

This vulgar corruption of *melancholy* again occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. “The reason Julia looked so very melancholy was, that she did not well know what Proteus would think of the imprudent step she had taken; for she knew he had loved her for her noble maiden pride and dignity of character, and she feared she should lower herself in his esteem; and this it was that made her wear a sad and thoughtful countenance.”—*C. Lamb*.

¹⁹ *That will be music.*

So, in the *Comedy of Errors*,—“When every word was music to mine ear.”—*Malone*.

²⁰ *Holy, fair, and wise is she.*

The Perkins MS. reads *wise as free*, but surely unnecessarily, the laxity of Elizabethan rhymes being proverbial. Nothing is more common than the mere repetition of the personal pronoun being considered a sufficient rhyme. An instance has already occurred in the third act of the present drama, and another is found in the *Tempest*,—

Hourly joys be still upon you,
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Stevens, Monck Mason, and other critics, have altered passages in Shakespeare on

account of supposed corruptions, where the rhymes are not suited to modern notions. These corruptions are entirely imaginary, such licences solely belonging, and to be referred, to the literature of the period.

²¹ *Such grace did lend her.*

Lend in this, and in several other passages, is used in the archaic sense, to give. (A. S.)

So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace.—*Pericles.*

Then Robin Hood *lent* the stranger a blow,
Most scared him out of his wits;
Thou never felt blow, the stranger he said,
That shall be better quits.

Ballad of Robin Hood and his Cousin Scarlet.

²² *For beauty lives with kindness.*

“*Beauty* without kindness *dies* unenjoyed and undelighting,” *Johnson.* So Withers, ap. Malone,—

If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be.

²³ *Upon the dull earth dwelling.*

So, in *Venus and Adonis*,—“looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind.”

²⁴ *The music likes you not.*

Likes, pleases. So, in the curious old metrical tale of King Edward and the Shepherd,—

What so thai have it may be myne,
Corne and brede, ale and wyne,
And alle that may *like* me.

and Ben Jonson, *Every Man out of his Humor*, 1600,—

I did but cast an amorous eye e'en now
Upon a paire of gloves that somewhat *likt* me.

Fish delights, and pleaseth me very much, but yet I like not that it helps but a little, and hurts much: if there were some rule or way set downe how to use it without any hurt but for good, surely it would *like* me well, even as it pleaseth my taste mervailous well.—*The Passenger of Benvenuto*, 1612.

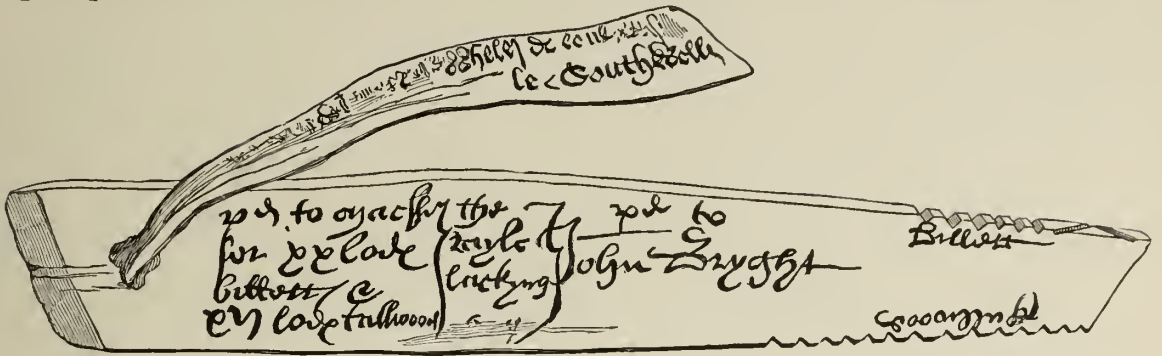
My name is Lancelot du Lake.
Quoth she, It *likes* me then;
Here dwells a knight that never was
E're match'd with any man.—*Ballad of King Arthur.*

²⁵ *He loved her out of all nick.*

That is, beyond all reckoning; a phrase derived from the ancient mode of computation with tallies. An instance occurs in the *Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet*, 1630. There is another expression of a similar kind—in *the nick*, conveniently, Barton's *Terence*, ed. 1614. “I nycke, I make nyckes on a taylor, or on a stycke,” *Palsgrave*, 1530.

The following engraving of an exchequer tally of the fourteenth century, is taken by Mr. Fairholt from the original in his own possession. It is engraved the exact size of the specimen, the memorandum on the strip of vellum attached to it being nearly obliterated; but the ink record on the surface of the tally itself,

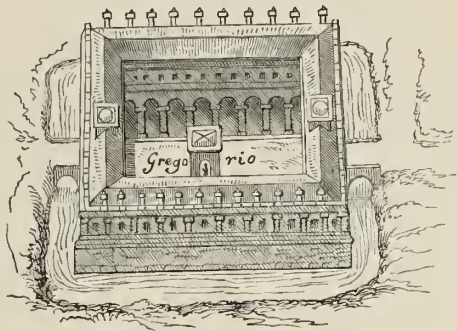
which gives in detail the amount of wood furnished for fuel, &c., to Southwell, is quite perfect.



Then came your wealth in, sir.—Your observation's good; I have carried the tallies at my girdle seven yeares together with much delight and observation; for I did ever love to deale honestly in the nick.—*A New Wonder, a Woman never Vext*, 1632.

²⁶ *At Saint Gregory's well.*

The annexed representation of this holy well is taken from the view of Milan in Braun's *Civitates Orbis Terrarum*, 1582; and the notice of it by Shakespeare is curious, either as showing his acquaintance with Italy or with works on that country, or as an evidence of the Continental origin of the play in a romance or drama yet to be discovered. The subject of holy wells, that were named after saints, was perfectly familiar to the audience of Shakespeare's day. An early MS., cited by Grose, says,—“Between the towns of Alten and Newton, near the foot of Rosberrye Toppinge, there is a well dedicated to St. Oswald; the neighbours have



an opinion that a shirt or shift taken off a sick person, and thrown into that well, will show whether the person will recover or die: for, if it floated, it denoted the recovery of the party; if it sunk, there remained no hope of their life: and to reward the saint for his intelligence, they tear off a rag of the shirt, and leave it hanging on the briers thereabouts; where I have seen such numbers as might have made a fayre rheme in a paper-myll.” Several Saints' wells in England still retain the names of their patrons, the most celebrated being the well of St. Winifred at Holywell, in Flintshire, consecrated by the preservation to this day of the beautiful Gothic edifice in which the fountain is enshrined. The water, excepting after heavy rains, is beautifully pure and clear; and is said to prove highly beneficial to many classes of invalids; nor has the well by any means lost its reputation of sanctity. The well of St. Winifred was visited by Taylor, the Water-Poet, in the year 1652, and that most quaint writer has left the following very curious account of it, which may be quoted in connexion with the present subject, as exhibiting in some degree the public opinion in such matters during the first generation after the death of Shakespeare:—“Saturday the last of July, I left Flint, and went

three miles to Holy-well, of which place I must speak somewhat materially: about the length of a furlong, down a very steep hill, is a well (full of wonder and admiration) it comes from a spring not far from Rudland Castle; it is and hath been many hundred yeares knowne by the name of Holy-well, but it is more commonly and of most antiquity called Saint Winifrids well, in memory of the pious and chaste virgin Winifrid, who was there beheaded for refusing to yield her chastity to the furious lust of a Pagan prince; in that very place where her bloud was shed, this spring sprang up; from it doth issue so forceible a stream, that within a hundred yards of it, it drives certain mils, and some do say that nine corn mils and fulling mils are driven with the stream of that spring: It hath a fair chappell erected over it, called Saint Winifred's chappell, which is now much defaced by the injury of these late wars: The well is compassed about with a fine wall of free stone; the wall hath eight angles or corners, and at every angle is a fair stone piller, whereon the west end of the chappell is supported. In two severall places of the wall, there are neat stone staires to go into the water that comes from the well, for it is to be noted that the well itselfe doth continually work and bubble with extream violence, like a boiling cauldron or furnace, and within the wall, or into the well, very few do enter: The water is christalline, sweet and medicinable; it is frequented daily by many people of rich and poore, of all diseases, amongst which great store of folkes are cured, divers are eased, but none made the worse. The hill descending is plentifully furnished (on both sides of the way) with beggers of all ages, sexes, conditions, sorts and sises; many of them are impotent, but all are impudent, and richly embrodered all over with such hexameter poudred ermins (or vermin) as are called lice in England."

²⁷ *That I may compass yours.*

Compass, obtain. "He will easily be able to compass that, *id autem facile consequi poterit*," Coles. Silvia plays on the word *will*, referred to by Proteus in the sense of *good will*, and taken up by her as meaning simply her desire or request.

²⁸ *So conceitless.*

A preacher in Spaine perswaded a Moore to Christianity, who, seeming *conceitlesse* of what was said unto him, the Preacher said: For ought I see, my wordes enter in at one eare of you, and goe out at the other. The Moore answered, they neither enter in, nor yet goe out.—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

²⁹ *Thyself art witness I am betroth'd.*

"April 6, 1620:—Was concluded the marriage betwixt me William Whiteway and Elenor Parkins, my best beloved, which I pray God to blesse and prosper. May 4, 1620:—The said W. W. and E. P. were *betrothed* in my father Parkins his hall, about 9 of the clocke at night, by Mr. John White, *in the presence* of our parents: Unkle John Gould and Mr. Darby, and their wives, my cossen Joan Gould widow, and my sister Margaret Parkins," &c. Diary, MS.

³⁰ *For in his grave.*

So the second folio. *Her grave*, ed. 1623, p. 34.

³¹ *Since your falsehood shall become you well.*

The construction seems to be this,—inasmuch as your falsehood renders it becoming in you to worship shadows, &c. Tyrwhitt would read,—“but, since your falsehood, [it] shall become you well;” and Johnson,—“but, since you're false.” The original text, I am persuaded, contains the poet's own language. If a comma were placed after *falsehood*, it would run thus,—but, since your falsehood to Julia, to worship shadows, and adore false shapes, shall become you well.

³² *By my halidom.*

Minsheu thus explains this word in his Dictionary, 1617, folio: "*Halidome* or *Holidome*, an old word, used by old country women, by manner of swearing: by my *halidome*, of the Saxon word, *haligdome*, ex *halig*, i. e. sanctum, and *dome*, dominium aut judicium."—*Malone*. "On the halidom ye schul me sweri," Sir Guy of Warwike, p. 43. "That what they get by cheating, swearing, and lying at home, they spend in riot, whoring, and drunkennes abroad, I say, *by my hallidome*, it is a burning shame."—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

³³ *According to your ladyship's impose.*

"*Impose* is *injunction*, *command*. A task set at college, in consequence of a fault, is still called an imposition."—*Steevens*.

³⁴ *Valiant, wise, remorseful.*

Remorseful is pitiful. So, in *The Maids Metamorphosis*, by Lily, 1600:—"Provokes my mind to take *remorse* of thee." Again, in Chapman's translation of the 2d Book of Homer's *Iliad*, 1598:—"Descend on our long-toyled host with thy *remorseful* eye." Again, in the same translator's version of the 20th *Iliad*:

— he was none of those *remorsefull* men,
Gentle and affable; but fierce at all times, and mad then.—*Steevens*.

³⁵ *Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.*

The question is not of great consequence, but the words *thy lady and thy true love* might refer either to a wife, or to an affianced love,—most probably to the former. Vows of chastity were formerly of serious truth and import. Dugdale, *Antiquities of Warwickshire Illustrated*, 1656, p. 654, mentions Margery, the wife of Richard Midlemore, "who, in her widowhood, vowing chastitie, built the fair Tower Steeple here (Edgbaston), as the tradition is. . . . And now, having thus mentioned her *Vow of Chastitie*, to the end it may appear with what ceremony the same was performed, I shall here exhibite the form of a commission made by the bishop of this dioeces for the effecting thereof:—Johannes &c. Cov. et Lich. Episc. dilecto fratri nostro N. N. salutem, et fraternam in Domino caritatem. Per partem honestæ mulieris Margeriæ Midlemore relictæ Ricardi Midlemore nostræ Dioc. nobis est humiliter supplicatum, quod cum ipsa propter ipsius animæ salutem uberiolem, ac viduitatis ordinem strictiorem, ad Dei honorem devotius ac celebrius servandum, votum continentiæ emittere, ac continentiam expresse et solempniter fovere, necnon in signum viduitatis suæ hujusmodi perpetuo, Deo dante, servando velum sive peplum cum habitu hujusmodi viduis continentiam perpetuam expresse et solempniter profitentibus debitam et consuetam, seu ab eis communiter usitatam, sibi sumere, et ad vitam ea uti in castitate, ut asserit, devote intendat, ipsam ad hujusmodi suum pium propositum admittere dignemur: Nosque hujusmodi supplicationem piam atque devotam, ac Deo placabilem reputantes, aliasque multiplicis occupati quo minus hujusmodi intentum præfatæ Margeriæ ad debitum valeamus perdueere effectum; ad recipiendum igitur expresse et solempniter continentiæ votum et castitatis promissum dictæ Margeriæ, ac in signum hujusmodi continentiæ et castitatis promisso perpetuo servando, eandem Margeriam velandam seu peplandam habitumque viduitatis hujusmodi viduis ut præfertur ad castitatis professionem dari et uti consuetum, cum unico annulo assignandum, cæteraque omnia et singula faciendum, excercendum, et expediendum, quæ in negotio hujusmodi de jure vel consuetudine necessaria seu oportuna fore dinoscuntur, vobis committimus potestatem per præsentem. Sigillo nostro signatum &c." The same distinction in costume, observes Steevens, was probably made "in respect of male votarists; and therefore this circumstance might inform the

players how Sir Eglamour should be drest; and will account for Silvia's having chosen him as a person in whom she could confide without injury to her own character."

³⁶ *Madam, I pity much your grievances.*

"*Grievances*, sorrows, sorrowful affections."—*Johnson*. The term was constantly used in the sense of sorrow or affliction, which indeed were some of the uses of the word in Anglo-Norman. An annotated copy of the second folio, in the possession of Mr. J. P. Collier, proposes to add another line to the text,—

And the most true affections that you bear;

but, independently of the evident danger of inserting a new line into the text on any other but absolute authority, it should be observed that it is much more in keeping with Eglamour's extreme delicacy of feeling to allude to sorrows rather than to affections. The annotated copy alluded to supplies other lines, some of which are so clearly absurd, it would be exceedingly rash to receive even the best upon such doubtful testimony. In the present case, the interpolated line is clearly out of place, for although it agrees tolerably with the succeeding one, it is not to be reconciled with the first,—"*Madam, I pity much your grievances, and the most true affections that you bear;*" but, although Eglamour pities her grievances or sorrows, there is no reason to suppose the dramatist intended to represent him as pitying her "affections." The meaning and intention of the original is clearly this,—*Madam, I pity much your sorrows, and inasmuch as I am certain they are virtuously caused, or, in other words, do not arise from any want of virtue in yourself, but quite the contrary being the case, I consent to accompany you.*

In the next act, we have, on the contrary, *griefs* in the sense of *grievances, wrongs*.

³⁷ *Recking as little.*

Wreaking, first folio. This is merely a corrupt spelling, which again occurs in *As You Like It*, act ii.

³⁸ *He steps me to her trencher.*

"In our author's time," observes Malone, "trenchers were in general use even on the tables of the nobility: hence Shakespeare, who gives to every country the customs of England, has furnished the Duke of Milan's dining table with them." The trenchers of Shakespeare's time were generally made either of wood or pewter, the latter material being in very frequent use for nearly all kinds of plates and dishes, as well as for other articles that are now usually constructed of earthenware.

Keep himself, that is, restrain himself.

³⁹ *One that takes upon him to be a dog indeed.*

I would have, says Launce, one who is really a dog, to be a dog at all things,—the latter phrase being proverbial for, to be dexterous or expert at all things. Dr. Johnson would read, I think unnecessarily,—"*one that takes upon him to be a dog, to be a dog indeed.*"

He is [a] *dog* at recognisances and statutes, and let him but get them sealed by a sufficient man, a hundreth pound to a pennie if they escape without forfeiture.—*Lodge's Wits Miserie*, 1596, p. 33.

Why then might there not be a project found out to smother these bees of Christians to death in their combs with moist brown paper and old cards? It would be a double pleasure to see the Christians perish, and perish in torment. What d'ye say, sons of Loyola? you are *old dogs* at mischief; go and lay your heads together.—*The Pagan Prince*, 1690.

⁴⁰ *He had not been there a pissingwhile.*

“But a pyssyngewhyle, *tant quon auroyt pissé, or ce pendent,*” Palsgrave, 1530. “She never but a pissingwhile persists,” Kendall’s Flowers of Epigrammes, 1577. “Will love any of you all longer than a pissingwhile,” Fleire, sig. G. iii. See also Gammer Gurton’s Needle, iv. 1; Flecknoe’s Diarium, p. 59; and a similar expression (making it equivalent to the time occupied in repeating a paternoster) in Piers Ploughman. Steevens also refers to Jonson’s Magnetic Lady, and to Ray’s Proverbs, q. v. ed. 1678, p. 265.

⁴¹ *The fellow that whips the dogs.*

This appears, says Steevens, to have been part of the office of an *usher of the table*. So, in Mucedorus:—“I’ll prove my office good: for look you, &c.—When a dog chance to blow his nose backward, then with a *whip* I give him good time of the day, and strew rushes presently.” In Shakespeare’s time, every place, even to the church, was infested with the presence of dogs. At Chislet, co. Kent, is a piece of land, containing about two acres, called Dogwhipper’s Marsh, on which there is a small rent-charge paid to a person for keeping order in the church during divine service. There is a deed of feoffment, dated in August, 1659, whereby Richard Dovey, of Farmcote, granted certain premises to John Sanders, and others, viz. cottages or buildings, over and adjoining the churchyard and churchyard gates of the parish church of Claverley, co. Salop, to place in some room of the said cottages, and to pay yearly the sum of 8s. to a poor man of that parish, who should undertake to awaken sleepers, and to whip out dogs from the church of Claverley during divine service.

⁴² *I did the thing you wot of.*

A proverbial phrase for anything not very delicate to mention by name. “Presently Betrice whispers Cisily in the eare softly that al the company heard it, and bad her tell Alice that unlesse she tooke heed, the pot would run over and the fat lye in the fire; at this Mary clap’d her hands together, and entreats Blanch to tell her Cozen Edith how she should say that Luce should say, that Elizabeth should *doe the thing shee wots of,*” Taylor’s Workes, fol. Lond. 1630.

⁴³ *He makes me no more ado.*

That is, he makes no more ado. This construction is very common in Shakespeare. *For his servant*; this is the reading of the old copies, and it is no doubt Launce’s phraseology.

⁴⁴ *I have stood on the pillory.*

“The pillorie or neck-trap,” (Nomenclator, 1585,) was of various construction. The engraving here copied is taken from a woodcut in an early chap-book; and another will be observed in the early plan of Windsor, which forms the frontispiece to the present volume. The pillory, says Holme, “is the reward of cheaters, coseners, forgers of deeds, and mens hand writing, treasonable and seditious words, with several misdemeanours not punishable by death; and that is by having a mulct or fine set upon the offender, and he to stand on the pillory for so many market days, with papers of his offence set on his back, there to be mocked, derided, and made a common spectacle, that all beholders may see, and beware of the like offences, and do no such wickedness: grand rogues have sometimes their ears nailed to the



pillory, where they are forced to leave them, being cut off." See further observations on the subject in the notes to *Taming of the Shrew*.

⁴⁵ *When I took my leave of madam Silvia.*

When I parted from; not necessarily a formal leave. Warburton would read *madam Julia*, but surely without necessity.

With respect to the lady's farthingale, mentioned here, and previously in the first act of the play, see further respecting it in the notes to the *Taming of the Shrew*.



The example, copied in the annexed engraving, is taken from a woodcut in an early black-letter ballad in my possession. Bulwer has the following very curious observations on this part of the female costume, in his *Pedigree of the English Gallant, 1653*,—"Our late great verdingales seeme to have proceeded from the same foolish affectation which the Chiribichensian virgins, and women of Cathai, have at this day: and the author of the 'Treasury of Times' observes that there are some maides and women nowadaies, who he thought were perswaded that men desire they should have great and fat thighs, as the Cathaians did, because they labour to ground this perswasion in men by their spacious, huge, and round-circling verdingals. And that this hip-gallantry ordinarily moves such apprehensions in others, will

clearly appeare by this relation. I have been told that when Sir Peter Wych was embassadour to the Grand Signeour from King James, his Lady being then with him at Constantinople, the Sultanesse desired one day to see his lady, whom she had heard much of; whereupon my Lady Wych, accompanied with her waiting-women, all neatly dressed in their great verdingals, which was the Court fashion then, attended her highnesse. The Sultanesse entertained her respectfully, but withall wondring at her great and spacious hips, she asked her whether all English women were so made and shaped about those parts: to which my Lady Wych answered that they were made as other women were, withall shewing the fallacy of her apparell in the device of the verdingall; untill which demonstration was made, the Sultanesse verily believed it had been her naturall and reall shape."

Alas! poore verdingales must lye in the streat;
To house them no doore in the citee made meete.
Syns at our narrow doores they in cannot win,
Sende them to Oxforde at Brodegates to get in.

Heywoode's Epigrammes on Proverbes, 1576.

⁴⁶ *I'll do what I can.*

So the first folio. The second folio, modernizing the metre, reads, "I'll do, sir, what I can."

⁴⁷ *Didst thou offer her this from me?*

The Perkins MS. reads *this cur*, a very feeble and unwise addition. "Did you offer her *this*" (of course pointing to the brute with an expression of indignation and abhorrence, which disdained to call him anything but *this*), "THIS! from me? The lady must think me mad," Blackwood's Magazine, August, 1853, p. 188. The original text is exceedingly effective in the representation of the scene on the stage.

The ladies of Shakespeare's time were passionately fond of keeping pet-dogs. "If shee have no children to play with of her owne, hee [the dog] is like to be her only sport, without the which shee were no lady," A Strange Metamorphosis of Man transformed into a Wildernesse, 1634. The following curious extract from the work of Caius *Of Englishe Dogges*, translated by Fleming, 4to. Lond. 1576, will illustrate the practice, and explain the present scene in revealing the ancient rage of the ladies for very small dogs:—"These dogges are litle, pretty, proper, and fyne, and sought for to satisfie the delicatenesse of daintie dames, and wanton womens wills: instrumentes of folly for them to play and dally withall, to tryfle away the treasure of time, to withdraw their mindes from more commendable exercises, and to content their corrupted concupiscences with vaine disport, a selly shift to shunne yrecksome ydlnesse. These puppies the smaller they be, the more pleasure they provoke, as more meete play-fellowes for minsing mistrisses to beare in their bosoms, to keepe company withal in their chambers, to succour with sleepe in bed, and nourishe with meate at bourde, to lay in their lappes, and licke their lippes as they ryde in their waggons; and good reason it should be so, for cournesse with fynenesse hath no fellowship, but featenesse with neatenesse hath neighbourhood enough. That plausible proverbe verified upon a tyraunt, namely that he loved his sowe better then his sonne, may well be applyed to these kinde of people who delight more in dogges that are deprived of all possibility of reason, then they doe in children that be capeable of wisdom and judgement. But this abuse peradventure raigneth where there hath bene long lacke of issue, or else where barrennes is the best blossome of bewty."

⁴⁸ *The other squirrel.*

Speaking ironically of Proteus's dog, which was only one tenth the size of Launce's.

⁴⁹ *A slave that, still an end, turns me to shame.*

Still an end, almost always, commonly, generally. "Dumps, and fits, and shakings *still an end*," Cartwright's Ordinary, 8vo, 1651, p. 4. The expression *most an end*, in the same sense, is more common. "She sleeps *most an end*," Massinger, ed. Gifford, iv. 282, and see the examples there quoted. "The words thus foisted in are of such a sort *most an end*," N. Fairfax, Bulk and Selvedge of the World, 1674.

⁵⁰ *She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.*

The construction is,—She *who* delivered it to me, loved me well.

⁵¹ *You lov'd not her, to leave her token.*

To *leave*, to part with. So, in the *Merchant of Venice*,—"he would not *leave* it, or pluck it from his finger," and, again,—"how unwillingly I *left* the ring." The first folio reads *not leave*, corrected to *to leave* in the edition of 1632.

—Such black and grained spots,
As will not *leave* their tinct.—*Hamlet*.

⁵² *She is dead, belike.*

“This is said in referenee to what Proteus had asserted to Silvia in a former scene, viz., that both Julia and Valentine were dead.”—*Steevens*.

⁵³ *She dreams on him, that has forgot her love.*

I woonder, said Cynthia, that Don Felix (al the while thou didst serve him) did not know thee by thy faire face, thy sweete grace, and looking daily on such faire eies. He did so little remember those beauties, saide Felismena, which he had once seene in me, his thoughts being so deeply imprinted on Celas, which he daily viewed, that he had no power nor knowledge left to thinke once of mine.—*The Diana of George of Montemayor, 1598.*

⁵⁴ *To plead for that which I would not obtain.*

But taking the letter and mine errant with me, I went to Celia’s house, imagining by the way the wofull estate whereunto my haplesse love had brought me; since I was forced to make warre against mine owne selfe, and to be the intereessour of a thing so contrarie to mine owne content.—*Diana of George of Montemayor, 1598.*

⁵⁵ *To praise his faith, which I would have disprais’d.*

“The sense is, to go and present that which I wish to be not accepted, to praise him whom I wish to be dispraised.”—*Johnson*.

⁵⁶ *But since she did neglect her looking-glass.*

It may be implied from the context, that there is here a probable allusion to the ancient custome of ladies wearing looking-glasses at their girdles. Thus Ben Jonson,—

I confess all, I replied,
And the glass hangs by her side.



The custome did not escape the censure of Stubbes, who says, the ladies “must have their looking-glasses carried with them, wheresoever they go: and good reason, for how else could they see the devil in them.” Allusions to the practiee are almost innumerable.

The mask generally only covered a portion of the face, as is represented in the annexed engraving from a copperplate by Peter de Iode (selected by Mr. Fairholt), the subject being a French lady, who has also, it will be observed, a small looking-glass pendant from the

waist; but, according to Stubbes, when ladies “use to ride abroad they have masks and visors made of velvet, wherewith they cover *all their faces*, having holes made in them against their eyes, whereout they looke; so that if a man that knew not their guise before, should chaunce to meet one of them, he would think he met a monster or a devil, for face she can shew none, but two broad holes against their eyes, with glasses in them.” Holme, *Acad. Arm.* iii. 13, gives a lucid account of the different kinds of masks,—“this is a thing that in former times gentlewomen used to put over their faces when they travel to keep them from sun-burning; it covered only the brow, eyes, and nose; through

the holes they saw their way; the rest of the face was covered with a chin-cloth. Of these masks they used them either square, with a flat and even top, or else the top cut with an half-round; they were generally made of black velvet. The second form of mask is the visard-mask, which covers the whole face, having holes for the eyes, a case for the nose, and a slit for the mouth and to speak through; this kind of mask is taken off and put on in a moment of time, being only held in the teeth by means of a round bead fastned on the inside over against the mouth." The same author, in another chapter, again mentions them:—the

woman's mask "is made sometimes in the form of a long square, with two holes in, for to see through when it is put over her face: others are made round on the top part, or scalloped according to the fantasie of the wearer: this was a devise borrowed from the Numidians, who covered their faces with a black cloth hanging down to their breasts, with holes to look through: which wear was to preserve their faces and beauties from the tauning of the sun; in the sinister side of this 64 square, is another sort of mask, called by our English Ladies a vizard mask: it is made convex to cover the face in all parts, with an out-let for the nose and two holes for the eyes, with a slit for the mouth to let the air and breath come in and out: it is generally made of leather, and covered with black velvet: the devil was the inventor of it, and about courts none but whores and bauds, and the devil imps, do use them, because they are ashamed to shew their faces." The accompanying representation of a mask is taken from a woodcut in Bulwer's Pedigree of the English Gallant, 1653; and see observations on masks in Fairholt's Costume in England, p. 561.



And be it that prescription doth naturalize in Court
Some errors to an habit, held for ornament and port,
For things in some unseemly are not such to some of sort,
Yet might, me thinks, be wisht the Court were also powder than
That vulgers should in tinctures, tiers, maske, fardingale, and fan,
Corive, a Gill be Lady-like, and Jack a Gentelman.

Warner's Albions England, 1602.

You with the hood, the falling-bande, and ruffe,
The moncky waste, the breeching like a beare;
The perrivig, the maske, the fanne, the muffle,
The bodkin, and the bussard in your heare:
You velvet-cambricke-silken-feather'd toy,
That with your pride do all the world annoy.

Rowlands' Looke to It, for Ile stabbe ye, 1604.

Oh, let the gentlewoman have the wall,—
I know her well; 'tis Mistris What-d'ye-call:
It should be shee both by her maske and fanne,
And yet it should not, by her serving-man.

The Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-Vaine, 1611.

⁵⁷ *And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face.*

The air hath killed with cold the roses in her cheeks, and nipped with cold her

lily-coloured face. See examples of similar construction in vol. i., p. 281. "Keep up your ruff; the tincture of your neck is not all so pure, but it will ask it," Cynthia's Revels.

Comparing her (with false and odious lies)
To all that's in or underneath the skies,
Her eyes to sunnes, that doe the sunne eclips,
Her *cheekes are roses* (rubies are her lips):
Her white and red carnation mixt with snow,
Her teeth to orientall pearle a row.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

Now by all my hopes,
By all the rites that crowne a happy union,
And by the rosie tincture of your cheeks,
And by your all subduing eyes, more bright
Then heaven.—*Fine Companion*, 1633.

Indeede, had hee beene taken from mee like a piece o'dead flesh, I should neither ha' felt it, nor grieved for't. But come hether, pray looke heere. Behold the lively *tincture* of his blood! Neither the dropsie nor the jaundies in't.—*The Atheists Tragedie*.

Articulatio, Plin. Cum vi tempestatum, germina vitium auferuntur, aut imperitia læduntur, aut vitiose cæduntur. Rompre ou grever la vigne. The *starving* of trees, as when by the force of tempestes the young shootes of vines are beaten off, or hurt through unskilfulnes, or naughtilye lopped.—*The Nomenclator*, 1585.

⁵⁸ *How tall was she?*

The indiscriminate use of past and present tenses is common in old plays, especially where the subject spoken of is not on the scene. Ritson proposes to read, "How tall *is* she?"

⁵⁹ *About my stature.*

It seems all but unnecessary to refer the reader to the very similar incident in the play of Twelfth Night.

⁶⁰ *I made her weep a-good.*

A-good, in good earnest, heartily. "This mery aunswer made them all laughe agood," Plutarch by North, 1579. "Whereat shee waylde and wept a-good," Turbervile's Tragicall Tales, 1587, f. 98. "Beating of my breast a-good," Turbervile, ap. Steevens. "The world laughed a-good at these jests," Armin's Nest of Ninnies, 1608. "I have laugh'd a-good to see the cripples," Jew of Malta, 1633.

At length she tucked up her frocke,
White as the lilly was her smocke,
She drew the shepheard nie;
But then the shepheard pyp'd *a-good*,
That all his sheepe forsooke their foode,
To heare his melodie.—*Drayton*, 1593.

The company that stood about
Did laugh at him *agood*;
And very friendly help him out,
Because he pleas'd the mood.
The Welch Traveller, 12mo. n. d.

⁶¹ *Passioning for Theseus' perjury.*

Passion, here used as a verb. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, act i. "How now, Queene, what art thou doing? *passioning* over the picture of Cleanthes, I am sure, for I know thou lovest him," Chapman's Blinde Begger of Alexandria, 1598. Compare Spenser,—

And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
By lively actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter *passioned*.

⁶² *I hope my master's suit will be but cold.*

"But I make small hast to bring this maide to Thais, and to desire her that shee would come to dinner. But me thinks I see Parmeno, the rivalls servants, sadde, before Thais dore. The matter is in case good enough, no harme done yet: in faith these fellowes have a *cold suite*: I intend surely to dally a little with this knave," *Terence in English*, 1614.

⁶³ *Since she respects my mistress' love so much.*

Julia, in the words *my mistress*, is jocularly alluding to the effects of her deception on Silvia, who speaks to Julia of her own affection to "thy sweet mistress," who was of course herself. That this is the true explanation may be gathered from the next line,—“alas, how love can trifle with itself!” It has been proposed to place Silvia's *exit* at the end of the present line, but surely the second line of Julia's speech renders such an arrangement improbable, as she would scarcely praise her in her presence in such measured language.

⁶⁴ *Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.*

Yellow hair was considered beautiful. “Her yellowe haire, in brightnes surpassing the sunnie beames, were loose and hanging downe without any order,” Diana of George of Montemayor, 1598. Julia means to say that Silvia's hair had only a yellowish tinge, while her own was perfect yellow. “Light auborne, *subflavus*,” Baret, 1580. So, in the Two Noble Kinsmen,—“he's white hair'd, not wanton white, but such a manly colour, next to an *auburn*.” Auburn colour is translated by *citrimus* in the Prompt. Parv., which would make it an orange tinge, rather than the brownish colour now so called.

Her black, browne, *aburne*, or her yellow hayre,
Naturally lovely, she doth scorne to weare.—*Drayton's Poems*, p. 233.

The beauty of yellow hair is frequently mentioned in the old English metrical romances:—

Then they lowsyd hur feyre faxe,
That was selowe as the waxe,
And schone also as golde redd.

MS. Cantab. Ff. ii. 38, f. 236.

As rose on rys her rode was red,
The her schon upon her hed
As gold wyre that schynyth bryght.—*Launful*, 939.

The her schon on hyr heed,
As gold wyre schyneth bryght.—*Lybeaus Disconus*.

In the Life and Repentance of Mary Magdalen, 1567, Carnal-concupiscence says to Mary,—

Your haire, me thynke, is as yellow as any gold;
Upon your face layd about have it I wold.

The women of old time did most love yellow haire, and it is found that they introduced this colour by safron, and by long sitting daily in the sun; who, instead of safron, sometimes used medicated sulphur. Galen affirms that in his time most women were dead with the head-ache, neither could there be any remedie applied to this evill, because they stood a long while bare-headed in the sun, to render their haire yellow; and he reports that, for the same cause, some of them lost their haire and became bald, and were reduced to Ovid's remedy, for that defect, either to borrow other womens haire, or to ransaek the graves of the dead for a dishonest supply. Tertullian speaking of this thing, saith, that women were punished for this their lasciviousnesse, for that by reason of their daily long abode in the sun, their heads were often most grievously hurt with the headache, and it seems when this folly was grown habituall unto them, it degenerated into dotage; for Lucian very lepidly derides an old woman, who, notwithstanding shee was seventy yeares of age, yet shee would have her haire of a yellow tincture, and exhorts the old mother to desist from her folly; for although shee could colour her silver haire, yet shee could not recall her age. The Venetian women at this day, and the Paduan, and those of Verona, and other parts of Italy, practise the same vanitie, and receive the same recompence for their affectation, there being in all these cities open and manifest examples of those who have undergone a kinde of martyrdom, to render their haire yellow. Schenekius relates unto us the history of a certaine noble gentlewoman, about sixteen or seventeen yeares of age, that would expose her bare head to the fervent heat of the sun daily for some houres, that shee might purchase yellow and long haire, by anointing them with a certaine unguent.—*Bulwer's Artificiall Changling*, 1653.

⁶⁵ *I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.*

Any kind of counterfeit hair, either a lock, or what would now be called a wig, was termed a periwig. Periwigs were of numerous colours and fashions. According to Stowe, they were "first devised and used in Italy by curtezans," and were "first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris." In a letter to Cecil respecting Mary Queen of Scots, Mary Seaton is said to have set "*a curled hair upon the Queen that was said to be a perewyke, that shewed very delicately.*" Periwigs were certainly known in England under that name as early as 1529, a "perwyke" for Sexten, the King's fool, being mentioned in the Privy Purse Expenses of that year; and "perukes of here" are often alluded to in early inventories,—"*coyffs of Venys golde, with ther peruks of here hanging to them,*" Accounts 1 Edw.



VI. The plain periwig, delineated in the annexed engraving, is taken from a cut in *Bulwer's Pedigree of the English Gallant*, 1653. Coloured periwigs are mentioned even as early as in 1577, in *Grange's Garden*, in the following singular description of a courtezan's costume:—

Who listeth to beholde and marke my painting penne,
 Shall see their garish trickes set downe, wherby they allure the men.
 First with their lawnes and calles of golde beset with spangs,
 With died and frizeled perewigs, with hartes fro thence that hangs;

With velvet cappes and plumes they doe adorne their heddes,
 With red and white they painte their face to tie them to there beddes ;
 There partlets set with spangs come close unto their chinne,
 There gorgets fairely wrought without inelose blacke necks within,
 And from their eare there hangs a pearle and silver ring,
 As for a bell the sounde whereof such like to hir doth bring :
 About hir necke likewise there hangeth many a chayne,
 Yea many a costly jem they weare that's given them of their trayne.
 Their gownes in fashion are, there vardingales are greate,
 Their gownes likewise which are so side do sweepe along the streate ;
 Their pumpes most oft are white, their pantables are blacke,
 Their wosted hose are purple blew,—thus nothing do they laeke.
 Their gloves are all befumde with pure and perfect smell,
 Yea all their clothes which smels of muske, loe! here she goes, they tel :
 Their smockes are all bewrought about the necke and hande,
 And (to be short) I tell you playne all things in order stande.

Churchyard also mentions them in his Challenge, 1593,—

The perwickes fine must curle wher haire doth lack
 The swelling grace that fils the empty saeke.

And Wilson, in the Cobbler's Prophesie, 1594,—

To-day her own hair best becomes, which yellow is as gold,
 A periwig's better for to-morrow, blacker to behold.

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, ed. 1602, p. 200, is very severe on the fashion of periwigs, and the passage, which is altogether very curious, will illustrate other lines in the present drama:—

The younger of these widdowes (for they both had thrise been so)
 Trots to the elders cottage, hers but little distanee fro,
 Theare, cowering ore two sticks a-crosse, burnt at a smoakie stocke,
 They chat how young-men them in youth, and they did young-men moeke,
 And how since three-score yeeres a goe (they aged foure-score now)
 Men, women, and the world, weare chang'd in all, they knew not how.
 When we were maids (quoth th' one of them) was no such new-found-pride,
 Yeat serv'd I gentles, seeing store of daintie girles beside.
 Then wore they shooes of ease, now of an inch-broad, eorked hye:
 Blacke karsie stockings, worsted now, yea silke of youthful'st dye:
 Garters of lystes, but now of silke, some edged deepe with gold:
 With costlier toyes, for courser turnes than us'd, perhaps, of old.
 Fring'd and ymbroidred petticoats now begge: But heard you nam'd,
 Till now of late, busks, perrewigs, maskes, plumes of feathers fram'd,
 Supporters, pooters, fardingales above the loynes to waire,
 That be she near so bombe-thin, yet she crosse-like scem's four-squaire
 Some wives grayheaded, shame not lockes of youthfull borrowed haire.
 Some, tiring arte, attier their heads with onely tresses baire:
 Some (grosser pride than which, thinke I, no passed age might shame)
 By arte, abusing nature, heads of antick't hayre do fram.
 Once lack't each foresaid tearme, because was lacking once the toy,
 And lack't we all those toyes and tearmes it were no grieffe but joy:
 But lawfull weare it some be such, should all alike be eoy?
 Now dwels ech drossell in her glas: when I was yong, I wot,
 On Holly-dayes (for sildome els such ydell times we got)

A tubb or paille of water cleere stood us in steede of glas:
 And yeat (which still I beare in mind) for it I schooled was,
 Even by an holy fryer: Thus, quoth he, it comes to pas,
 Yong damselfs, and too oftentimes old dotards, unawaer,
 Doe thus offend, whilst thus they seeme upon themselves to staer:
 But what they see is not themselves. A tayle then did he tell
 How Echo and Narcissus weare aucthorised from hell,
 That egging and this acting pride in worldlings hearts to dwell:
 And either oft in mirrors and in waters beautious seeme,
 To curious gazers inn, who those to be themselves do deeme:
 Flye glas and water-tooting, girle, Narcissus fall extreeme,
 Feare flattrie too, for men to maides be Eechos to subdewe,
 The fryer sayd, and all to soone I found his sayings trewe.

Pipinetta. My mistresse would rise, and lacks your worship to fetch her haire.
Petulus. Why, is it not on her head? *Pip.* Methinks it should; but I mean the
 haire that she must weare to-day. *Li.* Why, doth she weare any haire but her
 owne? *Pip.* In faith, sir, no; I am sure it is her owne when she pays for it.—
Lilly's Midas, 1592.

Her yellowe haire, in brightnes surpassing the sunnie beames, were loose and
 hanging downe without any order; but never did frizeling and adorned periwigge
 of any lady in statly court beautifie in such sort as the carelesse disorder that
 these had. With a naturall crisped periwigge of her owne haire, matching
 the brightest golde in colour.—*Diana of George of Montemayor*, 1598.

Alas! she did not tyre-makers haunte
 For divelish periwiggs, that well might daunt
 Even Mars himself, should he our ladyes meete
 With borrowed haire; most gallants would him greeete;
 Nay, I mistake, it is their owne they weare,
 They did it buy, and paid for it full deere.
 Well, since they needes will have it be their owne,
 Then soe it is: be it to all men knowne,
 Their peakes and fronts, half-moones, and great rams-hornes,
 Let them all weare that would be th' countries scornes.

The Newe Metamorphosis, 1600, MS.

Bold Bettresse braves and brags it in her wiers,
 And buskt she must be, or not bust at all;
 Their riggish heads must be adornd with tires,
 With periwigs, or with a golden call.

Lane's Tom Tel-Troths Message, 1600.

Then there shall be no need of wires, nor curles, nor periwigs: the husbands
 shal not be forced to racke their rents, nor inhaunce their fines, nor sell thir lands,
 to decke their wives.—*Smith's Sermons*, 1609.

Let them call and cry till their tongues do ake, my lady hath neyther eyes to
 see nor eares to heare; shee holdeth on her way perhaps to the tyre-makers shoppe,
 where she shaketh out her crownes, to bestowe upon some new fashioned atire,
 that if we may say there be deformitie in art, uppon such artificiall deformed
 periwigs that they were fitter to furnish a theater, or for her that in a stage play
 should represent some hagge of hell, then to bee used by a Christian woman, or to
 be worne by any such as doth account herselfe to be a daughter in the heavenly
 Jerusalem. . . . What are these that they doe call attyre-makers? the first
 inventers of these monstrous periwygs? and the finders out of many other like

inmodest attyres? what are these and all the rest of these fashion mongers? As these attyre-makers that within these forty yeares were not knownc by that name, and but nowe very lately they kept their lowzie commoditic of periwygs, and their other monstrous attyres, closed in boxes, they might not be scene in open show, and those women that did use to weare them would not buy them but in secret. But now they are not ashamed to sette them forth uppon their stalle, such monstrous May-powles of hayre, so proportioned and deformed, that but within these twenty or thirtie yeares would have drawne the passers by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them.—*Rich's Honestie of this Age*, 1615.

Periwigs also have been an ancient vanity, and assumed by them, who were not well pleased with nature's donative, for the Romans (as many gallants among us) wore haire which they bought instead of their own.—*Bulwer's Artificiall Changling*, 1653.

Well (Madam Time) be ever bald,
I'le not thy *perywig* be call'd.
I'le never be, 'stead of a lover,
An aged chronicles new cover.—*Cleveland's Poems*, 1651.

Further observations on periwigs, and on the practice of using the hair of dead people for their material, will be found in the notes to Timon of Athens.

⁶⁶ *Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine.*

The expression, "eyes grey as glass," was proverbial, and grey eyes were formerly considered signs of great beauty. Malone, observing that *grey*, when applied to the eye, is rendered by Coles, *ceruleus*, *glaucus*, says that by a grey eye was meant what we now call a blue eye; an opinion supported by the circumstance that the expression is found in the old romances as synonymous with the Anglo-Norman *yeux vairs*, which Roquefort translates, *yeux bleus*. Hulot, however, translates, *cæsius*, 'graye eyed,' *Abecclarium*, 1552, and Chaucer speaks of "cyen graie as is a faucon," *Romaunt of the Rose*, 546. "Hyre eyzen aren grete ant gray y-noh," MS. Harl. 2253. Compare Chaucer's *Reve's Tale*, 3972.

Her eyen gray as glas,
Melk-whyt was her face.—*Lybeaus Disconus*.

Hur eyen were gray as any glas,
Mowthe and nose schapen was
At all maner ryght.—*The Erle of Tolous*.

Full semily her wimple pinchid was:
Her nose was tretes, her yin gray as glas,
Her mouth full smale, and thereto soft and red,
But sikirly she had a fayr forehed.
Prologues of the Canterbury Tales, 151.

Yn a scarlet mantelle woundyn,
And with a goldyn gyrdylle bowndyn,
Hys eyen grey as crystalle stone.—*Eglamour*, 861.

His eyen are gray as any glasse.
Romance of Sir Isebras, Utterson, i. 87.

The haire of your head shyneth as the pure gold;
Your eyes as gray as glasse, and right amiable;
Your smylyng countenance so lovely to behold,
To us all is moste pleasant and delectable.
Life and Repentaunce of Marie Magdalene, 1567.

He acursed the time that hir say
 Felice with hir eyghen gray;
 Hir gray eyghen, hir nebbis schene,
 For hir mi' luf is michc, I wene.—*Guy of Warwike*, p. 6.

Than seyde the queene, wythout lesynge,
 Yf he bryngeth a fayrer thyngc,
 Put out my ceyn gray.—*Lawnful*, 810.

Thomas stondand in that sted,
 And beheld that lady gay,
 Hir here that hong upon hir hed,
 Hir cen semyd out that were so gray.
Thomas and the Fairy Queen, MS. Cantab.

Her arme smalle, her mydyll gent,
 Her ysen grey, her browes bente.
Syre Gawene and the Carle of Carelyle.

Her eyen gray and stepe
 Causeth myne hert to lepe.—*Phyllyp Sparowe*.

⁶⁷ *Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.*

A high forehead, observes Dr. Johnson, was, in our author's time, accounted a feature eminently beautiful. So, in the History of Guy of Warwick, 'Felice his lady' is said to have '*the same high forehead as Venus.*' Again, in the Tempest:—'with foreheads *villainous low.*'

The English commonly love a high forehead, and the midwives and nurses use much art and endeavour by stroaking up their foreheads, and binding them hard with fillets, to make the foreheads of children to be faire and high, and we are now very lately returned from the practise of clowding the forehead with a præciplies of haire, and to nourish a foretop, which tends most to the advancement of the forehead, and the glory of the countenance.—*Bulwer's Man Transform'd, or the Artificiall Changling*, 1653.

⁶⁸ *But I can make respective in myself.*

That is, I can make comparison of. Coles translates *respective* by *relativus*.

⁶⁹ *My substance should be statue in thy stead.*

Statue, a portrait, as in the following passage in the Overbury Characters, ed. 1626,—“Her body is the tilted lees of pleasure, dasht over with a little decking to hold colour: tast her, shee's dead, and fals upon the pallate; the sinnes of other women shew in landscip, farre off and full of shadow, hers in *statue*, neere-hand and bigger in the life.”

The following observations on the passage are extracted from Steevens and Singer:—It would be easy to read with no more roughness than is found in many lines of Shakespeare:—'should be *a* statue in thy stead.' The sense, as Edwards observes, is, “He should have my substance as a *statue*, instead of thee [the picture] who art a senseless form.” This word, however, is used without the article *a* in Massinger's Great Duke of Florence:—'it was your beauty that turn'd me *statue.*' And again, in Lord Surrey's translation of the 4th Æneid:—“And Trojan *statue* throw into the flame.” Again, in Dryden's Don Sebastian:—“try the virtue of that Gorgon face, to stare me into *statue.*” In the City Madam, by Massinger, Sir John Frugal desires that his daughters may take leave

of their lovers' *statues*, though he had previously described them as pictures, which they evidently were.

“In confirmation of M. Mason's note, it may be observed that in the comedy of *Cornelianum Dolium*, act i, scene 5, *statua* is twice used for a picture. They were synonymous terms, and sometimes a statue was called a picture. Thus Stowe, speaking of Elizabeth's funeral, says that when the people beheld ‘her *statue or picture* lying upon the coffin’ there was a general sighing, &c., *Annals*, p. 815, edit. 1631. In the glossary to Speght's Chaucer, 1598, *statue* is explained *picture*; and in one of the inventories of King Henry the Eighth's furniture at Greenwich, several *pictures of earth* are mentioned. These were busts in *terra cotta*, like those still remaining in Wolsey's Palace at Hampton Court.”—*Douce*.

⁷⁰ *Your unseeing eyes.*

So, in Macbeth,—“Thou hast no speculation in these eyes.”—*Steevens*.

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—*Milan. An Abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See where she comes: Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;
I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off:
If we recover that, we are sure enough.¹

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little.

Thu. I 'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

Jul. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.² [*Aside.*

Thu. What says she to my faee?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my faee is blaek.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Blaek men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.³

Jul. 'T is true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*

Thu. How likes she my diseourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I diseourse of love and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aside.*

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it eowardiee. [*Aside.*

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside.*

Pro. That they are out by lease.⁴

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?⁵

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then, she 's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.

'T is true; for friar Laurenee met them both,

As he in penanee wander'd through the forest:

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,

But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:

Besides, she did intend confession

At Patriek's cell this even, and there she was not:

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
 Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
 But mount you presently; and meet with me
 Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
 That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled.
 Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

[*Exit.*]

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,⁶
 That flies her fortune when it follows her:
 I 'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
 Than for the love of reckless Silvia.

[*Exit.*]

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
 Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
 Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.*

Enter SILVIA and Outlaws.

1 Out. Come, come; be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one,
 Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
 But Moses and Valerius follow him.⁷

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
 There is our captain: we 'll follow him that 's fled.
 The thicket is beset; he cannot scape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave;
 Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
 And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!⁸
 This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
 I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
 And to the nightingale's complaining notes
 Tune my distresses, and record⁹ my woes.
 O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
 Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
 Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,¹⁰
 And leave no memory of what it was!¹¹
 Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
 Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain! [*A noise outside.*
 What hallooing, and what stir, is this to-day?
 These are my mates, that make their wills their law,—
 Have some unhappy passenger in chase:
 They love me well; yet I have much to do,
 To keep them from uncivil outrages.
 Withdraw thee, Valentine; who 's this comes here?
[*Retires aside.*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
 (Though you respect not aught your servant doth,)
 To hazard life, and rescue you from him
 That would have forc'd your honour and your love.
 Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
 A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
 And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
 Love, lend me patience to forbear a while.¹²

[*Aside.*

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
 But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [*Aside.*

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
 I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
 Rather than have false Proteus reseue me.
 O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
 Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul;¹³
 And full as much (for more there cannot be)
 I do detest false perjur'd Proteus:
 Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,¹⁴
 Would I not undergo for one calm look?

O, 't is the curse in love, and still approv'd,¹⁵
When women cannot love, where they 're belov'd.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love, where he 's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths,—and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst two,
And that 's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I 'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force you!

Sil. O Heaven!

Pro. I 'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that 's without faith or love;¹⁶
(For such is a friend now;) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's right hand¹⁷
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurs'd!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst.

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,

Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
 By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.¹⁸—
 And, that my love may appear plain and free,
 All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.¹⁹

Jul. O me, unhappy! [Struggles to hide her grief.]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag!²⁰ how now? what's the matter?
 Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring to
 madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 't is: this is it. [Gives a ring.]

Pro. How! let me see:—why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy,²¹ sir, I have mistook; this is the ring
 you sent to Silvia. [Shows another ring.]

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart,²² I gave
 this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
 And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim²³ to all thy oaths,
 And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
 How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?²⁴
 O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
 Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
 Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
 In a disguise of love.²⁵

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
 Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 't is true; O Heaven! were man
 But constant, he were perfect: that one error
 Fills him with faults; makes him run through all th' sins:
 Inconstancy falls off ere it begins:

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
 More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
 Let me be bless'd to make this happy close;
 'T were pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with DUKE and THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:²⁶
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan e'en shall not hold thee.²⁷ Here she stands;
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,²⁸
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love!²⁹
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.³⁰—
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,³¹
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,³²
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile;
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee;
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.

Come, let us go; we will include all jars³³
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?³⁴

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—
Come, Proteus; 't is your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:³⁵
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

Notes to the Fifth Act.

¹ *We are sure enough.*

Sure is safe, out of danger.—*Johnson.*

² *But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.*

This line, in the old copies, is given to Proteus, and Julia's next speech to Thurio. The first correction was suggested by Boswell, and the second by Rowe.

³ *Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.*

“But and (i. e. *an*) she have noe more good manners but to make every black slovenly cloude a pearle in her eye, I shall nere love English moone againe,” Sir Gyles Goosecappe, 1606. “A blacke complexion is alwayes precious in a woman's eye,” Heywood's Second Part of the Iron Age, 1632. “A black man's a jewel in a fair woman's eye,” Ray's Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 61.

In the next line, the allusion is possibly to the spots in the eyes called pearls. Saffron “mingled with the milke of a woman, and laied upon the eies, it staieth such humors as descend into the same, and taketh awaie the red wheales and pearles that oft grow about them,” Harrison's Description of England, p. 234. “Pearles are restorative.—No, not the pearle in the eye,” Breton's Crossing of Proverbs, 2nd Part, 16mo, 1616.

⁴ *That they are out by lease.*

Lord Hailes says that by Thurio's *possessions*, he himself understands his lands and estate. But Proteus chooses to take the word likewise in a figurative sense, as meaning his mental endowments: and when he says they are *out by lease*, he means they are no longer enjoyed by their master (who is a fool), but are leased out to another. The more obvious practical meaning of the latter is evidently, that they are let out on lease, and therefore not so profitable as if he had them in his own hands.

⁵ *Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?*

Sir is the addition of the second folio, which reads thus,—“which of you say saw Sir Eglamoure of late,” the word *say* being omitted in the fourth folio.

⁶ *To be a peevish girl.*

Peevish here, and in some other places, means *foolish*.

⁷ *Moses and Valerius.*

The names of two of the outlaws. All editors follow the old copy in reading *Moyses*, which was, however, merely an old method of spelling Moses. The original edition of one of Drayton's poems is entitled, "Moyses in a map of his Miracles," 4to. 1604. Valerius is the assumed name of the page in the story of Felismena.

The other monument is an exceeding rich needle worke, interlaeed very eniously with abundance of gold and silver, that presents a very goodly picture of *Moyses*, and histories of matters that happened in *Moyses'* time: this rich tapistry is hanged about the rooffe of the chappell whercin S. Ambrose's body is interred, and is reported to be above two thousand yeares old.—*Coryat's Crudities*, 1611.

⁸ *How use doth breed a habit in a man!*

If imitation *breeds a habite*, he makes it the pledge of sworne brotherhood, or at least the favour of new acquaintance.—*Stephens' Essayes and Characters*, 8vo. Lond. 1615.

With the present speech, and indeed with the corresponding one in *As You Like It*, may be compared the following in Sir P. Sydney's *Arcadia*,—

"And in such contemplation, or as I thinke more excellent, I enjoy my solitarinesse; and my solitarines, perchance, is the nurse of these contemplations. Eagles we see flie alone; and they are but sheepe which alwayes heard together; condemne not therefore my mind sometimes to enjoy itselfe; nor blame not the taking of such times as serve most fit for it. And alas, deare Musidorus, If I bee sadde, who knowes better then you the just causes I have of sadnesse? And here Pyrocles suddenly stopped, like a man unsatisfied in himselfe, though his wit might well have served to have satisfied another; and so looking with a countenance, as though hee desired hee should know his mind without hearing him speake, and yet desirous to speake, to breath out some part of his inward evill, sending again new bloud to his face, he continued his speech in this manner. And, Lord (deare cosin, said he) doth not the pleasantnesse of this place carry in itselfe sufficient reward for any time lost in it? Do you not see how all things conspire together to make this countrie a heavenly dwelling? Do you not see the grasse, how in colour they excell the emeralds, every one striving to passe his fellow, and yet they are all kept of an equall height. And see you not the rest of these beautifull flowers, each of which would require a mans wit to know, and his life to expresse? Do not these stately trees seem to maintain their flourishing old age with the only happinesse of their seat, being clothed with a continual spring, because no beautie here should ever fade? Doth not the aire breath health, which the birds (delightful both to eare and eye) do dayly solemnize with the sweete consent of their voices? Is not every eccho thereof a perfect musicke? and these fresh and delightfull brookes how slowly they slide away, as loth to leave the company of so many things united in perfection? and with how sweete a murmure they lament their forced departure. Certainly, certainly, cosin, it must needs be that some goddesse inhabiteth this region, who is the soule of this soyle: for neither is anie lesse then a goddesse, worthie to be shrined in such a heape of pleasures; nor anie lesse then a goddesse could have made it so perfect a plotte of the celestiaall dwellings."

⁹ *Tune my distresses, and record my woes.*

Record, to sing as birds do. "I recorde as yonge byrdes do, *je patelle*; this byrde recordeth allredy, she wyll synge within a whyle," Palsgrave. The term is almost always applied generally to the singing of birds. "Partly to heare the melodie of the sweete birdes which recorded," Rosalynde, 1590. "Recording to the silver

Extracts from Shakespeare's Plays, selected from a Manuscript Common-place-book of the seventeenth century, exhibiting some examples of the unauthorized alterations in the text which were common at that period.

What, Angry Sr Thunio? Do you charge
tolow? Val: Give him leave Madam. he is
a kind of Amaleon. Titu: That hath more
minds to feed on your blood, than live in
your ayre. 2 Gent. of Verona.

Be dignified with the high honour,
to beare my Ladies traine, lest the base
Earth, should from her vesture thanse
to steale a kiss, and of so great a favour
growing proud, disdain to beare the
Common frooling flower, and make rough
Winter everlastingly. 2 Gent. of Verona.

As rich in having such a jowell, as
twenty Seas, if all their Sand were pearle,
their water Nottar, and the rocks pure
gold. 2 Gentlemen of Verona.

Tis, tis, how wayward is this fool:
ifh Love, that like a tefty babe will
Jex with his Wife, and by and by all
humbled, kiss y Rod. 2 Gent of Verona

My eares are stupt, and cannot
heare good newes, so much of bad all.
ready hath possert them. Pro: Then in
dull silence will I bury mine, for they
are harsh untunable and bad. 2 Gent:

As the most forward bud is eaten
by the Canter ere it blow: even so
by Love, the yong and tender wit is
turn'd to folly, blasted in the bud,
losing his verdure even in y prime,
and all the faire effects of future hopes.
2 Gentlemen of Verona.

Oh Heaven, were man but con-
stant he were perfect: that one
error, fills him with faults, makes
him run through all sins. 2 Gent of Ver

Alas poor Protous! Thou hast one
tortur'd the Fox to be the Shepherd
of thy Lambs. 2 Gentlemen of Verona.

When the houre overslips me in the
day, when in I fight not for thy sake,
the next ensuing houre some foule mish-
thance, torment me for my loves for
got fullnes. 2 Gentlemen of Verona.

If hearty sorrow be a sufficient
ransome for offenses, I tender it how
I do as truly sorrow, as ere I did
commit: 2 Gentlemen of Verona.

If thou linger in our territories,
longer than the swiftest expedition,
will give thee time; to leave our royall
all Court, by heaven my wrath shall
far exceed — 2 Gent. of Verona.

Tis, tis, how wayward is this fool:
ifh love, that like a tefty babe will
struth this Nurse, and by and by all
humbled kiss the rod? 2 Gent of Verona.

Lovers break not houre, unless it
be to some before the time, so much
they spur their expedition. 2 Gent of Ver

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
leave not the mansion so long Tenantles,
lest proving ruinow, the building fall
2 Gent: of Verona.

Full of new found oathes, which
he will break as easily, as I do tear
this paper. 2 Gentlemen of Verona.

O my heavenly Jowell. Merry W of Wind

The offense is holy that she hath
committed, and this dooeth lose the
name of disobedience and undicious
titles; since therein she expiates a
thousand irreligious turfed houre,
which for thy Marriage would have
brought upon her. Merry Wives of

flood," Shepherd's Garland, 1593. "How the birds record," Pilgrim. "Now birds record with harmonie," England's Helicon, 1614. "Sweet Philomel, not once recording of a note," *ibid.* "Then began she to record in verses, and therewithall to sing so sweetly," Twine's Patterne of Painefull Adventures, n. d. The verb *tune* is also applied to the singing of birds, as in the popular distich,—“In June, the birds begin to tune.”

Who taught the nyghtyngall to *recorde* besyly
Her strange entunys in sylence of the nyght?
Interlude of Nature, n. d.

When every byrde *records* hir lovers lay,
And westerne windes do foster forth our floures.
Gascoigne's Complaint of Philomene, 1576.

Even so within there wants no pleasing sound
Of virginals, of vials, and of lutes,
Upon the which persons not few were found
That did *record* their loves and loving sutes.
Harington's Ariosto, vii. 18, p. 50.

Fayre Philomel, night musicke of the spring,
Sweetly *records* her tunefull harmony.
Drayton's Shepherd's Garland, 1593.

The day is clear, the welkin bright and gray,
The lark is merry, and *records* her notes.
Peele's Old Wives Tale, 1595.

Whose heavy tunes do evermore *record*
With mournful lays, the losses of her love.—*Wily Beguiled*.

¹⁰ *Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall.*

An old MS. common-place-book reads, *proving ruinous*, an unauthorised and useless variation. The edifice of love, or speaking of love as a building, is a favorite image in Shakespeare. It again occurs in the Comedy of Errors, the 119th Sonnet, in Antony and Cleopatra, and in Troilus and Cressida.

¹¹ *And leave no memory of what it was.*

That I may vanish o'er the earth in air,
And leave no memory that e'er I was.
Marlowe's Jew of Malta, Works, ed. Dyce, i. 256.

¹² *Lend me patience to forbear a while.*

That is, as Mr. Dyce observes, “Lend me patience not to discover myself till I have overheard more: he accordingly keeps in the background, till Proteus proceeds to assault Silvia. It is evident that, after he has spoken the line last cited, Valentine, instead of quitting the stage so as to be out of ear-shot, listens with intense interest to the dialogue between Proteus and Silvia.”

¹³ *Whose life's as tender to me as my soul.*

“As dear, as much the object of tenderness and care. To *tender* signifies, to take care of; to regard with kindness. So, in the present play,—

I thank you, madam, that you *tender* her;
Poor gentlewoman, my master wrongs her much.”—*Malone*.

¹⁴ *What dangerous action, stood it next to death.*

Et nihil est quod non effræno captus amore,
Ausit.——— *Ovid.*

Amor timere neminem verus potest.—*Seneca.*

¹⁵ *And still approv'd.*

Approv'd, proved or shown by experience or proof. So in the Workes of Taylor, the Water-Poet, 1630,—

When Paul the third the Romish miter wore,
He had contributory truls such store,
To five and forty thousand they amount,
As then Rome's register gave true account.
Besides, it was approv'd, the gaine was cleere
Full twenty thousand duckats every yeere.

And in another place in the same volume,—

Another takes great paines with inke and pen,
Approving fat men are true honest men.

With respect to the second next speech of Proteus, it may be just worth while to quote the following parallel passage from the Warres of Cyrus, King of Persia, 4to. Lond. 1594,—

Nay, then, if amorous courting will not serve,
Know, whether thou wilt or no, Ile make thee yeeld.

¹⁶ *That's without faith or love.*

That used for *who*. See vol. i. p. 277; and other examples in the present volume, pp. 28, 31.

¹⁷ *Who should be trusted, when one's right hand.*

The second folio reads *trusted now*, and Sir Thomas Hanmer, *one's own*; but the original text is in consonance with the metrical usage of the period. A few lines previously, the second folio reads, *thou treacherous man*.

¹⁸ *By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.*

“Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance,” Luke, xv.

¹⁹ *All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.*

It has been proposed to read *thine* for *mine*, I think erroneously. The following observations by me on this line were published some years ago in another work:

Should the original novel, supposing one to exist, ever be discovered, it will probably be found to assimilate more to the ancient tales of perfect friendship, than might be suspected from Shakespeare's play. In venturing upon this conjecture, I have been guided in a great measure by the romantic generosity of Valentine in the last act, which scarcely looks like a free result of the poet's own invention. It is quite true he might have found similar instances in several old tales of this kind, but it seems more natural to suppose that he transferred it from the same source to which we are indebted for the play, than that the incident was introduced from another copy. That any editor can have a doubt as to Shakespeare's intention to represent Valentine's generosity so great, that, in the excess of his rapture for the repentance of Proteus, he gives up to him all his right in Silvia, would be improbable, had we not two late instances of attempts to explain the

scene in a different manner; but any interpretation which destroys the literal meaning of Valentine's gift, renders Julia's exclamation,—'O me unhappy!'—which immediately follows, entirely unmeaning. One editor thinks Valentine suspected Silvia's purity from her position with Proteus in the forest, and is therefore giving his friend a present no longer desirable to himself; but it would be difficult to imagine a supposition that would more completely destroy the poetry and romance of Valentine's character.

Mr. Phelps offers the following very ingenious opinion,—“we rather incline to the belief that this surrender, which has been described as an overstrained and too generous act of friendship, may have been intended by Valentine merely as a test of the sudden penitence of Proteus.”

²⁰ *Why, boy! why, wag!*

The term *wag* was applied, in Shakespeare's time, to any clever or wild person, especially to a youth. The exact modern meaning of the word *wag* did not, I believe, come into use until late in the seventeenth century. “*Goinfre*, a wag, slipstring, knavish lad,” Cotgrave. “*Sagoin*, a little crackrope, slipstring, knavish wag, unhappie lad,” *ibid.* “The archest wagg, the sweetest child,” *Rival Queens*, 1677. In the *Newe Metamorphosis*, a MS. written about the year 1600, Ovid is termed “that same wanton wagger.”

²¹ *Cry you mercy.*

So the first folio, modern editors reading *your*. The original phrase is common,—I beg pardon of you. The modern reprint of the first folio reading *your*, it may be well to observe that three copies of the original in my possession agree with the text here adopted.

I cry you mercy, sir; loosers may speake.
Heywood's Wise Woman of Hogsdon, 1638.

²² *At my depart.*

Depart, departure. So, in the old comedy of *Wily Beguilde*, first published in 1606,—

Thus far, fair love, we pass in secret sort
Beyond the compass of thy father's bounds,
Whilst he on down-soft bed securely sleeps,
And not so much as dreams of our *depart*.

And in the *Workes of Taylor, the Water-Poet*, 1630,—

The constable had stolne our oares away,
And borne them thence a quarter of a mile,
Quite through a lane, beyond a gate and stile,
And hid them there, to hinder my *depart*;
For which I wish'd him hang'd with all my heart.

²³ *Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths.*

The *aim* here is Julia, the object of all his oaths. The expression of giving aim is technical in a different sense, standing within a convenient distance from the butts, to inform the archers how near their arrows fell to the mark. The metaphorical meaning from this would generally be interpreted, to direct, to approve, which some think is the sense of the phrase in the present line. “We'll stand by, and give aim, and holoo, if you hit the clout,” *Greene's Tu Quoque*, or the *Cittie Gallant*, n. d. “This way I toil in vain, and give but aim to infamy and ruin,” *Roaring Girl*, i. 1. “I am the mark, sir; I'll give aim to you, and tell you how near you shoot,” *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612. “I must give aime no longer,” the *Faire Quarrel*, 1617. “A mother to give aim to her own daughter,”

Revenger's Tragœdie, 1607. "Shame to us all, if we give ayme to that," Hector of Germany, 1615. "You should have fought stil; 'twould have bin my glory to have given ayme," *ibid.* "He gives me aim, I am three bows too short," All's Lost by Lust, 1633. "Before his face plotting his owne abuse, to which himselfe gives ayme," Middleton's Mad World my Masters, 1608.

Of *gevinge ayme* I cannot tell well what I should saye. For in a straunge place it taketh awaye all ocession of foule game, which is the onlye prayse of it; yet by my judgement it hindereth the knowledge of shootinge, and maketh men more negligent, which is a disprayse.—*Ascham.*

Am I a king, and beare no authoritie? My loving kindred committed to prison as traytors in my presence, and I stand to *give ayme* at them.—*The True Tragedie of Richard the Third*, 1594.

The Queene being honoured with a diadem of starres, France, Spain, and Belgia, lift up their heads, preparing to do as much for England, by *giving ayme*, whilst she shot arrowes at her own brest (as they imagined) as she had done (many a yeare together) for them.—*Decker's Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603.

Heaven suffers it, and sees it, and *gives ayme*,
Whilst even our Empire's heart is cleft in sunder.

Decker's Whore of Babylon, 1607.

And thus on all hands setting up their rest,
And all make forward for this mighty day,
Where every one prepares to doe his best,
When at the stake their lives and fortunes lay,
No crosse event their purposes to wrest,
Being now on in so direct a way:
Yet whilst they play this strange and doubtfull game,
The Queen stands off and secretly *gives ayme*.—*Drayton.*

The people had much ado to keep peace; but Bankes and Tarleton had like to have squared, and the horse by, to *give ayme*.—*Tarlton's Jestes*, 1611.

While lovely Venus stands to *give the aim*,
Smiling to see her wanton bantling's game.—*Drayton's Ecl.* vii.

Eu. Nay, child, thou wilt be tempted. *Pre.* Tempted! tho I am no mark in respect of a huge but, yet I can tell you great bubbers have shot at me, and shot golden arrowes, *but I myself give ayme*, thus; wide, four bowes; short, three and a halfe; they that crack me shall find me as hard as a nut of Galisia; a parrot I am, but my teeth too tender to crack a wanton's almond.—*The Spanish Gipsie*, 1653.

²⁴ *How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?*

That is, the root of her heart. The allusion, as Steevens observes, is to cleaving the pin in archery.

²⁵ *If shame live in a disguise of love.*

That is, if shame exists, if there be any shame, in a disguise adopted for the purposes of true and virtuous love.

²⁶ *Come not within the measure of my wrath.*

The length of my sword, the reach of my anger.—*Johnson.*

²⁷ *Milan e'en shall not hold thee.*

The original text has, "*Verona* shall not hold thee," which is clearly erroneous. Theobald would read, "Milan shall not behold thee;" and the

Perkins MS.,—"Milano shall not hold thee," which latter I should be inclined to accept, if it could be shown that the city was ever called *Milano* by Elizabethan writers.

²⁸ *To make such means for her as thou hast done.*

That is, to make such interest for, to take such disingenuous pains about her. So, in King Richard III.:—"One that *made means* to come by what he hath."—*Steevens*.

Taverner was condemned on Thursday last at the King's Bench, for killing a gentleman, one Bird, in the field, above four or five years since; though there hath been great *means* made for his life, yet it is thought he shall die for it.—*Letter dated* A. D. 1606.

²⁹ *And think thee worthy of an empress' love.*

A kind of proverbial phrase, which has previously occurred in the second act of this play. A similar one occurs in Othello,—“O, the world hath not a sweeter creature; she might lie by an emperor's side.”

³⁰ *Repeal thee home again.*

Repeal, recall. “*Repeale*, to call backe from banishment,” Cockeram's English Dictionarie, ed. 1626. “*Repeal*, to call back again,” Bullokar, ed. 1671. It is also similarly explained by Cawdray, 1604. “*Rappeler*, to repeale, revoke, recall, call backe, fetch or withdrawe from,” Cotgrave. “To call back again,” so glossed in the Acad. Compl. 1654.

³¹ *Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit.*

That is, plead thou a new state, &c. The second folio reads *arrival'd*, probably a mere error of the press.

³² *That I have kept withal.*

Keep, to dwell or associate with. This use of the word is still common in the provinces. “To keep, dwell, *habito*, *moror*,” Coles.

³³ *We will include all jars.*

That is, we will enclose or surround all our differences with triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity, so that they shall no longer be perceived. “To include, to shut in, to containe within,” Cawdray, 1604. “To include, or inclose,” Minsheu. “*Include*, to containe, to shut in,” Cockeram's English Dictionarie, 1626. “*Enclorre*, to include, inclose, compasse, hedge, imparke, infould, shut in or up,” Cotgrave. “To include or shut in, *incerrár*,” Percivale's Dictionarie, 1599. “Include, to shut in,” Williams' Poetical Piety, 1677. “To include, *includo*,” Huloet. Hanmer reads *conclude*, but the original text makes very good sense. The Perkins MS. and Mr. Wheeler's annotated copy of the third folio agree with Hanmer. Similar uses of the verb *include* occur in Troilus and Cressida,—“everything includes itself in power,” that is, is shut in or enclosed within power, is comprised in power; and in 1 Henry VI.,—“dispersed are the glories it included,” that is, surrounded or shut up within it.

It is, however, very possible that *include* and *conclude* were sometimes indiscriminately used. At all events, instances of the latter word, where we should now write *include*, can readily be produced.

If, therefore, the scope of mortalitie consist in the fruition of imparadised content, or a contented paradise, how requisite is it that knights (for under these titles of honour doe I *conclude* true lovers) should loose the freedome of their owne wils, to be servicable to the wils of their choycest ladies.—*Ford's Honor Triumphant*, 1606.

Banisht the court! Let me be banisht life,
 Since the chiefe end of life is there *concluded*.

Ben Jonson's Poetaster, 4to. Lond. 1602, sig. I. ii.

³⁴ *What think you of this page, my lord?*

The Perkins MS. reads *stripling page*, and Kemble, *pretty page*, mere modernizations of the metre. So another 'improver' of the text reads,—"What think you of this page, my *worthy* lord?" Thus the line occurs in the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona, a Comedy written by Shakespeare, with alterations and additions, as it is performed at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane,' Svo. Lond. 1763. The author of this anonymous alteration, Benjamin Victor, has added several passages of his own, especially two scenes between Launce and Speed in the last act.

A similar alteration occurs in a line in the previous act, where the Perkins MS. reads,—“Madam, *so* please you *to* peruse this letter,” and Victor,—“Madam, *may't* please you *to* peruse this letter.” Kemble reads *may it*, and *to peruse*.

³⁵ *The story of your loves discovered.*

“Nothing remained but that Proteus, the false friend, was ordained, by way of penance for his love-prompted faults, to be present at the recital of the whole story of his loves and falsehoods before the duke; and the shame of the recital to his awakened conscience was judged sufficient punishment.”—*C. Lamb*.

Collations of the Second compared with the First Folio.—P. 20, col. 1, Pray for *thy* success; col. 2, *losing* his verdure, *lose* my time, in *losing* him, and I a sheep. P. 21, col. 1, and I *said* I, both delivered, in telling *her* mind, you have *testern'd* me, *hencefore* carry your letter, now *are we* alone. P. 22, col. 1, another letter *Exit*, do what you will *Enter*; col. 2, I see things *to*, *nor* tutor'd in the world, *whither* were I best. P. 23, col. 1, *Pro* (omitted in the third line), *suddenly* proceed, with *Valentino*, takes all away *Enter*, your father calls; col. 2, *lost* her grandam, you *look't* sadly. P. 24, col. 2, *there's* an end. P. 25, col. 2, to any messenger, know *you* Don Antonio. P. 26, col. 1, no *welcome* news, Love can wink *Enter*, confirm *this* welcome, welcome *hither*, a worthy mistress, look *to* hear; col. 2, for Love delights in *praise*, whose worth *makes* other, will you make haste (the *Exit* omitted), is it mine *then* or *Valentinean's* praise. P. 27, col. 1, dazl'd *so*, use my skill *Exit*, *scena quarta*, it stands under thee (*Spee*. omitted but inserted in ed. 1664), thou that my master; col. 2, to the ale-house *so*, thus find I *but* their loss, to plot *his* drift. P. 28, col. 1, to be *fantantastique*; col. 2, instances *as* infinite of love, undeserving *as as* I am. P. 29, col. 1, and thou may'st, Sir Valentine is coming *Enter*, *whither* away so fast; col. 2, *it's* not to have, if *this* his tongue (corrected in ed. 1664), under a *clock* (corrected *ibid.*). P. 30, col. 1, make speed from hence *Exit*, I fly away from life *Enter Pro. and Launs*, whom wouldst thou strike; col. 2, hapless Valentine *Exeunt*, in a maid with clean hands *Enter Speed*. P. 31, col. 1, she need not *to* be wash'd, here *follows* her vices, oh *villainy* that set down among her vices, more *hairs* than wit, twice or thrice in that article; col. 2, takes his going *heavily*, I prove *royal* to your grace (corrected in ed. 1664), to look upon *you* grace (corrected *ibid.*), and also I *do* think, whom she *esteems* as his friend. P. 32, col. 1, *and* dance on sands; col. 2, *shrink'd* not (corrected in ed. 1664), I have little to *lose*, *whither* travel you, I often had been miserable, have you any *things* to take to, live as we do in *the* wilderness. P. 33, col. 1, let's *turn*; col. 2, fear not I will so plead, my will is *ever* this. P. 34, col. 1, for in *his* grave, execution in the morn *Exeunt*, and the most heaviest *Exeunt*, no grief did come so near thy heart. P. 35, col. 1, I'll do *sir* what I can, the

dog you *bade* me, by the hangman's *boy* in the market-place, that still-an-end turns me to shame *Exit*, therefore know *thou* for this I entertain *he*, sad and solitary *Exit*; col. 2, I would not have him speed *Enter Silvia*; as *easy* as I do tear his paper. P. 36, col. 1, there is a purse, out of love with thee *Exit*; col. 2, which of you *say* saw *Sir Eglamour*, unto *the* peasant, *whither* they are fled, *where* it follows her. P. 37, col. 1, *ought* your servant doth, *seized* by a hungry lion; col. 2, descended into perjury to *deceive* me, I'll *move* you like a soldier, *thou* treacherous man, who should be trusted *now*. P. 38, col. 2, in thy *arrival'd* merit, and *all* solemnity.—*Collations of the Third compared with the Second Folio*. P. 20, col. 1, where *score* is bought. P. 21, col. 1, *henceforth* carry your letter, that every *clay* with *parle*. P. 22, col. 1, give a note, belike it hath some *burthen* then, you *arr* too saucy, I bid *thee* base; col. 2, I see things *too*, *Panthion* and *Protheus*, whereon this *moneth*. P. 23, col. 1, and *there's* an end, come on *Panthion*; col. 2, by gazing on her. P. 24, col. 1, but my duty; col. 2, and seal *this* bargain, all the kind of *thee* *Launces*. P. 25, col. 1, thy *master's* is shipp'd. P. 26, col. 2, to prefer her *too*, determin'd *off*, is by a *new* object quite forgotten. P. 27, col. 2, I meant *not* thy *master*. P. 28, col. 1, and *even* in kind love, of such divine *perfections*, the *inchly* touch of love, why *even* what fashion; col. 2, undeserving as I am, being *unprepared* to your timeless grave. P. 29, col. 1, *whether* away so fast, 'tis not unknown *so* thee; col. 2, whatever she *doth* say, to guide the heavenly *cat*. P. 30, col. 1, there's not *an* hair, for they *art* harsh; col. 2, meet me at *thee* North-gate. P. 31, col. 1, *Sp*. That makes amends, I pray *the* out with't; col. 2, *pox* on your love-letters, she *perseveres* so, it is *spoken* in hate. P. 32, col. 2, we'll make you *sir*, or else often had, *there* above the rest. P. 33, col. 1, the more it grows *fawneth*, but *I shall* hear him speak; col. 2, as *I take it* (omitted). P. 34, col. 1, and call *her* thence. P. 35, col. 1, not I bid *the* still mark me, no indeed *she did* not, get *the* hence, for this I entertain *thee*, and now *I am*; col. 2, his changing thoughts *forgot*. P. 36, col. 1, were there sense in *this* idolatry; col. 2, when *they* talk of war, *Pro. Not I*. P. 37, col. 1, Go thou *thither* to the West end of the wood; col. 2, *though* treacherous man, then *am I* paid. P. 38, col. 1, *the* names of the actors; col. 2, repeal *the* home again.—*Collations of the Fourth compared with the Third Folio*. P. 20, col. 1, *an* hapless gain, and writers say; col. 2, *gavest* thou my letter. P. 21, col. 1, that every *day*. P. 22, col. 1, you minion *art*; col. 2, whereon this *month*, by industry *achieved*. P. 23, col. 1, of *commendation*; col. 2, when you *walked*. P. 25, col. 1, mark *what* moan she makes, thy *master* is shipp'd, you'll *lose* the tide; col. 2, and *tho'* myself. P. 27, col. 2, *tho'* he burn himself in love. P. 28, col. 1, of such divine *perfection*; col. 2, myself *is* one. P. 29, col. 1, 'tis not unknown *to* thee, if she *respects* not words; col. 2, whatever she *doth* say, *tho'* ne'er, this night *will I* enfranchise thee. P. 30, col. 1, for they *are* harsh; col. 2, *tho'* not for thyself, at *the*, catalog of her *conditions*. P. 31, col. 1, and *therefore* comes the proverb, *La* that makes, I pray *thee*. P. 32, col. 1, and *afterwards* determine; col. 2, some sixteen *months*. P. 33, col. 1, and *to* it lustily, I pray what is it; col. 2, have them *play always* but one thing, I thank you for *you* music. P. 34, col. 2, he had *suffer'd* for't. P. 35, col. 1, I bid *thee* still mark me, get *thee* hence; col. 2, tear *this* paper, *tho'* his false fingers *hath*, wept *an* hundred several times. P. 36, col. 2, which of you saw, *Enter Silvia*. P. 37, col. 1, what *hollowing*, this service *have I* done for you, *tho'* you respect; col. 2, *tho* treacherous man. P. 38, col. 2, repeal *thee* home again.

The
Merry Wives of Windsor.

EARLY EDITIONS.

(1). A vitiated imperfect copy, surreptiously printed in 4to. 1602. See the Introduction.

(2). Another edition of the same, 4to. 1619.

(3). The perfect comedy first printed in the folio edition of 1623, in the Division of Comedies, pp. 39 to 60, sigs. D2—E6 v°.

(4). The Merry Wives of Windsor, with the Humours of Sir Iohn Falstaffe, as also the swaggering Vaine of Ancient Pistoll and Corporall Nym. Written by William Shake-speare. Newly Corrected. London: Printed by T. H. for R. Meighen, and are to be sold at his Shop next to the Middle-Temple Gate, and in S. Dunstans Church-yard in Fleet-street, 1630. 4to. Sigs. A 1 (title-page); A 2—K 3, in fours.

(5). In the folio edition of 1632; the pagination and signatures the same as in the first folio.

(6). In the folio of 1664; pages and sigs. *ibid.*

(7). In the folio of 1684, in the Division of Comedies, pp. 35 to 54, sigs. C 6—E 3 v°.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE appears to be every probability that the main incidents of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* were invented by Shakespeare himself. The circumstances of the scene of the play being selected at a town in his own country; of the manners, costume, and allusions being entirely English; and of the traditional account of the occasion on which the drama was said to have been written, all lead to the conclusion that we possess, in the following comedy, a genuine example of the efforts of Shakespeare's comic powers directed upon a plot of his own invention. The few similarities which have been pointed out in contemporary novels, tend to favor this hypothesis; for they are merely sufficient to show that nothing more than a trifling suggestion was derived from those sources.

The incident of an intriguing lover unwittingly exposing his stratagems to the confidence of the lady's husband, is to be found in romances of a very early period. It occurs in one of the tales in *Il Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni, written at the end of the fourteenth century, accompanied by the circumstance that the lover, in the first interview, is concealed under a heap of half-dried linen. In this narrative (the first in the following collection), a professor at Bologna instructs his pupil in the art of love, and the scholar practises his lessons on his master's wife, not knowing that she is the spouse of his preceptor, and comes daily to report his success to the husband (*Dunlop*, ii. 316-7). A nearly literal version (2) of Giovanni's tale is found in an old English story-book, entitled, 'The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers,' one edition of which was published in 1632, and it may have been known to Shakespeare in a more ancient edition of the work, or in some other collection. A similar story is related by Straparola (3), in which, after three

escapes, the lover is warned by a ring, deposited in his cup of wine, that he is narrating his adventures in the presence of her husband, and has the discretion to turn the laugh against the latter by pretending the whole to be an invention of his own. This tale, with possibly a little colouring from that in *Il Pecorone*, is given in English in *Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie*, 4to, Lond. 1590, a work which was, in all probability, known to Shakespeare. According to this later version (4), the lover is concealed in "a great drie-fatte full of feathers;" and there are some minor coincidences, pointed out in the notes, which would lead to the conclusion that a perusal of the tale had left a few traces on the poet's mind.

There is another tale in *Straparola*, which may possibly have suggested the incident of Falstaff intriguing with two women at the same time. In this story (5), a young man makes love to three ladies, who, having ascertained from each other the fact of the discursive character of his affections, resolve on taking revenge. In the interview with the first lady, he is nearly torn to pieces by being concealed under a bed where a large quantity of thorns had been purposely deposited; and he is exposed in an equally serious manner by the two others. The youth, in his turn, revenges himself on the ladies in a very extraordinary method, the details of which are not very delicate; but this latter portion of the story is here omitted, as being unconnected with the present subject. The five tales, now given, comprise every circumstance of the slightest value, yet discovered, respecting the origin of the plot of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*; and the reader will perceive there is nothing contained in them, which, in any way, controverts the opinion that the play, in all essential particulars, is founded on a story of the author's own invention. The following pieces consist of,—1. The tale from *Il Pecorone di Ser Giovanni Fiorentino*.—2. The old English version of this story in 'The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers,' 1632; reprinted in 1685.—3. The tale in *Straparola*, the one first mentioned.—4. The tale of the two Lovers of Pisa, from *Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie*, 1590.—5. The second tale from *Straparola*, in which the youth makes love to the three ladies at once.

(1). Egli hebbe in Roma in casa i Savelli due compagni e consorti, l'uno de quali haveva nome Bucciolo e l'altro Pietro Paolo, ben nati, e assai ricchi dell' avere del mondo: perch'eglino si posero in cuore d'andare à studiare à Bologna; e l'uno volle apparar legge, e l'altro decreto, e cosi presero commiato da

parenti loro, e vennero à Bologna: e ordinatamente l'uno udì legge e l'altro decreto, e così studiarono per ispazio di più tempo. Et, come voi sapete, il decreto è di minor volume che non è la legge, però Bucciolo, che udiva decreto, apparò più tosto, che non fe Pietro Paolo: perchè essendo licenziato, e' prese per partito di ritornarsi à Roma, e disse à Pietro Paolo. Fratel mio, poi ch'io son licenziato, io ho fermo di volermi ritornare à casa. Rispose Pietro Paolo, io ti priego, che tu non mi lasci qui, ma piacciati d'aspettarmi questo verno, e poi à primavera noi ce n'andremo. Tu in questo mezo potrai apparare qualche altra scienza, e non perderai tempo. Di che Bucciolo fu contento, e promise gli d'aspettarlo. Onde avvenne che Bucciolo, per non perder tempo, se n'andò al maestro suo, e disse, Io mi son deliberato d'aspettare questo mio compagno e parente; e però voglio che vi piaccia d'insegnarmi qualche bella scienza in questo tempo. Rispose il maestro, ch'era contento, e però gli disse, Eleggi quale scienza tu vuoi, e io te la insegnerò volentieri; e Bucciolo disse, Maestro mio, io vorrei apparare come s'innamora, e che modo si tiene. Rispose il maestro quasi ridendo, Questo mi piace, e non potresti haver trovato scienza, di che io fossi più contento, che di questa. Et però vattene domenica mattina alla chiesa de frati minori, quando vi saranno ragunate tutte le donne; e porrai mente se ve n'ha nessuna che ti piaccia: e quando l'havrai trovata, seguila infino che tu vegga dove ella sta, e poi torna da me; e questa sia la prima parte, ch'io voglio che tu appari. Partissi Bucciolo, e la domenica mattina vegnente, sendo al luogo de' frati, come il maestro gli haveva detto, e dando d'occhio tra quelle donne, che ve n'erano assai; videvene una fra l'altre, che moltò gli piaceva, perchè ella era assai bella e vaga. Perchè partendosi la donna della chiesa, Bucciolo le tenne dietro, e vide, e apparò la casa, dov'ella stava; onde la donna s'avvide, che questo scolare s'era incominciato à innamorare di lei, e Bucciolo ritornò al maestro, e disse, io ho fatto ciò che voi mi diceste, e honne veduta una, che molto mi piace. Perchè il maestro di questo pigliava grandissimo diletto, e quasi ucellava Bucciolo, veggendo la scienza, ch'egli voleva apparare, gli disse, Fa che tu vi passi ogni dì due o tre volte honestamente, e habbia sempre gli occhi con teco, e guarda che tu non sia veduto guardare allei, ma pigliane con gli occhi quel piacere che tu puoi, sì ch'ella s'avvegga che tu le voglia bene; e poi torna da me. Et questa sia la seconda parte. Bucciolo si partì dal maestro, e cominciò saviamente à passare da casa la donna, sì che la donna s'avvide certamente ch'e'vi passava per lei. Ond'ella cominciò à guardar lui, tal che Bucciolo la cominciò à inchinare saviamente, e ella lui più e più volte, da che Bucciolo s'avvide, che la donna l'amava: per la qual cosa il tutto riferì al maestro, e esso gli rispose, e disse; Questo mi piace, e son contento, e hai saputo ben fare infino à qui; hor conviene che tu trovi modo di far le parlare à una di queste che vanno vendendo per Bologna veli, e borse, e altre cose. Et mandale à dire, che tu se' suo servidore, e che non è persona al mondo, à cui tu voglia meglio che allei, e che tu faresti volentieri cosa che le piacesse: e udirai com'ella ti dirà. Et poi secondo ch'ella ti manda rispondendo, torna da me, e dimmelo: e io ti dirò quel che tu habbia à fare. Bucciolo subito si partì, e trovò una merciaiuola, ch'era tutta atta a quello ufficio, e si le disse; Io voglio che voi mi facciate un grandissimo servizio, e io vi pagherò sì che sarete contenta. Rispose la merciaiuola, io farò ciò che voi mi direte; però ch'io non ci sono per altro, se non per guadagnare. Bucciolo le donò due fiorini, e disse, Io voglio che voi andiate hoggi una volta in una via che si chiama la Mascarella, ove sta una giovane, che si chiama madonna Giovanna, alla quale io voglio meglio che à persona che al mondo sia; e voglio che voi me le raccomandiate, e che voi le diciate, ch'io farei volentieri cosa che le piacesse. E intorno à ciò ditele quelle dolci parole, ch'io so le saprete dire: e di questo vi prego quanto io so e posso. Disse la vecchietta, lasciate fare à me, ch'io piglierò il tempo. Rispose Bucciolo, Andate, ch'io v'aspetto qui. Et ella subitamente si mosse con

un panier di sue meree, e andonne à questa donna, e trovolla à sedere in sull'uscio, e salutolla, e poi le disse, Madonna, havrei io cosa tra queste mie mercantie, che vi piacesse? prendetene arditamente, pur che ve ne piaccia. Et così si pose à sedere con lei, e cominciolle à mostrare e veli, e borse, e cordelle, e specchi, e altre cose. Perche veduto molte cose, molto le piacque una borsa, che v'era: ond'ella disse, S'io havessi danari, io comprerci volentieri questa borsa. Disse la merciaiuola, Madonna e non vi bisogna guardare à cotesto: prendete, se c'è cosa che vi piaccia, però ch'egli è pagato ogni cosa. La donna si maravigliò udendo le parole, e veggendosi fare tante amorevolezze à costei, e disse, Madonna mia, che volete voi dire? Che parole son queste? La vecchietta quasi lagrimando disse, io ve lo dirò. Egli è vero, che un giovane, che ha nome Bucciolo, mi ci ha mandata; il quale v'ama, e vuolvi meglio che à persona che sia al mondo. Et non è cosa che e' potesse fare per voi, che non facesse; e dicemi, che Dio non gli potrebbe fare maggior gratia, che essergli comandato da voi qualche cosa. Et in verità e' mi pare, ch'c' si consumi tutto; tant' è la voglia ch'egli ha di parlarvi; e forse io non vidi mai il più da bene giovane di lui. La donna udendo le parole, si fece tutta di color vermiglio, e volse à costei, e disse, Se non fosse ch'io vi risguardo per amore dell' honor mio, io vi governerei sì, che trista vi farei. Come non ti vergogni tu, sozza vecchia, di venire à una buona donna a dire queste parole; che trista ti faccia Dio. E in questa parola la giovane prese la stanga dell'uscio per volerle dare, e disse, Se tu ci torni mai più, io ti governerò sì, che tu non sarai mai da vedere. Perchè la vecchietta fu presta, e subito prese le cose sue spicchia, e venesene con Dio, e hebbe una grandissima paura di non provare quella stanga, e non si tenne sicura infino ch'ella non guinse à Bucciolo. Come Bucciolo la vide, la domandò di novelle, e come il fatto stava. Rispose la vecchietta, Sta male; per ciò ch'io non hebbi mai la maggior paura; e la conclusion, ella non ti vuole ne udire ne vedere. Et se non fosse ch'io fui presta à partirmi, io havrei forse provato d'una stanga, ch'ella haveva in mano. Quanto per me, io non intendo più tornarvi; e anche consiglio te, che non t'impacci più in questi fatti. Bucciolo rimase tutto sconcolato; e subito se n'andò al maestro, e disse ciò che gli era incontrato. Il maestro lo confortò, e disse, Non temere Bucciolo, che l'albero non cade per un colpo. Et però fa che tu passi stasera, e pon mente, che viso ella ti fa; e guarda, s'ella ti pare corucciata, ò nò; e tornamelo à dire. Mossesi Bucciolo, e andò verso la casa dove stava quella sua donna: la quale quando lo vide venire, subitamente chiamò una sua fanciulla, e dissele, fa che tu vada dietro à quel giovane, e digli per mia parte, che mi venga stasera à parlare, e non falli. Perchè la fanciulla andò à quello, e disse, Messere, dice Madonna Giovanna, che voi vegniate stasera infino allei; e però ch'ella vi vuol parlare. Maravigliossi Bucciolo, e poi le rispose, e disse, Dille ch'io vi verrò volentieri: e subito tornò al maestro, e disse come il fatto stava. Di che il maestro si maravigliò, e in se medesimo hebbe sospetto, che quella non fosse la donna sua, com'ella era: e disse a Bucciolo, Bene, andrai tu? disse Bucciolo, sì bene. Rispose il maestro, fa che quando tu vi vai, tu faccia la via ritto quinci. Disse Bucciolo, sarà fatto; e partissi. Era questa giovane moglie del maestro, e Bucciolo nol sapeva; e'l maestro n'haveva già presa gelosia; perche egli dormiva il verno alla scuola, per leggere la notte à gli scolari, e la donna sua si stava sola ella e la fante. Il maestro disse, Io non vorrei che costui avesse apparato alle mie spese, e per tanto lo vuo sapere. Perche venendo la sera Bucciolo allui, disse, Maestra, io vo. Disse il maestro, Va, e sia savio, Soggiunse Bucciolo, Lasciate fare à me, e partissi dal maestro: e havevasi messo in dosso un buona panciera, e sotto il braccio una giusta spada, e allato un buon coltello; e non andava come ismemorato. Il maestro, come Bucciolo fu partito, si gli avviò dietro, e di tutto questo Bucciolo non sapeva niente; il quale giugnendo all'uscio della donna, come lo toccò, la donna si gli aperse, e miselo dentro.

Quando il maestro s'avvide che questa era la donna sua, venne tutto meno, e disse; Or veggio bene, che costui ha apparato alle mie spese, e si pensò d'ucciderlo, e ritornò alla scuola, e accattò una spada e un coltello; e con molta furia fu tornato à casa con animo di fare villania a Bucciuolo: e giunto all'uscio cominciò con molta fretta à bussare. La donna era à sedere al fuoco con Bucciuolo, e sentendo bussar l'uscio subitamente si pensò che fosse il maestro, e prese Bucciuolo, e nascoselo sotto un monte di panni di buccato, i quali non erano anchora rasciutti, e per lo tempo gli haveva ràgunati in su una tavola à pic d'una finestra. Poi corse all'uscio, e domandò, chi era. Rispose il maestro; Apri, che tu lo potrai ben sapere, mala femina, che tu sei. La donna gli aperse, e veggendolo con la spada, disse, Oime signor mio, ch'è questo? disse il maestro, Ben lo sai tu, chi tu hai in casa. Disse la donna, Trista me, che di tu? sei tu fuori della memoria? cercate ciò che c'è; e se voi ci trovate persona, squartatemi. Come, comincierei io hora à far quello, ch'io non fei mai? guardate, signor mio, che'l nemico non vi facesse veder cosa, che voi perdeste l'anima. Il maestro fece accendere un torchietto, e cominciò à cercare nella cella tra le botti; e poi se ne venne suso, e cercò tutta la camera, e sotto il letto, e mise la spada per lo saccone tutto forandolo: e brevemente e' cercò tutta la casa, e non lo seppe trovare. Et la donna sempre gli era allato col lume in mano, e spesse volte diceva, Maestro mio, segnatevi; che per certo il nemico di Dio v'ha tentato, e havvi mosso à vedere quello che mai non potrebbe essere: che s'io havessi pelo addosso che'l pensasse, io m'ucciderei io stessa. Et però vi priego per Dio, che voi non vi lasciate tentare. Perche il maestro veggendo ch'e' non v'era, e udendo le parole della donna, quasi se'l credette; e poco stante egli spense il lume, e andossene alla scuola. Onde la donna subito serrò l'uscio, e cavò Bucciuolo di sotto i panni, e accese un gran fuoco, e quivi cenarono un grosso e grasso capone, e ebbero di parecchi ragioni vino, e così cenarono di grandissimo vantaggio. Disse la donna più volte, vedi che questo mio marito non ha pensato niente. Et dopo molta festa e solazzo la donna lo prese per mano, e menollo nella camera, e con molta allegrezza s'andarono à letto, e in quella notte si diedero quel piacere, che l'una parte e l'altra volse, rendendo più e più volte l'uno all'altro pace. Et passata la desiata notte venne il giorno: perchè Bucciuolo si levò, e disse, Madonna io mi vuo partire: vorresti voi comandar niente? disse la donna, Sì; che tu ci torni stasera. Disse Bucciuolo, sarà fatto: e preso commiato uscì fuori, e andossene alla scuola, e disse al maestro, Io v'ho da far ridere. Rispose il maestro, Come? Disse Bucciuolo, Hiersera poi che fui in casa colei, e eccoti il marito, e cercò tutta la casa, e non mi seppe trovare: ella m'haveva nascoso sotto un monte di panni di buccato, i quali non erano anchora rasciutti. Et brevemente la donna seppe si ben dire, ch'egli se n'andò fuori: talche noi poi cenammo d'un grosso capone, e beemmo di fini vini con la maggior festa e allegrezza che voi vedeste mai: e così ci demmo vita e tempo infino à dì. E perchè io ho poco dormito tutta notte, mi voglio ire à riposare: perch'io le promisi di ritornarvi stasera. Disse il maestro, fa che quando tu vi vai, tu mi faccia motto. Bucciuolo disse, Volentieri, e poi si partì, e'l maestro rimase tutto infiammato, che per dolore non trovava luogo, e in tutto il dì non potè leggere lettione, tanto haveva il cuore afflitto: e pensossi di giugnerlo la sera vegnente, e accattò una panciera e una cervelliera. Come tempo fu, Bucciuolo non sapendo niente di questo fatto, puramente se n'andò al maestro, e disse, Io vò. Disse il maestro, Va, e torna quinci domattina à dirmi, come tu havrai fatto. Rispose Bucciuolo, il farò, e subito s'avviò verso la casa della donna. Il maestro subito tolse l'arme sua, e uscì dietro à Bucciuolo quasi presso presso: e pensava di guignerlo sull'uscio. La donna che stava attenta, subito gli aperse e miselo dentro, e serrò l'uscio, e'l maestro subito giunse, e cominciò a bussare, e à fare un gran romore. La donna subitamente spense il lume, e mise Bucciuolo dietro à se, e aperse l'uscio, e abbracciò il marito, e

con l'altro braccio mise fuori Bucciuolo, che'l marito non se n'avvide. Et poi cominciò a gridare, Accorri'huomo, accorri'huomo, che'l maestro è impazzato; e parte il teneva stretto abbracciato; I vicini sentendo questo romore corsero, e veggendo il maestro essere così armato, e vedendo la donna che diceva, Tenetelo, ch'egli è impazzato per lo troppo studiare, avisaronsi, e se'l credettero ch'e' fosse fuor della memoria: e cominciarongli à dire; Eh maestro, che vuol dir questo? andatevi su'l letto a riposare, non v'affaticate piu. Disse il maestro, come mi vuo io riposare, quando questa mala femina ha uno huomo in casa, e io ce lo vidi entrare? disse la donna, Trista la vita mia; domandate tutti questi vicini, se mai s'avvidero pur d'un mal' atto di me. Risposero tutte le donne e gli huomini, Maestro non habbate pensiero di cotesto, però che mai non nacque la miglior donna di costei, ne la piu costumata, ne con la miglior fama. Disse il maestro, Come, che io le vidi entrare uno; e so che c'è entrato. In tanto vennero due fratelli della donna; perch'ella subito cominciò a piagnere, e disse, fratelli miei, questo mio marito è impazzato, e dice, ch'io ho in casa uno huomo, e non mi vuole se non morta: e voi sapete bene, se io sono stata femina da quelle novelle. I fratelli dissero; Noi ci maravigliamo, come voi chiamate questa nostra sorella mala femina: e che vi move piu hora che l'altre volte, essendo stata con voi tanto tempo quanto ell'è? Disse il maestro, Io vi so dire, che c'è uno in casa, e io l'ho visto. Rispose i fratelli; Or via, cerchiamo se c'è: et se ci ha, noi faremo di lei si fatta chiarezza, e darenle si fatta punitione, che voi sarete contento. Et l'uno di loro chiamò la sorella, e disse, dimmi il vero, hacci tu persona nessuna in casa? Rispose la donna, oime, che di tu? Christo me ne guardi, et diemi prima la morte, innanzi ch'io volessi haver pelo che'l pensasse. Oime, farei hora quello che non fe mai nessuna di casa nostra? non ti vergogni tu pure à dirmelo? Di che il fratello fu molto contento, e col maestro insieme cominciarono à cercare. Il maestro se n'andò di subito a questi panni, e venne forando, contendendo con Bucciuolo, ò vero credendo che Bucciuolo vi fosse dentro. Disse la donna; Non vi dico io, ch'egli è impazzato, à guastare questi panni? Tu non gli facesti tu. Et così s'avvidero i fratelli, che'l maestro era impazzato: e quando egli hebbero ben cerco ciò che v'era, non trovando persona, disse l'uno dei fratelli; Costui è impazzato: e l'altro disse, maestro, inbuona fè voi fate una grandissima villania à fare questa nostra sorella mala femina. Perche il maestro, ch'era infiammato, e sapeva quel ch'era, cominciò adirarsi forte di parole con costoro, e sempre teneva la spada ignuda in mano; onde costoro presero un buon bastone in mano per uno, e bastonarono il maestro di vantaggio in modo che gli ruppero quei due bastoni adosso, e lo incatenarono come matto, dicendo, ch'egli era impazzato per lo troppo studiare, e tutta notte lo tennero legato; e eglino si dormirono con la loro sorella. Et la mattina mandarono per lo medico, il quale gli fece fare un letto à pie del fuoco; e commando che non gli lasciassero favellare à persona, e che non gli rispondessero à nulla, e che lo tenessero à dieta tanto ch'egli rassottigliasse la memoria; e così fu fatto. La voce andò per Bologna come questo maestro era impazzato, e à tutti ne increseva, dicendo l'un con l'altro, Per certo io me n'avidì infino hieri, percioc'h'e' non poteva leggere la lettion nostra. Alcuno diceva, Io lo vidi tutto mutare: sì che per tutti si diceva, ch'egli era impazzato, e così si ragunarono per andarlo à visitare. Bucciuolo non sapendo niente di questo venne alla scuola, con animo di dire al maestro ciò che gli era intervenuto: e giugnendo gli fu detto, come il maestro era impazzato. Bucciuolo se ne maravigliò, e increbbegliene assai, e con gli altri insieme l'andò à visitare. Et giugnendo alla casa del maestro Bucciuolo, si cominciò à fare la maggior maraviglia del mondo, e quasi venne meno, veggendo il fatto com'egli stava. Ma perche nessuno s'accorgesse di niente, andò dentro con gli altri insieme. Et giugnendo in sulla sala vide il maestro tutto rotto e incatenato giacere su'l letto à piè del fuoco, perche tutti gli scolari si condolsero col maestro,

dicendo, che del caso increseeva loro forte. Onde toccò anche à Bucciuolo à fargli motto, e disse, Maestro mio, di voi m'incresece quanto di padre, e se per me si può far cosa che vi piaceia, fate di me, come die figliuolo. Rispose il maestro, e disse, Bucciuolo, Bucciuolo, vatti con Dio, che tu hai bene apparato alle mie spese. Disse la donna, non date cura a sue parole, però che egli vagella, e non sa ciò ch'egli stesso si favella. Partissi Bucciuolo, e venne a Pietro Paolo, e disse, Fratello mio, fatti con Dio, però ch'io hò tanto apparato, ehe non voglio più apparare, e così si parti, e tornossi à Roma con buona ventura.

(2). *Two friends went to study at Bologna, in Italy. One of them would needs learn of a Doctor the art of making love. The Doctor taught him, but it was at his cost. For his scholar try'd his art upon his wife, to whom he made love in the manner you will find here related.*—Two young gentlemen, who had contracted a streight bond of friendship together, went to Bologna to study, one of them the Law, the other Physick. One was called Lucius, the other Camillus. Being arrived at Bologna, they lodg'd together, and apply'd themselves with very great diligence and success to the sciences to which they had addicted themselves. In fine Camillus, having ended his studies sooner than Lucius, intended to return to Rome; and had infallibly been gone, if Lucius had not conjur'd him, by all the tenderness of the friendship that was between them, to stay and pass away the winter with him there, that they might both return together the next spring. To be short, Camillus yielded to Lucius his intreaties, and resolved upon staying. But, that he might not pass away all his time in idleness, he had a great mind to learn some other science; and, in order to this design, he thus accosted his professor. The friendship, Doctor, which I have for Lucius, obliges me to stay here till next spring. If during this time you will do me the kindness to instruct me in some noble science, I will receive your instructions with joy, and it may be with success. Doubt not any thing on my part, answer'd the Doctor, I am ready to teach you whatsoever you shall please to learn. It is the art of making love, reply'd Camillus, which I desire to learn. I am yet but a novice, and I would fain acquire a handsom air, and gentile garb of gallantry. Ah! reply'd again the Doctor, this is a noble art indeed, an art which hath its rules and maxims, and which comes very near to poleticks. It is a science wherein I can safely boast my self an expert person; and if you have a mind to become as great a proficient as my self, follow my precepts boldly. What course shall I then take, said Camillus. Go, answer'd the Doctor, one morning or some Festival day, to the Chureh of the Cordeliers, at the time of High Mass. Take particular cognisance of the ladies which you shall see there; and, as you go out of the Church, follow her whom you like best, and lose not the sight of her till you see her at home. When you have housed her, come to me again. Camillus lost no time. The next day he went to Church very early in the morning, where he posted himself in a place very commodious to see the ladies, and to be seen of them. He took notice of one among the rest, who pleased him extremely. She had a round visage, black eyes, a brisk and delicate complexion, a little and well shaped mouth, a bosom representing two globes of alabaster, an indifferent stature, and well compacted. In fine, she was the epitome of all the charms and perfections that an amorous person could be taken with. He went out of the Church with her, and lost not the sight of her, till she was enter'd into her house. The lady all this while, who had taken notice in the Church of the amorous glances he had directed to her, concluded thereupon herself to be the object of his inclination. Camillus immediately went to the Doctor to take new measures from him. The Doctor, who suspected nothing of his own wife, heard with great pleasure the report his disciple made to him of his transactions. In fine, he advis'd him to make two or three turns modestly before the

house of the lady, whom he had follow'd. As soon as you see her, said he, salute her with a profound respect, to make her understand the passion which you have for her. But take your time, and do it in such a manner as not to be discover'd by any body but her self. After that, come again to me. The lover followed his master's advice, passed modestly before the ladies house, cast his secret regards, and as he passed by, took the liberty to salute her. Which he did with a most profound respect, and at a time when there were no passengers in the street. Camillus, who was a man of a good presence, had the good fortune to please this lady. She cast attentive regards upon him, and return'd his salutation with a sweet and amiable eye. And what could Camillus conclude from these complaisances, but that this lady had a particular love for him? And indeed he found himself not deceived. All transported with joy, he went to inform the Doctor of his good fortune. The Doctor applauded his conduct, and promis'd him a prosperous success. And, the better to carry on the affair, he advised him to write an amorous letter to the lady, and to intrust it in the hands of one of those women who use to go from house to house to vend their wares, and under that pretext are easily admitted to the most private concerns of the ladies. Camillus immediately put pen to paper, and employ'd one of these female letter-carriers. She undertook the business; but what success she had you will wonder to hear. She was so far from making much of this woman, that she treated her with a thousand reproachful expressions, and threw the letter in her face. What do you take me for? said she, you old wretch! know my vertue is proof against all your stratagems. You had better pack away with speed, and must not hope to find here the penny-worths you gape so much after. The poor woman, who was afraid of being ill handled, as well as ill treated with the tongue, packed up her bag and baggage, and away she trotted. She went presently, and gave Camillus an account of her success. Who was not a little surprized thereat, and concluded from thence, that this lady was too severe to be ever brought to his bow. Upon this he went again to the Doctor's house, and with a melancholy tone recounted to him all that had passed. The Doctor bid him not be troubled, telling him that the tree is not fell'd with one stroke, and advis'd, for all this, not to fail to make another onset. Go, said he, again, and take some turns before this ladies door, and observe very well what her countenance is toward you. So said, so done. Our lover takes heart of grace, and presently steers his course again to his mistress's house. The lady no sooner saw him, but she commanded her chambermaid to go after him, and to tell him from her, that, if he would come that night to the garden door, she would speak with him. The maid, staying near the Church, and waiting his coming by, desir'd him to go along with her into the Church, for that she had something of importance to communicate to him. Camillus, though somewhat surpriz'd, however went into the Church after the maid. Who, taking him aside into a by-place, told him what she had to impart to him from her lady, and desir'd him of all loves not to fail being present at the time and place appointed. Camillus, all transported with joy, assured her he would not fail to go and receive her ladies commands, at the hour she had appointed him. In the interim he return'd to his Doctor, to render him an account of what had passed, and to make him a partaker of his good fortune. It was at this time that the Doctor kept himself up close in the academy, because the days being short, he was obliged to read to his scholars by night. So that Camillus found him in the academy, where the Doctor was pleased to hear the success of this last adventure. But, as he was a person naturally inclin'd to jealousy (a passion extraordinarily reigning in Italy) he oftentimes revolved in his mind the description Camillus had made to him of this lady; insomuch that it came into his head,

that possibly it might be his own wife. The good man, who was pretty well in years, knew that his wife had cause enough to complain. In fine, he doubted very much, lest the gallant had learnt this science of him at his cost. Thereupon he resolv'd to follow him at a distance, after he had inform'd him of the nearest way to his mistresses house. Camillus put on a coat of a mail, and went arm'd with sword and dagger to defend himself against all assaults. Our gallant was no sooner arriv'd at the garden-door, but he was let in. The lady received him with open arms, and gave him a world of undoubted marks of the sincerity of her affection towards him. Sir, said she, it is no hard matter for me to recollect the time since you first did me the honour to think me worthy of your love, and you may assure yourself you have not to do with an ungrateful or cruel person. Let us quench our flames together, and injoy such charming delights as may exceed what ever the most heroick souls have yet ere comprehended. Take not in ill part, pursued she, the manner in which I lately receiv'd your amorous lines. It was necessary to proceed in that fashion, that I might conceal my love the better; and all these love-letter-carriers are, at the bottom, but a company of mercenary souls. The chamber-maid, having shut and bolted the door, immediately the lady conducted Camillus into her chamber. The Doctor, who saw Camillus enter the garden, remain'd no longer in suspence concerning this affair. Jealousy gnaw'd upon his heart, and put him in a most desperate condition. In stead of knocking at the door, he return'd to the academy, to go and fetch his arms, that he might give the fatal blow to the ravisher of his honour. But, in regard the academy was far enough from his house, his wife and her gallant in the mean while lost no time. They satisfied their passion, while the husband was taking a course to satisfie his revenge. In fine, the Doctor arrived, and knock'd at the gate with an authority no less than that of master of the house. The maid look'd out at the window, knew her master's voice, and presently went and inform'd her mistress thereof. Judge then in what confusion and disorder, and what a peck of troubles, these lovers were in. The maid, the better to give her mistress time to hide her gallant, made use of this trick. As she went down stairs in great haste, she pretended to fall; and, in the counterfeit fall, out went the candle. So that she was forc'd to go, and light it again. All this took up time, and gave opportunity to dispose of the lover in a place of security. Mean while the Doctor raps at the door with all his force. At last the maid comes, and opens it; but, as she opens it, feigns her self hurt. In rushes the Doctor, with sword in hand, runs presently up to his wives chamber, and roundly asks where the young gallant was, whom he saw enter the garden-gate? His wife, seeming much startled at the question, answer'd There was nobody in the house but herself and her maid; that he might search all about; and, if he found his suspicion true, she would freely be content to suffer the utmost punishment could be inflicted. Upon these words, the good man takes the candle, and looks all about in every nook and corner. His jealousy carries him into every place, into the barn, into the cellar, into the garden. And, as he went thus looking in vain, and found nothing, his wife went after him with a candle in her hand, still redoubling her protestations, which made him apt to think at last that all was but meer illusion. Thus the Doctor put up his sword in his scabbard, and gave the candle into his maids hands. He fancied that, it being somewhat dark, and he at a pretty distance when he thought he saw the gallant enter, possibly the young man might have enter'd into some neighbour's house. In fine, he concludes, happily for his wife and gallant, that he might be deceiv'd. With these thoughts he return'd again to the academy, purposing next morning to inform himself better in this affair by his disciple. Mean while Camillus creeps out of his prison, the gates were made fast again, and a good supper prepared.

Supper being ready, they repair to the table; and supper ended, to bed. As soon as it was light, Camillus bethought himself of retiring; but not before the fair one made him promise to come to her again the night following. Our gallant, as soon as he had dispatch'd some other affairs of his, return'd to the academy, where he recited to his Doctor the pleasures he had enjoy'd with his mistress, and the troubles he had been put to through the pursuit of a jealous husband. The Doctor, who put a good face upon the business, and made the best of a bad market, ask'd him in what place he had been hidden? Camillus answer'd him, that he had been hidden in a heap of linnen which was but half dry. In conclusion, he expressed his high obligation to the Doctor, for that by his instructions he had gain'd possession of a lady, whose beauty far surpass'd all the beauties of the town. Moreover, he protested that the goddess of love and beauty had not a body more curiously framed than hers. At length he inform'd the Doctor, that in the evening he was to go again, and to pass the following night with her. And, as he had taken but little repose the foregoing night, he said he would go and take some rest, to the end he might be the better enabled to perform his duty the night following. The Doctor thereupon intreated him to come again, and see him, before he went to his mistress. Camillus promis'd him he would, and so they parted. The Doctor began to have his eyes opened, before Camillus had time to shut his. He was hardly able to contain himself, while Camillus was yet speaking; and his jealousy seized so strongly upon his spirit, that he could scarce make his lecture to his scholars. His heart was even transported with grief, and he had no consolation but in his hopes of revenging himself upon the dishonesty of his wife and her gallant. Evening being come, Camillus came to see him, and to tell him he was just going. Go in a good hour, said the Doctor, and to morrow morning fail not to come again, and give me an account of your adventures. But our gallant was no sooner gone, but the Doctor, all armed as he was, threw his cloak over his shoulders, and follow'd him fair and softly. He thought to overtake him by that time he got to the garden-door. But the fair one, who with impatience expected his arrival, as soon as she discern'd it was her lover, let him in, and shut the door after him. Presently after arriv'd the Doctor, knockt at the door with all his might, and made a horrible outcry. His wife, putting Camillus behind her, asked who was there? The Doctor, storming and making a fearful noise, commanded her to open. As she open'd the door, she put out the candle, took her husband in with one hand, and with the other thrust Camillus out, who nimblely made his escape. As good luck would have it, the Doctor perceiv'd nothing. The lady immediately began to cry out for help, as fearing he would kill her, and expecting the succor of the neighbourhood, she and her maid held the good man fast by the arms. The neighbours, all alarm'd, came in from all parts. They beheld the Dr. armed cap-a-pe, a spectacle sufficiently surprizing. His wife made him pass for a lunatick, and told the neighbours her husband was grown mad with over-much study. They, seeing him in that posture, easily beleived her. And, while they used all their endeavours, to persuade him to go and repose him; I repose my selfe! said the Doctor, at a time when this wicked woman keeps a gallant lockt up in my house, a gallant whom with my own eyes I saw enter. Unhappy woman that I am, reply'd his wife, to have to do with such a husband! Ask all the neighbours, if ever they saw any ill action by me. Pray, Mr. Doctor, said all the good neighbours, be not over-hasty to entertain any such thought of your wife. Certainly you deceive yourself, and the lady is too honest for you to have any such suspicion of her. You know not, said he, what you say: for my part, I saw a man enter here a while ago, and know who he is. It is the same person who came hither last night, and I thought to surprize, but that this wicked woman hid him

under a great heap of linnen. As he was going on in his speech, in come his wife's brothers, whom she had sent out for. As soon as ever she saw them, she went to them with her eyes all bathed in tears, and thus address'd her speech to them. Assist me, my dear brothers, in this unhappy condition to which you see me now reduced; my husband is become mad, and hath a design to murther me: a conceit is enter'd into his pate, that I keep a man here for my pleasure. I leave it to you to judge, whether I am such a person as he would have me thought to be. The brothers immediately discourse the Doctor, and blame him for his folly and injustice. I am certain, said the Doctor, there is a man here, whom this impudent woman let in before my face not above a quarter of an hour since. See if it be so, said the brothers; and, if we find him here, assure yourself, Doctor, we will chastise our sister according to her merit. Upon this one of them took his sister aside, and pray'd her, if she had any person concealed in the house, to confess it, to the end she might save her honour. His sister, who knew well enough there was no body, protested she was altogether innocent of the crime laid to her charge, and that she would willingly suffer death, if they found her culpable. Her brother was extremely satisfy'd with her answer. In fine, the Doctor, and his wives brothers, having plac'd the neighbours at the gate of the house to hinder this pretended gallant from making his escape, went and made search in every corner of the house. They came at last to the heap of linnen which was still remaining in the fair one's chamber, where Camillus had been concealed the night before. The Doctor made no question but to find his wives gallant in the heap of linnen, takes out the linnen piece by piece, but found not the person he lookt for. His wife presently began to cry out, Do you not see now, plainly, that he is mad? It is but too evident, answer'd one of them. If he have not lost his senses, said another of them, we must needs conclude him to be a very naughty man, thus to disgrace our sister as he hath done. Mean while the Doctor, knowing very well how the case stood, brake forth into a rage, and having his sword still drawn in his hand, began to run at his brothers-in-law. They having none of them a sword, took each of them a good cudgel, and having first disarmed him, belabour'd him in a most severe manner. This done, they bound him as a madman; and, for fear any misfortune should happen, lodged themselves in the house. The next morning they sent for a physician, who order'd that no body should speak to him, and that he should be kept to a diet. Presently news was spread through the whole town, that the Dr. was run mad, and upon this report a thousand reflexions were made. Don't you remember, said one of his scholars to another, that yesterday he could not go on with his lecture to us? Truly, said the other, the Doctor seem'd very much altered from what he used to be, so that in effect he appear'd clear another man. Camillus all this while knew nothing of all this, till such time as he came again to the academy, to give the Doctor an account of his last adventure. Then it was that he understood from the scholars, that the Doctor had lost his senses, and that he lay chain'd up in his own house. He shewed himself very much troubled at the news, and took a resolution with some other of the scholars to go and give him a visit. Our gallant was very much startled, when he saw the Doctor all battered and bruised with striving to break his chains, and lying upon a bed by the fire-side. He was ready to drop down at the sight of so sad a spectacle; but the Doctor's wife, being there, took Camillus aside, and recited all that had passed. As for Camillus, he then first began to understand that it was from her husband he had received all his instructions of love. All the intrigue being discover'd between them, Camillus was thinking to retire, and not see the Doctor any more. But his mistriss perswaded him to go in again, well knowing that what ever the Doctor could possibly say, the company would never give any credit to the word of a

person that went for a mad-man. Camillus then approached the Doctor, and testified very much sorrow to see him in that condition. The Doctor looking upon him with a fierce look, The Devil take you, said he, Camillus, don't come hither to mock me. You have very well learnt the art of love at my cost. My dear cavalier, said the Doctor's wife, take no heed to what he saith, for he is out of his wits. Thou hast good reason, infamous woman, said the Doctor, to call him thy cavalier. At these words the lady tipt Camillus a wink with her eye, to follow her into her chamber. Where, in regard Lucius had taken a firm resolution to part within two days, he advertis'd his mistriss thereof; who thereupon was most desperately afflicted, conjured and importuned him of all loves to stay; but he could not be prevailed with. In fine, after many tender endearments, and reciprocal promises of eternal love, Camillus took leave of his mistriss. At parting he put a diamond ring upon her finger, and she on the other side took off a chain of gold from her neck, and pray'd him to keep it as a pledge of her love. Soon after, redoubling their kisses and embraces, they took leave of each other. The morrow after Camillus obliged Lucius to be gone; and, as they were upon the way in their journey, he imparted the story of his adventures to him; and so, by little journeys, they arrived in their due time at Rome.

(3). Gallese, rè di Portogallo, hebbe un figliuolo Nerino per nome chiamato, e in tal maniera il fece nudrire, ch'egli (sino a tanto, che non pervenisse al decim'ottavo anno della sua età) non potesse vedere donna alcuna, se non la madre, e la balia, che lo nudricava. Venuto adunque Nerino alla età perfetta, determinò il re di mandarlo in studio a Padova, accioche egli imparasse le lettere latine, la lingua, e i costumi Italiani, e così come egli determinò, così fece. Hora essendo il giovine Nerino in Padova, e havendo presa amicitia di molti scolari, che quotidianamente il corteggiavano, avvenne, che tra questi v'era un medico, che maestro Raimondo Brunello Fisico si nominava, e sovente ragionando tra loro diverse cose, si misero (come è usanza de' giovani) a ragionare della bellezza delle donne, e chi diceva l'una, e chi l'altra cosa. Ma Nerino, percioche per lo adietro non haveva veduta donna alcuna, eccetto la madre, e la balia sua animosamente diceva; che per suo giudizio non si trovava al mondo donna, che fusse piu bella, piu leggiadra, e piu attilata che la madre sua. Et essendone state a lui dimostrate molte, tutte come carogne a comparatione della madre sua reputava. Maestro Raimondo, ch'aveva una moglie delle belle donne, che mai la natura facesse, postosi la gorghiera delle ciancie disse. S. Nerino io ho veduta una donna di tal bellezza, che quando voi la vedeste, forse non la reputareste meno, anzi piu bella della madre vostra. A cui rispose Nerino, ch'egli credere non lo poteva, ch'ella fosse piu formosa della madre sua, ma che ben harebbe piacere di vederla. A cui disse maestro Raimondo, quando vi sia a grado di vederla mi offerisco di mostrarvela. Di questo (rispose Nerino) ne sarò molto contento, e vi rimarrò obligato. Disse allora M. Raimondo. Poiche vi piace di vederla, verrete domattina nella chiesa del domo, che vi prometto che la vedrete. Et andatosene a casa disse alla moglie. Dimane lievati di letto per tempo, e acconciati il capo, e fatti bella, e vestiti honoratissimamente, percio io voglio, che tu vadi nell'ora della messa solenne del domo ad udir l'officio. Genobbia (così era il nome della moglie di messer Raimondo) non essendo usa di andar hor quinci, hor quindi, ma la maggior parte si stava in casa a cucire, e ricamare, molto di questo si maravigliò, ma percioche così egli voleva, e era il desiderio suo, ella così fece, e si mise in punto, e conciossi si fattamente, che non donna, anzi Dea pareva. Andatasene adunque Genobbia nel sacro tempio, si come il marito l'haveva imposto, venne Nerino figliuolo del re in chiesa, e veduta Genobbia, tra se stesso bellissima la giudicò. Partita la bella Genobbia, sopraggiunse maestro Raimondo, e accostatosi a Nerino disse. Hor che vi pare di quella donna, che hora è partita di chiesa? parvi, ch'ella patisca oppositione alcuna? E' ella piu

bella della madre vostra? Veramente disse Nerino, ch'ella è bella, e la natura piu bella far non la potrebbe. Ma ditemi per cortesia, di cui è ella moglie, e dove habita? A cui maestro Raimondo non rispose a verso, percioche dirglielo non voleva. Allora disse Nerino. Maestro Raimondo mio, se voi non volete dirmi, chi ella sia, e dove habita, almeno contentatemi di questo, ch'io un'altra fiata la vegga. Ben volentieri rispose M. Raimondo. Dimane verrcte qua in chiesa, e io farò sì, che come hoggi la vedrete. Et andatosene a casa M. Raimondo, disse alla moglie Genobbia apparecchiati per domattina, che io voglio, che tu vadi a messa nel domo, e se mai tu ti festi bella, e pomposamente vestisti, fa che dimane il facci. Genobbia di ciò (come prima) stavasi maravigliosa. Ma, percioche importava il comandamento del marito, ella fece tanto quanto per lui imposto le fu. Venuto il giorno Genobbia riccamente vestita, e vie piu del solito ornata, in chiesa se n'andò. E non stette molto, che Nerino venne, il qual veggendola bellissima tanto del lei amore s'infiammò, quanto mai huomo di donna facesse. Et essendo giunto maestro Raimondo, Nerino lo prego, che egli dir li dovesse, chi era costei, che si bella agli occhi suoi pareva. Ma fingendo Maestro Raimondo di haver pressa per rispetto delle pratiche sue nulla allora dir gli volse, ma lasciato il giovane cuocersi nel suo unto, licitamente si partì. La onde Nerino alquanto d'ira acceso per lo poco conto, che maestro Raimondo haveva mostrato farsi di lui, tra se stesso disse. Tu non voi, ch'io sappia, chi ella sia, e dove habiti, e io lo saprò a tuo malgrado. Et uscito della chiesa, tanto aspettò, che la bella donna ancor uscì della chiesa fuori, e fattale riverenza con modesto modo, e volto allegro, fino a casa l'accompagnò. Havendo adunque Nerino chiaramente compresa la casa, dove ella habitava, cominciò vagheggiarla, ne sarebbe passato un giorno, che egli non fusse dieci volte passato dinanzi la casa sua. Et desiderando di parlar con lei andava imaginandosi, che via egli potesse tenere, per laquale l'honor della donna rimanesse salvo, e egli otenesse lo intento suo. Et havendo pensato, e ripensato, nè trovando alcun remedio, che salutare li fusse, pur tanto fantasticò, che gli venne fatto di haver l'amicitia d'una vecchiarella, la quale aveva la sua casa all'incontro di quella di Genobbia. Et fattole certi presentuzzi, e confermata la stretta amicitia, secretamente se ne andava in casa sua. Haveva la casa di questa vecchiarella una finestra, la quale guardava nella sala della casa di Genobbia, e per quella a suo bel agio poteva vederla andare sù, e giù per casa, ma non voleva scoprirsi per non darle materia di non lasciarsi piu vedere. Stando dunque Nerino ogni giorno in questo secreto vagheggiamento; nè potendo resistere all'ardente fiamma, che gli abbruciava il cuore, deliberò tra se stesso di scriverle una lettera, e gettargliela in casa a tempo, che li paresse, che'l marito non fusse in casa. Et così glie la gettò. Et questo egli piu volte fece. Ma Genobbia senza altrimenti leggerla, ne altro pensando, la gettava nel fuoco, e l'abbruciava. Et quantunque ella avesse tal effetto fatto piu fiata, pur una volta le parve di aprirgliene una, e veder quello, che dentro si conteneva. Et apertala, e veduto come il scrittore era Nerino figliuolo del Re di Portogallo di lei fieramente innamorato, stette al quanto sopra di se, ma poi considerando alla mala vita, che'l marito suo le dava, fece buon' animo, e cominciò far buona ciera a Nerino, e dato buon ordine lo introdusse in casa, e il giovane le raccontò il sommo amore, ch'egli le portava; e i tormenti, che per lei ogn' hora sentiva, e parimente il modo come fusse di lei innamorato. Et ella, che bella, piacevole, e pietosa era il suo amore non gli negò. Essendo dunque ambeduo d'un reciproco amore congiunti, e stando ne gli amorosi ragionamenti, ecco maestro Raimondo picchiare a l'uscio. Ilche Genobbia sentendo, fece Nerino coricarsi sopra il letto, e stese le cortine ivi dimorare, sino a tanto, che'l marito si partisse. Entrato il marito in casa e prese alcune sue cosette, senza aversene di cosa alcuna si partì. Et altresì fece Nerino. Venuto il giorno seguente, e essendo Nerino in piazza a passeggiare, per avventura passò maestro

Raimondo, a cui Nerino fece di cenno che gli voleva parlare, e accostatosi a lui, li disse. Messere, non vi ho io da dir una buona novella? Et che disse maestro Raimondo? Non so io (disse Nerino) la casa di quella bellissima Madonna? Et non sono io stato in piacevoli ragionamenti con esso lei, e perciò che il suo marito venne a casa, ella mi nascose nel letto, e tirò le cortine, accioche egli vedermi non potesse, e subito si partì. Disse maestro Raimondo è possibil questo? Rispose Nerino possibile, e il vero, ne mai vidi la piu festevole, ne la piu gratiata donna di lei. Se per easo messere mio voi andaste a lei, fate, che mi raccomandate, pregandola, che la mi conservi nella sua buona gratia. A cui maestro Raimondo promesse di farlo, e di mala voglia da lui si partì. Ma prima disse a Nerino, gli tornarete piu? A cui rispose Nerino, pensatel voi. Et andatosene maestro Raimondo a casa, non volse dir cosa alcuna alla moglie, ma aspettare il tempo di ritrovarli insieme. Venuto il giorno seguente, Nerino a Genobbia ritornò, e mentre stavano in amorosi piaceri, e dilettevoli ragionamenti, venne a casa il marito. Ma ella subito nascose Nerino in una cassa, a rimpetto della quale pose molte robbe, ch'ella sborrava, acciò che non si tarmassino. Il marito fingendo di cercare certe sue cose, gettò sottosopra tutta la casa, e guatando sino nel letto, e nulla trovando, con piu riposato animo si partì, e alle sue pratiche se n'andò. Et Nerino parimente si partì. Et ritrovato maestro Raimondo, gli disse. Signor dottore non sono io ritornato da quella gentildonna? e la invidiosa fortuna mi ha disconzo ogni piacere, perciò che il lei marito sopragiunse, e disturbò il tutto. E come facesti disse Maestro Raimondo? Ella (rispose Nerino) prese una cassa, e mi puose dentro, e a rimpetto della cassa pose molte vestimenta, ch'ella governava, che non si tarmassino. Et egli il letto sottosopra volgendo, e rivolgendo, e nulla trovando, si partì. Quanto questa cosa tormentosa fusse a maestro Raimondo, pensare il puo chiunque ha provato amore. Haveva Nerino a Genobbia donato un bello e pretioso diamante, il quale dentro la legatura nell'oro haveva scolpito il capo, e nome suo; e venuto il giorno, e essendo M. Raimondo andato alle sue pratiche, Nerino fu dalla donna in casa introdotto, e stando con esso lei in piaceri e grati ragionamenti, ecco il marito, che ritorna a casa. Ma Genobbia cattivella veggendosi della venuta sua, immantinente aperse un serigno grande, ch'era nella sua camera, e dentro lo nascose. Et maestro Raimondo entrato in casa, fingendo di cercare certe sue cose, rivolse la camera sotto sopra, e nulla trovando, ne in letto, ne nelle casse, come sbalordito prese il fuoco, e a tutti i quattro cantoni della camera lo pose con determinato animo d'abbrusciar la camera, e tutto ciò, che in quella si conteneva. Già i parieti, e travamenta cominciavano ardere, quando Genobbia voltatasi contra il marito disse. Che vuol dir questo marito mio? Siete forse voi divenuto pazzo? Se pur voi volete abbrusciare la casa, bruciatela in vostro piacere, ma in fede mia non abbruscierete quel scrigno, dove sono le scritture; che appartengono alla dote mia? E fatti chiamare quattro valenti bastagi gli fece trahere di casa lo scrigno, e ponerlo in casa della vicina vecchiarella, e celatamente l'aprì, che niuno se n'avide, e ritornossene à casa. L'insensato maestro Raimondo stava pur a vedere, se usciva fuori alcuno, che non gli piacesse, ma nulla vedeva, se non l'insopportabile fumo, e ardente fuoco, che la casa abbruciava. Erano già concorsi i vicini per estinguer il fuoco, e tanto si operarono, che finalmente lo spensero. Il giorno seguente Nerino andando verso il Prato dalla Valle, in maestro Raimondo si abbattè, e salutatolu disse, maestro mio, non vi ho io da raccontare una cosa, che molto vi piacerà? Et che? rispose maestro Raimondo. Io (disse Nerino) ho fuggito il piu spaventevole pericolo, che mai fuggisse huomo che porti vita. Andai a casa di quella gentil madonna, e dimorando con esso lei in piacevoli ragionamenti, sopragiunse il suo marito, il quale dopò c'ebbe rivolta la casa sottosopra, accese il fuoco, e poselo in tutti i quattro cantoni della camera, e abbruseiò, ciò che era in camera. Et voi (disse maestro

Raimondo) dove eravate? io (rispose Nerino) era nascoso nel scrigno; che ella fuori di casa mandò. Il che maestro Raimondo intendendo, e conoscendo ciò, che egli raccontava esser il vero, da dolore, e passione si sentiva morire, ma pur non osava scoprirsi, per cioche desiderava di vederlo nel fatto. E dissegli. Signor Nerino vi ritornarete voi mai piu? a cui rispose Nerino. Havendo io scampato il fuoco di che piu temenza debbo io avere? Hor messi da eanto questi ragionamenti, Maestro Raimondo prego Nerino, che si degnasse di andare il giorno seguente a desinar seco, il giovane accettò volentieri l'invito. Venuto il giorno seguente, maestro Raimondo invitò tutti e suoi parenti e quelli della moglie ancora, e apparecchiò un pomposo, e superbo prandio in un'altra bellissima casa; e comandò alla moglie, che ancor ella venisse, ma che non dovesse sedere a mensa, ma che stesse nascosta, e preparasse quello, che faceva mestieri. Raunati adunque tutti e parenti, e il giovane Nerino, furono posti a mensa, e maestro Raimondo con la sua maccheronesca scienza cercò di inebriare Nerino per poter poi fare il parer suo. La onde havendoli piu volte porto maestro Raimondo il beccchiere pieno di malvat'co vino, e havendolo Nerino ogni volta bevuto, disse Maestro Raimondo. Deh Sig. Nerino, raccontate un poco a questi parenti nostri una qualche novelluzza da ridere. Il povero giovane Nerino non sapendo, che Genobbia fusse moglie di maestro Raimondo, cominciò raccontargli l'istoria, riservando però il nome di ciascuno. Avenne, che uno servente andò in camera dove Genobbia dimorava, e dissele. Madonna, se voi foste in un cantone nascosta, voi sentireste raccontar la piu bella novella che mai udiste alla vita vostra, venite vi prego. Et andatasene in un cantone, conobbe, che la voce era di Nerino suo amante, e che l'istoria ch'egli raccontava, a lei perteneva. E da donna prudente, e saggia tolse il diamante che Nerino donato le haveva, e poselo in una tazza d'argento piena d'una delicata bevanda, et disse al servente. Prendi questa tazza, e recala a Nerino, e digli che egli la beva, che poi meglio ragionerà. Il servente presa la tazza, portolla à Nerino, e dissegli. Pigliate questa tazza, e bevete signore, che poi meglio ragionerete. Et egli presa la tazza bevè tutto il vino, e veduto, e conosciuto il diamante che vi era dentro lo lasciò andar in bocca, e fingendo di nettarsi la bocca, lo trasse fuori, e se lo mise in dito. Et accortosi Nerino, che la bella donna di cui ragionava, era moglie di maestro Raimondo, piu oltre passare non volse, et stimolato da maestro Raimondo, e da i parenti, che l'istoria cominciata seguisse, egli rispose. Et si et si cantò il gallo, e subito fu di, e dal sonno risvegliato altro piu non vidi. Questo udendo i parenti di Maestro Raimondo, e prima credendo, che tutto quello, che Nerino gli haveva detto della moglie esser vero, trattarono l'uno, e l'altro da grandissimi embriachi. Dopo alquanti giorni Nerino trovò maestro Raimondo, et fingendo di non sapere, che egli fusse marito di Genobbia, dissegli, che fra due giorni era per partirsi, percioche il padre scritto gli haveva, ch'al tutto tornasse nel suo reame. Maestro Raimondo li rispose, che fusse il ben' andato. Nerino messo secreto ordine con Genobbia, con lei se ne fuggì e in Portogallo la trasferì, dove con somma allegrezza lungamente vissero. E maestro Raimondo andatosene a casa, e non trovata la moglie, fra pochi giorni disperato se ne morì.

(4). *The tale of the two lovers of Pisa, and why they were whipt in purgatory with nettles.*—In Pisa, a famous cittie of Italye, there lived a gentleman of good lineage and landes, feared as well for his wealth, as honoured for his vertue; but, indeed, well thought on for both: yet the better for his riches. This gentleman had one onely daughter, called Margaret, who for her beauty was liked of all, and desired of many: but neither might their sutes, nor her owne, prevaile about her father's resolution, who was deternyned not to marrye her, but to such a man as should be able in abundance to maintain the excellency of her beauty. Divers yong gentlemen proffered large scoffments, but in vaine; a maide shee must bee still:

till at last an olde doctor in the towne, that professed physicke, became a sutor to her, who was a welcome man to her father, in that he was one of the welthiest men in all Pisa. A tall stripping he was, and a proper youth, his age about fourescore; his heade as white as milke, wherein, for offence sake, there was left never a tooth: but it is no matter; what he wanted in person, he had in the purse; which the poore gentlewoman little regarded, wishing rather to tie herselfe to one that might fit her content, though they lived meanelly, then to him with all the wealth in Italye. But shee was yong, and forest to follow her father's direction, who, upon large covenants, was content his daughter should marry with the doctor; and whether she likte him or no, the match was made up, and in short time she was married. The poore wench was bound to the stake, and had not onely an olde impotent man, but one that was so jealous as none might enter into his house without suspition, nor shee do any thing without blame: the least glance, the smallest countenance, any smile, was a manifest instance to him, that shee thought of others better then himselfe; thus he himselfe lived in a hell, and tormented his wife in as ill perplexitie. At last it chaunced that a young gentleman of the citie, comming by her house, and seeing her look out at her window, noting her rare and excellent proportion, fell in love with her, and that so extreame, as his passions had no meanes till her favour might mitigate his heartsicke discontent. The yong man that was ignorant in amorous matters, and had never beene used to courte anye gentlewoman, thought to reveale his passions to some one freend that might give him counsaile for the winning of her love; and thinking experience was the surest maister, on a daye seeing the olde doctor walking in the churchc—that was Margaret's husband—little knowing who he was, he thought this was the fittest man to whom he might discover his passions, for that hee was olde and knewe much, and was a physition that with his drugges might helpe him forward in his purposes: so that, seeing the old man walke solitary, he joinde unto him; and, after a curteous salute, tolde him that he was to impart a matter of great import unto him; wherein, if hee would not onely be secretc, but indeavour to pleasure him, his pains should bee every way to the full considered. You must imagine, gentleman, quoth Mutio—for so was the doctor's name—that men of our profession are no blabs, but hold their secrets in their hearts' bottome; and therefore reveale what you please, it shall not onely be concealed, but cured, if either my heart or counsaile may doo it. Upon this Lionell—so was the young gentleman called—told and discourst unto him, from point to point, how he was false in love with a gentlewoman that was married to one of his profession; discovered her dwelling and the house; and for that he was unacquainted with the woman, and a man little experienced in love matters, he required his favour to further him with his advise. Mutio, at this motion, was stung to the hart, knowing it was his wife hee was fallen in love withall; yet to conceale the matter, and to experience his wife's chastity, and that, if she plaide false, he might be revengde on them both, he dissembled the matter, and answered, that he knewe the woman very well, and commended her highly; but saide she had a churle to her husband, and therefore he thought shee would bee the more tractable. Trie her, man, quoth hee; fainte hart never woone faire lady; and if shee will not be brought to the bent of your bowe, I will provide such a potion as shall dispatch all to your owne content; and to give you further instructions for oportunitie, knowe that her husband is forth every afternoone from three till sixe. Thus farre I have advised you, because I pittie your passions, as myselfe being once a lover; but now, I charge thee, reveale it to none whomsoever, least it doo disparage my credit to meddle in amorous matters. The yong gentleman not onely promised all carefull secrecy, but gave him harty thanks for his good counsell, promising to meete him there the

next day, and tell him what newes. Then hee left the old man, who was almost mad for feare his wife any way should play false. He saw, by experience, brave men came to besiege the castle; and seeing it was in a woman's custodie, and had so weake a governor as himselfe, he doubted it would in time be delivered up; which feare made him almost franticke, yet he drivde of the time in great torment, till he might heare from his rival. Lionello, he hastes him home, and sutcs him in his bravery, and goes downe towards the house of Mutio, where he sees her at her windowe, whome he courted with a passionate looke, with such an humble salute, as shee might perceiv how the gentleman was affectionate. Margareta, looking earnestly upon him, and noting the perfection of his proportion, accounted him, in her eye, the flower of all Pisa; thinkte herselfe fortunate if shee might have him for her freend, to supply those defaultes that she found in Mutio. Sundry times that afternoone he past by her window, and he cast not up more loving lookes than he received gracious favours: which did so incourage him, that the next daye, betweene three and sixe, hee went to the house, and, knocking at the doore, desired to speake with the mistris of the house, who, hearing by her maid's description what he was, commaunded him to come in, where she interteined him with all courtesie. The youth that never before had given the attempt to covet a ladye, began his exordium with a blushe; and yet went forward so well, that hee discourst unto her howe hee loved her, and that, if it might please her so to accept of his service, as of a freende ever vowde in all dutye to bee at her commaunde, the care of her honour should bee dearer to him then his life, and hee would bee ready to prise her discontent with his blood at all times. The gentlewoman was a little coye, but, before they part, they concluded that the next day, at foure of the clock, hee should come thither and eate a pound of cherries, which was resolved on with a *succado des labras*, and so, with a loath to depart, they tooke their leaves. Lionello, as joyfull a man as might be, hyed him to the church to meete his olde doctor, where hee found him in his olde walke. What newes, syr? quoth Mutio; how have you sped? Even as I can wishe, quoth Lionello; for I have been with my mistrisse, and have found her so tr[a]ctable, that I hope to make the olde peasant, her husband, looke broad-headed by a paire of browantlers. How deepe this strooke into Mutio's hart, let them imagine that can conjecture what jealousie is; insomuch that the olde doctor askte when should be the time. Mary, quoth Lionello, to-morrow at foure of the clocke in the afternoone; and then, maister doctor, quoth hee, will I dub the olde squire knight of the forked order. Thus they passed on in chat, till it grew late; and then Lyonello went home to his lodging, and Mutio to his house, covering all his sorrowes with a merrye countenance, with full resolution to revenge them both the next day with extremitie. Hee past the night as patiently as he could, and the next daye after dinner awaye hee went, watching when it should bee four of the clocke. At the houre justly came Lyonello, and was interteined with all curtesie: but scarce had they kist, ere the maide cried out to her mistresse that her maister was at the doore; for he hasted, knowing that a horne was but a litle while in grafting. Margaret, at this alarum, was amazed: and yet, for a shifte, chopt Lyonello into a great drie-fatte full of feathers, and sat her downe close to her woorke. By that came Mutio in blowing; and, as though hee came to looke somewhat in haste, called for the keyes of his chambers, and looked in everye place, searching so narrowlye in everye corner of the house, that he left not the very privie unsearcht. Seeing he could not finde him, hee saide nothing; but, fayning himselfe not well at ease, staide at home, so that poor Lyonello was faine to stayer in the drifatte till the olde churle was in bed with his wife; and then the maide let him out at a backe doore, who went home with a flea in his eare to his lodging. Well, the next day he went againe to meete his doctor,

whome hee found in his woonted walke. What newes? quoth Mutio; howe have you sped? A poxe of the olde slave, quoth Lyonello; I was no sooner in, and had given my mistrisse one kisse, but the jealous asse was at the doore: the maide spied him, and cryed, *her maister!*, so that the poore gentlewoman, for very shifte, was faine to put me in a driefatte of feathers that stooode in an olde chamber, and there I was faine to tarric while he was in bed and asleepe, and then the maide let me out, and I departed. But it is no matter; 'twas but a chaunce, and I hope to crye quittanee with him ere it be long. As how? quoth Mutio. Marry thus, quoth Lyonello: she sent me woord by her maide this daye, that, upon Thursday next, the olde churle suppeth with a patient of his a mile out of Pisa, and then I feare not but to quitte him for all. It is well, quoth Mutio; fortune bee your frende. I thanke you, quoth Lyonello; and so after a little more prattle they departed. To bee shorte, Thursdayer came; and about sixe of the cloeke fourth goes Mutio no further then a frendes house of his, from whence hee might deserye who went into his house. Straight hee sawe Lyonello enter in; and after goes hee, insomuche that hee was scarcelye sitten downe before the mayde cryed out againe, *my maister comes*. The good-wife that before had provided for afterclaps, had found out a privie place between two seelings of a plauncher, and there she thrust Lyonello; and her husband came sweting. What news, quoth shee, drives you home againe so soone, husband? Marry, sweete wife, quoth he, a fearefull dreame that I had this night, which came to my remembrance, and that was this: Methought there was a villeine that came secretly into my house with a naked poinard in his hand, and hid himselfe; but I could not finde the place: with that mine nose bled, and I came backe; and by the grace of God, I will seeke every corner in the house for the quiet of my minde. Marry, I pray you doo, husband, quoth she. With that he lockt in all the doors, and began to search every chamber, every hole, every chest, every tub, the very well; he stabd every featherbed through, and made havocke, like a mad man, which made him thinke all was in vaine, and hee began to blame his cies that thought they saw that which they did not. Upon this he rest halfe lunaticke, and all night he was very wakefull; that towards the morning he fell into a dead sleepe, and then was Lyonello conveighed away. In the morning when Mutio wakened, hee thought how by no means hee should be able to take Lyonello tardy; yet he laid in his head a most dangerous plot, and that was this. Wife, quoth he, I must the next Monday ride to Vycensa to visit an olde patient of mine; till my returne, which will be some ten dayes, I will have thee stayer at our little graunge house in the country. Marry, very well content, husband, quoth she: with that he kist her, and was verye pleasant, as though he had suspected nothing, and away hee flinges to the church, where he meetes Lyonello. What sir, quoth he, what newes? Is your mistresse yours in possession? No, a plague of the old slave, quoth he: I think he is either a witch, or els woorkes by magiek: for I can no sooner enter in the doores, but he is at my backe, and so he was againe yesternight; for I was not warme in my seate before the maide cried, *my maister comes*; and then was the poore soule faine to conveigh me betwene two seelings of a chamber in a fit place for the purpose: wher I laught hartely to myself too see how he sought every corner, ransackt every tub, and stabd every featherbed; but in vaine,—I was safe enough till the morning, and then, when he was fast asleepe, I lept out. Fortune frowns on you, quoth Mutio; I, but I hope, quoth Lyonello, this is the last time, and now shee will begin to smile; for on Monday next he rides to Vicensa, and his wife lyes at a grange house a little of the towne, and there in his absence I will revenge all forepassed misfortunes. God send it be so, quoth Mutio; and so took his leave. These two lovers longed

for Monday, and at last it came. Early in the morning Mutio horst himselfe, and his wife, his maide, and a man, and no more, and away he rides to his grange house; where after he had brok his fast, he took his leave, and away towards Vicenza. He rode not far ere by a false way he returned into a thicket, and there with a company of cuntry peasants lay in an ambuscade to take the young gentleman. In the afternoon comes Lionello gallopping; and as soon as he came within sight of the house, he sent back his horse by his boy, and went easily afoot, and there at the very entry was entertained by Margaret, who led him up the staires, and convoid him into her bedchamber, saying he was welcome into so mean a cottage: but, quoth she, now I hope fortune will not envy the purity of our loves. Alas, alas, mistris, cried the maid, heer is my maister, and 100 men with him, with bils and staves. We are betrayed, quoth Lionel, and I am but a dead man. Feare not, quoth she, but follow me; and straight she carried him downe into a lowe parlor, where stode an old rotten chest full of writings. She put him into that, and covered him with olde papers and evidences, and went to the gate to meet her husband. Why, signor Mutio, what means this hurly burly, quoth she? Vile and shameless strumpet as thou art, thou shalt know by and by, quoth he. Where is thy love? All we have watcht him, and scen him enter in: now, quoth he, shal neither thy tub of feathers, nor thy seeling serve, for perish he shall with fire, or els fall into my hands. Doo thy worst, jealous foole, quoth she; I ask thee no favour. With that in a rage he beset the house round, and then set fire on it. Oh! in what a perplexitie was poore Lionello, that was shut in a chest, and the fire about his eares? And how was Margaret passionat, that knew her lover in such danger! Yet she made light of the matter, and as one in a rage called her maid to her and said: Come on, wench; seeing thy maister mad with jelousie hath set the house and al my living on fire, I will be revengd upon him; help me heer to lift this old chest where all his writings and deeds are; let that burne first; and as soon as I see that one fire, I will walk towards my freends, for the old foole will be beggard, and I will refuse him. Mutio, that knew al his obligations and statutes lay there, puld her back, and bad two of his men carry the chest into the feeld, and see it were safe; himself standing by and seeing his house burnd downe, sticke and stone. Then quieted in his minde, he went home with his wife, and began to flatter her, thinking assuredly that he had burnd her paramour; causing his chest to be carried in a cart to his house at Pisa. Margaret impatient went to her mother's, and complained to her and to her brethern of the jealousie of her husband; who maintained her it be true, and desired but a daies respite to proove it. Wel, hee was bidden to supper the next night at her mother's, she thinking to make her daughter and him frends againe. In the meane time, he to his woonted walk in the church, and there *præter expectationem* he found Lionello walking. Wondring at this, he straight enquires, what newes? What newes, maister doctor, quoth he, and he fell in a great laughing: in faith yesterday I scapt a scouring; for, syrrha, I went to the grange house, where I was appointed to come, and I was no sooner gotten up the chamber, but the magicall villeine her husband beset the house with bils and staves, and that he might be sure no seeling nor corner should shrowde me, he set the house on fire, and so burnt it down to the ground. Why, quoth Mutio, and how did you escape? Alas, quoth he, wel fare a woman's wit! She conveyed me into an old chest ful of writings, which she knew her husband durst not burne; and so was I saved and brought to Pisa, and yesternight by her maide let home to my lodging. This, quoth he, is the pleasantest jest that ever I heard; and upon this I have a sute to you. I am this night bidden foorth to supper; you shall be my guest: onelye I will crave so much favour, as after supper for a pleasant sporte to make relation what successe you have had in your loves. For

that I will not sticke, quoth he; and so he eared Lionello to his mother-in-lawes house with him, and discovered to his wives brethren who he was, and how at supper he would disclose the whole matter: for, quoth he, he knowes not that I am Margarets husband. At this all the brethren had him welcome, and so did the mother to; and Margaret she was kept out of sight. Supper-time being come, they fell to their victals, and Lionello was carrowst unto by Mutio, who was very pleasant, to draw him to a merry humor, that he might to the ful discourse the effect and fortunes of his love. Supper being ended, Mutio requested him to tel to the gentleman what had hapned between him and his mistresse. Lionello with a smiling countenance began to describe his mistresse, the house and street where she dwelt, how he fell in love with her, and how he used the counsell of this doctor, who in al his affaires was his secretarye. Margaret heard all this with a greate feare; and when he came at the last point, she caused a cup of wine to be given him by one of her sisters, wherein was a ring that he had given Margaret. As he had told how he escapt burning, and was ready to confirme all for a troth, the gentlewoman drunke to him; who, taking the cup, and seing the ring, having a quick wit and a reaching head, spide the fetch, and pereived that all this while this was his lovers husband, to whome hee had revealed these escapes. At this drinking the wine, and swallowing the ring into his mouth, he went forward: Gentlemen, quoth he, how like you of my loves and my fortunes? Wel, quoth the gentlemen; I pray you is it true? As true, quoth he, as if I would be so simple as to reveal what I did to Margaret's husband: for know you, gentlemen, that I knew this Mutio to be her husband whom I notified to be my lover; and for that he was generally known through Pisa to be a jealous fool, therefore with these tales I brought him into this paradise, which indeed are follies of mine own braine; for trust me, by the faith of a gentleman, I never spake to the woman, was never in her companie, neither doo I know her if I see her. At this they all fell in a laughing at Mutio, who was ashambe that Lionello had so scoft him: but all was well—they were made friends; but the jest went so to his hart, that he shortly after died, and Lionello enjoyed the ladye: and for that they two were the death of the old man, now are they plagued in purgatory, and he whips them with nettles.

(5). In Bologna nobilissima città di Lombardia, madre de gli studi, e accommodata di tutte le cose, che si convengono, ritrovavasi uno scolare gentil'huomo Cretense, il cui nome era Filenio Sisterna, giovane leggiadro, e amorevole. Avenne, che in Bologna si fece una bella, e magnifica festa, alla quale furono invitate molte donne della città, e delle piu belle, e vi concorsero molti gentil'huomini Bolognesi, e scolari, tra'quali vi era Filenio. Costui (si come è usanza de'giovani) vagheggiando hora l'una, e hora l'altra donna, e tutte molto piacendogli, dispose al tutto voler carolar con una d'esse. Et accostatosi ad una, che Emerentiana si chiamava, moglie di Messer Lamberto Bentivogli; la chiese in ballo. Et ella, ch'era gentile; e non men ardita, che bella, non lo rifiutò. Filenio adunque con lento passo menando il ballo, e alle volte stringendole la mano con bassa voce, eosi le disse. Valorosa donna tanta è la bellezza vostra, che senza aleun fallo quella trapassa ogni altra, ch'io vedessi giamai. Et non vi è donna à cui cotanto amore io porti, quanto alla vostra altezza, la quale se mi corrisponderà nell'amore, terrommi il piu contento, e il piu felice huomo, che si truovi al mondo, ma altrimenti faendo, tosto vedrammi di vita privo, e ella ne sara stata della mia morte cagione. Amandovi adunque io Signora mia, com'io fo, e è il debito mio, voi mi prendete per vostro servo, disponendo e di me, e delle cose mie (quantunque picciole sieno) come delle vostre proprie, e gratia maggiore dal cielo riccvere non potrei, che di venir soggetto a tanta donna, la quale come uccello mi ha preso nell'amorosa pania. Emerentiana,

che attentamente ascoltate haveva le dolci, e gratiose parole, come persona prudente finse di non haver orecchie, e nulla rispose. Finito il ballo, e andatasi Emerentiana à sedere, il giovane Filenio prese un'altra matrona per mano, e con essa lei cominciò à ballare, nè appena egli haveva principiata la danza, che con lei si mise in tal maniera a parlare. Certo non fa mestieri gentilissima madonna, che io con parole vi dimostri, quanto, e quale sia il fervido amore, ch'io vi porto, e porterò, fin che questo spirito vitale reggerà queste deboli membra, e infelici ossa. Et felice, anzi beato mi terrei allora, quando io vi avessi per mia patrona, anzi singular Signora. Amandovi adunque io, sì come io vi amo, e essendo io vostro sì come voi agevolmente potete intendere, non harrete a sdegno di ricevermi per vostro humilissimo servitore, perciò che ogni mio bene, e ogni mia vita da voi, e non altronde dipende. La giovane donna, che Panthemia si chiamava, quantunque intendesse il tutto, non però li rispose, ma la danza honestamente seguì, e finito il ballo sorridendo alquanto si pose con le altre a sedere. Non stette molto, che l'innamorato Filenio prese la terza per mano, la piu gentile, la piu aggratiata, e la piu bella donna, che in Bologna allora si trovasse, e con esso lei cominciò menare una danza, facendosi far calle a coloro, che s'appressavano per rimirarla, e innanzi che si terminasse il ballo, egli le disse tai parole. Honestissima madonna, forse io parerò non poco prosuntuoso, seoprendovi hora il celato amore, ch'io vi portai, e hora porto; ma non incolpate me, ma la vostra bellezza, la quale à ciascuna altra vi fa superiore, e me come vostro mancipio tiene. Taccio hora i vostri laudevoli costumi, taccio le egregie, e ammirabili vostre virtù, le quali sono tali, e tante, c'hanno forza di far discender giù da l'alto cielo i superni Dei. Se adunque la vostra bellezza accolta per natura, e non per arte aggradisce à gl'immortali Dei, non è maraviglia, se quella mi stringe ad amarvi, e tenervi ehiosa nelle viscere del mio cuore. Pregovi adunque, gentil Signora mia, unico refrigerio della mia vita, c'habbiate caro colui, che per voi mille volte al giorno muore. Il che facendo, io reputerò haver la vita per voi, alla cui gratia mi raccomando. La bella donna, che Sinfrosia s'appellava, havendo intese le care, e dolci parole, che dal fuoco cuore di Filenio uscivano, non puote alcuno sospiretto nascondere, ma pur considerando l'honor suo, e che era maritata, niuna risposta li diede, ma finito il ballo, se n'andò al suo luogo a sedere. Essendo tutte tre una appresso l'altra quasi in cerchio a sedere, e intertenendosi in piacevoli ragionamenti, Emerentiana moglie di messer Lamberto non già a fine di male, ma burlando disse alle due compagne. Donne mie care, non vi ho io da raceontare una piacevolezza, che mi è avvenuta hoggi? Et che? dissero le compagne. Io (disse Emerentiana) mi ho trovato carolando un'innamorato, il piu bello, il piu leggiadro, e il piu gentile, che si possa trovare. Il qual disse esser sì acceso di me per la mia bellezza, che ne giorno, ne notte non trova riposo, e puntalmente le raccontò tutto ciò, ch'egli haveva detto. Ilche intendendo Panthemia, e Sinfrosia, dissero quel medesimo essere avvenuto a loro, e dalla festa non si partirono, che agevolmente conobbero un'istesso esser stato colui; che con tutte tre haveva fatto l'amore. Il perche chiaramente compresero, che quelle parole dell'innamorato non da fede amorosa, ma da folle, e fittivo amore procedavano, e a sue parole prestarono quella credenza, che prestare si suole a'sogni de gl'infermi, o a fola di romanzi. Et indi non si partirono, che tutte tre concordi si dierono la fede di operare sì, che ciascheduna di loro da per se li farebbe una beffa, e di tal sorte, che l'innamorato si ricorderebbe sempre, che anche le donne sanno beffare. Continovando Filenio in far l'amore quando con una, quando con l'altra, e vedendo, che ciascheduna di loro faceva sembante di volerli bene, si mise in cuore (se possibile era) di ottenere da ciascheduna di loro l'ultimo frutto d'anore, ma non li venne fatto, sì come egli bramava, e era il desiderio suo, perciòche fu perturbato ogni suo disegno.

Emerentiana, che non poteva sofferire il fittizio amore del scioceo scolare, chiamò una sua fanticella assai piacevoletta, e bella, e le impose, ch'ella dovesse con bel modo parlare con Filenio, e isponderli l'amore, che sua madonna li portava, e quando li fusse a piacere, ella una notte vorrebbe esser con esso lui in la propria casa. Il che intendendo Filenio s'allegro, e disse alla fante, vè, e ritorna a casa, e raccomandami a tua madonna, e dille da parte mia, che questa sera la mi aspetti, già che'l marito suo non alberga in casa. In questo mezzo Emerentiana fece raccogliere molti fascioli di pungenti spine, e poseli sotto la lettiera, dove la notte giaceva, e stette ad aspettare, che lo amante venisse. Venuta la notte Filenio prese la spada, e soletto se n'andò alla casa della sua nemica, e datole il segno, fu tostamente aperto. E dopò, c'ebbero insieme ragionato alquanto, e lautamente cenato ambe duo andarono in camera per riposare. Filenio appena si haveva spogliato per girsene al letto, che sopraggiunse messer Lamberto suo marito. Il che intendendo la donna, finse di smarrirsi; e non sapendo, dove l'amante nascondere, gli ordinò, che sotto il letto se n'andasse. Filenio veggendo il pericolo suo, e della donna, senza mettersi alcun vestimento in dosso, ma solo con la camiscia corse sotto la lettiera, e così fieramente si ponse, che non era parte veruna del suo corpo, cominciando dal capo insino a' piedi, che non gettasse sangue. Et quanto piu egli in quel scuro voleva difendersi dalle spine, tanto maggiormente si pungeva, e non ardiva gridare, accioche messer Lamberto non l'udisse, e uccidesse. Io lascio considerar a voi, a che termine quella notte si ritrovasse il miserello, il quale poco mancò, che senza coda non restasse, si come era rimasto senza favella. Venuto il giorno, e partitosi il marito di casa, il povero scolare meglio ch'egli puote si rivestì, e così sanguinoso a casa se ne tornò, e stette con un picciolo spavento di morte. Ma curato diligentemente dal medico si rihebbe, e ricuperò la pristina salute. Non passarono molti giorni, che Filenio seguì il suo innamoramento, facendo l'amore con l'altre due, cioè con Panthemia, e Sinforosia, e tanto fece, che hebbe agio di parlare una sera con Panthemia, alla quale raccontò i suoi lunghi affanni, e continovi tormenti, e pregolla, che di lui pietà haver dovesse. L'astuta Panthemia, fingendo haverli compassione, si iscusava di non haver il modo di poterlo accontentare, ma pur al fine vinta da suoi dolci preghi, e cocenti sospiri lo introdusse in casa. Essendo già spogliato per andarsene a letto con esso lei, Panthemia li comandò, che andasse nel camerino ivi vicino, ove ella teneva le sue acque nanfe, e profumate, e che prima molto bene si profumasse, e poi se n'andasse al letto. Il scolare non s'avedendo dell'astutia della malvagia donna, entrò nel camerino, e posto il piede sopra una tavola diffitta dal travicello, che la sosteneva, senza potersi ritenere insieme con la tavola cadde giù in un magazzino terreno, nel quale alcuni mercatanti tenevano bambagia, e lane. Et quantunque da alto cadesse, niuno però male si fece nella caduta. Ritrovandosi adunque lo scolare in quello oscuro luogo, cominciò à brancolare, se scala, o uscio trovasse, ma nulla trovando, malediceva l'ora, e'l punto, che Panthemia conosciuta havea. Venuta l'aurora, e tardi accortosi il miserello dell'inganno della donna, vide in una parte del magazzino certe fisure nelle mura, che alquanto rendevano di luce, e per essere antiche, e gramose di fastidiosa muffa, egli cominciò con maravigliosa forza cavar le pietre, ove men forti parevano, e tanto cavò, ch'egli fece un pertugio sì grande, che per quello fuori se ne uscì. Et trovandosi una calle non molto lontana dalla publica strada, così scalzo, e in camiscia prese il cammino verso il suo albergo, e senza esser da alcuno conosciuto, entrò in casa. Sinforosia, che già havea intesa l'una, e l'altra beffa fatta a Filenio, s'ingegnò di farli la terza, non minore delle due. E cominciollo con la coda dell'occhio, quand'ella lo vedea guatare, dimostrandoli, ch'ella si consumava per lui. Lo scolare, già domenticato delle passate ingiurie, cominciò a passeggiare dinanzi la casa di costei, facendo il

passionato. Sinforosia avvedendosi lui esser già del suo amore oltre misura acceso, li mandò per una vecchiarella una lettera, per laquale li dimostrò, ch'egli con la sua bellezza, e gentil costumi l'havea sì fieramente presa, e legata, ch'ella non trovava riposo ne dì, ne notte, e perciò, quando a lui fusse a grado, ella desiderava piu che ogni altra cosa, di poter con esso lui favellare. Filenio presa la lettera, e inteso il tenore, e non considerato l'inganno, e dimenticatosi delle passate ingiurie, fu il piu lieto, e consolato huomo, che mai si trovasse. Et presa la carta, e la penna le rispose, che se ella lo amava, e sentiva per lui tormento, che egli il medesimo sentiva, e che di gran lunga amava piu lei, che ella lui; e ad ogni hora, che à lei paresse, egli era a' suoi servigi, e comandi. Letta la risposta, e trovata la opportunità del tempo, Sinforosia lo fece venir in casa, e dopo molti finti sospiri, li disse. Filenio mio, non so qual altro, che tu, mi havebbe mai condotta à questo passo, al quale condotta mi hai. Imperciò che la tua bellezza, la tua leggiadria, e il tuo parlare mi ha posto tal fuoco nell'anima, che come secco legno mi sento abbruciare. Ilche sentendo lo scolare, teneva per certo, ch'ella tutta si struggesse per suo amore. Dimorando adunque il cattivello con Sinforosia in dolci, e dilettevoli ragionamenti, e parendogli homai l'hora di andarsene al letto, e coricarsi a lato a lei, disse Sinforosia. Anima mia dolce innanzi che noi andiamo a letto, mi pare convenevole cosa, che noi ci riconfortiamo alquanto, e presolo per la mano lo condusse in un camerino ivi vicino, dove era una tavola apparecchiata con preciosi confetti, e ottimi vini. Havea la sagace donna alloppiato il vino per far, che egli si addormentasse sin'à certo tempo. Filenio prese il bicchiere, e lo empì di quel vino, e non avvedendosi dell'inganno, intieramente lo bevè. Restaurati li spiriti, e bagnatosi con acqua nanfa, e ben profumatosi, se n'andò à letto. Non stette guari, che'l liquore operò la sua virtù, e il giovane sì profondamente s'addormentò, che'l grave tuono dell'artiglierie malagevolmente destato l'havrebbe. La onde Sinforosia vedendo, ch'egli dirottamente dormiva, e il liquore la sua operatione ottimamente dimostrava, si parti e chiamò una sua fante giovane, et gagliarda, che del fatto era consapevole, e amendue per le mani, e per li piedi presero lo scolare, e chetamente aperto l'uscio lo misero sopra la strada, tanto lungi di casa, quanto sarebbe un buon tratto di pietra. Era cerca un' hora innanzi che spuntasse l'aurora, quando il liquore perdè la sua virtù, e il miserello si destò, e credendo egli esser à lato di Sinforosia, si trovò scalzo, e in camiscia, mezo morto di freddo giacere sopra la nuda terra. Il poverello quasi perduto delle braccia, e delle gambe appena si puote levare in piedi, ma pur con gran malagevolezza levatosi, e non potendo quasi affermarsi in piedi, meglio ch'egli puote, e seppe, senza esser da alcun veduto, al suo albergo ritornò, e alla sua salute provedè. Et se non fusse stata la giovinezza, che l'aiutò, certamente egli sarebbe rimasto attratto de'nervi.

It will be perceived that, in the last tale, there is no trace of the buck-basket, nor can it be supposed to have suggested any circumstance beyond that of a person making love to more than one lady at the same time. The other stories are more to the purpose; but the most widely-drawn conclusion would only lead us to believe that Shakespeare adopted the incident of a man relating his intended intrigues to the lady's husband; the curious stratagem of the buck-basket; and the double courtship, from old tales of the day, probably from Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatorie*, and from other early English versions of the Italian narratives. All the conduct of the story of the *Merry Wives of*

Windsor, appears to be original. Malone refers to a tale in Westward for Smelts, 4to. 1620, 'the Fishwife's Tale of Brainford,' which he imagines may have been read by Shakespeare in some early impression of that work, and which induced him to lay the scene of Falstaff's love adventures at Windsor. This piece commences as follows:—"In Windsor, not long agoe, dwelt a sumpter man, who had to wife a very faire (but something wanton) creature, over whom (not without cause) he was something jealous, yet had hee never any prooffe of her inconstancie; but he feared he was, or should be a euekold, and therefore prevented it so much as he could by restraining her libertie." There is nothing whatever, in the story itself, in any way analogous to the incidents of the present comedy.

The earliest notice of the Merry Wives of Windsor, that has yet been met with, occurs in the Books of the Stationers' Company:—"18 Jan., 1601-2.—John Busby.] An excellent and pleasant conceited Comedie of Sir John Faulstof, and the Merry Wyves of Windesor.—Arth. Johnson.] By assignment from John Busbye a book, An excellent and pleasant conceited comedie of Sir John Faulstafe and the mery wyves of Windsor." This John Busby, a stationer, was partner with Millington in the surreptitious edition of Henry the Fifth, and there seems every reason for supposing that the copy of the Merry Wives, here referred to, was obtained in an indirect manner. It was, however, printed by Thomas Creede for Arthur Johnson in the year 1602, under the title of,—“A Most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie, of Syr *John Falstaffe*, and the merrie Wiues of *Windsor*. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors of Syr *Hugh* the Welch Knight, Iustice *Shallow*, and his wise Cousin M. *Slender*. With the swaggering vaine of Auncient *Pistoll*, and Corporall *Nym*. By *William Shakespeare*. As it hath bene diuers times Aeted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines seruants, Both before her Maiestie, and elsewhere. LONDON—Printed by T. C. for Arthur Johnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne. 1602.” A reprint of this edition, with a few trifling variations, and also having the name of Shakespeare on the title-page, was “printed for Arthur Johnson” in the year 1619.

There cannot be the slightest hesitation in admitting the general opinion that Johnson's editions were piratically published, in whatever point of view they are regarded; whether as copies

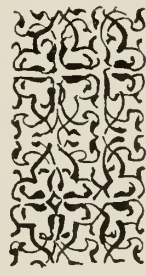
A
Most pleasaunt and
excellent conceited Co-
medie, of Syr John Falstaffe, and the
merrie Wives of Windsor.

Entermixed with fundrie
variable and pleasing humors of Syr Hugh
the Welch Knight, Justiceshallow, and his
wife Cousin M. Skelton.

With the swaggering vaine of Auncient
Pistol, and Corporall Nym.

By William Shakespeare.

As it hath bene diuers times Acted by che right Honorable
my Lord Chamberlaines seruants Both before her
Maiestie, and else-where,



LONDON

Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnson, and are to be sold at
his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the
Flower de Leuse and the Crowne.

1602.

A
Most pleafant and ex-
cellent conceited Comedy,
of Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and the
merry Wives of Windsor.

With the swaggering vaine of An-
cient Pistol, and Corporall Nym.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.



Printed for Arthur Iohnson, 1619.



of the first sketch of Shakespeare's comedy as it proceeded from the author himself, or merely as imperfect versions of the play as it was afterwards printed in the first folio. For several years, I adopted the opinion, so ably supported by Mr. Knight, in favor of Johnson's quarto being a transcript of the poet's first draught of the comedy; but subsequent research has convinced me that this view of the subject is liable to great doubt, and that this early edition must be considered in the light of an unfair and fragmentary copy of the perfect drama, possessing, in all probability, unauthorized additions from the pen of some other writer. The quarto is not, indeed, in any respect, a regular performance, even if it were considered as a copy of a very hasty and imperfect original. In the latter case, there would surely be found passages worthy of Shakespeare's pen, adapted solely to that original, and intentionally omitted in a reconstruction of the play; but, instead of this, the quarto consists for the most part of merely imperfect transcripts, not sketches, of speeches to be found in the perfect drama. The few scenes in the quarto, which are peculiar to itself, are of a very inferior power, and it would be difficult to imagine that they could have been written by the great dramatist. One of these scenes, where Falstaff is tormented by the pretended fairies in Windsor Park, the most favorable of the portions which are clearly derived from another source, exhibits few if any traces of the hand of a distinguished poet. As for the other original fragments in the quarto, they are scarcely worthy of serious consideration; and some of the lines in them are poor and despicable.

So many deceptions were practised by the booksellers in Shakespeare's day, it would be very difficult to decide positively respecting the exact position to be assigned to Johnson's piratical edition of the Merry Wives. Without entering too deeply into the regions of conjecture, it may fairly be presumed that the copy was taken either from notes made at the theatre, or from the imperfect memoranda of one of the actors. With respect to the original portions, our opinion as to those must rest solely on conjecture. There are, I think, indications to be traced in them, showing that the editor, whoever he might have been, was fully acquainted with Shakespeare's play of Henry IV., several phrases being evidently borrowed from it. "When Pistol lies, do this," is a line found in Johnson's quarto and in Henry IV., but not in the perfect copy of the Merry Wives. The same may also be said of such expressions as *woolsack* and *iniquity*, as

applied to Falstaff, neither of which are to be traced in the first folio. Sometimes, also, Shakespeare's own expressions are employed in wrong places, to suit the editor's purpose; and oversights, some of the greatest magnitude, occur in nearly every page. The succession of scenes, however, is exactly the same as in the amended play, although not so divided, with the exception of the fourth and fifth scenes of the third act, which are transposed. The first scene of the fourth act, and the first four scenes of the fifth act in the amended play, are entirely omitted in the quarto.

Amongst the numerous indications of the quarto being an imperfect publication, the reader's attention may be drawn to the second stage direction, in which Bardolph is introduced, as in the amended play; whereas he is there entirely omitted in the business of the scene; and to the incident of the Doctor's sending a challenge to Evans being altogether inexplicable, without the assistance derived from the more perfect version. Several other speeches and devices are of so extremely an inartificial and trivial a character, it can scarcely be imagined but that some very inferior hand was concerned with their production. The reprint of Johnson's edition of 1602, which now follows, will render any further discussion of the subject unnecessary. It is a small quarto volume, of excessive rarity, only four copies being known to exist; and it is carelessly printed, in a large type, evidently being produced hastily for the purposes of sale. Most of the prose is printed as if it were blank verse, an arrangement not followed here, for the sake of the space; but the capital letters, indicating the commencement of the lines, are preserved as in the original. The various readings of the quarto of 1619, which appear to be worthy of remark, are noticed in parentheses.

A Pleasant Conceited Comedie, of Syr John Falstaffe, and the Merry Wives of Windsor.

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SYR HUGH, MAISTER PAGE, *and* SLENDER.

Shal. Nere talke to me, Ile make a star-chamber matter of it. The Councell shall know it.

Pag. Nay good maister Shallow be perswaded by mee.

Shen. Nay surely my uncle shall not put it up so.

Sir Hu. Wil you not heare reasons, M. Slenders? You should heare reasons.

Shal. Tho he be a knight, he shall not thinke to carrie it so away. M. Page, I will not be wronged. For you Syr, I love you, and for my cousen He comes to looke upon your daughter.

Pa. And heres my hand, and if my daughter Like him so well as I, wee'l quickly have it a match : In the meane time let me intreat you to sojourne Here a while. And on my life Ile undertake To make you friends.

Sir Hu. I pray you M. Shallowes, let it be so. The matter is pud to arbitrants. The first man is M. Page, videlicet M. Page. The second is my selfe, videlicet my selfe. And the third and last man, is mine host of the gartyr. [*Enter SYR JOHN FALSTAFFE, PISTOLL, BARDOLFE, and NIM.*] Here is Sir John himselfe now, looke you.

Fal. Now M. Shallow, youle complaine of me to the Councell, I heare ?

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, you have hurt my keeper, kild my dogs, stolne my deere.

Fal. But not kissed your keepers daughter.

Shal. Well this shall be answered.

Fal. Ile answere it straight. I have done all this. This is now answred.

Shal. Well, the Councell shall know it.

Fal. Twere better for you twere knowne in counsell, Youle be laught at.

Sir Hu. Good urdes Sir John, good urdes.

Fal. Good urdes, good Cabidge. Slender, I brake your head, What matter have you against mee ?

Slen. I have matter in my head against you and your cogging companions, Pistoll and Nym. They carried mee to the Taverne and made mee drunke, and afterward picked my pocket.

Fal. What say you to this, Pistoll? did you picke Maister Slenders purse, Pistoll ?

Slen. I by this handkercher did he. Two faire shovell boord shillings, besides seven groats in mill sixpences.

Fal. What say you to this, Pistoll ?

Pist. Sir John, and Maister mine, I combat crave Of this same laten bilbo. I do retort the lie Even in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge.

Slen. By this light it was he then.

Nym. Syr my honor is not for many words, But if you run bace humors of me, I will say mary trap. And there's the humor of it.

Fal. You heare these matters denide gentlemen, You heare it.

Enter MISTRESSE FOORD, MISTRESSE PAGE, and her daughter ANNE.—Pa. No more now, I thinke it be almost dinner-time, For my wife is come to meet us.

Fal. Mistresse Foord, I thinke your name is, If I mistake not. [*SYR JOHN kisses her.*]

Mis. Foord. Your mistake sir is nothing but in the Mistresse. But my husbands name is Foord, sir.

Fal. I shall desire your more acquaintance. The like of you good misteris Page.

Mis. Pa. With all my hart sir John. Come husband will you goe ? Dinner staies for us.

Pa. With all my hart, come along Gentlemen. [*Exit all, but SLENDER and MISTRESSE ANNE.*]

Anne. Now forsooth why do you stay me ? What would you with me ?

Slen. Nay for my owne part, I would litle or nothing with you. I love you well, and my uncle can tell you how my living stands. And if you can love me why so. If not, why then happie man be his dole.

An. You say well M. Slender. But first you must give me leave to Be acquainted with your humor, And afterward to love you if I can.

Slen. Why by God, there's never a man in christendome can desire more. What have you Beares in your Towne, mistresse Anne, your dogs barke so?

An. I cannot tell M. Slender, I thinke there be.

Slen. Ha how say you? I warrant your afeard of a Beare let loose, are you not?

An. Yes trust me.

Slen. Now that's meate and drinke to me, Ile run yon (*this word omitted in ed. 1619*) to a Beare, and take her by the mussell, You never saw the like. But indeed I cannot blame you, For they are marvellous rough things.

An. Will you goe in to dinner, M. Slendor? The meate staies for you.

Slen. No faith not I. I thanke you, I cannot abide the smell of hot meate Nere since I broke my shin. Ile tel you how it came By my troth. A Fener and I plaid three venies For a dish of stewd prunes, and I with my ward Defending my head, he hot (*hit, ed. 1619*) my shin. Yes faith.

Enter MAISTER PAGE.—Pa. Come, come Maister Slender, dinner staies for you.

Slen. I ean eate no meate, I thanke you.

Pa. You shall not echoose I say.

Slen. Ile follow you sir, pray leade the way. Nay be God misteris Anne, you shall goe first, I have more manners then so, I hope.

An. Well sir, I will not be troublesome.

[*Exit omnes.*]

Enter SIR HUGH and SIMPLE, from dinner.—Sir Hu. Hark you Simple, pray you beare this letter to Doector Cayus house, the French Doector. He is twell up along the street, and enquire of his house for one mistris Quickly, his woman, or his try nurse, and deliver this Letter to her, it tis about Maister Slender. Looke you, will you do it now?

Sim. I warrant you Sir.

Sir Hu. Pray you do, I must not be absent at the graee. I will goe make an end of my dinner, There is pepions and eheese behinde. [*Exit omnes.*]

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFFES, Host of the Garter, NYM, BARDOLFE, PISTOLL, and the boy.—Fal. Mine Host of the Garter.

Host. What ses my bully Rooke? Speake schollerly and wisely.

Fal. Mine Host, I must turne away some of my followers.

Host. Discard bully, Hereules eassire. Let them wag, trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pound a weeke.

Host. Thou art an Emperour Cæsar, Phesser and Kesar bully. Ile entertaine Bardolfe. He shall tap, he shall draw. Said I well, bully Heetor?

Fal. Do good mine Host.

Host. I have spoke. Let him follow. Bardolfe, Let me see thee froth, and lyme. I am at A word. Follow, follow. [*Exit Host.*]

Fal. Do Bardolfe, a Tapster is a good trade, An old eloake will make a new Jerkin, A withered servingman, a fresh Tapster: Follow him Bardolfe.

Bar. I will sir, Ile warrant you Ile make a good shift to live. [*Exit BARDOLFE.*]

Pis. O bae gongarian wight, wilt thou the spicket willd?

Nym. His minde is not heroiek. And theres the humor of it.

Fal. Well my Laddes, I am almost out at the heeles.

Pis. Why then let eybes insue.

Nym. I thanke thee for that humor.

Fal. Well I am glad I am so rid of this tinder Boy. His stealth was too open, his filching was like An unskilfull singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humor is to steale at a minutes rest.

Pis. Tis so indeed Nym, thou hast hit it right.

Fal. Well, afore God, I must cheat, I must conycatch. Which of you knowes Foord of this Towne?

Pis. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

Fal. Well my honest lads, Ile tell you what I am about.

Pis. Two yards and more.

Fal. No gibes now Pistoll: indeed I am two yards In the wast, but now I am about no wast: Briefly, I am about thrift you rogues you, I do intend to make love to Foords wife, I espie entertainment in her, She carves, she Discourses. She gives the lyre of invitation, And every part to be constured rightly is, I am Syr John Falstaffes.

Pis. He hath studied her well, out of honestie Into English.

Fal. Now the report goes, she hath all the rule Of her husbands purse. She hath legians of angels.

Pis. As many divels attend her. And to her boy say I.

Fal. Heree's a Letter to her. Heeres another to misteris Page, Who even now gave me good eies too, examined my exteriors with such a greedy intention, with the beames of her beautie, that it seemed as she would a scorged me up like a burning glasse. Here is another Letter to her, shee beares the purse too. They shall be Excheckers to me, and Ile be cheaters to them both. They shall be my East and West Indies, and Ile trade to them both. Heere beare thou this Letter to Mistresse Foord. And thou this to mistresse Page. Weele thrive, Lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir Panderowes of Troy become?
And by my sword were steele. Then Lucifer take all.

Nym. Here take your humor Letter againe, For my part, I will keepe the havior Of reputation. And theres the humor of it.

Fal. Here sirrha beare me these Letters titely,
Saile like my pinnice to the golden shores:
Hence slaves, avant. Vanish like hailstones, goe.
Falstaffe will learne the humor of this age,
French thrift you rogue, my selfe and scirted Page. [*Exit FALSTAFFE, and the Boy.*]

Pis. And art thou gone? Teaster Ile have in pouch
When thou shalt want, bace Phrygian Turke.

Nym. I have operations in my head, which are humors of revenge.

Pis. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By Welkin and her Fairies.

Pis. By wit, or sword?

Nym. With both the humors I will disclose this love to Page. Ile poses him with Jallowes, And theres the humor of it.

Pis. And I to Foord will likewise tell
How Falstaffe varlot vilde,
Would have her love, his dove would prove,
And eke his bed defile.

Nym. Let us about it then.

Pis. Ile second thee: sir Corporall Nym troope on.

[*Exit omnes.*
Enter MISTRESSE QUICKLY, and SIMPLE.—Quic. M. Slender is your Masters name say you?

Sim. I indeed that is his name.

Quic. How say you? I take it hee is somewhat a weakly man: And he has as it were a whay coloured beard.

Sim. Indeed my maisters beard is kane colored.

Quic. Kane colour, you say well. And is this letter from Sir Yon, about Misteris An, Is it not?

Sim. I indeed is it.

Quic. So: and your Maister would have me as it twere to speak to misteris Anne concerning him: I promise you my M. hath a great affectioned mind to mistresse Anne himselfe. And if he should know that I should as they say, give my verdit for any one but himselfe, I should heare of it throughly: For I tell you friend, he puts all his privities in me.

Sim. I by my faith you are a good staie to him.

Quic. Am I? I and you knew all yowd say so: Washing, brewing, baking, all goes through my hands, Or else it would be but a woe house.

Sim. I beshrow me, one woman to do all this, Is very painfull.

Quic. Are you avised of that? I, I warrant you, 'Take all, and paie all, all goe through my hands, And he is such a honest man, and he should chance To come home and finde a man here, we should Have no who (*hoc*, ed. 1619) with him. He is a parlowes man.

Sim. Is he indeed?

Quic. Is he quoth you? God keepe him abroad: Lord blesse me, who knoecks there?

For Gods sake step into the Counting-house, While I goe see whose at doore. [*He steps into the Counting-house.*] What Iohn Rugby, Iohn, are you come home sir alreadie? [*And (omitted in ed. 1619) she opens the doore.*]

Doct. I begar I be forget my oyntment, Where be Iohn Rugby?

Enter IOHN.—Rug. Here sir, do you call?

Doc. I you be Iohn Rugbye, and you be Iack Rugby Goe run up met your heeles, and bring away De oyntment in de vindoe present: Make hast Iohn Rugbye. O I am almost forget My simples in a boxe in de Counting-house: O Ieshu vat be here, a devella, a devella? My Rapier Iohn Rugby, Vat be you, vat make You in my Counting-house? I tinck you be a teefe.

Quic. Ieshu blesse me, we are all undone.

Sim. O Lord sir no: I am no theefe, I am a Servingman: My name is John Simple, I brought a Letter sir From my M. Slender, about misteris Anne Page Sir: Indeed that is my comming.

Doc. I begar is dat all? Iohn Rugby give a ma pen An Inck: tarche un pettit tarche a little. [*The Doctor writes.*]

Sim. O God what a furious man is this?

Quic. Nay it is well he is no worse: I am glad he is so quiet.

Doc. Here give dat same to sir Hu, it ber ve chalenge Begar tell him I will cut his nase, will you?

Sim. I sir, Ile tell him so.

Doc. Dat be vell, my Rapier Iohn Rugby, follow may. [*Exit Doctor.*]

Quic. Well my friend, I cannot tarry, tell your Maister Ile doo what I can for him, And so farewell.

Sim. Mary will I, I am glad I am got hence. [*Exit omnes.*]

Enter MISTRESSE PAGE, reading of a Letter.—Mis. Pa. Mistresse Page I love you. Aske me no reason, Because theyr impossible to alledge. Your faire, And I am fat. Yon love sack, so do I: As I am sure I have no mind but to love, So I know you have no hart but to grant. A souldier doth not use many words, where a knowes A letter may serve for a sentence. I love you, And so I leave you.—YOURS SYR JOHN FALSTAFFE.

Now Ieshu blesse me, am I methomorphised? I thinke I knowe not myselfe. Why what a Gods name doth this man see in me, that thus he shootes at my honestie? Well but that I knowe my owne heart, I should scarcely perswade my selfe I were hand. Why what an unreasonable woosack is this? He was never twice in my companie, and if then I thought I gave such assurance with my eies,

Ide pul them out, they should never see more holie daies. Well, I shall trust fat men the worse while I live for his sake. O God that I knew how to be revenged of him. But in good time, heeres mistresse Foord.

Enter MISTRESSE FOORD.—Mis. For. How now Mistris Page, are you reading Love Letters? How do you woman?

Mis. Pa. O woman I am I know not what: In love up to the hard eares. I was never in such a case in my life.

Mis. Ford. In love, now in the name of God with whom?

Mis. Pa. With one that sweares he loves me, And I must not choose but do the like againe: I prethie looke on that Letter.

Mis. For. Ile match your letter just with the like, Line for line, word for word. Only the name Of misteris Page, and misteris Foord disagrees: Do me the kindness to looke upon this.

Mis. Pa. Why this is right my letter. O most notorious villaine! Why what a bladder of iniquitie is this? Lets be revenged what so ere we do.

Mis. For. Revenged, if we live weel be revenged. O Lord if my husband should see this Letter, Ifaith this would even give edge to his Jealousie.

Enter FORD, PAGE, PISTOLL and NYM.—Mis. Pa. See where our husbands are, Mine's as far from Jealousie, As I am from wronging him.

Pis. Ford the words I speake are forst: Beware, take heed, for Falstaffe loves thy wife: When Pistoll lies do this.

Ford. Why sir my wife is not young.

Pis. He wooes both yong and old, both rich and poore None comes amis. I say he loves thy wife: Faire warning did I give, take heed, For sommer comes, and Cuckoo birds appeare: Page, believe him what he ses. Away sir Corporall Nym. [*Exit* PISTOLL.

Nym. Syr the humor of it is, he loves your wife,

I should ha borne the humor Letter to her:

I speake and I avouch tis true: My name is Nym.

Farwell, I love not the humor of bread and cheese:

And theres the humor of it.

[*Exit* NYM.

Pa. The humor of it, quoth you: Heres a fellow frites humor out of his wits.

Mis. Pa. How now sweet hart, how dost thou?

Enter MISTRESSE QUICKLY.—Pa. How now man? How do you mistris Ford?

Mis. For. Well I thanke you good M. Page. How now husband, how chauce thou art so melancholy.

Ford. Melancholy, I am not melancholy. Goe get you in, goe.

Mis. For. God save me, see who yonder is: Weele set her a worke in this businesse.

Mis. Pa. O sheele serve excellent. Now you come to see my daughter An I am sure.

Quic. I forsooth that is my comming.

Mis. Pa. Come go in with me. Come Mis. Ford.

Mis. For. I follow you Mistresse Page.

[*Exit* MISTRESSE FORD, MIS. PAGE, and QUICKLY.

For. M. Page did you heare what these fellowes said?

Pa. Yes M. Ford, what of that sir?

For. Do you thinke it is true that they told us?

Pa. No by my troth do I not, I rather take them to be paltry lying knaves, Such as rather speakes of envie, Then of any certaine they have Of any thing. And for the knight, perhaps He hath spoke merrily, as the fashion of fat men Are: But should he love my wife, Ifaith Ide turne her loose to him: And what he got

more of her, Then ill lookes, and shrowd words, Why let me beare the penaltie of it.

For. Nay I do not mistrust my wife, Yet Ide be loth to turne them together, A man may be too confident.

Enter HOST *and* SHALLOW.—*Pa.* Here comes my ramping host of the garter, Ther's either lieker in his hed, or mony in his purse, That he lookes so meryly. Now mine Host?

Host. God blesse you my bully rookes, God blesse you. Cavelera Justice I say.

Shal. At hand mine host, at hand. M. Ford god den to you. God den an twentie good M. Page. I tell you sir we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him cavelera Justice: tell him bully rooke.

Ford. Mine Host a the garter:

Host. What ses my bully rooke?

Ford. A word with you sir.

[FORD *and* the HOST *talkes.*

Shal. Harke you sir, Ile tell you what the sport shall be, Doctor Cayus and sir Hu are to fight, My merrie Host hath had the measuring Of their weapons, and hath Appointed them contrary places. Harke in your eare:

Host. Hast thou no shute against my knight, My gnest, my cavellira.

For. None I protest: But tell him my name Is Brooke (*Brooke*, ed. 1619), onlie for a Jest.

Host. My (*thy*, ed. 1619) hand bully: Thou shalt Have egres and regres, and thy Name shall be Brooke: Sed I well bully Hector?

Shal. I tell you what M. Page, I beleeve The Doctor is no Jester, heele laie it on: For tho we be Justices and Doctors, And Church men, yet we are The sonnes of women M. Page:

Pa. True maister Shallow:

Shal. It will be found so maister Page:

Pa. Maister Shallow you your selfe Have bene a great fighter, Tho now a man of peace:

Shal. M. Page I have secne the day that yong Tall fellowes with their stroke and their passado, I have made them trudge Maister Page, A tis the hart, the hart doth all: I Have seene the day, with my two hand sword I would a made you foure tall Fencers Scipped like Rattes.

Host. Here boyes, shall we wag, shall we wag?

Shal. Ha with you mine host.

[*Exit* HOST *and* SHALLOW.

Pa. Come M. Ford, shall we to dinner? I know these fellowes sticks in your minde.

For. No in good sadnesse not in mine: Yet for all this Ile try it further, I will not leave it so: Come M. Page, shall we to dinner?

Pa. With all my hart sir, Ile follow you.

[*Exit omnes.*

Enter SYR JOHN, *and* PISTOLL.—*Fal.* Ile not lend thee a peny.

Pis. I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a pennie: I have beene content you shuld lay my countenance to pawne: I have grated upon my good friends for 3. reprives, for you and your Coach-fellow Nym, else you might a looked thorow a grate like a geminy of babones. I am damned in hell for swearing to Gentlemen your good souldiers and tall fellowes: And when mistresse Briget lost the handle of her Fan, I tooked on my ho- (*honesty*, ed. 1619) thou hadst it not.

Pis. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteene pence?

Fal. Reason you rogue, reason. Doest thou thinke Ile indanger my soule gratis? In briefe, hang no more about mee, I am no gybit for you. A short

knife and a throng to your manner of pickt hatch, goe. Youle not beare a Letter for me you rogue you: you stand upon your honor. Why thou unconfinable basenesse thou, tis as much as I can do to keep the termes of my honor precise. I, I my selfe sometimes, leaving the feare of God on the left hand, am faine to shuffel, to filch and to lurch. And yet you stand upon your honor, you rogue. You, you.

Pis. I do recant: what woulst thou more of man?

Fal. Well, go too, away, no more.

Enter MISTRESSE QUICKLY.—Quic. Good you god den sir.

Fal. Good den faire wife.

Quic. Not so ant like your worship.

Fal. Faire mayd then.

Quic. That I am Ile be sworne, as my mother was The first houre I was borne. Sir I would speake with you in private.

Fal. Say on I prethy, heeres none but my owne houshold.

Quic. Are they so? Now God blesse them, and make them his servants. Syr I come from Mistresse Foord.

Fal. So from Mistresse Foord. Goe on.

Quic. I sir, she hath sent me to you to let you Understand she hath received your Letter, And let me tell you, she is one stands upon her credit.

Fal. Well, come Misteris Ford, Misteris Ford.

Quic. I sir, and as they say, she is not the first Hath bene led in a fooles paradise.

Fal. Nay prethy be briefe my good she Mercury.

Quic. Mary sir, sheed have you meet her between eight and nine.

Fal. So betweene eight and nine:

Quic. I forsooth, for then her husband goes a birding.

Fal. Well commend me to thy mistris, tel her I will not faile her: Boy give her my purse.

Quic. Nay sir I have another arant to do to you From Misteris Page:

Fal. From misteris Page? I prethy what of her?

Quic. By my troth I think you work by inchantments, Els they could never love you as they doo:

Fal. Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my Good parts aside, I use no other inchantments.

Quic. Well sir, she loves you extreemly: And let me tell you, shees one that feares God, And her husband gives her leave to do all: For he is not halfe so jealousie as M. Ford is.

Fal. But harke thee, hath misteris Page and mistris Ford, Acquainted each other how dearly they love me?

Quic. O God no sir: there were a jest indeed.

Fal. Well farwel, commend me to misteris Ford, I will not faile her say.

Quic. God be with your worship.

[*Exit MISTRESSE QUICKLY.*]

Enter BARDOLFE.—Bar. Sir heer's a gentleman, One M. Brooke, would speak with you, He hath sent you a cup of sacke.

Fal. M. Brooke, hees welcome; Bid him come up, Such Brookes are alwaies welcome to me: A Jack, will thy old bodie yet hold out? Wilt thou after the expence of so much mony Be now a gainer? Good bodie I thanke thee, And Ile make more of thee then I ha done: Ha, ha, misteris Ford, and misteris Page, have I caught you a the hip? go too.

Enter FOORD disguised like BROOKE.—For. God save you sir.

Fal. And you too, would you speak with me?

Fal. Mary would I sir, I am somewhat bolde to trouble you, My name is Brooke.

Fal. Good M. Brooke your verie welcome.

For. Ifaith sir I am a gentleman and a traveller, That have seen somewhat. And I have often heard That if mony goes before, all waies lie open.

Fal. Mony is a good souldier sir, and will on.

For. Ifaith sir, and I have a bag here, Would you woud helpe me to beare it.

Fal. O Lord, would I could tell how to deserve To be your porter.

For. That may you easily sir John: I have an earnest Sute to you. But good sir John when I have Told you my grieffe, east one eie of your owne Estate, since your selfe knew what tis to be Sueh an offender.

Fal. Verie well sir, proceed.

For. Sir I am deeply in love with one Fords wife Of this Towne. Now sir John you are a gentleman Of good discoursing, well beloved among Ladies, A man of such parts that might win 20. such as she.

Fal. O good sir.

For. Nay beleeve it sir John, for tis time (*sic*). Now my love Is so grounded upon her, that without her love I shall hardly live.

Fal. Have you importuned her by any means?

Ford. No never sir.

Fal. Of what qualitie is your love then?

Ford. Ifaith sir, like a faire house set upon Another mans foundation.

Fal. And to what end have you unfolded this to me?

For. O, sir, when I have told you that, I told you all: For she sir stands so pure in the firme state Of her honestie, that she is too bright to be looked Against: Now could I come against her With some deteetion, I should sooner perswade her From her marriage vow, and a hundred such niee Tearmes that sheele stand upon.

Fal. Why would it apply well to the vervensie of your affection, That another should possesse what you would enjoy? Meethinks you prescribe verie proposterously To your selfe.

For. No sir, for by that meanes should I be certaine of that which I now misdoubt.

Fal. Well M. Brooke, Ile first make bold with your mony, Next, give me your hand. Lastly, you shall And (*if*, ed. 1619) you will, enjoy Fords wife.

For. O good sir.

Fal. M. Brooke, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no mony Syr John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Misteris Ford M. Brooke, You shall want none. Even as you came to me, Her spokes mate, her go between parted from me: I may tell you M. Brooke, I am to meet her Between 8. and 9. for at that time the Jealous Cuckally knave her husband wil be from home, Come to me soone at night, you shall know how I speed M. Brooke.

Ford. Sir do you know Ford?

Fal. Hang him poore euekally knave, I know him not, And yet I wrong him to eall him poore. For they Say the euekally knave hath legions of angels, For the which his wife seemes to me well favored, And Ile use her as the key of the euekally knaves Coffe, and there's my randevowes.

Ford. Meethinkes sir it were very (*this word omitted in ed. 1619*) good that you knew Ford, that you might shun him.

Fal. Hang him euekally knave, Ile stare him Out of his wits, Ile keepe him in awe With this my eudgell: It shall hang like a meator Ore the wittolly knaves head, M. Brooke thou shalt See I will predominate ore the peasant, And thou shalt lie with his wife. M. Brooke Thou shalt know him for knave and cuckold, Come to me soone at night.

[*Exit* FALSTAFFE.]

Ford. What a damned epicurian is this? My wife hath sent for him, the plot is laid: Page is an Asse, a foole. A secure Asse, Ile sooner trust an Irishman with my Aquavita bottle, Sir Hu our parson with my cheese, A theefe to walk my ambling gelding, then my wife With her selfe: then she plots, then she ruminates, And what she thinkes in her hart she may effect, Sheele breake her hart but she will effect it. God be praised, God be praised for my jealousie: Well Ile goe prevent him, the time drawes on, Better an houre too soone, then a minit too late, Gods my life cuckold, cuckold. [*Exit FORD.*]

Enter the DOCTOR and his man.—Doc. John Rugbie goe looke met your eies ore de stall, And spie and you can see de parson.

Rug. Sir I cannot tell whether he be there or no, But I see a great many comming.

Doc. Bully moy, mon rapier John Rugabie, begar de Hearing (*herring*, ed. 1619) be not so dead as I shall make him.

Enter SHALLOW, PAGE, my HOST, and SLENDER.—Pa. God save you M. Doctor Cayus.

Shal. How do you M. Doctor?

Host. God blesse thee my bully doctor, God blesse thee.

Doc. Vat be all you, van to tree com for, a?

Host. Bully to see thee fight, to see thee foine, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee passe the punto. The stock, the reverse, the distance: the montnce (*sic*) is a dead my francoyes? Is a dead my Ethiopian? Ha what ses my gallon? my escuolapis? Is a dead bullies taile, is a dead?

Doc. Begar de preest be a coward Jack knave, He dare not shew his face.

Host. Thou art a castallian king urinall. Hector of Greece my boy.

Shal. He hath showne himselfe the wiser man M. Doctor: Sir Hugh is a Parson, and you a Phisition. You must Goe with me M. Doctor.

Host. Pardon bully Justice. A word monsire moekwater.

Doc. Mockwater, vat me (*be*, ed. 1619) dat?

Host. That is in our English tongue, Vallor bully, vallor.

Doc. Begar den I have as mockwater as de English Jack dog, knave.

Host. He will claperclaw thee titely bully.

Doc. Claperclawe, vat be dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Doc. Begar I do looke he shal claperclaw me den, And Ile provoke him to do it, or let him wag: And moreover bully, but M. Page and M. Shallow, And eke eavellira Slender, go you all over the fields to Frogmore?

Pa. Sir Hugh is there, is hee?

Host. He is there: goe see what humor hee is in, Ile bring the doctor about by the fields: Will it do well?

Shal. We wil do it my host. Farwel M. Doctor. [*Exit all but the Host and DOCTOR.*]

Doc. Begar I will kill de cowardly Jack preest, He is make a foole of moy.

Host. Let him die, but first sheth your impatienee, Throw cold water on your collar, com go with me Through the fields to Frogmore, and Ile bring thee Where mistris An Page is a feasting (*is feasting*, ed. 1619) at a farm house, And thou shalt wear hir cried game: sed I wel bully.

Doc. Begar excellent vel: and if you speak pour moy, I shall procure you de gesse of all de gentlemen mon patince. I begar I sall.

Host. For the which Ile be thy adversary To misteris An Page: Sed I well?

Doc. I begar excellent.

Host. Let us wag then.

Doc. Alon, alon, alon.

[*Exit omnes.*

Enter SYR HUGH *and* SIMPLE.—*Sir Hu.* I pray you do so much as see if you can espie Doctor Cayus comming, and give me intelligence, Or bring me urde if you please now.

Sim. I will sir.

Sir Hu. Jeshu ples mec, how my hart trobes, and trobes,
And then she made him bedes of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant poses,
To shallow riveres. Now so kad udge me, my hart Swelles more and more. Mee thinkes I can cry Verie well. There dwelt a man in Babylon,
To shallow rivers and to falles,
Melodious birds sing Madrigalles.

Sim. Sir here is M. Page and M. Shallow, Comming hither as fast as they can.

Sir Hu. Then it is verie necessary I put up my sword, Pray give me my cowne too, marke you.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.—*Pa.* God save you Sir Hugh.

Shal. God save you M. parson.

Sir Hu. God plesse you all from his mercies sake now.

Pa. What the word and the sword, doth that agree well?

Sir Hu. There is reasons and causes in all things, I warrant you now.

Pa. Well Sir Hugh, we are come to crave Your helpe and furtherance in a matter.

Sir Hu. What is (*is it*, ed. 1619) I pray you?

Pa. Ifaith tis this sir Hugh. There is an auncient friend of ours, a man of verie good sort, so at oddes with one patience, that I am sure you would hartily grieve to sec him. Now Sir Hugh, you are a scholler well red, and verie perswasive, we would intreate you to see if you could intreat him to patience.

Sir Hu. I pray you who is it? Let us know that.

Pa. I am shure you know him, tis Doctor Cayus.

Sir Hu. I had as leeve you should tel me of a messe of poredge, He is an arant lowsie beggerly knave: And he is a coward beside.

Pa. Why Ile laie my life tis the man That he should fight withall.

Enter DOCTOR *and* the HOST, *they offer to fight.*—*Shal.* Keep them asunder, take away their weapons.

Host. Disarme, let them question.

Shal. Let them keep their limbs hole, and hack our English.

Doc. Hark van urd in your care. You be un daga And de Jack, coward preest.

Sir Hu. Harke you, let us not be laughing stockes to other mens humors. By Jeshu I will knock your urinalls about your knaves cockcomes, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Doc. O Jeshu mine host of de garter, John Rogoby, Have I not met him at de place he make apoint, Have I not?

Sir Hu. So kad udge me, this is the pointment place, Witnes by my Host of the garter.

Host. Peacc I say gawle and gawlia, French and Wealch, Soule curer, and bodie curer.

Doc. This is verie brave, excellent.

Host. Peace I say, heare mine host of the garter, Am I wise? am I polliticke? am I Matchavil? Shall I lose my doctor? No, he gives me the motions And the potions. Shall I lose my parson, my sir Hu? No, he gives me the proverbes, and the noverbes: Give me thy hand terrestriall, So give me thy hand celestiall: So

boyes of art I have deceived you both, I have directed you to wrong places, Your hearts are mightie, your skins are whole, Bardolfe laie their swords to pawne. Follow me lads Of peace, follow me. Ha, ra, la. Follow. [*Exit Host.*]

Shal. Afore God a mad host, come let us goe.

Doc. I begar have you mocka may thus? I will be even met you my Jack Host.

Sir Hu. Give me your hand Doctor Cayus, We be all friends: But for mine hosts foolish knavery, let me alone.

Doc. I dat be vell, begar I be friends. [*Exit omnes.*]

Enter M. FOORD.—For. The time drawes on he shuld come to my house, Well wife, you had best worke closely, Or I am like to goe beyond your cunning: I now wil seek my guesse that comes to dinner, And in good time see where they all are come. [*Enter SHALLOW, PAGE, HOST, SLENDER, DOCTOR, and SIR HUGH.*] By my faith a knot well met: your welcome all.

Pa. I thanke you good M. Ford.

For. Welcome good M. Page, I would your daughter were here.

Pa. I thank you sir, she is very well at home.

Sten. Father Page I hope I have your consent For Misteris Anne?

Pa. You have sonne Slender, but my wife here, Is altogether for maister Doctor.

Doc. Begar I tanck her hartily:

Host. But what say you to yong Maister Fenton? He capers, he daunces, he writes verses, he smelles All April and May: he wil cary it, he wil carit, Tis in his betmes (*sic*) he wil carite.

Pa. My host not with my consent: the gentleman is Wilde, he knowes too much: If he take her, Let him take her simply: for my goods goes With my liking, and my liking goes not that way.

For. Well I pray go home with me to dinner: Besides your cheare Ile shew you wonders: Ile Shew you a monster. You shall go with me M. Page, and so shall you sir Hugh, and you Maister Doctor.

S. Hu. If there be one in the company, I shal make two:

Doc. And dere be ven to, I sall make de tird:

Sir Hu. In your teeth for shame,

Shal. wel, wel, God be with you, we shall have the fairer Wooing at Maister Pages: [*Exit SHALLOW and SLENDER.*]

Host. Ile to my honest knight sir John Falstaffe, And drinke Canary with him. [*Exit host.*]

Ford. I may chance to make him drinke in pipe wine, First come gentlemen. [*Exit omnes.*]

Enter MISTRESSE FORD, with two of her men, and a great buck basket.

Mis. For. Sirrha, if your M. aske you whither You carry this basket, say to the Launderers, I hope you know how to bestow it?

Ser. I warrant you misteris. [*Exit servant.*]

Mis. For. Go get you in. Well sir John, I beleeve I thall serve you such a trick, You shall have little mind to come againe.

Enter SIR JOHN.—Fal. Have I caught my heavenlie Jewel? Why now let me die. I have lived long inough, This is the happie houre I have desired to see, Now shall I sin in my wish, I would thy husband were dead.

Mis. For. Why how then sir John?

Fal. By the Lord, Ide make thee my Ladie.

Mis. For. Alas, sir John, I should be a verie simple Ladie.

Fal. Goe too, I see how thy eie doth emulate the Diamond. And how the

arched bent of thy brow Would become the ship tire, the tire vellet, Or anie Venetian attire, I see it.

Mis. For. A plaine kercher sir John, would fit me better.

Fal. By the Lord thou art a traitor to saie so: What made me love thee? Let that perswade thee Ther's somewhat extraordinarie in thee: Goe too I love thee: Mistris Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, like one Of these fellows that smels like Bucklers-berie, In simple time, but I love thee, And none but thee.

Mis. For. Sir John, I am afraid you love misteris Page.

Fal. I thou mightest as well saie I love to walke by the Counter gate, Which is as hatefull to me As the reake of a lime kill.

Enter MISTRESSE PAGE.—*Mis. Pa.* Mistresse Ford, Mis. Ford, where are you?

Mis. For. O Lord step aside good sir John. [*FALSTAFFE stands behind the arras.*] How now Misteris Page whats the matter?

Mis. Pa. Why your husband woman is comming, With halfe Windsor at his heeles, To looke for a gentleman that he ses Is hid in his (*this*, ed. 1619) house: his wifes sweet hart.

Mis. For. Speak louder. But I hope tis not true Misteris Page.

Mis. Pa. Tis too true woman. Therefore if you Have any here, away with him, or your undone for ever.

Mis. For. Alas mistresse Page, what shall I do? Here is a gentleman my friend, how shall I do?

Mis. Pa. Gode body woman, do not stand what shal I do, and what shall I do. Better any shift, rather then you shamed. Looke heere, here's a buck-basket, if hee be a man of any reasonable sise, heele in here.

Mis. For. Alas I feare he is too big.

Fal. Let me see, let me see, Ile in, Ile in, Follow your friends counsell.

[*Aside (this direction omitted in ed. 1619).*]

Mis. Pa. Fie sir John is this your love? Go too.

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee: Helpe me to convey me hence, Ile never come here more. [*SIR JOHN goes into the basket, they put cloathes over him, the two men carries it away: FOORD meetes it, and all the rest, PAGE, DOCTOR, PR'EST, SLENDER, SHALLOW.*]

Ford. Come pray along, you shall see all. How now who goes heare? whither goes this? Whither goes it? set it downe.

Mis. For. Now let it go, you had best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck, good buck, pray come along, Maister Page take my keys: helpe to search. Good Sir Hugh pray come along, helpe a little, a little, Ile shew you all.

Sir Hu. By Jeshu these are jealousies and distemperes.

[*Exit omnes.*]

Mis. Pa. He is in a pittifull taking.

Mis. I wonder what he thought When my husband bad them set downe the basket.

Mis. Pa. Hang him dishonest slave, we cannot use Him bad inough, This is excellent for your Husbands jealousie.

Mi. For. Alas poore soule it grieves me at the hart, But this will be a meanes to make him cease His jealous fits, if Falstaffes love increase.

Mis. Pa. Nay we wil send to Falstaffe once again, Tis great pittie we should leave him: What wives may be merry, and yet honest too.

Mi. For. Shall we be condemnd because we laugh? Tis old, but true: still sowes eate all the draffe.

Enter all.—*Mis. Pa.* Here comes your husband, stand aside.

For. I can find no body within, it may be he lied.

Mis. Pa. Did you heare that?

Mis. For. I, I, peace.

For. Well Ile not let it go so, yet Ile trie further.

S. Hu. By Jeshu if there be any body in the kitchin Or the cuberts, or the presse, or the buttery, I am an arrant Jew: Now God plesse me: You serve me well, do you not?

Pa. Fie M. Ford you are to blame.

Mis. Pa. Ifaith tis not well M. Ford to suspect Her thus without cause (*a cause*, ed. 1619).

Doc. No by my trot it be no vell:

For. Wel I pray bear with me, M. Page pardon me. I suffer for it, I suffer for it:

Sir Hu. You suffer for a bad conscience looke you now:

Ford. Well I pray no more, another time Ile tell you all: The mean time go dine with me, pardon me wife, I am sorie. M. Page pray goe in to dinner, Another time Ile tell you all.

Pa. Wel let it be so, and to morrow I invite you all To my house to dinner: and in the morning weele A birding, I have an excellent Hauke for the bush.

Ford. Let it be so: Come M. Page, come wife: I pray you come in all, your welcome, pray come in.

Sir Hu. By so kad udgme, M. Fordes is Not in his right wittes: [*Exit omnes: Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFFE (and Bardolfe*, ed. 1619).—*Fal.* Bardolfe brew me a pottle sack presently:

Bar. With Egges sir?

Fal. Simply of it selfe, Ile none of these pullets sperme In my drinke: goe make haste. Have I lived to be carried in a basket and throwne into the Thames like a barow of Butchers offoll. Well, and I be served such another tricke, Ile give them leave to take out my braines and butter them, and give them to a dog for a new-yeares gift. Sblood, the rogues slided me in with as little remorse as if they had gone to drowne a blind bitches puppies in the litter: and they might know by my sise I have a kind of alacritie in sinking: and the bottom had bin as deep as hell I should downe. I had bene drowned, but that the shore was shelvie and somewhat shallowe: a death that I abhorre. For you know the water swelles a man: and what a thing should I have bene when I had bene swelled? By the Lord a mountaine of money (*sic*). Now is the Sacke brewed?

Bar. I sir, there's a woman below would speake with you.

Fal. Bid her come up. Let me put some Sacke among this cold water, for my belly is as cold as if I had swallowed snow-balles for pilles. [*Enter MISTRESSE QUICKLY.*] Now whats the newes with you?

Quic. I come from misteris Ford forsooth.

Fal. Misteris Ford, I have had Ford inough, I have benc throwne into the Ford, my belly is full Of Ford: she hath tickled mee.

Quic. O Lord sir, she is the sorrowfullest woman that her servants mistooke, that ever lived. And sir, she would desire you of all loves you will meet her once againe, to morrow sir, betweene ten and eleven, and she hopes to make amends for all.

Fal. Ten, and eleven, saiest thou?

Quic. I forsooth.

Fal. Well, tell her Ile meet her. Let her but think Of mans frailtie: Let her judge what man is, And then thinke of me. And so farwell.

Quic. Youle not faile sir?

[*Exit MISTRESSE QUICKLY.*

Fal. I will not faile. Commend me to her. I wonder I heare not of M. Brooke, I like his Mony well. By the masse here he is.

Enter BROOKE.—For. God save you sir.

Fal. Welcome good M. Brooke. You come to know how matters goes.

Ford. Thats my comming indeed sir John.

Fal. M. Brooke I will not lie to you sir, I was there at my appointed time.

For. And how sped you sir?

Fal. Verie ilfavouredly sir.

For. Why sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No M. Brooke, but you shall heare. After we had kissed and imbraced, and as it were even amid the prologue of our incounter, who should come, but the jealous knave her husband, and a rabble of his companions at his heeles, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper. And what to do thinke you? to search for his wives love. Even so, plainly so.

For. While ye were there.

Fal. Whilst I was there.

For. And did he search and could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare sir, as God would have it, A litle before comes me (*sic*) one Pages wife, Gives her intelligence of her husbands Approach: and by her invention, and Fords wives Distraction, conveyed me into a buck basket.

Ford. A buck basket!

Fal. By the Lord a buck basket, ramm'd me in With foule shirts, stokins, greasie napkins, That M. Brooke, there was a compound of the most Villanous smel, that ever offended nostrill. Ile tell you M. Brooke, by the Lord for your sake I suffered three egregious deaths: First to be Crammed like a good bilbo, in the circumference Of a pack, Hilt to point, heele to head: and then to Be stewed in my owne grease like a Dutch dish: A man of my kidney; by the Lord it was marvell I Escaped suffication; and in the heat of all this, To be throwne into Thames like a horsehoo hot: Maister Brooke, thinke of that hissing heate, Maister Brooke.

Ford. Well sir then my shute is void? Youle undertake it no more?

Fal. M. Brooke, Ile be throwne into Etna As I have bene in the Thames, Ere I thus (*thus I*, ed. 1619) leave her; I have received Another appointment of meeting, Between ten and eleven is the houre.

Ford: Why sir, tis almost ten alreadie:

Fal. Is it? why then will I addresse my selfe For my appointment: M. Brooke come to me soone At night, and you shall know how I speed, And the end shall be, you shall enjoy her love: You shall cuckold Foord: come to mee soone at (at *omitted in ed. 1619*) night. [*Exit* FALSTAFFE.]

For. Is this a dreame? Is it a vision? Maister Ford, maister Ford, awake maister Ford, There is a hole made in your best coat M. Ford, And a man shall not only endure this wrong, But shall stand under the taunt of names, Lucifer is a good name, Barbason good: good Divels names: But cuckold, wittold, godeso The divel himselfe hath not such a name: And they may hang hats here, and napkins here Upon my hornes: Well Ile home, I ferit him, And unlesse the divel himselfe should aide him, Ile search unpossible places: Ile about it, Least I repent too late: [*Exit omnes.*]

Enter M. FENTON, PAGE, and MISTRESSE QUICKLY.— *Fen:* Tell me sweet Nan, how doest thou yet resolve,
Shall foolish Slender have thee to his wife?
Or one as wise as he, the learned Doctor?
Shall such as they enjoy thy maiden hart?
Thou knowst that I have alwaies loved thee deare,
And thou hast oft times swore the like to me.

An: Good M. Fenton, you may assure your selfe
My hart is settled upon none but you,

Tis as my father and mother please :
Get their consent, you quickly shall have mine.

Fen. Thy father thinks I love thee for his wealth,
Tho I must needs confesse at first that drew me,
But since thy vertues wiped that trash away,
I love thee Nan, and so deare is it set,
That whilst I live, I nere shall thee forget.

Quic. Godes pitie here comes her father.

Enter M. PAGE, *his wife*, M. SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.—*Pa.* M. Fenton I pray
what make you here? You know my answerc sir, shees not for you: Knowing my
vow, to blame to use me thus.

Fen. But heare me speake sir.

Pa. Pray sir get you gon: Come hither daughter, Sonne Slender let me speak
with you. [*they whisper.*]

Quic. Speake to Misteris Page.

Fen. Pray Misteris Page let me have your consent.

Mis. Pa. Ifaith M. Fenton tis as my husband please. For my part Ile neither
hinder you, nor further you.

Quic. How say you this was my doings? I bid you speake to misteris Page.

Fen. Here nurse, theres a brace of angels to drink, Worke what thou canst for
me, farwell. [*Exit* FEN.]

Quic. By my troth so I will, good hart.

Pa. Come wife, you an I will in, weele leave M. Slender And my daughter to
talke together. M. Shallow, You may stay sir if you please.

[*Exit* PAGE *and* *his wife.*]

Shal. Mary I thanke you for that: To her cousin, to her.

Slen. Ifaith I know not what to say.

An. Now M. Slender, whats your will?

Slen. Godeso theres a Jest indeed: why misteris An, I never made wil yet: I
thank God I am wise inough for that.

Shal. Fie cusse fie, thou art not right, O thou hadst a father.

Slen. I had a father misteris Anne, good uncle Tell the Jest how my father
stole the goose out of The henloft. All this is nought, harke you mistresse Anne.

Shal. He will make you joynter of three hundred pound a yeare, he shall make
you a gentlewoman.

Slend. I be God that I vill, come cut and long taile, as good as any is in
Glostershire, under the degree of a Squire.

An. O God how many grosse faults are hid, And covered in three hundred
pound a yeare? Well M. Slender, within a day or two Ile tell you more.

Slend. I thanke you good misteris Anne, uncle I shall have her.

Quic. M. Shallow, M. Page would pray you to come you, and you M. Slender,
and you mistris An.

Slend. Well Nurse, if youle speake for me, Ile give you more than Ile talke of.
[*Exit omnes but* QUICKLY.]

Quic. Indeed I will, Ile speake what I can for you, But specially for M. Fenton :
But specially of all for my Maister. And indeed I will do what I can for them
all three. [*Exit.*]

Enter MISTERIS FORD *and* *her two men.*—*Mis. For.* Do you heare? when your
M. comes take up this basket as you did before, and if your M. bid you set it
downe, obey him.

Ser. I will forsooth.

Enter SYR JOHN.—*Mis. For.* Syr John welcome.

Fal. What are you sure of your husband now?

Mis. For. He is gone a birding sir John, and I hope will not come home yet.
[*Enter MISTRESSE PAGE.*]—Gods body here is misteris Page, Step behind the arras good sir John.

[*He steps behind the arras.*]

Mis. Pa. Misteris Ford, why woman, your husband is in his old vaine againe, hees comming to seareh for your sweet heart, but I am glad he is not here.

Mis. For. O God misteris Page the knight is here, what shall I do?

Mis. Pa. Why then you'r undone woman, unles you make some meanes to shift him away.

Mis. For. Alas I know no meanes, unlesse we put him in the basket againe.

Fal. No Ile come no more in the basket, Ile creep up into the chimney.

Mis. For. There they usc to discharge their Fowling peeeces.

Fal. Why then Ile goe out of doores.

Mis. Pa. Then your undone, your but a dead man.

Fal. For Gods sake devise any extremitie, Rather then a mischief.

Mis. Pa. Alas I know not what meanes to make, If there were any womans apparell would fit him. He might put on a gowne and a muffler, And so escape.

Mi. For. Thats wel remembred, my maids Aunt Gillian of Brainford, hath a gowne above.

Mis. Pa. And she is altogether as fat as he.

Mis. For. I that will serve him of my word.

Mis. Pa. Come goe with me sir John, Ile helpe to dresse you.

Fal. Come for God sake, any thing. [*Exit MIS. PAGE, and SIR JOHN.*]

Enter M. FORD, PAGE, PRIEST, SHALLOW, the two men carries the basket, and FORD meets it.—*For.* Come along I pray, you shal know the eause, How now whither goe you? Ha whither go you? Set downe the basket you slave, You panderly rogue set it downe.

Mis. For. What is the reason that you use me thus?

For. Come lither set downe the basket, Misteris Ford the modest woman, Misteris Ford the vertuous woman, She that hath the jealous foole to her husband, I mistrust you without cause do I not?

Mis. For. I Gods my record do you. And if you mistrust me in any ill sort.

Ford. Well sed brazen faee, hold it out, You youth in a basket, come out here, Pull out the eloathes, search.

Hu. Jeshu plesse me, will you pull up your wives cloathes?

Pa. Fie M. Ford you are not to go abroad if you be in these fits.

Sir Hu. By so kad udge me, tis verie necessarie He were put in pethlem.

For. M. Page, as I am an honest man M. Page, There was one conveyd out of my house here yesterday out of this basket, why may he not be here now?

Mi. For. Come mistris Page, bring the old woman downe.

For. Old woman, what old woman?

Mi. For. Why my maidens Ant, Gillian of Brainford. (*For.* ed. 1619). A witch, have I not forewarned her my house, Alas we are simple we, we know not what Is brought to passe under the colour of fortune-Telling. Come downe you witch, come downe.

Enter FALSTAFFE disguised like an old woman, and MISTERIS PAGE with him, FORD beates him, and hee runnes away.—Away you witch get you gone.

Sir Hu. By Jeslu I verily thinke she is a witch indeed, I espied under her muffler a great beard.

Ford. Pray come helpe me to search, pray now.

Pa. Come weele go for his minds sake.

[*Exit omnes.*]

Mi. For. By my troth he beat him most extreamply.

Mi. Pa. I am glad of it, what shall we proceed any further?

Mi. For. No faith, now if you will let us tell our husbands of it. For mine I am sure hath almost fretted himselfe to death.

Mi. Pa. Content, come weele goe tell them all, And as they agree, so will we proceed. [*Exit both.*]

Enter HOST *and* BARDOLFE.—*Bar.* SYR heere be three Gentlemen come from the Duke the Stranger sir, would have your horse.

Host. The Duke, what Duke? let me speake with the Gentlemen, do they speake English?

Bar. Ile call them to you sir.

Host. No Bardolfe, let them alone, Ile sauce them: They have had my house a weeke at command, I have turned away my other guesse, They shall have my horses Bardolfe, They must come off, Ile sawce them. [*Exit omnes.*]

Enter FORD, PAGE, *their wives*, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER. SYR HU.—*Ford.* Well wife, heere take my hand, upon my soule I love thee dearer then I do my life, and joy I hmv (*have*, ed. 1619) so true and constant wife, my jealousie shall never more offend thee.

Mi. For. Sir I am glad, and that which I have done, Was nothing else but mirth and modestie.

Pa. I misteris Ford, Falstaffe hath all the grieffe, And in this knaverie my wife was the chiefe.

Mi. Pa. No knavery husband, it was honest mirth.

Hu. Indeed it was good pastimes and merriments.

Mis. For. But sweete heart shall wee leave olde Falstaffe so?

Mis. Pa. O by no meanes, send to him againe.

Pa. I do not thinke heele come being so much deceived.

For. Let me alone, Ile to him once againe like Brooke, and know his mind whether heele come or not.

Pa. There must be some plot laide, or heele not come.

Mis. Pa. Let us alone for that. Heare my device.
Oft have you heard since Horne the hunter dyed,
That women to affright their litle children,
Ses that he walkes in shape of a great stagge.
Now for that Falstaffe hath bene so deceived,
As that he dares not venture to the house,
Weele send him word to meet us in the field,
Disguised like Horne, with huge horns on his head,
The houre shalbe just betweene twelve and one,
And at that time we will meet him both:
Then would I have you present there at hand,
With litle boyes disguised and dressed like Fayries,
For to affright fat Falstaffe in the woods.
And then to make a period to the Jest,
Tell Falstaffe all, I thinke this will do best.

Pa. Tis excellent, and my daughter Anne, Shall like a litle Fayrie be disguised.

Mis. Pa. And in that Maske Ile make the Doctor steale my daughter An, and cre my husband knowes it, to carrie her to Church, and marric her.

Mis. For. But who will buy the silkes to tyre the boyes?

Pa. That will I do, and in a robe of white Ile cloath my daughter, and advertise Slender To know her by that signe, and steale her thence. And unknowne to my wife, shall marrie her.

Hu. So kad udge me the devises is excellent. I will also be there, and be like a Jackanapes, And pinch him most cruelly for his lecheries.

Mis. Pa. Why then we are revenged sufficiently. First he was carried and throwne in the Thames, Next beaten well, I am sure youle witnes that.

Mi. For. He lay my life this makes him nothing fat.

Pa. Well lets about this stratagem, I long
To see deceit deceived, and wrong have wrong.

For. Well send to Falstaffe, and if he come thither,
Twil make us smile and laugh one moneth together.

[*Exit omnes.*]

Enter HOST and SIMPLE.—*Host.* What would thou have boore, what thick-skin? Speake, breath, discus, short, quick, briefe, snap.

Sim. Sir, I am sent from my M. to Sir John Falstaffe.

Host. Sir John, theres his Castle, his standing-bed, his trundle-bed, his chamber is painted about with the story of the prodigall, fresh and new, go knock, heele speake like an Antripophiginian to thee: Knock I say.

Sim. Sir I should speak with an old woman that went up into his chamber.

Host. An old woman, the knight may be robbed, He call bully knight, bully Sir John. Speake from thy Lungs military: it is thine host, thy Ephesian calls.

Fal. Now mine Host. (*He speakes above, ed. 1619.*)

Host. Here is a Bohemian tarter bully, tarries the comming downe of the fat woman: Let her descend bully, let her descend, my chambers are honorable, pah privasie, fie.

Fal. Indeed mine host there was a fat woman with me, But she is gone.

Enter SIR JOHN.—*Sim.* Pray sir was it not the wise woman of Brainford?

Fal. Marry was it Musselshell; what would you?

Sim. Marry sir my ma'ister Slender sent me to her, To know whether one Nim that hath his chaine, Cousoned him of it, or no.

Fal. I talked with the woman about it.

Sim. And I pray sir what ses she?

Fal. Marry she ses the very same man that Beguiled maister Slender of his chaine, Cousoned him of it.

Sim. May I be bolde to tell my maister so sir?

Fal. I tike, who more bolde.

Sim. I thanke you sir, I shall make my maister a glad man at these tydings,
God be with you sir. (*Exit, ed. 1619.*)

Host. Thou art clarkly sir John, thou art clarkly, Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Marry was there mine host, one that taught Me more wit then I learned this 7. yeare, And I paid nothing for it, But was paid for my learning.

Enter BADOLFE (*Bardolfe, ed. 1619.*)—*Bar.* O Lord sir cousonage, plaine cousonage.

Host. Why man, where be my horses? where be the Germanes?

Bar. Rid away with your horses: After I came beyond Maidenhead, They flung me in a slow of myre, and away they ran.

Enter DOCTOR.—*Doc.* Where be my Host de gartyre?

Host. O here sir in perplexitie.

Doc. I cannot tell vad be dad, But begar I will tell you van ting, Dear be a Garmaine Duke come to de Court, Has cosened all de host (*Hosts, ed. 1619*) of Branford, And Redding: begar I tell you for good will, Ha, ha, mine Host, am I even met you. [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR HUGH.—*Sir Hu.* Where is mine Host of the gartyr. Now my Host, I would desire you looke you now, To have a care of your entertainments, For there is three sorts of cosen garmombles, Is cosen all the Host of Maidenhead and Readings, Now you are an honest man, and a scurvy beggerly lowsie knave beside: And can point wrong places, I tell you for good will, grate why mine Host. [*Exit.*]

Host. I am cosened Hugh, and coy Bardolfe, Sweet knight assist me, I am cosened. [*Exit.*

Fal. Would all the worell were cosened for me, For I am cousoned and beaten too. Well, I never prospered since I forswore My selfe at Primero: and my winde Were but long inough to say my prayers, Ide repent, now from whence come you?

Enter MISTRESSE QUICKLY.—Quic. From the two parties forsooth.

Fal. The divell take the one partic, And his dam the other, And theyle be both bestowed. I have endured more for their sakes, Then man is able to endure.

Quic. O Lord sir, they are the sorrowfulst creatures That ever lived: specially mistresse Ford, Her husband hath beaten her that she is all Blacke and blew soule.

Fal. What tellest me of blacke and blew, I have bene beaten all the colours in the Rainbow, And in my escape like to a bene apprehended For a witch of Bra'nford, and set in the stockes.

Quic. Well sir, she is a sorrowfull woman, And I hope when you heare my errant, Youle be perswaded to the contrarie.

Fal. Come goe with me into my chamber, Ile heare thee. [*Exit omnes.*

Enter HOST and FENTON.—Host. Speake not to me sir, my mind is heavie, I have had a great losse.

Fen. Yet heare me, and as I am a gentleman, Ile give you a hundred pound toward your losse.

Host. Well sir Ile heare you, and at least keep your counsell.

Fen. Then thus my host. 'Tis not unknown to you,
The fervent love I beare to young Anne Page,
And mutally her love againe to mee:
But her father still against her choise,
Doth seeke to marrie her to foolish Slender,
And in a robe of white this night disguised,
Wherein fat Falstaffe had a mightie scare,
Must Slender take her and carrie her to Catlen,
And there unknowne to any, marrie her.
Now her mother still against that match,
And firme for Doctor Cayus, in a robe of red
By her device, the Doctor must steale her thence,
And she hath given consent to goe with him.

Host. Now which means she to deceive, father or mother?

Fen. Both my good Host, to go along with me.
Now here it rests, that you would procure a priest,
And tarrie readie at the appointment place,
To give our hearts united matrimonie.

Host. But how will you come to steale her from among them?

Fen. That hath sweet Nan and I agreed upon,
And by a robe of white, the which she weares,
With ribones pendant flaring bout her head,
I shall be sure to know her, and convey her thence,
And bring her where the priest abides our comming,
And by thy furtherance there be married.

Host. Well, husband your device, Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the maide, you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall I evermore be bound unto thee.
Besides Ile alwaies be thy faithfull friend.

[*Exit omnes.*

Enter SIR JOHN, *with a Bucks head upon him.*—*Fal.* This is the third time, well Ile venter,
They say there is good luck in odd numbers,
Jove transformed himselfe into a bull,
And I am here a Stag, and I thinke the fattest
In all Windsor forrest: well I stand here
For Horne the hunter, waiting my Does comming.

Enter MISTRIS PAGE, *and* MISTRIS FORD.—*Mis. Pa.* Sir John, where are you?

Fal. Art thou come my doe? what and thou too? Welcome Ladies.

Mi. For. I I sir John, I see you will not faile, Therefore you deserve far better then our loves, But it grieves me for your late crosses.

Fal. This makes amends for all. Come divide me betweene you, each a hanch, For my horns Ile bequeath them to your husbands, Do I speake like Horne the hunter, ha?

Mis. Pa. God forgive me, what noise is this? [*There is a noise of hornes, the two women run away. Enter* SIR HUGH *like a Satyre, and boyes drest like Fayries, mistresse Quickly, like the Queene of Fayries: they sing a song about him, and afterward speake.*]

Quic. You Fayries that do haunt these shady groves,
Looke round about the wood if you can espie
A mortall that doth haunt our sacred round:
If such a one you can espie, give him his due,
And leave not till you pinch him blacke and blew:
Give them their charge Puck ere they part away.

Sir Hu. Come hither Peane, go to the countrie houses,
And when you finde a slut that lies a sleepe,
And all her dishes foule, and roome unswept,
With your long nailes pinch her till she crie,
And swear to mend her sluttish huswiferie.

Fai. I warrant you I will performe your will.

Hu. Where is Pead? go you and see where Brokers sleep,
And fox-eyed Serjants with their mase,
Goe laie the Proctors in the street,
And pinch the lowsie Serjants face:
Spare none of these when they are a bed,
But such whose nose lookes plew and red.

Quic. Away begon, his mind fulfill,
And looke that none of you stand still.
Some do that thing, some do this,
All do something, none amis.

Hir sir Hu. (*Sir Hugh*, ed. 1619). I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. God blesse me from that wealch Fairie.

Quic. Looke every one about this round,
And if that any here be found,
For his presumption in this place,
Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face.

Sir Hu. See I have spied one by good luck,
His bodie man, his head a buck.

Fal. God send me good fortune now, and I care not.

Quic. Go strait, and do as I commaund,
And take a Taper in your hand,

And set it to his fingers endes,
 And if you see it him offends,
 And that he starteth at the flame,
 Then is he mortall, know his name:
 If with an F. it doth begin,
 Why then be shure he is full of sin.
 About it then, and know the truth,
 Of this same metamorphised youth.

Sir Hu. Give me the Tapers, I will try
 And if that he love venery. [*They put the Tapers to his fingers, and he starts.*]

Sir Hu. It is right indeed, he is full of lecheries and iniquitie.

Quic. A little distant from him stand,
 And every one take hand in hand,
 And compasse him within a ring,
 First pinch him well, and after sing.

[*Here they pinch him, and sing about him, and the Doctor comes one way and steales away a boy in red. And Slender another way he takes a boy in greene: And Fenton steales misteris Anne, being in white. And a noyse of hunting is made within: and all the Fairies runne away. Falstaffe pulles of his bucks head, and rises up. And enters M. Page, M. Ford, and their wives, M. Shallow, Sir Hugh.*]

Fal. Horne the hunter quoth you: am I a ghost? Sblood the Fairies hath made a ghost of me: What hunting at this time at night? Ile lay my life the mad Prince of Wales Is stealing his fathers Deare. How now who have We here, what is all Windsor stirring? Are you there?

Shal. God save you sir John Falstaffe.

Sir Hu. God plesse you sir John, God plesse you.

Pa. Why how now sir John, what a pair of horns in your hand?

Ford. Those hornes he ment to place upon my head,
 And M. Brooke and he should be the men:
 Why how now sir John, why are you thus amazed?
 We know the Fairies man that pinched you so,
 Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,
 And whats to come sir John, that can we tell.

Mi. Pa. Sir John tis thus, your dishonest meanes
 To call our credits into question,
 Did make us undertake to our best,
 To turne your leaud lust to a merry Jest.

Fal. Jest, tis well, have I lived to these yeares To be gulled now, now to be ridden?
 Why then these were not Fairies?

Mis. Pa. No sir John but boyes.

Fal. By the Lord I was twice or thrise in the mind They were not, and yet the grosnesse Of the fopperie perswaded me they were. Well, and the fine wits of the Court heare this, Thayle so whip me with their keene Jestes, That thayle melt me out like tallow, Drop by drop out of my grease. Boyes!

Sir Hu. I trust me boyes sir John: and I was Also a Fairie that did helpe to pinch you.

Fal. I, tis well I am your May-pole, You have the start of mee, Am I ridden [*written, ed. 1619*] too with a wealch goate? With a peece of toasted cheese?

Sir Hu. Butter is better than cheese sir John, You are all butter, butter.

For. There is a further matter yet sir John, There's 20. pound you borrowed of M. Brooke Sir John, And it must be paid to M. Ford Sir John.

Mi. For. Nay husband let that go to make amends,
 Forgive that sum, and so weele all be friends.

For. Well here is my hand, all's forgiven at last.

Fal. It hath cost me well, I have bene well pinched and washed.

Enter the DOCTOR.—*Mi. Pa.* Now M. Doctor, sonne I hope you are.

Doct. Sonne begar you be de ville voman, Begar I tinek to marry metres An, and begar 'Tis a whorson garson Jack boy.

Mis. Pa. How a boy?

Doct. I begar a boy.

Pa. Nay be not angry wife, Ile tell thee true, It was my plot to deceive thee so: And by this time your daughter's married To M. Slender, and sec where he comes.

[*Enter SLENDER.*] Now sonne Slender, Where's your bride?

Slen. Bride, by Gods lyd I thinke theres never a man in the worell hath that crosse fortune that I have: begod I could ery for verie anger.

Pa. Why whats the matter sonne Slender?

Slen. Sonne, nay by God I am none of your son.

Pa. No, why so?

Slen. Why so God save me, tis a boy I have married.

Pa. How a boy? why did you mistake the word?

Slen. No neither, for I came to her in red as you bad me, and I cried mum, and hee cried budget, so well as ever you heard, and I have married him.

Sir Hu. Jeshu M. Slender, cannot you see but marrie boyes?

Pa. O I am vext at hart, what shal I do?

Enter FENTON and ANNE.—*Mis Pa.* Here comes the man that hath deceived us all: How now daughter, where have you bin?

An. At Church forsooth.

Pa. At Church, what have you done there?

Fen. Married to me, nay sir never storme, 'Tis done sir now, and cannot be undone.

Ford. Ifaith M. Page never chafe your selfe, She hath made her choise wheras her hart was fixt, Then tis in vaine for you to storme or fret.

Fal. I am glad yet then your arrow hath glanced.

Mi. For. Come mistris Page, Ile be bold with you, 'Tis pitie to part love that is so true.

Mis. Pa. Altho that I have missed in my intent, Yet I am glad my husbands match was crossed, Here M. Fenton, take her, and God give thee joy.

Sir Hu. Come M. Page, you must needs agree.

Fo. I yfaith sir come, you see your wife is wel pleased (*is pleased*, ed. 1619).

Pa. I cannot tel, and yet my hart's well eased, And yet it doth me good the Doctor missed. Come hither Fenton, and come hither daughter, Go too, you might have stai'd for my good will But since your choise is made of one you love, Here take her Fenton, and both happie prove.

Sir Hu. I will also dance and eat plums at your weddings.

Ford. All parties pleased, now let us in to feast, And laugh at Slender, and the Doctors jeast. He hath got the maiden, each of you a boy, To waite upon you, so God give you joy, And sir John Falstaffe now shal you (*you shall*, ed. 1619) keep your word, For Brooke this night shall lye with mistris Ford. [Exit omnes.]

It is worthy of remark, in confirmation of the opinions previously expressed, that in the title-page of the quarto, here

reprinted, Parson Evans is termed in error the Welch Knight, a mistake which could hardly have emanated from any one acquainted with the play, and shows that the title was probably compiled, in all its attractive dignity, by the publisher. He proceeds, in this extravagant title, to inform us that the comedy “hath bene divers times acted by the right honorable my Lord Chamberlaine’s servants, both before her Majestie, and elsewhere,” which means that it had been acted both before the Court, and at the theatre. It is necessarily uncertain what amount of reliance is to be placed upon this testimony; but it agrees very well with, and is of course independent of, an old tradition, recorded by Dennis in 1702, that the comedy was written by the express command and *direction* of Queen Elizabeth. The account of the matter given by Dennis occurs in the dedicatory epistle to his alteration of the Merry Wives, entitled, ‘The Comical Gallant, or the Amours of Sir John Falstaffe,’ 4to. Lond. 1702, in the course of which he observes,—“When I first communicated the design which I had of altering this comedy of Shakespear, I found that I should have two sorts of people to deal with, who would equally endeavour to obstruct my success. The one believed it to be so admirable, that nothing ought to be added to it; the others fancied it to be so despicable, that any one’s time would be lost upon it. That this comedy was not despicable, I guess’d for several reasons. First, *I knew very well* that it had pleas’d one of the greatest queens that ever was in the world, great not only for her wisdom in the arts of government, but for her knowledge of polite learning, and her nice taste of the drama, for such a taste we may be sure she had, by the relish which she had of the ancients. *This comedy was written at her command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleas’d at the representation.* In the second place, in the reign of King Charles the Second, when people had an admirable taste of comedy, all those men of extraordinary parts, who were the ornaments of that court, as the late Duke of Buckingham, my Lord Normandy, my Lord Dorset, my late Lord Rochester, Sir Charles Sidley, Dr. Frazer, Mr. Savil, Mr. Buekley, were in love with the beauties of this comedy. In the third place, I thought that after so long an acquaintance as I had with the best comick poets, among the ancients and moderns, I might depend in some measure upon my own judgment, and I thought I found here three or four extra-

ordinary characters, that were exactly drawn, and truly comical; and that I saw besides in it some as happy touches as ever were in comedy. Besides I had observed what success the character of Falstaffe had had in the First Part of Harry the Fourth. And as the Falstaffe in the Merry Wives is certainly superiour to that of the Second Part of Harry the Fourth, so it can hardly be said to be inferior to that of the First." In the prologue to this play, Dennis repeats the assertion that Shakespeare's comedy was written in the short space of fourteen days.

Rowe, in 1709, gives rather a more circumstantial account. Speaking of Queen Elizabeth, he says (Life of Shakespeare, pp. 8, 9), "She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in the two parts of Henry IV., that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love: this is said to be the occasion of his writing the Merry Wives of Windsor. How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof." This evidence was followed by Gildon's account of the same tradition, who, in 1710 (Remarks, &c., p. 291), observes that "The fairies in the fifth act make a handsome compliment to the queen, in her palace of Windsor, who had obliged him to write a play of Sir John Falstaff in love, and which *I am very well assured* he performed in a fortnight; a prodigious thing, when all is so well contrived, and carried on without the least confusion." It will be perceived that, although Gildon is in fact somewhat less circumstantial than Rowe, yet Elizabeth could not very well have commanded Shakespeare to exhibit the celebrated fat knight in love, if she had not been previously introduced to him in another character. Pope, Theobald, and later editors, appear to have taken their versions of the tradition second-hand from Rowe.

Without accepting the whole of the particulars recorded by these writers, there seems to be little doubt that the Merry Wives of Windsor was one of the plays of Shakespeare that "so did take Eliza and our James." The assertion made by Arthur Johnson; supported by the tradition, may fairly so far be considered decisive; although the earliest notice, yet discovered, of the performance of the comedy, bears date so late as November, 1604, when it was acted at Court "by his Majesty's players." This curious fact is ascertained from an entry in one of the Revels' Books, containing the accounts from October 31st, 1604, to the same day in 1605. The original manuscript is preserved in the Audit Office, and it was printed by Mr. P. Cunningham in his

'Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court,' 8vo. 1842, p. 203. The accompanying facsimile exhibits the manner in

1604
 Hallowmas Day being the first of
 November A play in the Spanish
 Court with a great many called The Moor of
 Veins:

The Sunday following next a play
 of the Merry wives of Windsor:

which the entry appears in the manuscript, the play of Othello having been performed at Whitehall just previously, and Measure for Measure being the next one mentioned in the account; facts which show the popularity of the works of the great dramatist at the Court of James I.

The Merry Wives of Windsor was revived with great success after the Restoration, the personification of the character of Slender, which was performed by Wintershal, meeting with peculiar approbation. In a manuscript list of plays acted by the King's Company at the Red Bull, the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' is stated to have been represented on Friday, November 9th, 1660, Henry IV. having been performed there on the previous day. No separate copy of the play, however, was printed between the year 1630, the date of a reprint of the comedy from the first folio, and the commencement of the following century; but there exists an old manuscript copy of the Merry Wives, of uncertain date, transcribed probably before the time of Rowe, which contains a vast number of alterations and variations of the original text. It is unnecessary to say they are not of the slightest authority, although they are curious as contributing one or two minor emendations, and numerous suggestions of wanton and trivial changes. The manuscript is entitled the "Merry Wives of Old Windsor," and being written in a hand to imitate printing, the difficulty of assigning a precise date

to it, from a consideration of the character of the hand-writing, is greatly increased. It consists of a small quarto volume, the title being commenced in large characters, the word *old* being nearly obliterated by a more recent hand; but its introduction into the name of the play shows that the writer was ignorant of the locality, Old Windsor being at a considerable distance from the real scene of the comedy. On the title are the lines by Hugh Holland "upon the Lines and Life of the famous Scenicke Poet, the Author," the same verses which are prefixed to the first folio. At the reverse of the title is a list of the *Dramatis*

THE MERRY WIVES OF OLD WINDSOR.

WRITTEN

BY

MR WILLIAM

SHAKESPEARE.

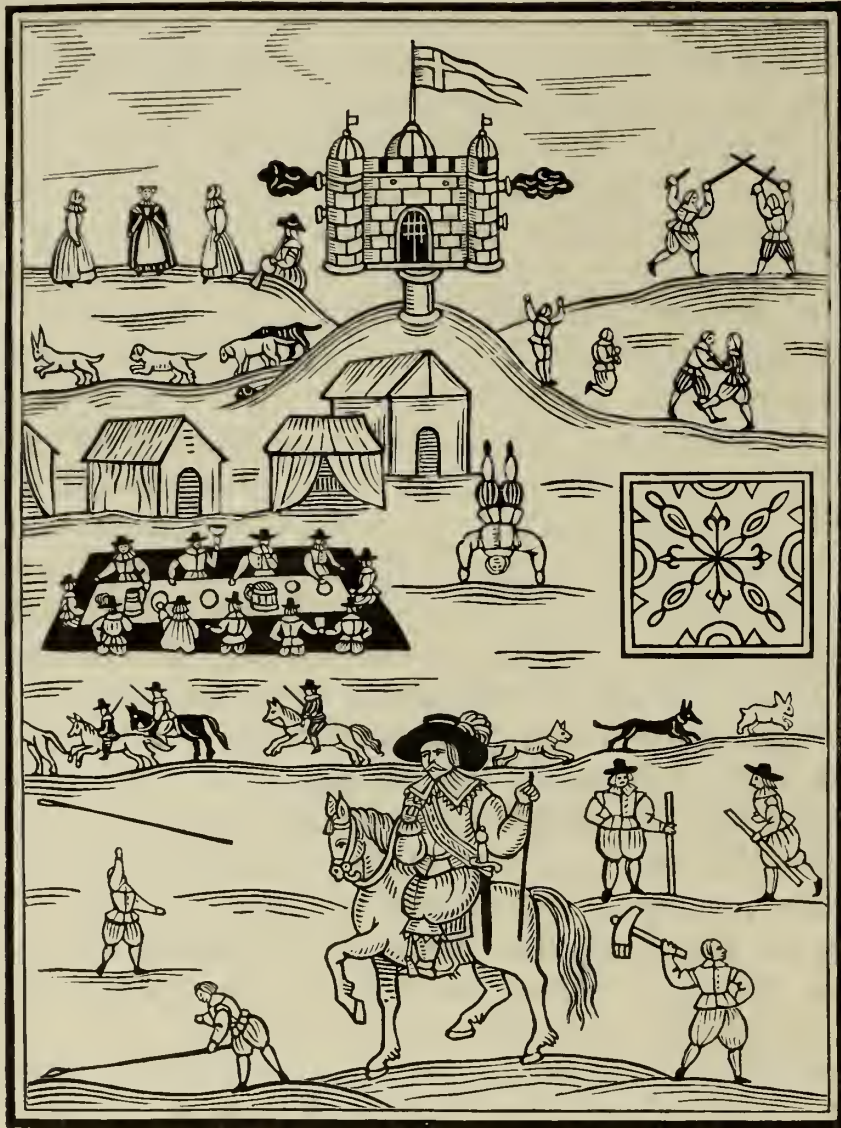
Personæ, which is curious as being, in all probability, the first ever constructed for the present drama. In this list, Shallow is termed, 'a Glocestershire justice, uncle to Master Slender;' Hugh Evans, 'a Weleh priest, curate and schoole-master at Windsor;' Page, or, as he is called, Mr. George Page, 'a rich country gentleman in or neer Windsor;' William Page is termed, 'Billy, schollar to Master Evans;' Mr. Francis Ford, 'a rich jealous curmudgeon of Windsor;' Fenton, 'an expensive courtier favord by Mrs. Anne;' Sir John Falstaff, 'a fat old deayed leacherous court officer;' Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol, 'his late under officers, now hangers-on;' and the Host of the Garter, 'a merry, conceited, ranting inn-holder.' The greatest number of alterations in the text occur in the speeches of Evans, which are very carefully spelt to indicate his peculiar phraseology. O her changes, also, are of frequent occurrence, and some of the most

important are mentioned in the notes. The reader must, however, guard carefully against any temptation to regard the readings derived from such sources as being of the slightest critical value or authority. The most curious feature in the manuscript is the attempt to increase the impression of its local character by entitling it the *Merry Wives of Old Windsor*, a circumstance which, at the same time, as observed previously, indicates that the transcriber was altogether unacquainted with Windsor and its neighbourhood. As a slight corroboration of this, it may be observed that the manuscript reads *Pitty-wary*, in the place of the incomprehensible *Pitty-ward* of the early printed editions.

The edition of 1630, above referred to, is a small quarto, reprinted from the first folio, with a few alterations that are generally erroneous. This is the copy of the play as we now possess it, and which is presumed, on account of some peculiar allusions, to have been either written or amended after the accession of James I. There is, first, the curious variation in the first act,—“Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the *King*,” where the quarto has *Council*, which latter may easily be presumed to be an accidental reading derived from the context, while the allusion to the King is in keeping with the other notices of the Wild Prince and Pointz. The opinion that “these knights will hack,” conveying, it is thought, a covert satire at the king's prodigality in bestowing knighthood in the beginning of his reign, may possibly indicate that this particular passage was inserted in the seventeenth century. All reasoning, however, of this kind, has been so frequently shown to be fallacious, there is considerable hesitation in attempting to draw a conclusion from such a circumstance.

A more important argument is derived from the notice of Page's fallow greyhound stated to have been outrun on Cotsale, or Cotswold, meaning the downs on the Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire; a notice which is presumed, with some probability, to refer to the celebration of the Cotswold games, which were revived by Captain Dover in the reign of James I. On the other hand, the passage in the text may well be considered to apply to coursing in general, without any particular reference to the coursing in vogue at the games themselves, which, however, seems to have been a great feature in those entertainments. It appears from the very curious frontispiece to the *Annalia Dubrensis*, a collection of commendatory verses

“upon the yeerely celebration of Mr. Robert Dover’s Olimpick Games upon Cotswold Hills,” 4to. Lond. 1636, that these games consisted of wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, handling the

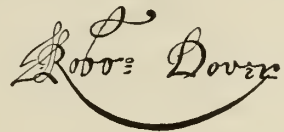


pike, dancing of women, various kinds of hunting, and coursing the hare with greyhounds. There is also a portrait of Dover on horseback, dressed in one of the suits of James I., and, on the top, a wooden castle, whence guns were frequently discharged during the progress of the games. The prominence given to the hunting and coursing matches, on these occasions, certainly imply the possibility of there being a particular allusion to them in the text:—

Each huntsman there with skill and hope brings forth
 His best bred doggs, to shew their ablest worth :
 Acteon nere had such, so true, so fleet,
 Nor so well mouth'd, as doe on Cotswold meet.
 These better natur'd bee, as doth appeare ;
 None kill their masters, though that some bee deare.
 Then throwe they in their couples, and one cry
 Of many parkes do ring about the skie,
 And eccho 'mongst the hills ; while the fear'd hare,
 Nor leggs, nor lunges, nor labor best doth spare
 T' outstretch their fury. Then each huntsman calls
 Unto his working dogges ; at last downe falls
 The heart-broke hare, and clanging hornes do sound
 Victorious changes on Cotswoldian ground.
 The swallow-footed grehound hath the prize,
 A silver-studded collar—who out-flies
 The rest in lightning's speed, who first comes by
 His straying copes-mates, with celeritie
 Turnes his affrighted game, then coates againe
 His forward rivall on the sencelesse plaine,
 And, after Laborinthian turnes, surprise
 The game, whilst he doth pant her obsequies.

Antony Wood, speaking of the Cotswold games, observes that they “ were *begun*, and continued, at a certain time of the year, for forty years, by one Robert Dover, an attorney of Burton-on-the-Heath in Warwickshire, who did, with leave from King James I., select a place on Cotswold-hills in Gloucestershire, whereon these games should be acted:

Dover was constantly there in person, well mounted and accoutred, and was the chief director and manager of those games, even till the rascally rebellion was

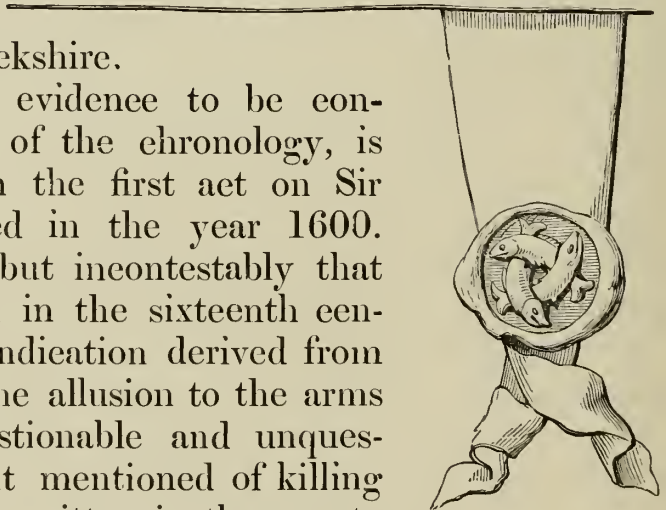
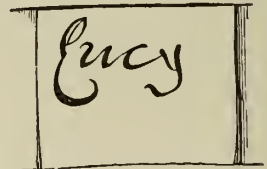


begun by the Presbyterians, which gave a stop to their proceedings, and spoiled all that was generous and ingenious elsewhere.” Dover himself asserts that he “ was bold, for better recreation, to *invent* these sports;” and there cannot be much doubt that the forty years are not to be reckoned backwards from the publication of the *Annalia*, but rather that they are to be considered as referring to a period from the accession of James, till the Civil Wars completely put an end to the amusements. The verses of Ben Jonson on the subject, in which he observes that the Cotswold sports “ renew the glories of our blessed Jcames,” appear to refer merely, as far as those words may be interpreted, to the costume of Dover; but Randolph's verses, in the 1638 edition (p. 114) of his poems, are entitled, ‘An Egloguc on the noble Assemblies *revived* on Cotswold Hills

by M. Robert Dover,' which seems to imply either that some games of the kind were in vogue before Dover's time, or that they had been discontinued some years after their first institution by Dover, and afterwards revived. The probability appears to be that annual games of some description have been celebrated on these hills from time immemorial,—provincial amusements not restricted to the shepherds' festivals on the Cotswold described in the *Polyolbion*; in the same manner that they have been continued up to our times on every Whitsun Thursday and Friday. The principal amusements are backword-playing, wrestling, horse, poney, and donkey races, for belts and silver cups purchased by subscription; the chief competitors for all the athletic games being natives of Campden, Weston Subedge, Ebrington, Mickleton, and the adjacent parishes. Fifty years ago, these people ranked high as wrestlers and backword players, and the meeting was not only looked forward to by them as the great holiday of the neighbourhood, but was well attended by all classes of society. It can scarcely be thought but that a festival, which thus survived the civil wars for so long a period, must have held its tradition in the minds of the people beyond the period assigned to the sports instituted by Dover. The site of his games, however, is still remembered in the name of Dover's Hill, which is situated about a mile from Campden, in the parish of Weston Subedge, in sight of the vale of Evesham and of a portion of Warwickshire.

The next important evidence to be considered in the question of the chronology, is the remarkable satire in the first act on Sir Thomas Luey, who died in the year 1600. It proves, I think, all but incontestably that the comedy was written in the sixteenth century; for where is the vindication derived from satire on the dead? The allusion to the arms of the Luey's is unquestionable and unquestioned; and the incident mentioned of killing the deer,—*stolen*, as it is written in the quarto—surely must refer to the celebrated anecdote elsewhere

Thomas



mentioned. There is a tame confession hinted at by Page, but it only serves to aggravate the amusing recital of the offence; and it seems to be an expansion of reasoning to regard it in any more serious light. The introduction of an incident, which refers to so early a period in the author's life, is a strong testimony to the probability that the comedy was one of his early compositions.

Another allusion of a singularly curious character, in the fourth act, is also confirmatory of the assigning a very early period to the original production of the comedy. The three "couzin Germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money," are, in the first quarto, "three sorts of cosen *garmombles* is cosen all the host of Maidenhead and Readings;" the same authority also informing us that the German Duke had cozened "all de host of *Branford* and Redding." The German Duke who did visit Windsor was the Duke of Würtemberg, who came over to this country in the latter part of the year 1592, an account of his journey having been fortunately preserved by his private secretary, and published some years afterwards under the title of "Kurtze vnd Warhaffte Beschreibung der Badenfahrt: Welche der Durchlechtig Hochgeborn Fürst und Herr, Herr Friderich, Hertzog zu Würtemberg unnd Teckh, Grave zu Mümpelgart, Herz zu Heidenheim, Ritter der beeden Uralten Königlichen Orden, in Franckreich S. Michaels, unnd Hosenbands in Engelland, &c. In negst abgeloffenem 1592 Jahr," 4to. Tübingen, 1602; republished in the following year, at the same place, with an account of the travels of the Count into Italy. A portrait of the duke occurs on the reverse of the title-page, the above engraving of the upper portion of it sufficiently exhibiting his personal appearance; the original comprises a representation of the elaborate dress in which he was habited. The title of Mümpelgart was the one popularly assigned to the Duke, whilst he was in this country, as appears from a passport hereafter noticed; and the quarto of the *Merry Wives* distinctly connects the notice in the play with



the Count, by the clumsy inversion of *garmombles*. Such an allusion, and the entire scene of the host's perplexity, would, as Mr. Knight observes, have had a peculiar relish for the members of a Court to whom the German had recently paid a visit. The Duke landed at Dover in the month of August, 1592, and proceeding thence on horseback, as far as Gravesend, came to London the remainder of the way by water. After remaining a short time in the metropolis, on the sixteenth of August he went to join the Court of Elizabeth at Reading, dining at Hounslow, and thus doubtlessly taking the road which passed through Brentford. He stopped the night at Maidenhead, travelling on the Hounslow road which went by Colebrook, and proceeded, on the following morning, to Reading. The journey was taken on the old Bristol and London road, thus noted in the ancient tables,—“From Reading to Maydenhead, x. mi, from Maydenhead to Colbroke, vii. mi, from Colbroke to London, xv. mi,” *A briefe Treatise conteyning many proper Tables and easie Rules*, 12mo. 1582. On the nineteenth of August, the Count left Reading for Windsor, where he received great attentions, was shown the noteworthy sights of the Castle, and hunted in the royal park; but he remained there a very short time, leaving Windsor on the twenty-first of August for Hampton-Court, passing through a portion of the forest, probably taking the road through Staines. All this is exceedingly curious, and importantly illustrative of the play. The circumstances mentioned by Shakespeare exactly agree, even to the names of every locality, in connexion with the subject, that is named in the comedy; and the Count unquestionably travelled with the possession of the peculiar privileges then accorded to distinguished visitors to the Court. He was honored, in fact, with the use of one of the Queen's coaches, attended by a page of honor, and “travelled from London in this coach, and several post horses, towards the royal residence.” On such an occasion, the post-horses would have to be furnished by the various inn-keepers free of expense;—“cozenage! mere cozenage,” as Master Bardolph says. The scene is, in all probability, an exaggerated satire on the visit of the Duke to Windsor; an allusion that would have been well understood by the Court within a year or two after its occurrence; and the facility by which the history of the event is unravelled, is one of the most curious circumstances, in its way, in Shaksperian criticism. The subject appears, indeed, to be sufficiently interesting to justify the introduction of the entire account of

the Duke's visit to the Court, omitting a few particulars that seem to be perfectly irrelevant to the present subject; because a careful perusal of the Secretary's narrative clearly shows that the Duke's course corresponds exactly with the allusions in the comedy. It is due to Mr. Knight to state that the merit of first indicating this important illustration is to be attributed to him; but it is believed that the account of the matter now given is so enlarged, that it will have, in many important particulars, the interest of novelty. The exact coincidences between the towns mentioned in the play, and those through which it is proved the Duke must have travelled, are at least here for the first time satisfactorily exhibited; and there are several other circumstances, the curiosity of which will be appreciated by the reader of the following narration, which has been translated from the original German by an intelligent and learned scholar.

As soon as Elizabeth had been made officially acquainted with the Count's arrival, "she immediately," says Rathgeb, "despatched one of her pages in a coach towards London, in order to fetch His Highness from there, and to convey him to the residence of the Court at Reiding (Reading). His Highness therefore, on the 16th August, accompanied by this page of honor, travelled from London in this Coach, and several post horses, towards the Royal residence. Previously, however, His Highness had ordered a suit of entirely black velvet to be provided for each of his pages and attendants. At noon we dined at Honssloe (Hounslow), an English village. Towards night we reached Maidenhaide (Maidenhead), a beautiful large place or town, but which, like all other English towns, is without walls: here we were met by the French Ambassador Beauvois. On the morning of the 17th August, in company with the said French Ambassador, we arrived about noon at Reiding, at which place Her Majesty has her court residence in England, and were lodged at the farm-house of the Steward; from here to London is barely 32 miles. His Highness here undressed, and put on other apparel, when the Earl of Exces (Essex), one of the most distinguished Lords in England, also Royal Councillor, Chief Master of the Horse, and Knight of the Royal Order called La Chartiere (the Garter), visited his Highness at his lodging, welcomed him in Her Majesty's name, and invited His Highness to take dinner in his, the Earl's apartments. To which, His Highness, after returning due thanks, was conveyed in a coach, and was feasted most sumptuously, where the Earl entertained

His Highness with such sweet and enchanting music, that he was highly astonished at it. After the repast was ended, His Highness was again accompanied by the same distinguished English Lord to his lodging, but early in the afternoon, he was summoned by Her Majesty, and fetehed by others, and was conducted to the Queen's private apartments. Her Majesty was, at that time, in rather a mean room, surrounded by her principal Counsellors and Ladies in waiting in Court-dresses. His Highness was then introduced by the French Ambassador, and after having made a reverent and dutiful obeisance to her Majesty, was received by her in a very friendly and gracious manner, and, for some length of time, Her Majesty conversed with him on various subjects, and that openly, so that any in the apartment might understand it. His Highness's pages, as well as all the rest of us, were allowed to enter—nay even great English Lords made way for us, that we might the better see the Queen, a thing, indeed, which rarely occurs to the servants of foreign Ambassadors. After having again made a reverent obeisance, His Highness went to his lodging, and in the afternoon of the 18th August, had another audience of Her Majesty, on which occasion she herself made and delivered an appropriate speech, in the presence of the Lord Beauvois, in the French language, which, together with many others, Her Majesty understands, and speaks very well; and as, as before said, Her Majesty held the Lord Beauvois in special favour, after he had been conversing with Her Majesty very lively and good-humouredly, he at length prevailed upon her actually to strike her musieal instrument, the strings of which were alternately gold and silver, which she executed very sweetly and skilfully. Yet notwithstanding that Her Majesty was at this time in her 67th (*sic*) year, seeing that she was chosen Queen on the 16 November, 1558, in the 33rd year of her age, and has thus borne the heavy burthen of ruling a kingdom thirty-four years, she need not indeed—to judge both from her person and appearance, yield to a young girl of sixteen years. She has a very dignified, serious and royal look, and rules her kingdom with great discretion, in desirable peace, felicity, and in the fear of God. She has, by God's help and assistance, known well how to meet her enemies hitherto: witness that mighty Spanish Armada, which a few years ago was scattered between Dover and Calais, and beaten by the English enemy of inferior force. Hence she frequently uses this motto:—*Si Deus pro nobis, quis*

contra nos: which she, on this occasion, also employed, when the conversation happened to turn upon that same Spanish defeat. After a long conversation, His Highness took humble leave of Her Majesty, and departed to his lodging, where, in the evening, he gave a sumptuous banquet and feast to the Earl of Essex, the French Ambassador, and other distinguished Lords of high rank.”

After a brief account of Reading and the Court, Rathgeb proceeds to say,—“ But since, on the 19th August, Her Majesty had left Reading with her Court, His Highness, in company with the French Ambassador, Beauvois, took their departure again towards London, and in the evening arrived at Windsort, an English town twelve miles from Reading. It had pleased Her Majesty to depute an old distinguished English lord to attend His Highness, and she had commissioned and directed him not only to show His Highness the splendid Royal Castle at Windsort, but also to amuse him by the way with shooting and hunting red-deer: for you must know that, in the vicinity of this same place, Winsort, there are upwards of sixty parks which are full of game of all colours, and so contiguous, that when they want to have a glorious and royal sport, the animals can be driven out of one enclosure into another, and so on, all of which are encompassed by fences. And thus it happened: the huntsmen who had been ordered for the occasion, and who live in splendid separate lodges in these parks, made some capital sport for His Highness. In the first enclosure His Highness shot off a leg of a fallow-deer, which (i. e. the deer) the dogs soon after caught. In the second, they chased a stag for a long time backwards and forwards with greyhounds or particularly good dogs, over an extensive and delightful plain: at length His Highness shot him in front with an English cross-bow, and this deer the dogs finally worried and caught. In the third, the greyhounds chased a deer, but much too soon, for they caught it directly, even before it could get out into the open plain. These three stags were brought to Winsort, and presented to His Highness; one of which was taken to his lodging, and sent as a present to the aforesaid Lord of Beauvois, the French Ambassador. The next day, being Sunday, the 20th August, His Highness was conducted by the English Deputy to the magnificent and glorious Palae or Castle. This Castle stands upon a knoll (Bühel) or hill: in the outer or first court, there is a very beautiful and immensely large Church, with a flat even roof covered with

lead. In this church His Highness listened for more than an hour to the charming music, the usual ceremonies, and the English sermon. The music, especially the organ, was exquisitely played, for at times you could hear the sound of cornets, flutes, then fifes and other instruments: and there was likewise a little boy who sang so sweetly amongst it all, and threw such a charm over the music with his little tongue, that it was really wonderful to listen to him. For the rest, their ceremonies were very similar to the Papists, as above mentioned, with singing and all the rest. After the music, which lasted a long time, had ended, a Minister or Preacher went up into the Pulpit, and preached in English; and soon afterwards, it being noon, His Highness went to dinner. In the before-named outer court, seventeen poor Knights, who have conducted themselves bravely in battle, either by sea or land, have their dwellings; they have in consequence, as a remuneration and benefice, in addition to their lodgings, each a hundred crowns yearly to spend, which is given by the Queen, as well as a suit of clothes. In the said church there hang on both sides the shields, helmets, and armour of the Knights of the royal order called *La chartiere*, which is a highly esteemed order, and which not many can obtain; and when a person is received into this order, he is, as it were, expected to make some present to these said old and poor knights. His Highness invited some of them as his guests both to dinner and supper. After dinner, His Highness went with the English and French deputies and ambassadors to the royal castle Windsor, in order to inspect it and all that was worth seeing therein. And it is, in truth, a right royal, and splendid structure, built entirely of free-stone (notwithstanding that this is not frequently to be met with in this country, and cannot be procured without enormous and incalculable expense), from the very foundation up to the roof; it covers a large area, and the innermost court is quadrangular, of a bow-shot in length and width; in the midst of which is a curiously wrought fountain entirely of lead, several fathoms high; in fact all the roofs are covered entirely with lead, which induced His Highness himself to carve his name in the lead upon the highest tower. Besides these, we were shown very beautiful royal bed-hangings and tapestries of pure gold and silk, likewise a genuine unicorn, and similar costly things, that you cannot well speak enough of them. When His Highness had seen all these, and had spent a long while in doing so, he drove down to the university of that

place (Eton College), wherein, however, there was nothing particular to be seen. The next day, 21st August, he departed from Windsor, and by the way had pleasant pastime in the parks with the game: in one of the parks, His Highness shot two fallow-deer, the one with a gun, the other with an English cross-bow, which last we were obliged to follow a very long while, until at length a stray drawing, or blood-hound, so called from his wonderful art and peculiar nature, quite distinct from several hundred others, pursued it by himself so perseveringly, that at last the wounded stag ran to one side of a brook, and the dog to the other, and were found very much distressed, and the stag, which could go no further, was taken by huntsmen, and the hound feasted with its blood. After this glorious sport, we had some cold meat in a fine old English farm-house, and in the afternoon we were conducted to see the fine and truly beautiful royal castle called Hamtoncourt." Here the narrative, as far as it is connected with the Merry Wives of Windsor, is brought to a conclusion. The reader will observe, it distinctly shows there was a ducal visitor to Windsor, in the year 1592, who has the strongest claims to be considered the personage alluded to by the poet.

The Duke of Würtemberg was invested with the order of the Garter in the year 1603, and the account of the investment, written by Cellius, and published in 1605, repeats some of the particulars above quoted, but nothing further of any importance in connection with the present subject. It appears that when about to leave England in 1592, the Duke and his suite were furnished with the following passport, which is thus curiously given in the old German account of his travels:—"Theras this noblman, Connte Mombeliard, is to passe ouer Contrye us England, in to the lowe Contryes, Thise Schalbe to wil and command you in heer Majte. name for such, and is heer plensure to see him founnissed With post horses in his trauail to the Sen side, and ther to soeek up such schippinge as schalbe fit for his transportations, *he pay nothing for the same*, for wich tis schalbe your sufficient warranti soo see that you faile noth therof at your perilles. From Bifleete, the 2 uf September, 1592. Yur friend, C. HOWARD." This passport was addressed "To al Justices of Pence, Maiors, Bayliffes, and al other her Majeste officers, in espeeial to my owne officers of te Admyraltie." In the original, one sentenee, here corrupted, was probably, "for such is her pleasure."

The other notes of time may be easily disposed of. According to Malone, the allusion to the region of Guiana shows that the comedy was written after Sir Walter Raleigh's return from that country in the year 1596; and the notice of coaches is presumed, by the same writer, to indicate that the play must have been composed after they had come into *general* use about the year 1605. Chalmers imagines that the *Merry Wives* was written in 1596, from the circumstance of finding two words common to the play and to Lodge's *Devils Incarnate*, 4to, 1596. All these kinds of arguments are of very small weight, and may safely be dismissed from any serious consideration. Of more value is the well-known fact of *Every Man in his Humour* having been produced at the Globe in 1598, the character of Kiteley bearing a strong degree of similarity to that of Ford; and Shakespeare was seldom a copyist of character.

Leaving the question of the chronology, there remains to consider points, if possible, of greater difficulty and uncertainty, and to regard the *Merry Wives of Windsor* in connexion with the historical plays. Was it written, or, rather, is it to be read, after the first part of *Henry IV.*, after the second part, after *Henry V.*, or before these dramas? The question is of course now to be considered without reference to the opinion, that the comedy may most advantageously be treated as entirely independent of the latter-mentioned plays. I confess that the difficulty of discovering an hypothesis which will satisfy all the conditions of the problem, and enable us to reconcile the apparently contradictory evidence on this subject, is almost insurmountable: and little more can be accomplished beyond placing a summary of the evidence before the reader. First, let us consider Mistress Quickly, a character common to the two parts of *Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. In the first part of *Henry IV.*, she is married to the Host of the Boar's Head; in the second part, she is 'a poor Widow of Eastcheap,' according to her own account, and Falstaff swore 'to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife;' and in *Henry V.*, we find her the wife of Pistol, although Nym had been 'troth-plight' to her. But, in the *Merry Wives*, she denies being a wife, yet still she is termed Mistress Quickly, and has, apparently, had no previous knowledge of Falstaff; for, if Mrs. Quickly had been Dr. Caius's servant during her widowhood, Falstaff could not have failed to recognize, instead of treating her as a stranger.

In Henry V., she says to Pistol, 'Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines,' a town certainly not far from Windsor: but this cannot be considered as involving any necessary connexion between the plays. It is quite impossible, under any supposition of date, to reconcile the Quickly of the Merry Wives with the Quickly of the historical plays. If it be presumed that the Merry Wives is first of all in order, how is it possible that Mistress Quickly, who is not a wife, could meet Falstaff at Windsor, and not recognize the hero of the Boar's Head? Equal difficulties attend any other similar conjecture—as to whether she was introduced on the stage as Dr. Caius's nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, after the first or second parts of Henry IV., or after Henry V. The latter supposition, indeed, does not involve the difficulty of her widowhood, but it does comprise others of equal weight, that are too obvious to require special notice.

The character of Pistol is common to the second part of Henry IV., Henry V., and the Merry Wives of Windsor. There can, in this case, at least, be little question of the identity of the individual. The Pistol who says, 'Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons, &c.' is the same classical braggadochio who exclaims, in indignation, at the insult offered to him when commanded, by his captain, to bear a letter to the merry wives, —' Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become, &c.' Mr. Knight says that Pistol, Bardolph, and Nym, are Falstaff's *servants* in the Merry Wives, and his *soldiers* in the historical plays; but they were probably both servants and soldiers in all four plays. In the Merry Wives, Falstaff swears that they were '*good soldiers* and tall fellows.' Pistol says, 'Away sir *Corporal* Nym.' There is 'the swaggering vein of *Ancient* Pistol and *Corporal* Nym' mentioned on the title of the first edition of the original quarto; and, under any circumstances, these personages can scarcely be considered in the historical plays as soldiers in the strict sense of the word, more than Falstaff as a captain. At the Boar's Head they were his servants; and they were, perhaps, not less so when they accompanied their master to the wars. The independence of Pistol's character is sustained in the Merry Wives, with one single exception; and his conversation, both in the quarto and in the perfect drama, is similar to that used by him in the other plays in which he is introduced. But, although the characteristics of Pistol are essentially the same in all three plays, yet the circumstances are most unaccountably

altered ; for, in this case, likewise, only one theory will reconcile his position in the *Merry Wives* with that in which he is placed in *Henry IV.* and in *Henry V.* In the former, he is discharged by Falstaff: he goes forth to open his metaphorical oyster with his sword, to try his fortunes in the world ; but the ‘swaggering rascal’ is introduced in the second part of *Henry IV.* as Falstaff’s ancient, and challenging him in a cup of sack. Mistress Quickly calls him Captain Pistol ; and, when he quarrels with Doll Tearsheet, the ‘No more, Pistol ; I would not have you go off here ; discharge yourself of our company, Pistol,’ is certainly characteristic of the same master who says, ‘No quips now, Pistol.’ Falstaff makes him ‘vanish like hail stones’ in the *Merry Wives* : he thrusts him down stairs in *Henry IV.*, saying, ‘a rascal to brave me !’ Falstaff also tells him he will double-charge him with dignities, when he brought the news of the king’s death. Mistress Quickly was not even acquainted with her future husband, in the *Merry Wives*. How, then, can the character of Pistol, being introduced into that play, be reconcileable on any other supposition than that the story of the *Merry Wives* altogether precedes that of the historical plays ?

Bardolph is mentioned by Falstaff, in the first part of *Henry IV.*, as having been in his service thirty-two years ;—‘I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years.’ The salamander of that historical play is the tinder-box of the *Merry Wives*. Bardolph does not converse with Falstaff, in *Henry IV.*, in a manner that would imply that it was *after* he had been installed as drawer to the Host of the Garter. If Falstaff had been at Windsor in the early period of his career, he would not have said, ‘Bardolph, follow him ; a tapster is a good trade : an old cloak makes a new jerkin ; a *withered* serving-man a fresh tapster.’ Bardolph could scarcely have been a withered serving-man, if the *Merry Wives* be supposed to precede the three other plays. In the second part of *Henry IV.*, Mistress Quickly says she had known Falstaff ‘these twenty-nine years, come peascod time ;’ yet, if it were the same Quickly who was first introduced to Falstaff at Windsor, she must have known him at least thirty-two years ; for Bardolph was in his service at that time. This, perhaps, can scarcely be esteemed a fair argument : but in act iii., sc. 2., Bardolph does not know Justice Shallow ; although, if the *Merry Wives* precedes *Henry IV.*, he must have recognized the

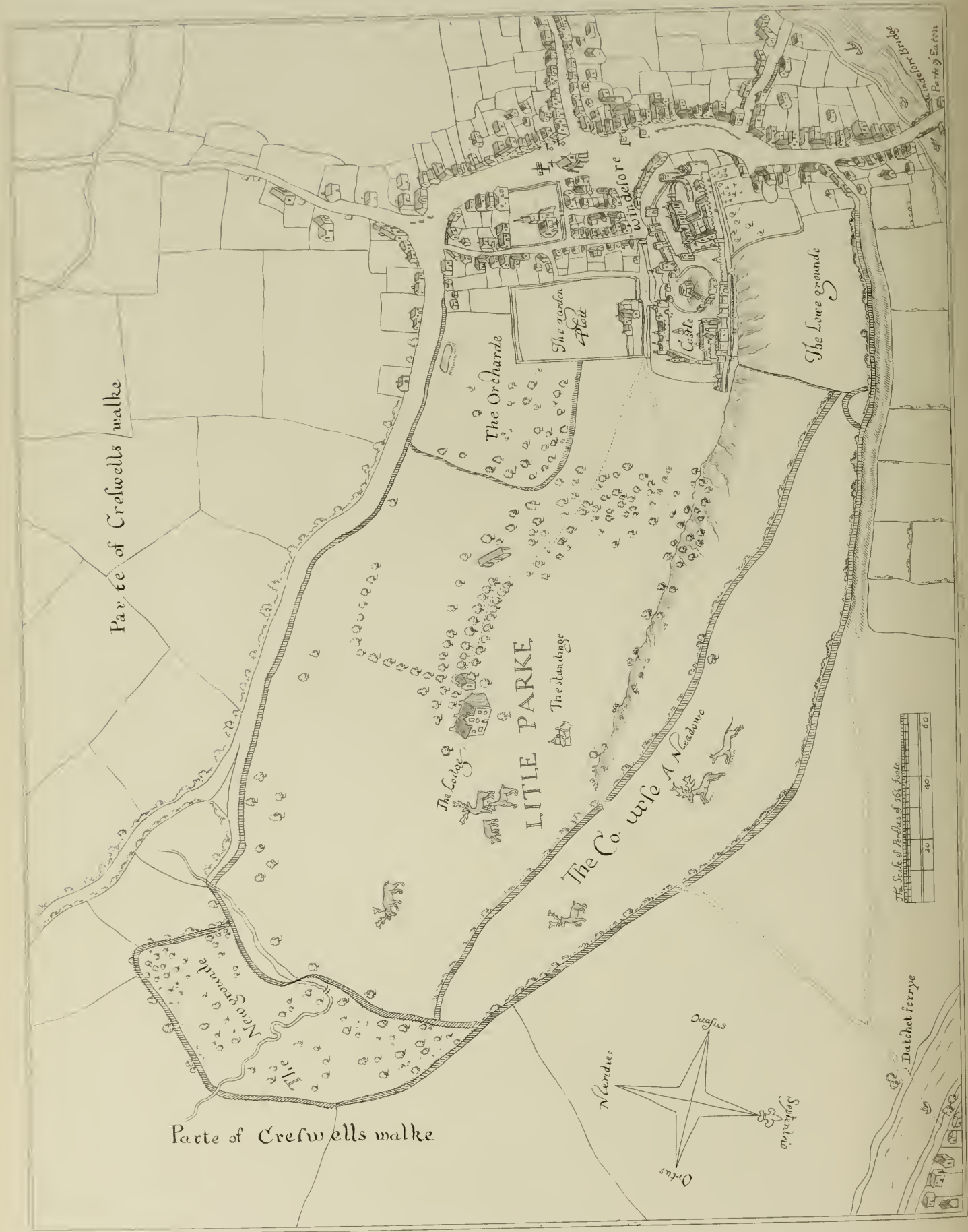
‘poor esquire of this county, and one of the king’s justices of the peace.’ Would Robert Shallow, ‘esquire in the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram*,’ have said, ‘Give me your hand, master Bardolph,’ to a withered serving-man, who had fallen to the office of tapster? It seems that the ‘fuel that maintained that fire,’ being all the riches Bardolph got in his service, refer partly to Bardolph’s residence at Windsor; and if so, the introduction of Bardolph into the Merry Wives of Windsor, affords a strong evidence that the comedy must be read after the two parts of Henry IV.

Bardolph is introduced in all four plays, but Corporal Nym is found only in the Merry Wives and Henry V. Nym’s conversation in both these plays is distinguished by the frequent repetition of the word *humour*. In some instances, the very same phrases occur. He says, ‘The king hath run bad humours on the knight;’ alluding to Hal’s treatment of him after his succession to the throne. The same expression is used by him in the first act of the Merry Wives. I think the introduction of that character in the Merry Wives and Henry V. wholly unaccountable, if the Merry Wives precedes all the historical plays. It is not at all likely that, if this had been the case, no allusion whatever to Bardolph’s ‘sworn brother in fleching’ should occur in the two parts of Henry IV. I am now taking it for granted, as a conjecture wholly unsupported by the slightest direct evidence, that the opinion of the fat knight of the Merry Wives and of the histories having originally been two different and distinct creations of character, is wholly untenable.

And then, with respect to Justice Shallow, I do not see that the uncertainty of what he could be doing at Windsor involves an argument on any side of the question. In the second part of Henry IV., it was fifty-five years since he had entered at Clement’s Inn; and in the Merry Wives he says, ‘I am fourscore.’ Falstaff, in act iv., sc. 4, says, ‘I’ll through Glostershire, and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire; I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him.’ At this visit, perhaps, Falstaff borrowed the thousand pounds; but *when* could he, to use Shallow’s words, ‘have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge?’ This outrage must have been *after* the large loan, and his hospitable reception in Gloucestershire. I do not see anything unreasonable in the supposition that it happened after Falstaff’s banishment from the person of Henry V.;

and this also affords an argument in favour of the later period of the production of the *Merry Wives*. Another difficulty may also be mentioned. The page that Prince Henry gave Falstaff is given by him to Mrs. Page, in the *Merry Wives*, and yet is introduced in the second part of *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*

And last, though not least, let us consider the fat knight himself, the only remaining irregular humorist introduced into the *Merry Wives*, and into the historical plays. Inferior he may be in the former to the wit of the Boar's Head; but is there sufficient *dissimilarity* of character to justify us in believing the Falstaff of the *Merry Wives*, and the Oldeastle of *Henry IV.*, to have been originally two different creations of character? The 'latter spring,' and the 'Allhallown summer' are but revived in the aged sinner of Windsor Park, who is described as 'old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails,' and 'as poor as Job, and as wicked as his wife.' The same 'whale with so many tuns of oil' who considered 'my hostess a most sweet wench,' could with great propriety admire Mrs. Ford, who was not young, and Mistress Page, the mother of pretty virginity, and probably, therefore, as old as her companion. If the tradition be correct that Elizabeth commanded Shakespeare to exhibit Falstaff in love, we must consider our great dramatist compromising his original character of Oldeastle, or Falstaff, as little as possible, by not drawing him actually smitten with the tender passion, which would have completely destroyed all former notions concerning him, but bringing his addiction to the fair sex *more prominently* before the spectator, and thus obeying the royal command without infringing more than possible on his first ideas. Ben Jonson says, 'His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too.' This looks like a confirmation of the tradition. Thus, observes Dr. Johnson, 'the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet, having perhaps in the former plays completed his own idea, seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former power of entertainment.' In *Henry IV.*, the prince describes him as 'that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years,' and 'that villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.' In the *Merry Wives*, he is likewise always mentioned as an aged person. In the second part of *Henry IV.*, he describes himself 'as poor as Job,' the same expression being used in the *Merry Wives*. The letter of Jack Falstaff to Prince Henry, in act ii., se. 2, of the second part of



WINDSOR AND THE LITTLE PARKE A.D. 1607 FROM A PLAN BY JOHN NORDEN

Henry IV., is also remarkably similar in style with the knight's love-letter to Mistress Page, in act ii., sc. 1, of the *Merry Wives*; and both conclude in a like manner.

Too much stress has, perhaps, been laid by the critics on the lavish manner in which Falstaff is discovered in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* to be living at the Garter Inn. He sits at ten pounds a week, and is an emperor in his expense. I see nothing very improbable in the conjecture, without reducing fiction too much to positive fact, but merely considering the circumstances as they must have arisen and *remained* in the dramatist's mind, that this was after his banishment from the person of the prince, who says,—

For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil.

Prince John, also, adds immediately afterwards:—

I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent, *his wonted followers*
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Falstaff may then have been living at Windsor, with his former followers, on an allowance from the young king: but that ten pounds a week was too great a rate for his purse, we learn from the necessity he is under of discarding some of his attendants. Falstaff was less of a soldier at Windsor than formerly, but Pistol and Nym keep up their martial dignity, and refuse to take the 'humour letter.' In the same play, it is remarkable that he is described as being so poor; and Ford thinks himself in much better plight for a lender than he is. He addresses his body, and says, 'Wilt thou, after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer?' Could he allude to the money he borrowed from Justice Shallow; and had he been so extravagant, as to be obliged to share the booty of the fan-handle with Pistol? In the Falstaff who says, 'Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul *gratis?*' may be recognised the Falstaff of the two parts of Henry the Fourth.

The reader will thus see, that, on the whole, the supposition of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* having been supposed to be read before Henry V., and the second part of Henry IV., involves fewer inconsistencies than any other. It is true, that, in the quarto, where Falstaff hears the noise of hunters at Hearne's Oak,

he exclaims, 'I'll lay my life the mad Prince of Wales is stealing his father's deer;' but, as Mr. Knight observes, this may have reference to the Prince of the Famous Victories, a character with whom Shakespeare's audience was familiar. In the amended play, we find Page objecting to Fenton, because 'he *kept* company with the wild Prince and Poins' (act iii., se. 2.); but this refers to his *past* life, and, therefore, does not necessarily imply that Henry V. was yet a prince. The character of Mistress Quickly only is inconsistent with the manner in which the other persons, common to the *Merry Wives* and the historical plays, are introduced. If the *Merry Wives* is to precede the two parts of Henry IV., Shakespeare would scarcely have alluded to Poins, and his intimacy with the Prince, neither of them being introduced into the former play; but, at the same time, as the *Merry Wives* was not founded on history, it must be remembered that the author himself may have adopted what he pleased of name and character, without much regard to consistency.

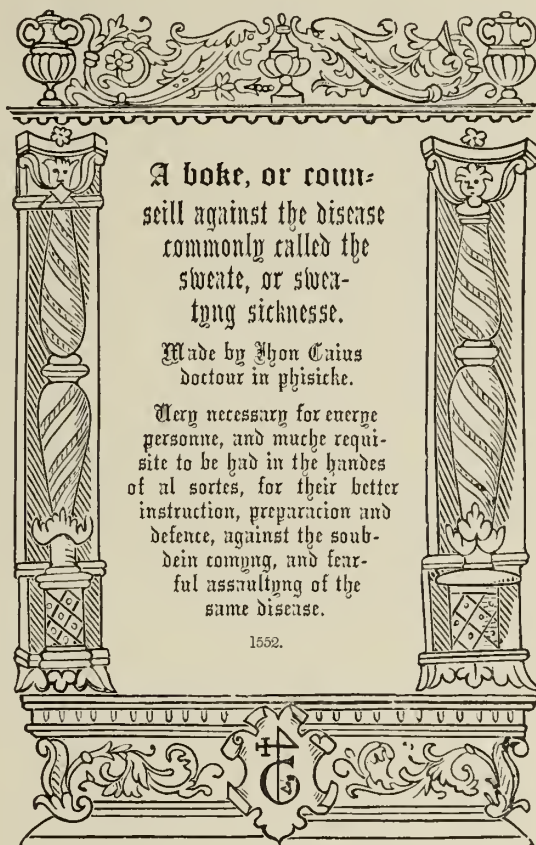
It is unnecessary to enter further into the subject, or to aim at drawing an indefeasible conclusion. Whatever may have been the reasons that induced the poet to introduce the characters from his historical plays into a pure Elizabethan comedy—a circumstance that itself gives some support to the tradition recorded by Dennis—there cannot be a doubt but that the most judicious plan for the general reader is to dissociate the *Merry Wives* entirely from the two parts of Henry IV., and from Henry V. It may, indeed, even be a question whether the ancient costume should with propriety be adopted in modern representation. The comedy pleases best, when it is regarded as a picture of Elizabethan manners; and had Shakespeare himself intended it for a distinct piece connected with the two parts of Henry IV., it is to be presumed that more numerous indications of the fifteenth century would be discovered. It is to be observed, also, that some of the most important characters of the *Merry Wives* are surnamed after persons actually resident at Windsor in Shakespeare's own time, another very curious circumstance, which corroborates the opinion that it is not, in reality, to be united with the historical plays. The reader will find particular account of this last mentioned fact, in the chapter on the local illustrations of the play, which is given at the end of the present volume.

Before these introductory observations are concluded, a few remarks on the character of the foreign physician, Dr. Caius,

may be introduced, chiefly for the sake of entering into a brief description of a curious manuscript, connected with the name, that has only been recently recovered. The commentators appear to consider the character of the Doctor as a satire on the popularity of foreign physicians in England; but there does not seem to be any real ground for such an opinion. If, indeed, the poet had intended to make Dr. Caius the representative of a professional class, he would, most undoubtedly, have given a more prominent position to his character as a doctor.

As it is, the allusions to his occupation are of the most trifling and obvious nature; and are not, in fact, satirical. A very curious question, however, arises out of the name assigned to this personage, whether it were adopted with some recollection of, if not with some special reference to, the illustrious founder of Caius college, Cambridge. The probability appears to be that the name was taken from that individual; but even, if this be the case,

it is difficult to believe there is, in truth, any thought of defamation, or any reflections of a personal or ill-natured character. The name was one of popular interest, and it was also introduced into another play, Sharpham's *Fleire*, 4to. Lond. 1607, where one of the judges at a trial is termed Dr. Caius. The Doctor, besides, was known as a medical writer; and there is no improbability in the supposition that one of his works had been seen by Shakespeare, and that thence the name, merely as a name, was taken. There is now before me a little volume, rarely seen in modern times, but not necessarily a rarity in the days of Shakespeare, entitled, 'A Boke or Counsell



against the disease commonly called the sweate or sweatynge sicknesse, *made by Jhon Caius, doctour in phisicke,* 12mo. 1552, which contains some curious particulars respecting the author, and his reason for writing in English. He observes that he was born in Norwich, and that "in phisicke diverse thynges I have made and sette furth in print bothe in Greke and Latine, not mindyng to do otherwise, as I have before said, al my life; for which cause al these thynges I have rehersed, els superfluous in this place: yet see, meaning now to counseill a litle agaynst the sweatynge siekenes for helpe also of others, notwithstanding my former purpose, two thynges compell me, in writynge therof, to returne agayne to Englishe, necessité of the matter, and good wyl to my countrie, frendes, and acquaintance, whiche hereto have required me, to whome I thinke myselfe borne." The name of an author of a work like this would be known to most educated people in the reign of Elizabeth; and there were also other circumstances that rendered the name of Caius known to the public. "It has been thought strange," observes Dr. Farmer, "that our author should take the name of Caius for his Frenchman in this comedy; but Shakespeare was little acquainted with literary history; and without doubt, from this unusual name, supposed him to have been a foreign quack: add to this, that the Doector was handed down as a kind of Rosicrucian; Mr. Ames had in manuscript one of the Secret Writings of Dr. Caius."

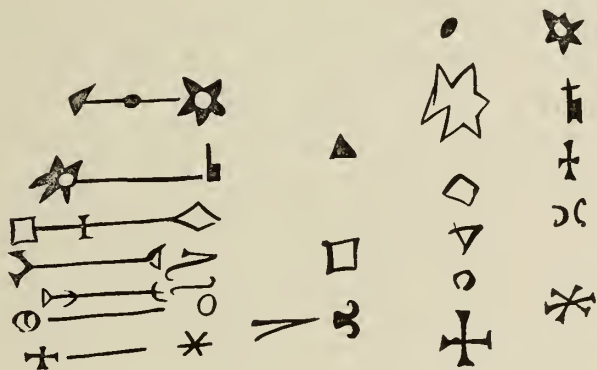
The volume alluded to by Dr. Farmer has recently been discovered, having been purchased by myself barely in time to

prevent its being destined to be sold as waste. It is of great interest, as affording some grounds for the belief that the name of Caius was taken from that of a person who appears to have engaged himself in the

*This torne booke was found amongst the
paperbookes, & secret writings of Doctour
Caius: master & founder of Caius Colledge.
Doctour Legg gave it to M^r Fletcher,
fellowe of the same Colledge, & a learned
artis & for his time.*

study of mystic philosophy, and who might therefore have been considered a fair subject for the use of the dramatist. The manuscript is in folio, containing twenty-four leaves, the four last of which are much torn. The earlier portion of it appears to be wanting. On the first page is the following note in an early handwriting:—"This torne booke was found amongst the paper bookes

and secret writings of Doctor Caius, master and founder of Caius Colledg: Doctor Legg gave it to Mr. Fletcher, fellowe of the same colledg, and a learned artist for his time." The subjects treated of are the characters of good and evil spirits, the invocation of spirits, the heptameron, magical elements, the speculum, familiars, the crystal, &c.; and the reader would be amused at the extravagance and credulity of the writer or compiler. Amongst the most curious pieces in the volume may be selected the following receipt for securing three marvellous stones:—"Firste goe unto the place where the swallow hath a neste with fowre yonge ones, and binde one of them upon the nest by the space of fower dayes, and the forth day, take him owt of the neste, and cutt him yn the midste, and yow shall fynde three stones yn the belly of divers cullors, the one browne of cullor, the other, beinge the second, ys redd, the thirde ys white. The vertew of the firste ys, yf thou wilt give yt to anie woman wich travileth with ehilde, she shalbe speedily delivered. The vertew of the red stone ys, yf thou wilt put yt yn thy mouth, thou shalt obteyn anythinge thou wilt demaunde. The vertew of the white stone ys, yf anye man beareth yt with him, he shall not be athirste



as longe as he hath the sayde stone with him." Of such materials is this manuscript constructed, and it is moreover illustrated with several diagrams, similar to the one here annexed. The memory of the writer of such a volume was scarcely defamed by his being introduced by name into Shakespeare's comedy; and it is unnecessary to observe there is no particular individual satire in any way intended in the latter. Observations on the possible satirical character connected with some of the other names that are introduced, are given in the local illustrations at the end of the notes.

As a specimen of broad domestic comedy, the *Merry Wives of Windsor* is unrivalled. It is replete with humour and incident, and has so little to do with fancy or romance, that the episode of the fairies in Windsor park creeps into luxuriant poetry,

apparently almost in opposition to the writer's will. The comedy must be regarded as a realization of the manners and habits of Shakespeare's own time, notwithstanding the few notices which connect it with the historical plays. Windsor, and the merry company to whom we are there introduced, belong to the reign of Queen Bess, and have no connection with the days of the wild Prince and Pointz. Regarding it in this view, the play may be considered one of the most successful delineations of the humour of the age; of men in the habits in which they lived and moved, in the poet's own time. A spirit of fun pervades the whole; even Ford's jealousy is a subject of pleasantry; Mrs. Page's invitation makes Falstaff forget his misfortunes; and the curtain falls in the midst of merriment and good temper.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON, a Courtier.

ROBERT SHALLOW, a Justice of Gloucestershire, Esq.

SLENDER, Cousin to Shallow.

MR. FRANCIS FORD, }
MR. GEORGE PAGE, } Two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.

WILLIAM PAGE, a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.

HUGH EVANS, a Welch Parson, Curate and School-master near Windsor.

DR. CAIUS, a French Physician.

Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH, }
PISTOL, } Followers of Falstaff.
NYM, }

ROBIN, Page to Falstaff, afterwards in the service of Mrs. Page.

PETER SIMPLE, Servant to Slender.

JOHN RUGBY, Servant to Dr. Caius.

MRS. ALICE FORD.

MRS. MARGERY PAGE.

MRS. ANNE PAGE, her Daughter, in love with Fenton.

MRS. QUICKLY, Servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windsor ; and the Parts adjacent.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—Windsor. *Court or Garden in front of Page's House.*

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh,¹ persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it;² if he were twenty sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram*.³

Shal. Ay, eousin Slender, and *cust-alorum*.

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too: and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*; in any bill warrant, quittance, or obligation,⁴ *armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.⁵

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, hath done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white lues in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat⁶ well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast⁷ to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.⁸

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it;

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat there is

but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjeetures: but that is all one: If sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the Chureh, and will be glad to do my benevolenece, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The counel shall hear it; it is a riot.⁹

Eva. It is not meet the counel hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the counel, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments¹⁰ in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another deviee in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot diseretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page,¹¹ which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page?¹² She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.¹³

Eva. It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles,¹⁴ and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?¹⁵

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.¹⁶

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities,¹⁷ is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*knocks*] for master Page. What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Page [*Within*]. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing and your friend, and justiee Shallow: and here young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Enter PAGE.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; Much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed:—How doth good mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound,¹⁸ sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.¹⁹

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You 'll not confess, you 'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not:—'t is your fault,²⁰ 't is your fault:—'T is a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more said? he is good, and fair. Is sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed it is not redressed; is not that so, master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me; Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wronged.

Page. Here comes sir John.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you 'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.²¹

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight;—I have done all this;—That is now answered.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'T were better for you if it were known in counsel;²² you 'll be laughed at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, sir John, good worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage.²³—Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching raseals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk,²⁴ and afterwards pick'd my pocket.

Bard. You Banbury cheese!²⁵

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?²⁶

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*; slice! that's my humour.²⁷

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you! Now, let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot; I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol—

Pist. He hears with ears.²⁸

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, "He hears with ear?" Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences,²⁹ and two Edward shovel-boards,³⁰ that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain foreigner!—Sir John and master mine, I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:³¹

Word of denial in thy labras³² here;

Word of denial: froth and seum, thou liest!

Slen. By these gloves, then 't was he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humours; I will say 'marry trap'³³ with you, if you run the nuthook's humour³⁴ on me: that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?³⁵

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap,³⁶ sir, was, as they say, cashicred; and so conclusions passed the careers.³⁷

Slén. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 't is no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter MISTRESS ANNE PAGE, with wine; MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within.

[*Exit* ANNE PAGE.

Slén. O Heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.³⁸ [Kisses her.

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all but* SHALLOW, SLENDER, and EVANS.

Slén. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of Songs and Sonnets³⁹ here:—

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles⁴⁰ about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles? Why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last,⁴¹ a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz; There is, as 't were, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here:—Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be eapacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my eousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justiee of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.⁴²

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there 's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But ean you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is pareel⁴³ of the mouth:—Therefore, preeisely, ean you earry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, ean you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak possible, if you ean earry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must; Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, eousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, eoneeive me, eoneeive me, sweet coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more oeeasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more eontent;⁴⁴ but if you say, "marry her," I will marry her,—that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.⁴⁵

Eva. It is a fery diseretion answer; save, the fall' is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, aeording to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my eousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I were young for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. 'Od's plessed will; I will not be absence at the grace.

[*Exeunt SHALLOW and SIR H. EVANS.*]

Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man,⁴⁶ go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: [*Exit SIMPLE.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I 'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you; I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger⁴⁷ with a master of fence,⁴⁸ three veney⁴⁹ for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in England:—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson⁵⁰ loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed:⁵¹—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I 'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I 'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome; you do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The Lobby in Page's House.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his try nurse, or his cook, or his laundry,⁵² his washer, and his wringer.⁵³

Sim. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet: give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance⁵⁴ with mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to sollicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.⁵⁵

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook?⁵⁶ Speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.⁵⁷

Host. Thou 'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keiser,⁵⁸ and Pheazar! I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?⁵⁹

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth,⁶⁰ and live: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit Host.*]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him: a tapster is a good trade: an old eloak makes a new jerkin; a withered servingman, a fresh tapster:⁶¹ Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive. [*Exit BARD.*]

Pist. O base Hungarian wight!⁶² wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic,⁶³ and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box;⁶⁴ his thefts were too open; his fileling was like an unskilful singer,—he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.⁶⁵

Pist. Convey,⁶⁶ the wise it call: Steal! foh; a fieo for the phrase!⁶⁷

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.⁶⁸

Pist. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must eoney-catch; I must shift.⁶⁹

Pist. Young ravens must have food!⁷⁰

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: Indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste;⁷¹ I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her;⁷² she discourses, she earves,⁷³ she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, I am sir John Falstaff's.

Pist. He hath studied her will,⁷⁴ and translated her will, out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep:⁷⁵ Will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain;⁷⁶ and, 'To her, boy,' say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.⁷⁷

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too;⁷⁸ examined my parts with most judicious eyelids;⁷⁹ sometimes the beam of her view gilded⁸⁰ my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.⁸¹

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.⁸²

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention,⁸³ that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana,⁸⁴ all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy⁸⁵ become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah [*to ROB.*], bear you these letters tightly;⁸⁶
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.⁸⁷—

Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, i' the hoof;⁸⁸ seek shelter, pack!

Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,⁸⁹
French thrift,⁹⁰ you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and ROBIN.*]

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts!⁹¹ for gourd and fullam
hold,⁹²

And high and low beguile the rich and poor;
Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.⁹³

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense⁹⁴ Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness,⁹⁵ for the revolt of mien⁹⁶ is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents! I second thee; troop on.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Dr. Caius's House.**Enter* MRS. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, *and* RUGBY.

Quick. What: John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the case-ment, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing⁹⁷ of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I 'll go watch. [*Exit* RUGBY.]

Quick. Go; and we 'll have a posset for 't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate:⁹⁸ his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way;⁹⁹ but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.¹⁰⁰

Quick. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard,¹⁰¹ like a glover's paring-knife?¹⁰²

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face,¹⁰³ with a little yellow beard; a Cain-coloured beard.¹⁰⁴

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man¹⁰⁵ of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a war-rener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him: Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, docs he.

Quick. Well, Heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent! Run in here, good young man: go into this closet. [*Shuts* SIMPLE *in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home:—*And down, down, adown-a, &c.*¹⁰⁶ [*Sings.*

*Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.*¹⁰⁷

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my eloset *un boitier verd*,¹⁰⁸—a box, a green-a box. Do intend vat I speak? a green-a-box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grand affaire.*

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. *Ouy; mette le au mon poeket; Dépêche*,¹⁰⁹ quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jaek Rogoby:¹¹⁰ Come, take-a your rapier,¹¹¹ and come after my heel to the court.

Rug. 'T is ready, sir, here in the poreh.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long;—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my eloset, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad!

Caius. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my eloset?—Villainy! *larron!* [*Pulling SIMPLE out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my eloset? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my eloset.¹¹²

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatie; hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la;¹¹³ but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.¹¹⁴

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? —Rugby, *baillez* me some paper:¹¹⁵ Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can:¹¹⁶ and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink,¹¹⁷ make the beds, and do all myself:

Sim. 'T is a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avised o' that?¹¹⁸ you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late; but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it;) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge; I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill eut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog.

[*Exit* SIMPLE.]

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a ver dat: do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine Host of *de Jardeer* to measure our weapon: by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court with me:—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt* CAIUS and RUGBY.]

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own.¹¹⁹ No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do: nor can do more than I do with her, I thank Heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there? ho!

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman; how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle;

and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise Heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in His hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you:—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread;¹²⁰—We had an hour's talk of that wart:¹²¹—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But, indeed, she is given too much to allieholly¹²² and musing: But for you—Well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day; Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me.

Quick. Will I? i'faith, that I will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [Exit.

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does:—Out upon't! what have I forgot?¹²³ [Exit.

Notes to the First Act.

¹ *Sir Hugh, persuade me not.*

The title of *sir*, applied to a clergyman, answered to the Latin *dominus*. See further observations on the subject in the notes to Twelfth Night. "1574, August xxxi, Sir John Evans, curate of Cheltenham, buried," Register of Burials of the Parish of Cheltenham.

² *I will make a Star Chamber matter of it.*

Among the unpublished papers in the Talbot collection is a letter from the Earl of Derby, dated 1589-90, relating to a deer-stealer in Staffordshire, whom he binds over to appear before Lord Shrewsbury, "and at the nexte terme (God willinge) I will call hym into the Starre Chamber to answeere his misdemenors." In the same MSS. is a letter from the Archbishop of York, 1556-7, relating to "divers evill disposed personnes who entred into the same parke by night season with grehoundes and bowes entending to destroy our deare." The Star-Chamber had a right to take cognizance of all such matters. See Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*. The following note on the subject is extracted from an article in a magazine (now defunct), published some years ago:—

"Justice Shallow, in both instances, alludes to the Court of the Lords of the Council, better known as the Star Chamber, from the circumstance of its sittings having been held *in Camera Stellata*. The jurisdiction exercised by this Court was a species of extraordinary judicature—applicable to cases not within the reach of the law, or where it became doubtful whether the offence came within the letter of the statute law. It is to a doubt of this nature, as to what was a *riot*, that Shallow plausibly refers his grievance to the Star Chamber; for it was not every tumultuous or disorderly act committed by many, that came within the statutes concerning riots. Lambard, the lawyer and antiquary, in his *Eirenarcha* (ed. 1588, p. 190, a book often reprinted and much in use when Shakespeare wrote), after stating what acts of violence did not amount to a riot, gives an instance of a riotous act committed by *women*,—whose acts, generally, were not deemed riotous, even when committed in concert, and violent and tumultuous,—being punished in the Star Chamber. (The process and punishment of this Court, also, was of a summary character, and more prompt than the courts of law; and as the Court was of the highest authority, the greatest personages sitting in judgment, Shallow's vanity and anger are very apparent from his desire that his particular grievance

should be cognizable in a court of that description, whilst his angry motives are veiled under the uncertain description of the offence. Shakespeare, perhaps, might have desired that the Court itself, which was getting odious from its almost exclusive dealing with political offences, should also be brought into contempt by its being associated with Shallow's trumpery grievance.] (T. E. T.)

³ *Justice of Peace, and Coram.*

There is [a succession of blunders, the real designation of Shallow being, "Justice of the Peace and of the Quorum, and Custos Rotulorum." To belong to the Quorum was, of course, considered a distinction. "The latter clause of the commission comprehendeth the power given to these justices, as wel for to enquire of al those offences that be contained therein, as to proccede, heare, and determine thereof upon any former or future enditements; so alwayes that two of these justices at least be present threath, and so that the one of these two bee of that select number which is commonly termed of the Quorum," Lambard's Eirenarcha, 1607. The same authority informs us that, "amongst the officers (at the sessions) the Custos Rotulorum hath worthily the first place, both for that he is alwaies a Justice of the Quorum in the Commission, and amongst them of the Quorum a man (for the most part) especially picked out either for wisdome, countenance, or credite." The corruption of *coram* for *quorum* is frequently met with. "And of the collections of the scatterings, a justice of peace and coram," Pierce Penilessc, 1592.] "A pretty maintenance to keep a justice of peace and coram too," Muses Looking-glasse, 1643. The same form is met with on monuments. ["Edward Bainard esquire, who, for the space of many years, even to his dying day, was justice of the peace and corum, and sometimes custos rotulorum, and high-sheriff of the county of Wilts," monument, 1575] ap. Hunter, i. 213. "Here also resteth in peace the body of Sir Ferdinando Heyborne Knight, justice of peace and coram in the county of Middlesex," monument, dated 1619, at Tottenham. *Coram*, for *quorum*, was sometimes confused with *coram nobis*, justices of the peace being authorized to summon people before them.

Anthony, sir; and I vow to ye, Mr. Docket, it was great pitty it was not Sir Anthony: for though he was but a Justice of Peace and *Coram*, so that he could a brought rogues *coram nobis* at any time, yet he might a been a knight, and a good one, both for his estate and wit.—*The Woman turn'd Bully*, 1675.

Masse, I thinke he be some justice of peace of *ad quorum*, and *omnium popularum*, how he samines me.—*The First Part of the Tragicall Raigne of Selimus*, 1594.

⁴ *Bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation.*

Bills and obligations were bonds, the former sometimes without, the latter generally with, penalties and conditions; but they were both deeds, requiring to be signed, sealed, and delivered. According to West's Simboleography, 1605, [a bill or obligation (which be all one, saving that, when it is in English, it is commonly called a bill, and when it is in Latin, an obligation) is in a deed whereby the obligor doth knowledge himselfe to owe unto the obligee a certaine summe of money or other thing; in which, besides the parties' names, are to be considered the summe or thing due, and the time, place, and manner of payment or deliverie thereof: obligations be either by matter in deed or of record: an obligation by matter in deed is every obligation which is not knowledged and made in some court of record." Slender had probably seen an obligation to Shallow commencing,— "Novcrint universi per præsentis me J. L. teneri et firmiter obligari Roberto Shallow armigero," and thinking the last word was part and parcel of his designation, even in the dative case; or he may be referring to Shallow's attestations as justice of the peace,— "juratus coram me Roberto Shallow armigero."]

In matters great, to will it doth suffice:
 I blush to hear how loud this proverb lyes,
 For they that ow great sums by bond or *bill*,
 Can never cancell them with meer good will.

Witts Recreations, 1654.

“*Acceptilacio*, a quittance of an obligacion made by mouthe, whan the dettour demandeth of the creditour, whether he be content of that whiche he hath promised him: and the creditour answereth, yea, as though he sayd, I do accept it as if it were payed.”—*Eliotes Dictionarie*, ed. Cooper, 1559. There is the form of “a quittance for the redcmption of landes before solde condicionally” in the *Booke of Instrumentes*, 1576, f. 151.

⁵ *Any time these three hundred years.*

Mr. Knight thinks we are to understand Shallow as saying, *we* (I and my ancestors) have done so anytime these three hundred years. Is it certain that Shakespeare did not intend to raise a laugh at Shallow’s expense, by representing him as saying this literally in his anxiety to boast of his ancestry? Bishop Montagu mentions a person who, in giving evidence on a question of tythes, swore, in the bishop’s hearing, that he had known the place tytheable for three hundred years! The three hundred years mentioned by Shallow, according to another authority, refer to the antiquity of the Lucy family, whose pedigree is deduced by Dugdale from the reign of Richard I., about four hundred years before the play was written; but the family did not take the name of Lucy until the 34th of Henry III., which exactly corresponds with the period above stated.]

⁶ *The dozen white louses do become an old coat well.*

So, says Stevens, in the *Penniless Parliament of thread-bare Poets*, 1608: “But amongst all other decrees and statutes by us here set downe, wee ordaine and commaund that three thinges (if they be not parted) ever to continue in perpetuall amitie, that is, a *louse in an olde doublet*, a painted cloth in a painter’s shop, and a foole and his bable.” I cannot discover this passage in the copy of the tract to which I have referred, but, as there was more than one edition of it, the extract above given may still be correct.

⁷ *It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.*

[Upon a time a servant of the fornamed kinges, seyng a louce crepe upon the kynges robe, kneled downe, and put up his hande, as though he wolde do somewhat, and as the kyng bowed hym selfe a lyttell, the man toke the louce, and conveyed her away prively. The kyng asked hym what it was, but he was ashamed to shew. So moche the kyng instanted hym, that at laste he confessed hit was a louce. Oh, quod the kyng, *it is good lucke*; for this declareth me to be a man: for that kynde of vermyne principally greveth mankynde: specially in youth. And so the kyng commanded to gyve him fyfty crownes for his labour.—*Tales and Quicke Answeres*, n. d.]

“This little animal,” observes Boswell, “which Sir Hugh speaks of so kindly, is thus complimented, I suppose, for its fidelity to man; as it does not desert him in distress, but rather sticks more close to him in his adversity. In a Latin tragedy on the subject of Nero by Dr. Matthew Gwinne, 1639, the tyrant exclaims, when deserted by his courtiers:

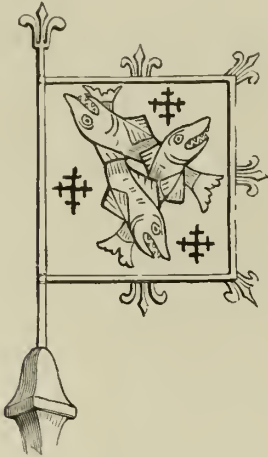
“O aulicorum perfidum ingratum genus,
Nec ut pediculus in crucem domino comes.”

A plaine countrey vicar perswaded his parishioners in all their troubles and

adversities to call upon God, and thus hee said: There is, dearlie beloved, a certaine *familiar beast* amongst you called a hogge; see you not how toward a storme or a tempest it crieth evermore, ourgh, ourgh? So must you likewise, in all your eminent troubles and dangers, say to yourselves, Lourghd, Lourghd, helpe me.—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

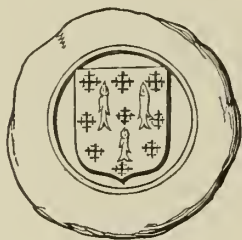
^s *The salt fish is an old coat.*

The old MS. of this play reads *salt-water fish*, a curious variation, though of no authority. [A quartering of the Lucy arms, exhibiting the “dozen white luces,” is given in Dugdale’s *Warwickshire*, 1656, p. 348, annexed to a representation of an early monument to the memory of Thomas, son of Sir William Lucy] and regarding the present drama as Elizabethan, it is curious to observe how nearly Slender’s three centuries is borne out by [Dugdale], who says, of one William Lucy, that he “was a knight in 2 Edward II., if not sooner, and bore for his arms Gules semé of Crosslets with three Lucies hauriant d’Argent, as by his seal appears,” *ibid.* p. 397. In the first coat above mentioned, (there are quartered three fishes in each of four several divisions, making exactly the twelve luces, curiously illustrative not only of Slender’s observation on that number, but of his subsequent speech, “I may quarter.” The specimen of the three luces, here engraved, forms one of the fanciful ornamented vanes still preserved on the old mansion of Charlecote) here taken from Moule. With respect to the very difficult passage in the text, it



appears to me that nothing in any way satisfactory has yet been written upon it; and I can do little more than transcribe the notes of some of the commentators, adding a few notices from Holme’s *Academy of Armory*. If Shallow intended to be jocular, which I think is altogether improbable, he might (possibly allude to some joke such as that of Cob’s in *Every Man in His Humour*, 1598, who derived his pedigree from “the first red herring that was broiled in Adam and Eve’s kitchen;”) or it is barely possible that the whole scene may be intended to ridicule the learning of heraldry, and that Shallow’s observation is purposely unintelligible.

“Shakespeare seems to frolick here in his heraldry, with a design not to be easily understood. In Leland’s *Collectanea*, vol. I. p. ii. p. 615, the arms of *Geffrey de Lucy* are, de goules *poudre* a croisil dor a treis luz dor. Can the poet mean to quibble upon the word *poudré*, that is, *powdered*, which signifies *salted*; or strewed and sprinkled with any thing? In *Measure for Measure*, Lucio says—“Ever your fresh whore and your *powder’d* bawd.”—*Tollet*. In Fernc’s *Blazon of Gentry*, (see also p. 282), the arms of the Lucy family are represented as an instance, that “signs of the coat should something agree with the name. It is the coat of Geffray Lord Lucy. He did bear gules, threc *lucies* hariant,



argent.” The above engraving is taken from a seal in my own possession, annexed to a deed of the Lucy family. “Shakespeare,” says Smith, a writer in the old *variorum*, “by hinting that the arms of the Shallows and the Lucys were the same, shews he could not forget his old friend sir Thomas Lucy, pointing at him under the character of justice Shallow. But to put the matter out of all doubt, Shakespeare has here given us a distinguishing mark, whereby it appears

that sir Thomas was the very person represented by Shallow. To set blundering parson Evans right, Shallow tells him, the *luce* is not the *louse*, but the *fresh fish*, or pike; the salt fish (indeed) is *an old coat*. The plain English of which is, if I am not greatly mistaken, the family of the Charlcotts had for their arms a *salt fish* originally; but when William, son of Walker de Charlcott, assumed the name of Lucy, in the time of Henry III., he took the arms of the Lucys. This is not at all improbable; for we find, when Maud Lucy bequeathed her estates to the Percys, it was upon condition they joined her arms with their own. Says Dugdale, 'it is likely William de Charlcott took the name of Lucy to oblige his mother.' And I say further, it is likely he took the arms of the Lucy's at the same time."

The Lucy is the finest fish,
That ever graced any dish.—*Fuller's Worthies*, ed. 1811, i. 47.

A luce is, properly speaking, a full-grown pike. ("The pike, as he ageth, receiveth diverse names, as from a frie to a gilthed, from a gilthed to a pod, from a pod to a jacke, from a jacke to a pickerell, from a pickerell to a pike, and last of all to a luce," Harrison's Description of England, p. 224.)

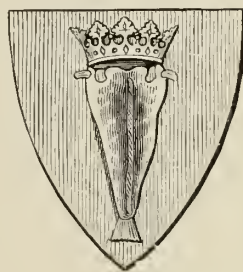
Ful many a fat partrich had he in mewe,
And many a brem and many a *luce in stewe*;
Woo was his cook, but if his sauce were
Poynant and scharp, and redy al his gere.—*Chaucer*.

Diches sumtyme there samons used to haunte,
Lampreyes, *lucys*, or pykys plesaunt.

Piers of Fulham, ap. Hartshorne, p. 118.

"*Luonus*, a lewse," Nominale MS. "Luce, fysche, *lucius*," Prompt. Parv. (There is preserved at Charlecote a picture, of the seventeenth century, representing a very large pike or luce caught in the river Avon, which runs under the windows of that ancient seat. "Sable, three lucas hauriant argent, are described as the arms of the family of Fishacre, seated at Combe Fishacre in the parish of Ipplepen, co. Devon, in the reign of Henry the Second,"—Moule.

Stowe relates that, in the year 1298, the Fishmongers' Company of London, "in a solemne procession passed thorow the Citie, having, amongst other pageants and shewes, foure sturgeons gilt, carried on foure horses; then foure salmons of silver on foure horses, and, after them, sixe and forty armed knights, riding on horses, made like *lucis of the sea*," Survey of London, ed. 1633, p. 78. (The sea luce, according to Cotgrave, is the cod. The sense of the text would be simply this—the luce in our coat is the fresh-water-fish; there is also another luce borne in heraldry, which is likewise an old coat, but that is a salt-water fish. I do not think Shallow is condescending to answer the speech of Evans; he is carrying on the formal account of his armorial bearings. This explanation is similar to one suggested by Mr. Fairholt, who considers that the fact of a stock-fish forming the principal feature of the ancient arms of Iceland (see the accompanying engraving), is a lucid and sufficient explanation of the passage in the text. Sea lucas are also found in heraldry.



The following explanation was suggested by myself in another work:—(The luce is the pike or fresh fish mentioned by Shallow, who is very anxious to explain the blunder made by Evans, and therefore tells him the luce is the fresh fish, but that in

his most ancient coat of arms, a sea-water luce was depicted. Shallow will not even have a fresh fish in his coat of arms, and hence the humour of his explanatory observations. According to Capell, when Shallow commences his speech, he addresses Slender, and shows him his seal-ring. Without this direction, he observes,—“no reader can have any the most distant conception of what Shallow would be at, or who he speaks to: and, with it, many may be glad to see the words of his speech further open'd in this manner;—The luce that you see here in my coat of arms is the fresh-water luce; but there is likewise a salt-water luce, which is an old coat too:—His saying afterwards, that Slender might quarter *by marrying*, means—by your having had ancestors who have intermarry'd with some of my family.”)

It is remarkable that the seal used by Sir Thomas Lucy was not that which is placed over his tomb, and which all the heralds have ascribed to his family, “gules, three Lucies *hariant* argent,” but three of the same little fishes *braced* or *entwined*; similar, in this respect, to a coat assigned to another ancient family. See Ferne's *Blazon of Gentry*, 4to. 1584, p. 232,—“This [the shield in the margin] you will confess to agree with the name; and yet it is honourable as may be. It is the coat of Geoffrey Lord Lucy. He did bear gules, three lucies *hariant*, argent.” In a subsequent page, the same author adds, “In like manner, Troutbeck hath taken up three trouts, whose coat, for the order of bearing the charge, I will set before your face, in this scutcheon. This shield is azure, three trouts *braced in triangles* argent, borne by the name of Troutbeck.” A similar conceit may be observed in the arms of the Arundel family, which are sable, six *swallows* argent. In like manner, the family of Roche, who were Viscounts Fermoy, in Ireland, bore three *roches* in their arms. In allusion to this coat of arms, and to his surname, Dr. William Lucy (grandson to Shakespeare's Sir Thomas Lucy), who finally became Bishop of St. David's, published in 1657, “*Observations, &c., on Hobbes's Leviathan*,” under the disguised name of Christopher Pike; on which Waller very gravely observes, that “no Englishman, who had not dabbled into Latin, would have changed so good a name as Lucy into that of a fish.” But we see, the Bishop did not need to have recourse to the Latin, *lucius*; the language of heraldry, at least, furnished him the same word anglicised.—*Malone*.

The dozen white louses mean body-lice. Thus, in the explanation of the frontispiece to the *Unlucky Citizen*, 1672, we have

But in the basis of this frontispiece,
You 'll see a strong stone doublet lin'd with lice.

But Shallow, understanding louses as luces, says Luce is a fresh fish, which means, that they may not give the dozen white luces in your coat, for the luce is a fresh fish, the salt fish is an old coat, because it has been kept. A louse is a beast, a *petite bête*, familiar to man, and signifies—Love, sticks to him like love.—*Weston*.

The luce is the *fresh fish*; the *salt fish* is an old coat. That is, the *fresh fish* is the coat of an ancient family, and the *salt fish* is the coat of a merchant grown rich by trading over the sea.—*Johnson*. I fancy the latter part of the speech should be given to Sir Hugh, who is at cross purposes with the Justice. Shallow had said just before, the coat is an old one; and now, that it is the luce, the fresh fish. No, replies the parson, it cannot be *old* and fresh too—the *salt fish* is an *old coat*.—*Steevens*.

Perhaps we have not yet conceived the humour of Master Shallow. Slender has observed, that the family might give a dozen *white* Lucies in their coat; to which the Justice adds, “It is an *old one*.” This produces the Parson's blunder, and Shallow's correction. “The *Luce* is not the *Louse* but the *Pike*, the *fresh fish* —

of that name. Indeed our *Coat* is *old*, as I said, and the fish cannot be *fresh*; and therefore we bear the *white*, i. e. the *pickled* or *salt fish*." In the Northumberland Household Book, we meet with "nine barrels of *white* herringe for a hole yere, 4. 10. 0:" and Pennant, in the additions to his London, says, "By the very high price of the *pike*, it is probable that this fish had not yet been introduced into our ponds, but was imported as a luxury, *pickled*." It will be still clearer if we read—"though salt fish *in* an old coat."—*Farmer*.

The present long and unsatisfactory note may be concluded by the following extracts from Holme's Academy of Armory, 1688:—"A Luce, or Lucie: Sec this described in the Pike, numb. 23. [G. three such Hauriant A. Born by Luey]. . He beareth Vert, a Pike Or., born by Pickell. Of some for distinction sake, and to decipher it from another thing of that name, it is termed a pike fish: also a lucie, and a hurling. It is call'd in Latine, Lucius, from Lupus, because it is as great a devourer of fish in the waters, as the wolfe is on the land; it hath a long and sharp snout, with sharp teeth: a long and slender body, with two fins opposite one to the other, near the tail; two fins under the throat, and two in the middle of the belly, the one beside the other; the tail, forked. . . He beareth Gules a Lucio-perca, proper. This is called a Lucy-pearch, of Lucius and Perca, being a bastard fish, resembling both the luey or pike, and the pearch: that is to say, the form and shape of body, like the pike; in the greatness, order, and roughness, or sharpness of the scales, is like the pearch. The two fins on the back, that next the head hooked, or with pricks, the other smooth, are erected almost three fingers in length; the eyes white. The fish is, at his full growth, near three foot long: in the highest part of the back, and towards the sides, are many transverse blackish spots, as is seen in the pearch. This is born by Van Lueiperg."

⁹ *The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.*

He alludes, says Dr. Grey, to a statute made in the reign of K. Henry IV., (13 chap. 7.) by which it is enacted, "That the justices, three or two of them, and the sheriff, shall certify before the king, and his counselle, all the deeds and circumstances thereof (namely the *riot*), which certification should be of the like force as the presentment of twelve: upon which certificate the trespassers and offenders shall be put to answer, and they which be found guilty shall be punished, according to the discretion of the kinge and counselle." To this Blackstone adds,—(By the *Council* is only meant the court of Star-chamber, composed chiefly of the king's council sitting in *Camerá stellatá*, which took cognizance of atrocious riots. In the old quarto, "the council shall know it," follows immediately after, "I'll make a Star-Chamber matter of it."

No marvel, men of such a sumptuous dyet
Were brought into the Star-Chamber for a ryot.

Sir John Harington's Epigrams, 1618.

¹⁰ *Take your vizaments in that.*

Vizaments, that is, advisements or deliberations. "Having an huge lake or portion of the sea in the midst of them, which is not without perill to such as with small *adviseмент* enter into the same," Harrison's Description of Britaine, p. 33. The following examples are given by Steevens from the ancient morality of *Every Man*:—"That I may amend me with good *advysement*."—Again: "I shall smite without any *advysement*."—Again: "To go with good *advysements* and delyberacyon." It is often used by Spenser in his *Facrie Queene*. So, b. ii. c. 9:—"Perhaps my suecour and *advizeмент* meete."—*Steevens*.

¹¹ *Which is daughter to master George Page.*

The folio has *Thomas Page*, which Capell thinks may be the correct reading,

“as suiting the speaker’s character, who, neither in names nor anything, is a very accurate discourser.”

¹² *Mistress Anne Page.*

Mistress was the title of an unmarried lady, up to the commencement of the last century. A MS. dated 1716 mentions “Mistress Elizabeth Seignoret, spinster,” and Defoe applies the term similarly in his *Fortunes of Moll Flanders*, 1722. Shakespeare’s grand-daughter is called Mistress Elizabeth Hall, in the parish register of Stratford-on-Avon: the Christian name being thus given, to distinguish the daughter from the mother.

¹³ *And speaks small like a woman.*

This, observes Mr. Hunter, “is evidently a quotation of something which he had read or heard as the character of a man, and which he thus inaptly applies to a woman.” *Small*, weak, applied to the voice. See notes on *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, act i. Slender is always misquoting.

“It may be doubted whether the real humour of this speech has been pointed out. Does it not consist in Slender’s characterizing Anne Page by a property belonging to himself, and which renders him ridiculous? The audience would naturally smile, at hearing him deliver the speech in an effeminate tone of voice.”—*Douce*.

His poetry is such as he can cull
From playes he heard at Curtaine or at Bull,
And yet is fine coy mistres, Mary Muffe,
The soonest taken with such broken stuffe.

Wither’s Abuses Stript and Whipt, 1622.

¹⁴ *If we leave our pribbles and prabbles.*

Good woman, hold your peace, your prittles and your prattles, your bibbles and your babbles; for I pray you heare mee in private, I am a widdower, and you are almost a widdow; shal I be welcom to your houses, to your tables, and your other things.—*Marston’s Dutch Courtezan*, 1605.

A fellow being carted away toward the gallows, a country-man of his met him, and said: Why, whether away, Country-man? what all a la mort? Ifaith (he answered) even to yonder townes end, to end a *pribble-prabble* matter.—*Copley’s Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

By St. Tavy, Fop was fery coot difersions to Winny; there is fine tittle tattles, and pribbles and prabbles, that makes Winny laugh till her pones akes agen.—*Sir Barnaby Whigg*, 1681.

¹⁵ *Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?*

“This speech, and another three lines after, beginning, *I know*, are, by every former impression, given to Slender: The alteration, that is now made, shall speak for itself: and when Slender’s preceding speech, and Shallow’s following, the matter and very cadence of these in question, together with the frequency of this sort of error, are at all reflected upon; if there can be then any doubt whether these speeches do indeed belong to the person they are now given to, conjecture is nothing, and error, authoriz’d, must keep it’s place everywhere,” *Capell*.

¹⁶ *Her father is make her a petter penny.*

A proverbial phrase: “*Civ.* You say well, sister Delia, you say well; but I mean to live within my bounds: for look you, I have set down my rest thus far, but to maintain my wife in her French-hood and her coach, keep a couple of geldings and a brace of grey-hounds; and this is all I’ll do.—*Del.* And you’ll

do this with forty pounds a-year? *Civ. Ay, and a better penny, sister.*—*London Prodigal.*

¹⁷ *Seven hundred pounds and possibilities.*

Possibilities is generally used for *possessions*. The word is well illustrated by a MS. in Dulwich College, dated about 1610, being a letter from a suitor to a father for his permission to woo the daughter, in which he says,—“I ryette to you first this cisone, as Londone fashen is, to intrete you that I may have your good will and your wiefs, for if we geeete the fathers good will first, then may wee bolder spake to the datter, for my *possebeletis* is abel to manteyne her.”

¹⁸ *How does your fallow greyhound.*

Fallow, a pale yellow, (A. S.) “His lire falowede,” his face turned a pale yellow, MS. Lincoln A. i. 17, f. 94.

For though my belching sent of wine or ale,
Although my face bee *falloe*, puft, and pale.
Mirour for Magistrates, 1587.

¹⁹ *He was out-run on Cotsall.*

Such royall pastimes Cotswold mountains fill,
When gentle swains visit her glorious hill:
Where with such packs of hounds they hunting goe,
As Cyrus ne're did winde his bugle to!
Whose noise is musicall; and with full cries
Beats o're the feilds, and ecchoes through the skies.
Orion hearing wish'd to leave his speare,
And call his dogge from heaven, to sport it there.
Watt, though he fled for life, yet joy'd withall
So brave a dirge sung forth his funerall.
Not Syrens sweetlier rill, hares as they flie
Look back, as glad to listen, loth to die.
The. No doubt but from this brave heroick fire
In the more noble hearts, sparks of desire
May warme the colder boores, and emulous strife
Give the old Mirth and Innocence a new life.
When thoughts of fame their quickned souls shall fill,
At every glaunce that shewes 'em Cotswold hill.
Coll. There shepheard, there, the solemn games be playd,
Such as great Theseus, or Alcides made:
Such as Apollo wishes he had seene,
And Jove desires had his invention beene!
(The Nemean, and the Isthmian pastimes still,
Though dead in Greece, survive on Cotswold hill.

Randolph's Poems, 4to. Lond. 1638.

²⁰ *'Tis your fault.*

That is, it is your misfortune. *Fault* is frequently used in this sense by old writers. Shallow, with great kindness, tries to console Page in a matter to which Slender injudiciously persists in alluding. There is, says Shallow, no necessity whatever for Page to confess it; the defeat of the dog is merely to be attributed to an accidental circumstance; it was your ill luck, for the dog is, nevertheless, a good one.

²¹ *Broke open my lodge.*

If any local allusion be here intended, the traditional account of the neighbourhood, which only indicates the lodge in Fulbrooke Park (here represented) as the place to which Shakespeare was taken after he was detected in his poaching exploit, may be supposed originally to have included some additional circumstances, which are now lost. The whole scene is probably replete with delicate allusions, the exact meaning of which can never be recovered: and there is, in all likelihood, a deeper satire in this scene on Sir Thomas Lucy than has been suspected.



But I cannot altogether blame the carelesse of the world, in that it is become so sparing of good indevours, when there is neither reward for well doing, nor recompence for good desert: nor so much as a memorandum for the most honourable enterprises, how worthily soever performed, unlesse perhaps a little commendations in a ballad; or if a man be favored by a playmaker, he may sometimes be canonized on a stage. — *B. Rick's Fruites of Long Experience*, 1604, p. 21.

²² *If it were known in counsel.*

Steevens suggests that Falstaff quibbles between *council* and *counsel*. In this sense, Falstaff's meaning would be—'Twere better for you if it were known only in *secresy*, i. e. among your friends: a more public complaint would subject you to ridicule. Ritson thinks the ordinary interpretation just, but Malone adduces the spelling of the words in the old quarto as an argument in favour of Steevens' reading; and, from a MS. mentioned by Malone, it would appear that the equivoque was less strained then than it appears to be now. Some editors of the last century read, "if it were *not* known," which merely serves to impair the intentional irony. The following notes on the passage are extracted from Steevens, Reed, and Malone:—

Falstaff's meaning seems to be—'twere better for you if it were known only in *secreecy*, i. e. among your friends. A more publick complaint would subject you to ridicule. Thus, in Chaucer's Prologue to the Squires Tale,

(But wete ye what? *in conseil* be it seyde,
Me reweth sore I am unto hire teyde.)

Again, in the ancient MS. Romance of the Sowdon of Babyloyne, the original of which is now preserved at Middle-Hill, co. Worcester,

And saide, sir, for alle loves
Lete me thy prisoneres seen,
I wole thee gife both goolde and gloves,
And *counsail* shall it been.

Again, in Gammer Gurton's Needle,

(But first for you in *council*, I have a word or twaine.)

Ritson supposes the present reading to be just, and quite in Falstaff's insolent sneering manner,—“It would be much better, indeed, to have it known in the

Council, where you would only be laughed at." The spelling of the old quarto (*counsel*), as well as the general purport of the passage, fully confirms Steevens' interpretation.—"Shal. Well, the *Councell* shall know it. Fal. 'Twere better for you 'twere knowne in *counsell*. You'll be laugh't at." In an office-book of Sir Heneage Thomas, Treasurer of the Chambers to Queen Elizabeth (MS. Brit. Mus.), whenever the Privy *Council* is mentioned, the word is always spelt *Counsel*; so that the play upon the word would probably have been at once appreciated in Shakespeare's time. ("Mum is *Counsell*, viz. *silence*," is among Howell's Proverbial Sentences, appended to the *Lex. Tet.*, 1660.)

²³ *Good worts! good cabbage.*

Worts were any kind of pot-herbs, but here, and in some other places, the term seems to apply only to coleworts or cabbages. ("*Wourts*, all kind of hearbes that serve for the potte," Baret, 1580.) "Planting of worts and onions," Valentinian. ("Lay a woort leafe upon it," Lupton's Notable Things.) "Wortes for potage," Palsgrave, fol. Lond. 1530.

²⁴ *They carried me to the tavern, &c.*

"These words, which are necessary to introduce what Falstaff says afterwards, 'Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?', I have restored from the early quarto. Of this circumstance, as the play is exhibited in the folio, Sir John could have no knowledge."—*Malone*. "We might suppose that Falstaff was already acquainted with this robbery, and had received his share of it, as in the case of the handle of mistress Bridget's fan. His question, therefore, may be said to arise at once from conscious guilt and pretended ignorance. I have, however, adopted Mr. Malone's restoration."—*Steevens*.

²⁵ *You Banbury cheese!*

Banbury cheese was and is a sort of soft cream-cheese, about one inch in thickness, almost white, and of a very superior flavor to other cheese of the same kind. It is now known in Banbury as *latter-made cheese*, as it can only be made after Michaelmas (Beesley's History of Banbury, p. 568). There can scarcely be a question but that this is the species of cheese alluded to by Shakespeare, Slender being so thin, and thence having the term ludicrously applied to him; and the matter seems to be placed beyond a doubt by the following very curious receipt for making this cheese, which is given in a MS. of the time of Henry VIII.,—"To make Banbery Chese.—Take a thin ches-fat, and hote mylk as it coms from the cou, and ryn it forth withal in somer tyme, and kned your cruddz bot onus, and kned them not to smal, bot breke them onus with your hondez; and in somer tyme salt the cruddz nothyng, bot let the chese lye iij. dayes unsalted, and then salt them, and lay oon upon an other, but not to much salt, and so shal they gethur buttur; and in wyntur tyme in like wyse, bot then hete your mylk and salt your cruddz, for then it wil gethur buttur of itself. Take the wrunge whey of the same mylk, and let it stand a day or ij. til it have a creme, and it shal make as good buttur as any other."—*MS. Sloane* 1201, f. 3. The price of a Banbury-cheese in the year 1556 was eight-pence, as appears from an entry in the Corporation records for that year,—“Payd for vj. copull of ches that wer sennt to London, viij. s.” Another early notice of Banbury cheese occurs in (Heywood's Epigrammes, 1577—

(I never saw Banbery cheese thicke enough,

But I have oft seene Essex cheese quicke enough.

A comparison, similar to that in the text, is found in Jack Drums Entertainment, 1601,—“Put off your cloathes, and you are like a Banbery cheese, nothing but paring.”

“Nunc autem conficiendo caseo notissimum,” *Camdeni Britannia*, ed. 1590,

p. 287. "Now the fame of this towne is for zeale, cheese, and cakes," ed. Holland, fol. 1610, p. 376. "There is a credible story that while Philemon Holland was carrying on his English edition of this Britannia, Mr. Camden came accidentally to the press, when this sheet was working off; and looking on, he found that to his own observation of Banbury being famous for cheese, the translator had added cakes and ale: but Mr. Camden, thinking it too light an expression, chang'd the word *ale* into *zeal*, and so it pass'd, to the great indignation of the puritans of this town,"—Additions to the Britannia, ed. 1695, p. 270. This anecdote is in some measure contradicted by Camden himself, who declares that the word *zeal* was inserted by the compositor or printer. Taylor, the water-poet, observes that "Banbury is a goodly faire market towne, and (as the learned Cambden) it is famous for cakes, cheese, and zeale."

Brad-ford if I should rightly set it forth,
 Stile it I might Banberry of the North,
 And well this title with the towne agrees,
 Famous for twanging ale, zeale, cakes and cheese:
 But why should I set zeale behinde their ale?
 Because zeale is for some, but ale for all.

Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell, 8vo. Lond. 1615.

Invites him to supper either to his owne or some of his neighbours' houses, and when they have almost made an end, instead of a messe of fruit, or a peece of Banbury cheese, to close up their stomackes, a brace or more of sargeants are not farre from his shoulder.—*Fennor's Compter's Common-Wealth*, 1617.

"Of all cheeses, I take that kinde which we call Banbury cheese to be the best," Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. 1652, p. 67. "As for our country cheeses, Banbury and Cheshire yields the most, and are best; to which the Holland cheeses might be justly compared, if their makers could but soberly put in salt," Muffet's Healths Improvement, 4to. 1655, p. 133. It would appear from this last extract, that there was another kind of Banbury cheese, differing from that above described. "Banbury zeale, cheese, and cakes," Fuller's Worthies, ed. 1662, Oxfordshire, p. 328. "The rich and fine town of Banbury for cheese," Chamberlayne's Angliæ Notitia, ed. 1694, p. 26; which is repeated in the editions of that work as late as 1755.

²⁶ *How now, Mephistophilus!*

The name of this character, taken from the popular history of Dr. Faustus, was often jocularly used, either in contempt, abuse, or sometimes merely in jest. "Away, you Islington whitepot . . . you broild carbonado! avant, avant, avoyd, Mephistophilus," Shoo-makers Holyday, or the Gentle Craft. "Thou must run of an errand for me, Mephistophilus," Untrussing of the Humorous Poet. "We want not you to play Mephistophilus—a pretty natural vizard!", Muses Looking Glass, 1638. "*Sir Dot.* Heard what, sir? Why her prayers (as she calls 'em), her witches Litany, that she and her young Mephistophilus were conjuring together. *Pal.* Conjuring and Mephistophilus! Mercy upon us; what do you mean?"—World in the Moon, 1697. "What says your Mephistophilus? will he bring it?", Old Mode and the New, 1709. Steevens considers that Pistol means to call Slender a very ugly fellow, and he quotes the following lines from Turner's Nosce Te, 1607,—

O face, no face hath our Theophilus,
 But the right forme of *Mephistophilus*.
 I know 'twould serve, and yet I am no wizard,
 To play the devil i'the vault without a vizard.

The following is the second chapter in "The History of Doctor John Faustus, compiled in verse, very pleasant and delightfull," 12mo. 1664, bl. 1,—

*How Doctor Faustus conjur'd up, from out a globe of fire,
The spirit Mephostophiles, that came like to a fryer.*
Now Faustus, purposing alone to try
The power of this his magick mistery,
He did repair unto a little wood,
And not far off from Wittenberg it stood ;
Where he did make a circle with his wand,
And thus with charms his spirit did command :
'Mephostophiles, I say,—Quickly rise and come away!
By Lucifer I charge thee here—that thou forthwith do appear.'
With this a murmure in the wood was heard,
That Doctor Faustus grew himself afeard ;
The wood with lightning seemed on a flame,
And loudest thunder terror did proclaim.
Till Doctor Faustus, in his magick robe
Looking about him, spy'd a fiery globe.
And, at the last, from this same globe of fire,
The spirit came in likeness of a fryer ;
Who lightly round about the circle ran,
And thus to speak to Faustus he began :
'Faustus (saies he) I now am come ;
Speak thy will, and it is done !'
When Mephistophiles did thus kindly greet him,
Then Doctor Faustus bid the spirit meet him
The next day at his house : the spirit did consent,
And back again then Doctor Faustus went.

²⁷ *That's my humour.*

—I love not to disquiet ghosts, sir,
Of any people living ; that's my humour, sir.

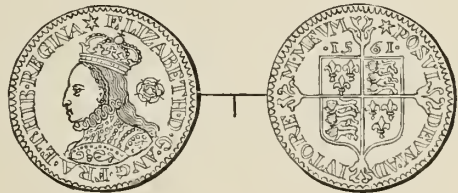
The Second Maiden's Tragedy, 1611, MS. Lansd.

²⁸ *He hears with ears.*

Adopted most probably from the Scriptures,—("we have heard with our ears," Psal. xlv. 1.) "Sometime we heare with eare a noyse," Turberville's Ovid, 1567. "The first surplusage the Greekes call Pleonasmus, I call him too full speech, and is no great fault, as if one should say, I heard it with mine eares, and saw it with mine eyes, as if a man could heare with his heeles, or see with his nose," Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie, 1589. Cf. 2 Henry IV., act ii.

²⁹ *Seven groats in mill-sixpences.*

One of Slender's blunders. These sixpences, says Douce, were coined in 1561, and are (the first milled money used in this kingdom, having been invented by Antoine Brucher in France, and struck in that country about the year 1553. Elizabeth coined milled money from 1561 to about 1572, when the use of the mill was discontinued, on account of its expense, till about 1623; and after the Restoration, its universal usage was finally established (Nares, 323).



Coc. What was there i'thy purse, thou keep'st such a whining; was the lease of thy house in it. *Pu.* Or tly grannams silver ring. *Cl.* No, but a mill sixpence I lov'd as dearly, and a two-pence I had to spend over and above; besides; the harper that was gathered amongst us, to pay the piper.—*Ben Jonson's Masques*, p. 67, fol. ed.

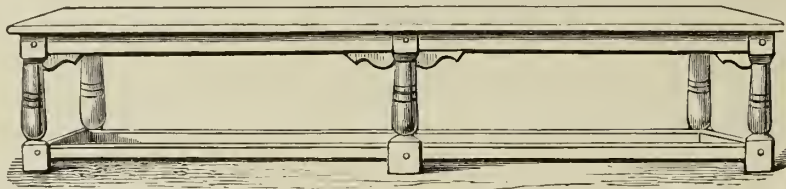
Had I in all the world but forty mark,
And that got by my needle and making socks;
And were that fortie mark mil-sixpences,
Spurroyals, Harry groats, or such odde coine
Of husbandry as in the Kings raigne now
Would never passe, I would despise you.

Mayne's Citye Match, fol. Lond. 1639.

It appears from a passage in Davenant's *Newes from Plimouth*, 1673, that these sixpences were sometimes preserved to be used as counters—"A few mill'd sixpences, with which my purser casts accompt."

³⁰ *Two Edward shovel-boards.*

(The broad shillings of Edward VI. much prized, for long after this period, for the game of shovel-board.) The quarto reads, "two faire shovel-board shillings;" and Taylor, the Water-Poet, observes that "Edward shillings for the most part are used at shoove-board." Even as late as Shadwell's time, a person is mentioned (the Miser, 1672) as losing at backgammon "his Edward shillings that he kept for shovel-board." A Stratford tradition, of uncertain antiquity, declares that



Shakespeare himself was fond of playing this game, and there is (or was until lately) preserved at the Falcon Inn a shovel-board, here represented, which was sixteen feet and a half in length, and which was said to have been the identical table at which the bard played. The game is now generally played on a table or board about 40 feet long and 18 inches wide. It is made of clean white pine without knots, and fine sand is sifted all over, to enable the players to *shovel* their pieces along. On each side of the board there are narrow troughs or gutters, to catch the pieces if they fly off, which they very frequently do. The game is played by two persons, who have each four pieces, numbered 1 to 4. The pieces are of brass, exactly the size and form of half pound flat weights. A line is marked across the board, about half a foot from the farther extremity, and the art is to discharge the piece from the hand with just sufficient force to go beyond the line, which counts *so many*; but if the piece lies half *off* and half *on* the farther end, it counts double; to accomplish which, requires great skill and long practice. The players play off their pieces alternately, and the chief effort is to knock the antagonist's piece from the table. They stand close to the end of the board, holding the piece firmly between the fingers and thumb, and, after giving the hand three or four rapid whirls, from right to left, the piece is discharged, with what may be judged sufficient force to reach the end of the board without flying off. In Shakespeare's time, it is most probable that the game was played somewhat

differently, in a manner analogous to shove-groat; and the reader is referred to the notes to 2 Henry IV., for further information respecting these games, and the shove-groat shilling.

I smelt the powder, spied what linstock gave fire to shoot against the poor captain of the galley-foist, and away slid I my man like a shovel-board shilling.—Middleton's Works, ed. Dyce, ii. 531.

According to Mr. Fairholt, ("the broad shillings of Edward VI. were first issued with his improved second coinage of 1551, the original coinage having been greatly debased with alloy.")

The question of the cost of the two shillings to Slender, is thus plausibly explained by Douce,—“We must suppose that the shillings purchased of the miller had been hoarded by him, and were in high preservation, and heavier than those which had been worn in circulation: these would consequently be of greater



importance to a nice player at the game of shovel-board, and induce him, especially if an opulent man, to procure them at a price far beyond their original value.”) It is, however, very probable that Slender had been imposed upon, and that the passage in the text was intended to raise a laugh at his expense, by his own naive confession of his simplicity in giving a price so much beyond the real value of the coins.

³¹ *I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.*

The latten of the olden time was a kind of mixed metal often very much resembling brass in its nature and colour, but sometimes white, “white laten” being mentioned in a will dated in 1540.) Various articles were made of it, as a cross, Chaucer Cant. T. 701; a bason, Piers Ploughman, p. 462, and Turberville's Falconry, 1575; small bells, Rutland Papers, p. 7; hautboys, Ben Jonson; window-frames, Bevys of Hampton; monumental effigies, Pr. Parv. p. 289, note; a cathedral candlestick, Davies's Ancient Rites, 1672; other candlesticks, will dated 1493; spoons, Devil's Law Case, 1623; kettles, “kettylles of latton to serve in my lord's kichen;” Egremont MSS., &c. “A basyn and an euer of *laten cownterfel*” are noted in a will of 1463. Gower speaks of—

(The craft whiche thylyk tyme was,
To worken in laton and in bras.)

which apparently makes a distinction between the two metals; but the difference was unquestionably very slight, even if it at all existed. “Latone, metal, *auricalcum*,” Pr. Parv. “*Auricalcum*, id est, *fex auri*, laten or coper,” Ortus Vocab. (ibid.) (“Latten metall, *as coronarium*, *aurichalcum*,” Huloet, 1552.) “*Æs caldarium*, copper; *as coronarium*, latyne mettall,” Elyotes Dictionarie, ed. 1559. The last explanation also occurs, in the same words, in the Nomenclator, 1585, and in various vocabularies. In Porta Linguarum, 1637, *latten* is thus defined, “brasse dyed with oare; it can only be melted, because of its easinesse to be broken.” The assertion above made, that there was formerly a white kind of latten, is confirmed by Chaucer, who speaks of the sun when “he shone ful pale,” as *hewed like laton*. “Roman latten” is mentioned in the play of Lingua, 1607.

Upon the est-yate of the toun,
He made a man of fin *latoun*.—*The Seryn Sages*, 1997-8.

Then take a pipe of *laten* that is wide at the lower end, and small above; then set the wide end to the stone, and the small upward, and let the smoke goe into thy mouth; for this will kill all the wormes: it hath beene proved.—*The Pathway to Health*, f. 16.

But if you are willing to boyl your eider, your vessel ought to be of *latten*, which may be made large enough to boyl a good quantity, the *tin* yielding no bad tincture to the liquor.—*Worlidge on Cider*, ed. 1678.

The modern latten is composed of copper and calamine; the goodness of it depends, in a great measure, upon the quantity of the calamine employed in its composition. Black Latten, or Latten Brass, is imported in thin sheets of various sizes, sometimes scraped with a knife. It is used by braziers for making brass kettles, tops of warming pans, &c. Vast quantities of it are made into latten wire, which, being extremely flexible, is of considerable utility in various branches of the mechanical arts. Shaven Latten is distinguished from black latten by its thinness, and brightness on both sides of the sheets. Abundance of latten is made at Aix la Chapelle, and in different parts of Germany. Iron plates tinned over are sometimes termed latten.

Ray, in his Collection of English Words, ed. 1691, p. 43, observes that a *lath* is called a *lat* in the northern dialect; whence Steevens thinks that *latten*, in the text, may signify no more than, as thin as a lath.

Bilbo, (a Spanish sword,) so called from being manufactured at the town of Bilboa in Spain. "One Slavoye blade and one bylbo bronde," Loseley Manuscripts, p. 86. "Slice it, bilbowe blade," Looke about You, 1600. "Blades of Bilbo changing English blowes," Drayton's Barons' Warres, book i. "Thy bilboe oft bath'd in the blood," Taylor's Workes, 1630; "the Bilbo of King Priam," *ibid.* "With tragick bilbo girt upon his thigh," Wits Recreations, 1640. "The bilbo blade and gray goose quill," Randolph's Jealous Lovers, 1646. "Who neither bilbo nor invention pierces," Cleaveland's Poems, 1651 (ed. 1687, p. 273). "He hung by 's side his blade of bilbo," Homer a la Mode, 1665. "He had and a good right Bilbo blade," Comical Revenge, or Love in a 'Tub, 1669. "A lady that loves bilbo-men," Newes from Plimouth, 1673. "Battoone of crab, which serves for bilboe and for wand," Davenant's Works, p. 289, and Wit and Drollery, p. 225. "If y'are destitute of a knife, here is a young bilbo; 'tis neer akin to old Bilbo, my sword," Davenant's Siege, 1673, p. 69. "A constable heroically drunk, surrounded with his rusty bilboe," Tom Essence, 1677. "An honest bilbo-smith would make good blades," Brome's Northern Lasse. "My bold bilbo is cager to slice all my foes," Plautus made English, 1694. "Go to work with long staff and bilbo," Young King, or the Mistake, 1698. It is worthy of remark that the term bilbo applied to a person, as in the text, is found earlier in Grange's Garden, 1577,—"Hir husbandes wealth shall wasted be upon hyr bilbowe boyes."

Would you had kept your forge at Ætna still,
And there made swords, bills, glaves, and armes your fill.
Maintain'd the trade at *Bilbo*, or else-where;
Strooke in at Millan with the cutlers there.—*Ben Jonson*.

³² *Word of denial in thy labras here.*

Labras, lips (*Span.*) Something similar is the expression, to lie in the throat, elsewhere used by Shakespeare.

The gentlewoman was a little coye, but before they part they concluded that

the next day at four of the clock hee should come thither and eate a pound of cherries, which was resolved on with a *succado des labras*; and so with a loath to depart, they took their leaves.—*Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie*, 1590.

There are few words in the old eopies more frequently misprinted than the word *hear*. “*Thy labras*,” however, is certainly right, as appears from the old quarto: “I do retort the lie even in *thy gorge*, thy gorge, thy gorge.”—*Malone*.

³³ *I will say, ‘Marry trap.’*

Marry-gip, marry-come-up, and similar compounds, were phrases indicative of great contempt. It is almost impossible to trace their exact meaning.

³⁴ *If you run the nuthook's humour on me.*

That is, (if you insinuate that I am a thief.) See observations on the word *nuthook* in the notes to Henry IV.

³⁵ *What say you, scarlet and John.*

Falstaff here alludes to Bardolph's red face. *Scarlet and John*, in the phraseology of the time, would be equivalent to *scarlet John*. The commentators, however, say there is an allusion to Robin Hood's companions, mentioned in the old ballad,—

All this be-heard three witty young men,
Twas Robin Hood, Searlet and John;
With that they espy'd the jolly pinder,
As he sat under a thorn.

Bardolph's face became proverbial. There is a curious passage in Gayton's Notes upon Don Quixote, fol. Lond. 1654, p. 48,—“If you will have names more known and to the life, a Robin Goodfellowes face, a *Bardolphs*, a Furnifals Innc face, or a Bradwels face, which was the blessed-dest that ever I saw.”

There's some will talk of lords and knights,
And some of yeomen good:
But I will tell you of Will Searlet,
Little John and Robin Hood.
They were outlaws, as it was well known,
And men of noble blood,
And many a time their valour was shown
In the forest of merry Sheerwood.

Ballad of Robin Hood's Delight.

³⁶ *And being fap.*

Fap, a cant term for, intoxicated. In the Poems by the Earls of Roseomon, 1739, p. 40, Shrewsbury is termed an “old adult'rous fap,” meaning, probably, a dissipated person; unless it be there a corruption of *fop*. Capell says, *fap* is, drunk; “and *cashier'd*—carry'd out of the room: in doing which, that naturally follow'd which is express'd in the words after it: amounting, indeed, to a confession of Bardolph's thievery; but being *Latin* to others besides Slender, Falstaff, who understood it, converts it to a denial by him as well as the other two.” Mr. Singer considers *fap* is a cant term for foolish, either from the Italian *vappa*, translated by Florio, 1598, “a man in whome is no wit or reason;” or from the Latin *vappa*, “a dizzard, or foolish man, in whome is no witte or good reason,” Thomasi Dictionarium, 1596. “The word *fap* is probably made from *vappa*, a drunken fellow, or a good-for-nothing fellow, whose virtues are all exhaled: Slender, in his answer, seems to understand that Bardolph had made use of a Latin word,” *Malone's Shakespeare*, ed. 1790.

³⁷ *And so conclusions passed the careers.*

And so, in the end, he reeled about in different directions, like a horse passing the careers. The latter was a technical phrase in horsemanship, fully described by Blundevile in a passage here quoted. "A carriere, the short turning of a nimble horse, now this way, now that way," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. Slender, being so intoxicated as not to know properly in which way he lost his purse, extravagantly, and out of all reason, concluded that those who turned him out of their company for his intoxication were so devoid of honour and principle as to pick his pocket.

How and when to teach your horse to passe a swift carriere.—Untill your horse be perfect in all points before taught, and speciallie that he can stop well, and therewith advance before, as well in his trot as in his gallop: I would not wish you in anie wise to runne him, unless it were in the verie beginning of his breaking, to give him a carriere or two, onelie to knowe his swiftnesse and disposition, and so to leave off, untill he be better broken, and made meete to be run. Which when he is, you shall use this order following: ride him into some faire plaine sandie way, void of all stumbling stones: and to acquaint him with the way, pace him faire and softlie the length of a good carriere, which must be measured, according as the horse is made; for if he be a mightie puissant horse, and great of stature, then the carriere would bee the shorter. So likewise must it be, when you would have him to bound aloft in his carriere: but if he be made like a jennet, or of a middle stature, then the carriere path may be the longer, yet not overlong. At the end whereof, let him stop and advance, and, at the second bound, turne him faire and softlie on the right hand, and so staie a little while. Then sodenlie saieing with a livelie voice, 'Hey,' or 'Now,' put him forward with both spures at once, forcing him all the way to run so swiftlie and so roundlie as he can possible, even to the end, to the intent he may stop on his buttocks. That done, turne him on the left hand, and pace him forth faire and softlie unto the other end of the carriere path, and there stop him and turne him againe on the right hand, as you did before, and so leave.—*Blundevile's Art of Riding*, 1580.

³⁸ *By your leave, good mistress.*

The English custom of salutation is frequently alluded to by most of our old writers. ("For us to salute strangers with a kisse is counted but civilitie, but with forraine nations immodestie,"—*Hæc Vir*, or the *Womanish Man*, 1620.) In *Westward for Smelts*, 1620, a gentleman sent on a message to a lady, whom he had never seen, "espied her in the fields, to whom he went and kissed her, *a thing no modest woman can deny.*"

³⁹ *My book of Songs and Sonnets.*

Either a copy of Surrey's well-known collection, or a volume kept by Slender himself for the purpose of entering any he met with. It is known that common-place books of all kinds were popular in Shakespeare's time, and that some of the poet's own sonnets were thus circulated long before they appeared in print. On the other hand, the words of Slender exactly follow the title of Surrey's work.

"It cannot be supposed that poor Slender was himself a poet. He probably means the poems of Lord Surrey and others, which were very popular in the age of Queen Elizabeth. They were printed in 1557, sm. 4to., with this title: '*Songes and Sonettes*, by the Right Honorable Lord Henry Haward, late Earl of Surrey, and other.' Slender laments that he has not this fashionable book about him, supposing it might have assisted him in paying his addresses to Anne Page."—*Malone*.

"Under the title mentioned by Slender, Churchyard very evidently points out this book in an enumeration of his own pieces, prefixed to a collection of verse

and prose, called Churchyard's Challenge, 4to. 1593: "—and many things in the booke of songs and sonets printed then, were of my making." By then he means 'in Queene Maries raigne;' for Surrey was first published in 1557."—*Steevens*.

A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God, nor the devil! And they must come here to reade ballads, and rogerie, and trash! He marre the knot of 'hem ere I sleepe, perhaps; especially Bob, there: he that's all manner of shapes! and *Songs and sonnets*, his fellow.—*Every Man in his Humour*, fol. ed. p. 48.

⁴⁰ *The Book of Riddles.*

The earliest printed collection of English riddles was the "Demaundes Joyous," a small tract printed by Wynkyn de Worde in the year 1511; a few examples of which may be worth giving:—"Demaunde: How many calves tayles behoveth to reche frome the erthe to the skye? R. No more but onc and it be longe ynough.—Demaunde: How many holy days be there in the yere that never fall on the Sondayes? R. There be eyght, that is to wete, the thre holy dayes after Eester, iij. after Whyt Sondaye, the holy Ascencyon daye, and Corpus Crysty day.—Demaunde: Whiche ben the trulyest tolde thynges in the worlde? R. Those be the steyres of chambres and houses.—Demaunde: Whiche parte of a sergeaunte love ye beste towarde you? R. His heles.—Demaunde: Whiche is the best wood and leest brente? R. Vynes.—Demaunde: Whiche is the moost profytable beest, and that men eteth leest of? R. That is bees.—Demaunde: Whiche is the brodest water, and leest jeopardye to passe over? R. The dewe.—Demaunde: What thyng is it that never was nor never shall be? R. Never mouse made her nest in a cattes ere.—Demaunde: Why dryve men dogges out of the chyrche? R. Bycause they come not up and offre.—Demaunde: Why dooth a dogge tourne hym thryes aboute or that he lyeth hym downe? R. Bycause he knoweth not his beddes hede from the fete.—Demaunde: Why doo men make an oven in the towne? R. For bycause they can not make the towne in the oven.—Demaunde: How may a man knowe or perceyve a cowe in a flocke of shepe? R. By syght.—Demaunde: What almes is worst bestowed that men gyve? R. That is to a blynde man, for as he hath ony thyng given hym, he wolde with good wyll se hym hanged by the necke that gave it hym.—Demaunde: Wherefore set they upon chyrche steples more a cocke than a henne? R. Yf men sholde sette there a henne, she wolde laye egges, and they wolde fall upon mennes hedes.—Demaunde: What thyng is it that hath none ende? R. A bowle.—Demaunde: What wode is it that never flyes reste upon? R. The claper of a lazars dyssh.

The "Book of Riddels" is a later production, being named for the first time in

THE
BOOKE OF
MEERY.
Riddles.

Together with proper Questions, and witty Prouerbs to make pleasant pastime,

No lesse vfefull then behoouefull for any yongman or child, to know if he be quick-witted, or no.



LONDON,
Printed by T. C. for Michael Sparke,
dwelling in Greene- Arbor, at the
signe of the blue Bible, 1629.

Lancham's Letter, under that title, in 1575; and again, in 1586, in the English Courtier,—“the Budget of Demandes, the Hundredth Merry Tales, the Booke of Ryddles, and many other excellent writers both witty and pleasaunt.” This work was, therefore, well known in the sixteenth century; but the earliest edition of it now known to be preserved is in the curious library of the Earl of Ellesmere at Bridgewater House, entitled “The Booke of Meery Riddles,” 1629, which is, in all probability, a genuine reprint of the identical work mentioned by Slender. A facsimile of the title-page is given (from another copy) in the preceding page; the following lines being printed, in the original, on the reverse of the opposite leaf:—

Is the wit quicke? Then do not sticke
To read these riddles darke:
Which if thou doe, and rightly too,
Thou art a witty sparke.

The volume contains seventy-six riddles at the commencement. Then follow some burlesque lines, entitled “John Goose;” a small collection of “Proper Questions,” which are, in fact, other riddles; and lastly, “Choice and Witty Proverbs,” containing one hundred and thirty-three proverbial phrases. The following selection from the riddles will suffice to exhibit the character of Slender's favorite book; and it is worthy of remark that the head-line in the original is “The Booke of Riddles,” the exact title of the book mentioned in the play.

Here beginneth the first Riddle.—Two legs sat upon three legs, and had one leg in her hand; then in came foure legs, and bare away one leg; then up start two legs, and threw three legs at foure legs, and brought againe one leg. *Solution.*—That is a woman with two legs sate on a stoole with three legs, and had a leg of mutton in her hand; then came a dog that hath foure legs, and bare away the leg of mutton; then up start the woman, and threw the stoole with three legs at the dog with foure legs, and brought againe the leg of mutton.

The second Riddle.—He went to the wood and caught it,
He sate him downe and sought it;
Because he could not finde it,
Home with him he brought it.

Solution.—That is a thorne: for a man went to the wood, and caught a thorne in his foot; and then he sate him down, and sought to have pulled it out, and because he could not find it out, he must needs bring it home.

The iij. Riddle.—What work is that, the faster ye worke, longer it is ere ye have done, and the slower ye worke, the sooner ye make an end? *Solution.*—That is turning of a spit: for if ye turne fast, it will be long ere the meat be rosted, but if ye turn slowly, the sooner it is rosted.

The iv. Riddle.—What is that that shineth bright all day, and at night is raked up in its owne dirt? *Solution.*—That is the fire that burneth bright all the day, and at night is raked up in his ashes.

The v. Riddle.—I have a tree of great honor,
Which tree beareth both fruit and flower;
Twelve branches this tree hath nake,
Fifty (*sic*) nests therein he make,
And every nest hath birds seaven;
Thanked be the King of Heaven;
And every bird hath a divers name;
How may all this together frame?

Solution.—The tree is the yeare: the twelve branches be the twelve moneths; the fifty-two nests be the fifty-two weekes: the seven birds be the seven dayes in the weeke, whereof every one hath a divers name.

The xviii. Riddle.—What is the most profitable beast, and that men eat least on? *Solution.*—It is a bee, for it maketh both honey and waxe, and yet costeth his master nothing the keeping.

The xix. Riddle.—I am without it, and yet I have it;

Tell me what it is, and pray God save it!

Solution.—It is my heart; for I am without it, seeing that it is within me, for ye may not understand by the riddle that I lacke it.

The xx. Riddle.—What is that that is like a mede,

And is not past a handfull brede,

And hath a voyce like a man?

You will tell this, but I know not when.

Solution.—It is little poppingay: for it is greene like a mede, and is not past a handfull broad, and it speaketh like a man.

The xxi. Riddle.—L. and U., and C. and I., so hight my lady at the font-stone. *Solution.*—Her name is Lucy; for in the first line is L. U. C. I., which is Lucy. But this riddle must be put and read thus:—fifty and five, a hundred and one: then is the riddle very proper; for L. standeth for fifty, and U. for five, C. for an hundred, and I. for one.

The xxx. Riddle.—What is it that goes to the water on the head? *Solution.*—It is a horse-shoe naile.

The xxxii. Riddle.—What be they which be full all day, and empty at night? *Solution.*—It is a payre of shooes; for in the day they be full of man's feete, but at night, when he goes to bed, they be empty; and it may be assoyled by any other part of man's raiment.

The xxxiii. Riddle.—Who is he which eats his mother in his grandam's belly? *Solution.*—It is a worme in a nut; for of the kernell of the nut commeth the worme, therefore the kernell is here taken for the mother of the worme; and of the shell the kernell commeth, and, therefore, the shell is here taken for the mother of the kernell, and the grandam of the worme.

The xxxiv. Riddle.—Who is hee that runneth through the hedge, and his house on his backe? *Solution.*—That is a snaile; which, wheresoever he goeth, caryeth his house on his backe.

The xlii. Riddle.—What is it goeth to the wood, and his head homeward? *Solution.*—It is an axe hanging upon a man's backe, when he goeth to the wood.

The xliii. Riddle.—What is that goeth to the wood, and carieth his way on his necke? *Solution.*—It is a man that goeth to the wood to fell boughes, and carrieth a ladder to get up.

The xliv. Riddle.—I came to a tree where were apples; I eat no apples, I gave away no apples, nor I left no apples behinde me; and yet I eat, gave away, and left behinde me. *Solution.*—There were three apples on the tree; for I eat one apple, gave away one apple, and left one. So I eat no apples, for I eat but one apple, which is no apples; and thus I gave away no apples, for I gave but one; and thus I left no apples, for I left but one.

The xlv. Riddle.—What is that as small as a nit,

And serves the king at every bit?

Solution.—It is salt.

The li. Riddle.—My lover's will

I am content for to fulfill;

Within this rime his name is framed;

Tell me then how he is named?

Solution.—His name is William; for in the first line is *will*, and in the beginning of the second line is *I am*, and then put them both together, and it maketh *William*.

The lii. Riddle.—What is that, as white as snow,
 And yet as blacke as any erow;
 And more plyant then a wand,
 And is tied in a silken band,
 And every day a prince's peer
 Looketh upon it with sad cheere?

Solution.—It is a booke tyed with a silken lace; for the paper is white as snow, and the inke is as blacke as a erow, and the leaves more pliant then a wand.

The liii. Riddle.—What spaec is from the highest of the sea to the bottome?
Solution.—A stone's cast; for a stone throwne in, be it never so deepe, will go to the bottome.

The liv. Riddle.—How many calves tailes will reach to the skye? *Solution.*—One, if it be long enough.

The lv. Riddle.—Mary an Christ loved very well;
 My ladyes name here I doe tell,
 Yet is her name neither Christ, nor Mary;
 Tell me her name then, and do not tarry?

Solution.—Her name is Marian; for in the beginning it is said, Mary an Christ: but this riddle is to be put without the booke, and not to be read, or else it will soone be perceived.

The lvi. Riddle.—What is that as white as milke,
 As soft as silke,
 As blacke as a coale,
 And hops in the street like a steed foale?

Solution.—It is a pye that hoppeth in the street; for part of her feathers be white, and part bee blacke.

The lvii. Riddle.—What is that goeth about the wood, and cannot get in?
Solution.—It is the barke of a tree; for never is the barke within the tree, but always without.

The lviii. Riddle.—What is that goeth through the wood, and leaveth on every bush a rag? *Solution.*—It is snow.

The lxi. Riddle.—What is that no man would have, and yet, when he hath it, will not forgoe it? *Solution.*—It is a broken head, or such like; for no man would gladly have a broken head, and yet when he hath it, he would be loath to lose his head, though it be broken.

The lxiv. Riddle.—What is that, that I can hold in my hand, and will not lye in a great chest? *Solution.*—It is a long speare.

The lxv. Riddle.—What is that, round as a ball,
 Longer then Paul's steeple, weather-eocke, and all?

Solution.—It is a round bottome of thred when it is unwound.

The lxvi. Riddle.—Downe in a meddow I have two swine; the more meat I give them, the lowder they cry; the lesse meat I give them, the stiller they lye.
Solution.—These be two milstones; which the more they grind, the more noyse they make; and they be called swine here, because swine be fed with corne, and so be they.

The lxvii. Riddle.—What is that, that goeth thorow the wood, and toucheth never a twig? *Solution.*—It is the blast of a horne, or any other noyse.

The lxxii. Riddle.—Over a water I must passe, and I must carry over a lamb, a wolfe, and a bottle of hay; if I carry any more then one at once, my bote will sinke; if I earry over the bottle of hay first, and leave the lambe and the wolfe together, the wolfe will carry away my lambe; if I carry over the wolfe first, the lambe will eate my bottle of hay: now I would know how I should cary them over,

so that I leave not the lambe with the wolfe, nor the bottle of hay with the lambe on neither side? *Solution.*—First cary over the lambe, and then come againe and fetch the wolfe, and bring the lambe backe againe on the other side; and then take the bottle of hay, and cary it, and then fetch over the lambe; and so the question is assoyled.

In the year 1631, was published, "A Booke of Merrie Riddles, very meete and delightfull for youth to try their Wits;" but this is not a reprint of the tract just described, it being a separate work, containing riddles only, without the burlesque verses, or the proverbs. The riddles, however, are of a similar character, and, in some instances, identical. Another edition was printed in 1672, "A Book of Merry Riddles: Very meet and Delightful for Youth to try their Wits. London, Printed by E. C. for J. Wright, at the Globe in Little-Brittain. 1672." This is a little tract of twelve leaves, all in black-letter, with the exception of the title-page. The last leaf is filled with wood-cuts, and the text, with a few literal variations, is a copy of the edition of 1631; which was likewise, I believe, reprinted in 1660, although I have seen no copy of that edition. There was also a chap-book copy of the Book of Riddles, reprinted, in various forms, during the last and present centuries; amongst which may be mentioned, "A new Booke of merry Riddles in Picture," printed for C. Bates, n. d. Some critics have thought that Slender's book was the "Riddles of Heraclitus and Democritus," 4to. 1598, but they were probably not acquainted with the collections above mentioned.

A
B O O K E
O F M E R R I E
R I D D L E S.

Very meete and delight-
full for youth to try
their wits.



L O N D O N.

Printed for ROBERT BIRD, and
are to bee sold at his shoppe in
Cheape side at the signe of the
Bible. 1631.

⁴¹ *A fortnight afore Michaelmas.*

Theobald would read *Martlemas*, on the supposition that the blunder in the text is not in keeping with Simple's character; "the simplest creatures (nay, even naturals) generally are very precise in the knowledge of festivals, and marking how the seasons run." There can, however, be little doubt but that the text is correct, and that the blunder was intentional on the part of the author.

⁴² *Simple though I stand here.*

A proverbial phrase. "There is a neighbour of ours, an honest priest, who was sometimes (simple as he now stands) a vice in a play, for want of a better," Hay any Worke for Cooper, n. d. ("I was one of the mummers myself, simple as

I stand here," Tragedie of Solimon and Perseda, 1599. "I am his next heir, at the common law, Master Stephen, as simple as I stand here," Every Man in his Humour. "Simply tho' I stand here, I was he that lost it," Puritaine, 1607; "simple tho' it lies here, 'tis the fayrest roome in my mother's house," *ibid.* "As simple as he standeth there, hee hath let his owne arme blood himself instead of a barber-surgeon," The Man in the Moone telling Strange Fortunes, 1609. "Simple as he stands there, he is bare sixteen years old," Shadwell's Amorous Bigotte, 1690.

And I doe lend some of them money, and full many fine men goe upon my score, *as simple as I stand heere*, and I trust them; and truly they verie knightly and courtly promise faire, give me verie good words, and a peece of flesh when time of yere serves.—*Marston's Dutch Courtesan*, 1605.

Ster. God be at your worke, sir: my sonne told me you were the grating gentleman; I am Stercutio, his father, sir, *simple as I stand here*.—*The Returne from Pernassus*, 1606.

⁴³ *The lips is parcel of the mouth.*

Parcel, that is, part. The term is still used in leases. ("Parcell, a poreyon," Palsgrave, 1530.) "In parcels, or partes, everie part one after another," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. "*Parcelle*, a parcell, partiele, peece, little part," Cotgrave. "Trinity Terme was now ended, for by description of the time, it could bee no other *parcell* of the yeare,"—Tom of all Trades, 1631.

The following notes on this passage are by Steevens:—To be *parcel* of any thing, is an expression that often occurs in the old plays. So, in Decker's Satiromastix:—"And make damnation *parcel* of your oath." Again, in Tamburlaine, 1590:—"To make it *parcel* of my empery." This passage, however, might have been designed as a ridicule on another, in John Lyly's *Midas*, 1592:—"Pet. What lips hath she?—*Li.* Tush! *Lips are no part of the head, only made for a double-leaf door for the mouth.*")

⁴⁴ *Upon familiarity will grow more content.*

So the first folio, Slender murdering the old proverb, "Too much familiarity breeds contempt," Ray's Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 136. Modern editors read *contempt*, which certainly makes the blunder more laughable; but (as one of his peculiarities is to misquote, the original text may well stand.) "When familiarity breeds contempt, it is an error to be humble," Rich Cabinet furnished with Varietie of Excellent Discriptions, 1616. "Familiarity breeds contempt, and contempt breaks the neck of obedience," Cap of Grey Hairs for a Green Head. "Sir, there is an old adage that says, Familiarity breeds Contempt," Bury Fair, 1689. "The proverb is true, Too much familiarity breeds contempt; I think 'tis high time to part," Vice Reclaim'd, 1703.

"Certainly, the editors in their sagacity have murdered a jest here. It is designed, no doubt, that Slender should say *decrease*, instead of *increase*; and *dissolved* and *dissolutely*, instead of *resolved* and *resolutely*: but to make him say, on the present occasion, that upon familiarity will grow more *content*, instead of *contempt*, is disarming the sentiment of all its *salt* and humour, and disappointing the audience of a reasonable cause for laughter."—*Theobald*. "Theobald's conjecture may be supported by the same intentional blunder in Love's Labour's Lost:—Sir, the *contempts* thereof are as touching me."—*Steevens*.

⁴⁵ *That I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.*

The same blunder is introduced by Heywood into his Fair Maid of the West, or a Girle worth Gold, 4to. Lond. 1631,—"*Bes.* But did he fight it bravely?—*Clem.* I assure you, mistresse, most dissolutely."

⁴⁶ *For all you are my man.*

It appears from this that it was formerly the custom for persons to be attended by their own servants, when they dined from home. The practice is still occasionally found to prevail in England, especially at public dinners.

“I found them such devout Christians *for all* they were drunkards.”—The *Infernal Wanderer*, 1702, a folio pamphlet.

⁴⁷ *Playing at sword and dagger.*

The accompanying engraving of persons engaging in a duel armed with swords and daggers, is taken from a black-letter ballad in my possession, entitled, “A Looking-Glasse for Maids, or the Downfall of two desperate Lovers, Henry Hartlove and William Martin, both lately living in the Isle of Wight, who, for the love of Anne Scarborough, a beautifull virgin, she having first made herself sure to one of them, and afterwards fel off to the other, challeng’d the field, where, after a cruel fight, they were both mortally wounded, and were found dead upon the place by the afore-mentioned maiden, who bestowed many tears upon their bodies, buried them both in one grave,” &c.

⁴⁸ *With a master of fence.*

A fencing master, a master in the “noble science” of defence. A *fence-school* is mentioned by Decker, in the *Gull’s Hornbook*, 1609. “They have in the citie certayne maisters of fence, that teach them how to use the sword,” Eden’s *History of Travayle*, 1577, ap. Douce. The phrase seems to be used by Eden merely in the sense above named.

“*Master of defence*, on this occasion, does not simply mean a professor of the art of fencing, but a person who had taken his *master’s degree* in it. I learn from one of the Sloanian MSS., 2530, which seems to be the fragment of a register formerly belonging to some of our schools where the Noble Science of Defence was taught, from the year 1568 to 1583, that in this art there are three degrees, viz. a *master’s*, a provost’s and a scholar’s. For each of these a prize is played, as exercises are kept in universities for similar purposes. The weapons they used were the axe, the pike, rapier, and target, rapier and cloke, two swords, the two-hand sword, the bastard sword, the dagger and staff, the sword and buckler, the rapier and dagger, &c. The places where they exercised were commonly theatres, halls, or other enclosures sufficient to contain a number of spectators, as Ealy-Place, in Holborn; the Bell Savage, Ludgate-Hill; the Curtain in Hollywell; the Gray Friars, within Newgate; Hampton Court; the Bull in Bishopsgate-Street; the Clink, Duke’s-Place, Salisbury-Court; Bridewell; the Artillery-Garden, &c. Among those who distinguished themselves in this science, I find Tarlton the comedian, who “was allowed a master” the 23d of October, 1587 [I suppose, either as grand compounder, or mandamus], he being “ordinary grome of her majesties chamber,” and Robert Greene, who “plaide his maister’s prize at Leadenhall with three weapons,” &c. The book from which these extracts are made, is a singular curiosity, as it contains the oaths, customs, regulations, prizes, summonses, &c. of this once fashionable society. K. Henry VIII., K. Edward VI.,

Philip and Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, were frequent spectators of their skill and activity."—*Steevens*.

The Order for playinge of a Maisters Priz.—When anny provost is mynded to take the degree of a master, that is, to play a maister's priz, he shall first declare his mynd unto his master under whom he playd his provostes priz, yf he be livinge, and yf he be ded, then shall he chuse for his maister one of the four ancient maisters to play his priz, under whom he liketh best, and shall be sworne unto him, as he was to his first maister. And then shall he desyer his maister's favor for the playinge of his sayd maister's priz, and so to crave the good will of all the ancient maisters of the noble scienc of defenc; and accordinge as the ancient maisters do agree in that cause, he to procede in his sayd priz; So that he will be content to agree unto them, and to all their orders and ruilles, accordinge as they have emongste them, and never survince or invent by anny kynd of meanes to put anny maister of that noble scienc to anny displeasure or hinderanc, but shall be contented to fulfill all their constitucions, orders and ruilles, to the uttermost of his power; And shall byend himselfe in an obligacion to the iiij. ancient masters for performanc therof. And so doinge, the sayd maisters shall appoynt him his day, wheare he shall play his maisters priz at theis weapons followinge, vidz: the two hand sword, the basterd sword, the pike, the backe sword, and the rapier and dagger. And then the sayd provost to gev warninge to so many maisters as dwell within xl. myles of the place appoynted for his priz, eight weekes at the lest, before the day commeth to play bis priz. And when he hath playd his maisters priz, he then to mak his maisters lettre, and pay for the sealling of it to thancient maisters, with all manner duetys to them belonging, and so to byend himselfe in an obligacion to the sayd ancient maisters to fulfill all that is above-sayd, and to set his hand and seall thearunto. Those done, the four ancient maisters to gev him his maisters othe, with all thinges that apperteyneth to the same.—*MS. Sloane 2530, fol. 20.*

⁴⁰ *Three veneyes for a dish of stewed prunes.*

Veneyes, hits in the body; a term at fencing. A dish of stewed prunes was to be paid by the person who received three veneyes. The wager was a common one. Porter, in the *Villain*, 1663, mentions a game at bowls played "for stew'd-prunes and ginger-bread," p. 20. "*Tocco*, a venie at fence, a hit," Florio's *Worlde of Wordes*, 1598. "Whose two hand sword, at every veny, slent," Du Bartas. "Thou wouldst be loth to play half a dozen venies at wasters for a broken head," Philaster. "*Venie*, a touch in the body at playing with weapons," Bullokar.

I hope, sir, your worship hath not forgot Harry Crack, the fencer, for forfits, and vennyes given, upon a wager, at the ninth button of your doublet, thirty crowns.—*The Famos Historye of Captaine Thomas Stukeley*, 1605.

Such a dust was raised, that no man was able to see the skye before him, resounding as it did with horrible cries and shouts: which was the reason that the casting-weapons discharged everie way missed not, but where ever they fell, gave a deadly stroke, and did mischiefe, because their *venues* could neither be fore-seene nor avoided.—*Ammianns Marcellinus*, ed. Holland, 1609.

This was a passe; 'twas fencers play; and, for the after venny, let me use my skill.—*The History of the Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609.

1 *Law*. Women, look to't, the fencer gives you a *veney*.—2 *Law*. Believe it, he *hits* home.—*Svetnam, the Woman-hater*, 1620.

And on his head he layes him on such load
With two quick *vennies* of his knotty goad,
And with the third, thrusts him between the eyes,
That down he falls, shaking his heels, and dies.—*Du Bartas*.

Fre. A pleasant fellow, sir, and one of the noble science; for, look you, sir, there's a venie. — *Ray.* O swoons! he has stab'd me. — *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1661.

And at any prize, whether it be maister's prize, &c., whosoever doth play agaynste the prizer, and doth strike his blowe and close with all, so that the prizer cannot strike his blowe after agayne, shall wynne no game for any *veneye* so given, although it shold breake the prizer's head.—*MS. Sloane 2530.*

⁵⁰ *I have seen Sackerson loose.*

Sackerson was the name of a celebrated bear in Shakespeare's time, probably so called from the surname of his keeper. In the Epigrams attributed to Sir John Davies, 12mo., said to have been printed in 1598, there is an amusing account of a student leaving his legal studies for the sake of amusements similar to those mentioned by Slender,—

Publius, student at the common law,
 Oft leaves his bookes, and for his recreation
 To Parish-garden doth himselfe withdrawe,
 Where he is ravisht with such delectation,
 As downe amongst the beares and dogges he goes;
 Where, whilst he skipping cries, Head to head!
 His satten doublet and his velvet hose
 Are all with spittle from above be-spread.
 When he is like his father's country hall
 Stinking with dogges, and muted all with haukes;
 And rightly too on him this filth doth fall,
 Which for such filthy sports his bookes forsakes,—
 Leaving old Ployden, Dyer, and Brooke alone,
 To see old Harry Hunkes and Sacarson.

The last lines of this epigram are thus given in an early copy preserved in MS. Harl. 1836,—

And rightly doth such filth upon him fall,
 That for such filthy sports his booke forsakes,
 And leaves old Ploydon, Dyer, and Brooke alone,
 To see old Harye, Hunkes, and Sakerstone.

He be sworne they tooke away a mastie dogge of mine by commission. Now I thinke on't, makes my teares stand in my eyes with greefe. I had rather lost the dearest friend that ever I lay withal in my life. Be this light, never stir if hee fought not with great *Sekerson* foure hours to one, foremoste take up hindmoste, and tooke so many loaves from him, that hee sterv'd him presently. So, at last, the dogg cood doe no more then a beare cood doe, and the beare being heavie with hunger you know, fell upon the dogge, broke his backe, and the dogge never stird more.—*Sir Gyles Goosecappe Knight, a Comedie presented by the Chil: of the Chappell*, 1606.

The escape of a bear from his chain was sometimes attended with great danger. Machyn records in his Diary for 1554,—“The sam day at after-non was a bere-beytyn on the Bankesyde, and ther the grett blynd bere broke losse, and in ronnyng away he chakt a servyng man by the calff of the lege, and bytt a gret pesse away, and after by the hokyll-bone, that with-in iij days after he ded.”

Est et alius postea locus theatri quoque formam habens, ursorum et taurorum venationibus destinatus, qui a postica parte alligati, a magnis illis canibus et molossis Anglicis, quos lingua vernacula *docken* appellant, mire exagitantur; ita

tamen ut sæpe canes isti ab ursis vel tauris, dentibus arrepti, vel cornibus impetiti, de vita periclitari, aliquando etiam animam exhalare soleant, quibus sic vel sauciis vel lassis statim substituantur alii recentes et magis alaeres. Accedit aliquando in fine hujus spectacula ursi plane exæcati flagellatio, ubi quinque vel sex, in circulo constituti, ursum flagellis misere excipiunt, qui licet alligatus aufugere nequeat, alacriter tamen se defendit, circumstantes, et nimium appropinquantes, nisi reete et provide sibi caveant, prosternit ac flagella e manibus cadentium eripit atque confringit.—*Pauli Hentzneri Itinerarium*, 12mo. Noriberg. 1629, pp. 196-7.

⁵¹ *It pass'd.*

That is, it passed all expression, it exceeded all description. "I passe, I excede," Palsgrave, 1530. "*Exceder*, to exceed, passe, goe beyond," Cotgrave. "To excell, to passe, to surmount," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. "How in colour they excell the emeralds, every one striving to passe his fellow," Sidney's *Arcadia*. "Every one that confer with me now, stop their nose in merriment, and swear I smell somewhat of Horace; one calls me Horace's ape; another, Horace's beagle; and such poetical names, it passes," *Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*. "I have such a deal of substance here, when Brian's men are slaine, that it passeth," Sir Clyomon, 1599. "This passeth, that I meet with none, but thus they vex me with strange speeches," Menæchmi, 1595. "Your travellers so dote upon me, as passes," *Lingua*, 1607.

Come follow me, you country lasses,
And you shall see such sport as *passes*.

Beaumont and Fletcher, ed. Dyce, ix. 226.

And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall preserve your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus.—*Philippians*, iv. 7.

I am sorry to trouble you with the discomfortable dealings of our treasurer here; I assure you *it passeth*, and our auditor a foole in comparison to mete with there subtelties.—*Letter of the Earl of Leicester*, 1586.

⁵² *Or his laundry.*

Sir Hugh means to say his *launder*. Thus, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, b. i. p. 44, edit. 1633: "——not only will make him an Amazon, but a *launder*, a spinner," &c.—*Stevens*.

⁵³ *His washer, and his wringer.*

Wringer, the person who wrings the clothes, or squeezes the water out of them. The word is of unusual occurrence.

Her course in compasse round and endlesse still,
Much like a horse that labours in a mill;
To shew more plaine how shee her worke doth frame,
Our linnen's foule e'r shee doth wash the same:
From washing further in her course she marches,
She *wrings*, she folds, she pleits, she smoothes, she starches.

Taylor's Workes, fol. Lond. 1630.

⁵⁴ *That altogether's acquaintance.*

The old copy reads—*altogethers* acquaintance; but should not this be "that *altogether's* acquaintance," i. e. that *is altogether* acquainted? The English, I apprehend, would still be bad enough for Evans.—*Tyrwhitt*.

⁵⁵ *There's pipins and cheese to come.*

A very customary conclusion of dinner, the fruit and cheese being placed on the table at the same time. Apples and cheese were often eaten together. In

the account of a marriage entertainment in 1526, there are noticed, "apples and cheese strewed with sugar and sage." Decker alludes to the former custom in his *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609,—“By this time the parings of fruit and cheese are in the voyder;” and Melton, in his *Astrologaster*, 1620,—“and, which is better than a piece of cheese, pippins, or carroways, to close up the mouth of the stomach after supper, they were all welcome.”

For eapons, rabbits, pigs, and geese,
For *apples*, caraways, and *cheese*. (*Grace at dinner.*)
How a Man may Chuse a Good Wife, 1602.

Contentions, emulations, and debate,
These furnish forth his table in great state.
And then for picking-meat, or daintie bits,
The second course is actions, eases, writs:
Long suits from terme to terme, and fines and fees,
At the last east comes in for fruit and cheese.

Taylor's Workes, fol. Lond. 1630.

⁵⁶ *What says my bully-rook?*

A cant term, jocularly applied to any person who was rather a free-liver. In later times, it was a title conferred on a cheat and a sharper; but it probably had a less offensive meaning in Shakespeare's day. Some editors read *bully-rock*, another form of the word. "Let's to the tavern, and inflame ourselves with lusty wine; sucke in the spirit of sacke till wee bee Delphicke, and propheeie, my bully-rooke," Shirley's *Wittie Faire One*, 1633. "Be serious; what, what do we fight for?—For pay, for pay, my *bull-rooks*," *Honoriam and Mammon*, 1659. "Bully, or bully-rock, *un faux brave*," Miego. "And divillishly are they us'd, when they meddle with a guard-man, or any of the *Boulley Rocks* indeed," Feign'd *Astrologer*, 1668. "He, poor soul, must be hector'd till he likes 'em, while the more stubborn bully-rock damms, and is safe," Shadwell's *Sullen Lovers*, 1668. The term occurs several times in this play, pp. 12, 60, &c. "Do you mutiny, ye rogues, against Bully Rocks," *Miser*, 1672, p. 72. "The bully-rook makes it his bubbling-pond, where he angles for fops," *Character of a Coffee-House*, 1673, p. 6. "Come, my bully-rock, away, We do wast this drinking-day," *Mock Songs*, 1675, p. 6. "Upon honour, in a short time not a Bully Rock of 'em all can come near thee for gallantry," *Madam Fickle, or the Witty False One*, 1677. "Left thee! what, before thou wert drunk, Bully-Rock," *Sir Barnaby Whigg*, 1681, p. 3. *Sir John Bullyrock*, the name of a person introduced into the *Royalist*, 1682, p. 48. "Hectors, bully-rocks, and gulls," *Canidia or the Witches*, 1683. "Who are the bully-roeks," *Bellamira*, 1687. "Here fops and boistrous bully-rocks are shown," *Gallantry All-a-Mode*, n. d. "Some to Bully-Rocks, of which latter sort our fiddler-stealers are," *Master Anthony*, 1690. "Hectors, pimps, shuffle-board gamsters, nine-pin players, bully-rocks, bully-ruffins," *Poor Robin's Almanack*, 1693. "Say'st thou so, Bully-Rock," *She Gallants*, 1696. "I'll do it, and will it spend afterwards upon thee in what liquor thou lik'st, Bully Rock," *Durfey's Campaigners*, 1698. It would almost seem, from some of these examples, that the term was specially applied, in certain cases, to any boon companion. In some verses in the *Compleat Gamester*, Svo. 1721, the word, spelt *bully-rook*, is used for a sharper. Under this latter form, it is merely a compound of *bully*, and of *rook*, a knave. "A crafty cogging knave, a rook," *Howell's Lex. Tet.* 1660, sect. 22. It would also appear from a passage in *Feign'd Friendship*, an old play not dated, that the term *rook* was likewise used in a similar sense.

Your city blades are cunning *rookes*,
How rarely you colloque him!

Songs of the London Prentices, p. 91.

Thus will I pluck his feathers till he's bare,
Till he confess he for my smiles pays dear;
And when I've drain'd him till he can no more,
Then *bully-rock* shall kick him out o' th' door.

A New Academy, Lond. 1699, p. 67.

And all things ready for adjournment, then
Stood up one of the Northern country-men,
A boon good fellow, and a lover of strong ale,
Whose tongue well steep'd in sack began this tale;
My *Bully Rocks*, I've been experienced long
In most of liquors that is counted strong:
Of Claret, White-wine, and Canary-Sack,
Renish and Malago, I've had no lack.—*Yorkshire Ale*, 1697.

The alderman has Betty Frouze,
And *Bully Rock* his lawful spouse.

Æsop at Richmond, 1698, p. 7.

While the more needy *Bully Rock*
Ventures his sise at Royal-Oak;
He minds the motion of the ball,
Yet, gamester like, he loses all.—*Ibid.*, p. 18.

⁵⁷ *I sit at ten pounds a week.*

And, last of al, frequent the ordinaries, which you have in a manner enriched, and marke how they will moane their own mishances, how they *sit at* an unmerciful rent; what losses they have susteined by pilfering.—*The Man in the Moone telling strange Fortunes*, 1609.

⁵⁸ *Cæsar, Keiser, and Pheazar.*

Keiser, an old term for an emperor, not a corruption of *Cæsar*, as stated in Dyce's ed. of Beaum. and Flet. vi. 142. "Es there any kyde knyghte, kaysere or other," Morte Arthure, Lincoln MS. A.-S. *cdsere*, Cæsar, an emperor. "Constantin ant Maxence weren on a time as in *Keiseres* stude hchest in Rome," MS. Cott. Titus D. xviii. of the thirteenth century. "Caysere ne knysth," Sir Degrevant, 1528. "To be kaiser or kyng of the kyngdom of Juda," Piers Ploughman, p. 404. "Kings and Kesars" is a phrase used several times by Spenser:—"Whilst *Kings* and *Kesars* at her feet did them prostrate. . . . The captive hearts of *Kings* and *Kesars*. . . . This is the state of *Kesars* and of *Kings*. . . . Mighty *Kings* and *Kesars* into thraldom brought. . . . Ne *Kesar* spared he a whit nor *Kings*." In Queen Elizabeth's Book of Prayers is an engraving of Death seizing a king, and underneath is the following couplet,—

Keisar or king,
I must thee bring.

The term *Keisar* was in frequent use in Shakespeare's time, but it had began to be occasionally employed in burlesque writing, or in comedy. "Tell me o' no queen or keysar," Tale of a Tub. It may be worthy of remark that the word is also a surname, the names of Cayser, Casiar, and Kaysar, being found in the parish register of Ryarsh, co. Kent. According to Malone, *Pheazar* was a made word from *pheeze*; but it seems more probable that it is merely a ludicrous rhyme to the other two words.

Fayre fell good Orpheus, that would rather be
 King of a mole hill, then a *Keysars* slave :
 Better it is mongst fiddlers to be chiefe,
 Then at plaiers trencher beg reliefe.

The Returne from Pernassus, 4to. Lond. 1606.

The lord, the lowne, the caitiffe and the *Keasar*,
 A beggers death as much contentment brings
 To thee, as did the fall of Julius Cæsar.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

Nay, that's certain; the King's but a man, as we three are; No more is the Queen, if you go to that: Did you never hear of my uncle's observations? he's but a poor knave (as they call him), but such a knave as cares neither for King nor *Kæsar*, the least on um.—*The Marriage Night*, 1664.

⁵⁹ *Said I well, bully Hector?*

“Said I well” appears to have been a favorite phrase with innkeepers, the host in Chaucer being also introduced as using it. Hector, and Hector of Greece, were two cant terms applied to sharpers, and to quarrelsome drunken persons. The following verses, “On a Hector beaten and draged away by the Constable,” occur in Flecknoe's Epigrams, 1670,—

Still to be drag'd! still to beaten thus!
 Hector, I fear thy name is ominous;
 And thou for fighting didst but ill provide,
 To take thy name thus from the beaten side;
 To have watchmen still like band of Mirmidons,
 Beat thee with Halbards down, and break thy boans?

⁶⁰ *Let me see thee froth, and live.*

So the first folio. The quarto reads *froth and lime*, in allusion to deceptions practised with beer and sack; but the ordinary meaning of the word *froth*, in the text, will make sense, if the reading of the folio be adopted. On the other hand, it is possible that the Host may allude to Bardolph's dexterity in frothing. There is a curious old black-letter ballad, entitled,—“Nick and Froth, or the Good-fellows' Complaint for want of full measure, discovering the deceits and abuses of victuallers, tapsters, ale-drapers, and all the rest of the Society of Drunkard-makers, by filling their drink in false flaggons, pimping tankerds, cans call'd ticklers, rabbits, jugs, and short quarterns, to the grand abuse of the Society of Good Fellowship:”—

But now we'l show you a trick, you knaves,
 And lay you all open to view:
 It's all for your froth and your nick, you slaves,
 And tell you no more then is true.
 If in a cold morning we chance to come,
 And bid a good morrow, my host,
 And call for some ale, you will bring us black-pots,
 Yet scarce will afford us a toast.
 For those that drink beer, 'tis true as i'me here,
 Your counterfeit flaggons you have,
 Which holds not a quart, scarce by a third part,
 And that makes my hostis go brave.
 But now pimping tankerds are all in use,
 Which drains a man's pocket in brief,
 For he that sits close, and takes of his dose,
 Will find that the tankerd's a thief.

Bee 't tankerd or flaggon, which of them you brag on,
 We'l trust you to nick and to froth ;
 Before we can drink, be sure it will shrink
 Far worser then North eomtry eloth.

You, Tom Tapster, that tap your small cans of beere to the poore, and yet fill them halfe full of froth.—*Greene*, 1620, ap. Dyce.

There was a tapster, that with his pots smahnesse, and with frothing of his drinke, had got a good summe of money together. This nicking of the pots he would never leave, yet divers times he had been under the hand of authority, but what money soever hee had [to pay] for his abuses, hee would be surc [as they all doe] to get it out of the poore mans pot againe.—*Life of Robin Goodfellow*, 1628.

Our pots were full quarded,
 We were not thus thwarted
 With froth-canne and nick-pot,
 And such nimble quick shot.—*Elymour Rummyng*, ed. 1624.

Tapst. This way, Mistris. I smell the reward of a knaves office : howsoever sinne thrives by wikednesse. *Froth-fill'd* cans and over-reckonings will hardly raise a stoek to set up with. Now will I informe the gallants.—*Totenham Court*, 1638.

From the nick and froth of a penny pot-house,
 From the fidle and cross, and a great Scotch-louse,
 From eommittees that chop up a man like a mousc.—*Fletcher's Poems*, p. 133.

To keep a tapster from frothing his pots.—Provide in areadiness the skin of a red-herring, and when the tapster is absent, do but rub a little on the inside of his pots, and he will not be able to froth them, do what he can in a good while after.—*Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter*, 1671, p. 92.

⁶¹ *A withered servingman, a fresh tapster.*

Perhaps, says Steevens, a parody on the old proverb, "A broken apothecary a new doctour," Ray's Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 2.

⁶² *O base Hungarian wight!*

So the folios read, the quartos having *Gongarian*. According to Steevens, this is the parody of a line in an old play,—“O base Gongarian, wilt thou the distaff wield?”—but the title of the play in which this line occurs (?) has not been discovered. *Hungarian*, a cant term, applied in contempt to a hungry fellow, to one who has no visible means of subsistence, is peculiarly appropriate, when referred to Bardolph; but the word was often used as one merely of disdain. “Thou art more slovenlie than an Hungarian seollion,” Florio's Second Frutes, 1591. The Host, in the Merry Devil of Edmonton, 1608, calls his hungry guests Hungarians; and the term again occurs in the same play,—“Come, ye Hungarian pilchers.”

His hous-keeping was worse then an Irish kernes; a rat could not eommit a rape upon the paring of a moldy cheese but he died for't, only for my sake; the leane jade *Hungarian* would not lay out a penny pot of sack for himselfe, though he had eaten stincking fresh herring able to poyson a dog, onely for me, because his son and heire should drink egges and muskadine, when he lay rotting.—*Decker's Knight's Conjuring*, 1607.

Play, you lousy *Hungarians*: see, look the maypole is set up; we'll dance about it: keep this circle, maquerelle.—*Westward Hoe*, 1607.

One like to Wolner for a monstrous eater,
 Or rather of a glutton somewhat greater,
 Invited was unto a gentleman,
 Who long'd to see the same *hungarian*,
 And note his feeding: being set to dinner,
 A leg of mutton was the first beginner.—*Rowlands' Four Knaves*.

Lett me tell you (what you knowe already) that bookes are like the *Hungarians* in Paules, who have a priviledge to holde out their Turkish history for anie one to reade. They beg nothing: the texted past-bord talkes all—and if nothing be given, nothing is spoken, but God knowes what they thinke!—*Decker's Dreame*, 1620.

The middle ile (St. Paul's) is much frequented at noone with a company of *Hungarians*, not walking so much for reereation as neede.—*Lupton's London and the Countrey Carbonadoed*, 12mo. 1632.

Hall, in his Satires, speaks of persons so lean and meagre, that any one "would swear they lately came from Hungary." The allusion and quibble are identical.

⁶³ *His mind is not heroic, &c.*

This passage is taken from the imperfect quarto, and appears to be too good to be omitted. It may possibly have been accidentally left out by the editors of the first folio.

⁶⁴ *I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box.*

"A tinder-box, with an iron to strike fire," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580; an article now nearly out of use, owing to the introduction of lucifers. Falstaff calls Bardolph a tinder-box, because his thievery was so open to detection, of so inflammable a character; as well as in allusion to his red face. The quarto reads *tinder-boy*, p. 214. *Acquit*, freed, released. *Acquit*, for *acquitted*, occurs in the *Witty Apothegms*, ed. 1669, p. 100.

It may not be irrelevant to add a few words in explanation of the insertion of notices of such common terms as that of tinder-box. The reader will perhaps bear in mind that it is often the first question in respect to a disputed passage, especially where the old editions differ, whether any particular word was in use in the time of Shakespeare. Thus, in the present instance, the quarto having *tinder-boy*, there might arise critics who would prefer that reading; and it is, at all events, an element in the discussion of the question to be assured that thelection of the first folio may be supported by instances of the use of the term in contemporary writers.

⁶⁵ *The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.*

"'Tis true (says Nym) Bardolph did not keep time; did not steal at the critical and exact season, when he would probably be least observed. The true method is, to steal just at the instant when watchfulness is off its guard, and *reposes but for a moment*." The reading proposed by Langton (*minim's*) certainly corresponds more exactly with the preceding speech; but Shakespeare scarcely ever pursues his metaphors far.—*Malone*.

⁶⁶ *Convey the wise it call.*

"I dare warante you it is nat stollen, it is but conveyed asyde," Palsgrave, 1530. So, in the old morality of Hyeke Scornor, ap. Steevens,

Syr, the horesons could not *convaye* elene;
 For an they could have carried by eraft as I can.

In Two Notable Sermons, preached before the Queen's Hignes, by T. Watson,

D.D., imprinted in the yere 1554, we are told that it is sacriledge "to steal and conrey the vestures about the aultare."

Is any trades-man light-fingered, and lighter-conscienced; here is whole feast of fraudes, a table furnished with trickes, conveyances, glossings, perjuries, cheatings.—*Adams' Devills Banket*, 1614.

⁶⁷ *A fico for the phrase!*

That is, a fig for it! "*Fica*, a figge; a flurt with ones fingers given in disgrace; *fare le fica*, to bid a figge for one," Florio, ed. 1598, p. 130. See further observations on the phrase in the notes to Henry V.

⁶⁸ *Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.*

A proverbial phrase applied to a person who is poor, and who may, therefore, be presumed to be shabbily dressed.

⁶⁹ *I must coney-catch; I must shift.*

Curre, hadst thou no mans credit to betray
But mine, or couldst thou find no other way,
To sharke, or shift, or cony-catch for mony,
But to make me thy asse, thy foole, thy cony?

Taylor's Workes, fol. Lond. 1630.

⁷⁰ *Young ravens must have food.*

A proverbial phrase, probably adapted from the Scriptures. "2. *Pyr*. Then me; yet speake the truth, and I will guerdon thee: But if thou dally once againe, thou diest. *Tucc*. Enough of this, boy.—2. *Pyr*. Why then lament therefore: damn'd be thy guts unto king Plutoes hell, and princely Erebus; for sparrows must have foode," Jonson's *Poetaster*, fol. ed., p. 306. There is a proverb in Ray, ed. 1678, p. 102, "small birds must have meat;" that is, "children must be fed, they cannot be maintained with nothing."

⁷¹ *But I am now about no waste.*

Where am I least, husbände? quod he, in the *wast*;
Which comth of this, thou art vengeance strait las't:
Wher am I biggest, wyfc? in the *wast*, quod shee,
For al is *waste* in you, as far as I see.

Heywood's First Hundred of Epigrammes, 1577.

Bel. Hee's a great man, indeed.—*Isa*. Something given to the wast, for he lives within no reasonable compasse, I'm sure.—*Shirley's Wedding*, 1633.

⁷² *I spy entertainment in her.*

The word *entertainment* is here used in a wanton sense. "To plead her excuse for deferring her appointed entertainment," *Comical History of Francion*, fol. Lond. 1655.

⁷³ *She discourses, she carves.*

It appears, from various passages in old writers, that it was often considered a mark of kindness and affection for a lady to carve at table to a gentleman. Thus, in the old English metrical romance of Sir Degrevant, a lady, in love with a knight, is thus described as attempting her best to please her lover,—

Sche dyst to hys sopere
The foules of the ryvere,
Ther was no deyntethus to dere,
Ne spyees to spare.

The knyzt sat at hys avenaunt,
 In a gentyl jesseraunt ;
 The mayd mad hym semblaunt,
And hys met schare.

In the present passage, the term *carve*, in apposition to *entertainment*, may be interpreted to imply that Mrs. Ford showed a preference to Falstaff by carving to him at table ; or it may possibly be used in the peculiar sense noticed by Mr. Hunter, to employ some form of action, “which indicated the desire that the person to whom it was addressed should be attentive and propitious.” The same writer seems to think this is the meaning intended by Biron, in his character of Boyet,—“he can carve too, and lisp”—but Boyet’s skill in carving at table had been previously mentioned. On the other hand, Biron appears to use the term in a different sense. The passage from Harbert was quoted by Mr. Hunter in support of the opinion above expressed ; but the subject being one of considerable doubt, the reader must be allowed to draw his own conclusion from the examples here cited. The 4to. edition of 1630, and some recent critics, read *craves*, a reading not likely to belong to Shakespeare. See also interesting observations on the passage in the text in Mr. Dyce’s Few Notes, pp. 18-21. Mr. Singer considers the use of the word explained by the following in Torriano—“Trinciarla alla grande, to carve it magnificently, viz. to spend like a prince ; to lay it on, take it off who will.”

In the Comedy of Errors, Adriana observes to her husband that there was a time when words were not pleasing to him, nor meat sweet-savoured, “unless I spake, looked, touched, *or carved to thee.*”

Then did this queen her wandering coach ascend,
 Whose wheels were more inconstant than the wind :
 A mighty troop this empress did attend :
 There might you Caius Marius *carving* find,
 And martial Sylla courting Venus kind.
Harbert’s Prophetie of Cadwallader, 1604.

Faunus for feates of fencing beares the bell,
 For skill in musick on each instrument :
 For dancing, *carving*, and discoursing well,
 With other sundry gifts more excellent.
The Mous-trap, 4to. Lond. 1606.

Courtesie in her is the loadstone of her lust: and affabilitie the cunning orator for her concupiscence: bringeth he any to his table, *if she carve to them, it is in hope of some amorous requitall*; if shee drinke to them, their pledgings are but as pledges of their concealed loves.—*The Man in the Moone telling Strange Fortunes, 1609.*

It’s a foule over-sight, that a man of worship cannot keepe a wench in his house, but there must be muttering and surmising: it was the wisest saying that my father ever uttered, that a wife was the name of necessitie, not of pleasure: for what do men marry for, but to stocke their ground, and to have one to looke to the linnen, sit at the upper end of the table, and *carve* up a capon.—*The Returne from Pernassus, 1606.*

Desire to eat with her, *carve her*, drink to her, and still among intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance into her favour.—*Two Noble Kinsmen.*

Salute him friendly, give him gentle words,
 Return all courtesies that he affords ;

Drink to him, *carve him*, give him compliment;
This shall thy mistress more than thee torment.

Beaumont's Remedy of Love, ap. Dyce, xi. 483.

Your husband is wondrous discontented.—*Vit.* I did nothing to displease him; I carved to him at supper-time.—*Fla.* You need not have carved him in faith; they say he is a eapon already.—*Webster's White Devil*, 1612.

And I not melancholy, because I would cover my sadness, lest either she might thinke me to dote, or my father suspect me to desire her. And thus we both in table talke began to rest. She requesting me to be her earver, and I not attending well to that she eraved, gave her salt.—*Euphues and his England*, 1623.

Remember that this life is but as a banquet. If any one earve to thee, take part of the pcece with modesty, and return the rest: is the dish set from thee? stay it not: is it not yet come to thee? gape not after it, but expect it with sober behaviour.—*Epictetus his Manuall*, 1616.

Her lightnesse gets her to swim at top of the table, where her wric little finger bewraies earving, her neighbours at the latter end know they are welcome, and for that purpose she quencheth her thirst. She travels to and among, and so becomes a woman of good entertainment, for all the folly in the countrie comes in cleane linnen to visit her.—*The Overbury Characters*, cd. 1626.

Her amorous glances are her accusers; her very looks write sonnets in thy commendations; she earves thee at boord, and cannot sleepe for dreaming on thee in bed; shee's turn'd sunne-riser, haunts private walkes, and like a disgrac'd courtier, studies the art of melancholly.—*The Ile of Gulls*, 1633.

At dinner, he durst not let his eye beguile his mouth, nor wander on the womens side, which made him eat like a mad-man, not minding what he took, nor how it went downe, and Euphema (as shee was an excellent dissecter of the creature) carving to him some speciall fowle, the puzled wight gave her his us'd plate instead of the servant.—*Gayton's Festivous Notes on Don Quixot*, 1654.

Now when this lord he did come home
For to sit downe and eat;
He called for his daughter deare,
To come and carve his meat.

The Lady Isabella's Tragedy, a ballad.

Or when she earves, what part of all the meat
She with her finger touch, that cut and eat;
Or if thou carve to her, or she to thee,
Her hand in taking it touch eunningly.

Ovid de Arte Amandi, 1677, p. 25.

About a year after his return out of Germany, Dr. Carey was made Bishop of Exeter; and by his removal the deanry of St. Paul's being vacant, the king sent to Dr. Donne, and appointed him to attend him at dinner the next day. When his majesty was sate down, before he had eat any meat, he said, after his pleasant manner, Dr. Donne, I have invited you to dinner; and though you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you of a dish that I know you love well; for knowing you love London, I do therefore make you Dean of Paul's; and when I have dined, then do you take your beloved dish home to your study; say grace there to yourself, and much good may it do you.—*Walton's Life of Donne*.

You carve to all, and eat nothing yourself. Every one take his portion.—*Familiars Colloquendi Formulæ*, 1678.

Entertaining any one, it is decent to serve him at the table, and present him with meats, yea, even those that are nigh him; but if one be invited by another,

it is better to attend until that the master, or others, do carve him meat, than that he take it himself, were it not that the master intreat him to take it freely, or that one were in the house of a familiar friend. Also one ought scarce offer ones self as undesired to serve others out of ones house, where one might have little power, be it not that the number of the guests were great, and that the master of the house could not have an eye to all the company; then one may carve to them, who are near ones self.—*The New Youth's Behaviour*, Lond. 1684.

It is grown a rudeness and incivility to pretend to help anybody (how excellent soever he be at the trade) unless he be requir'd. Besides, it being no hard matter to carve for any man that has dined but three or four times at a nobleman's table, it is not absurd for any man, that has no mind to the imployment, to excuse himself. And, indeed, carving belongs properly to nobody but the master or mistress of the treat, and those they think fit to desire, who are to deliver what they cut to the master or mistress, to be distributed by them at their pleasure. But whoever carves, you must be cautious of offering your plate first; you must rather stay till it comes to your turn, and excuse yourself if you observe anybody pass'd by, of more quality than yourself.—*The Rules of Civility*, 1685.

If you desire to be a waiting-gentlewoman to a person of honour or quality, you must—1. Learn to dress well. 2. Preserve well. 3. Write well a legible hand, good language, and good English. 4. Have some skill in arithmetick. 5. Carve well.—*The Ladies Dictionary*, 1694.

⁷⁴ *He hath studied her will, and translated her will.*

So the first folio, the quarto reading,—“He hath studied her well, out of honestie into English.” *Translated*, explained; an use of the word occurring in other plays, in Hamlet, Troilus and Cressida, &c. In other words, he has studied and examined her inclination, and explained it out of honesty into the language of plain roguery. To speak English was an old phrase meaning, to confess. “Since Johnson's being in the Tower, he beginneth to *speak English*, and yet he was never upon the rack, but only by his arms upright,”—Letter dated 1605.

“Falstaff had just been interpreting Mrs. Ford's behaviour into a declaration in plain English; on which Pistol observes, that he had translated her out of honesty into a declaration, amounting to a plain confession, in so many English words, of her lasciviousness.”—*Heath*.

⁷⁵ *The anchor is deep.*

That is, the scheme of Falstaff is deeply and securely laid. “Why, sir, sayd I, there is a booke called ‘Greenes Ghost haunts Cony-catchers,’ another called ‘Legerdemaine,’ and ‘the Blacke Dog of Newgate,’ but the most wittiest, elegantest, and eloquentest peece, called ‘the Bell-man of London,’ have already set forth the vices of the time so vively, that it is impossible *the anchor of any other man's braine* can sound the sea of a more deepe and dreadfull mischeefe,” Fennor's Compters Common-Wealth, 1617.

⁷⁶ *As many devils entertain.*

That is, do you entertain in your service as many devils as she has angels, Pistol quibbling here on the latter word; or the meaning may possibly be,—she entertains in her service also as many devils; she is wicked; and therefore, “To her, boy,” say I. “Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant,” Two Gentlemen of Verona. The quarto edition reads,—“as many devils attend her,” and, in the previous speech,—“she hath legions of angels.” A somewhat similar play upon words occurs in the Yorkshire Tragedie, 1619,—“the last throw, it made five hundred angels vanish from my sight.” It is worthy of remark that the quarto

repeats the passage, "legions of angels," in another place, where the folio reads, "masses of money."

⁷⁷ *Humour me the augels.*

Humour also occurs as a verb in the London Prodigal,—“For all the day he humours up and down.”

⁷⁸ *Who even now gave me good eyes too.*

Whereby they wryte most honorably of hir majesty, and the duke of Sax *geres much better eye* than he did, synce his wyfes death, and lyke to marry agecyn with the hows of Hanalt, a great protestant and a great howse.—*Letter of the Earl of Leicester*, 1585.

Shee has taken note of my spirit, and survaid my good parts, and the picture of them lives in her eie.—*The Widdowes Teares*, 1612.

⁷⁹ *With most judicious eye-lids.*

“Desire not her beautie in thine heart, neither let her take thee with her eye-lids,” Proverbs, vi. 25, thus glossed in ed. 1640, “with her wanton looks and gesture.” The first folio reads *illiads*, which is usually considered as derived from the French *oëillade*, translated by Cotgrave, “an amorous looke, affectionate winke, wanton aspect, lustfull jert or passionate cast of the eye;” but I am inclined to think it a mere corruption of *eye-lids*.

⁸⁰ *The beam of her view gilded my foot.*

An eye more bright than their’s, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth.—*Sonnets*.

⁸¹ *Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.*

“The sun shineth upon the dung-hill,” Lilly’s *Euphues*, 1581.

We have examples for it most divine,
The Sunne upon both good and bad doth shine.
Upon the dunghill and upon the rose:
Upon Gods servants and upon his foes:
The wind, the raine, the earth, all creatures still,
Indifferently doe serve both good and ill.

Taylor’s Workes, fol. Lond. 1630.

⁸² *I thank thee for that humour.*

The word *humour* was very fashionable in our author’s time, and used in a variety of ways, applied to every particularity of disposition. A character in Ben Jonson’s *Every Man out of his Humour* says of another, “Why, this fellow’s discourse were nothing but for the word humour.” The reply is in the spirit of true comedy. “O bear with him; an he should lack matter and words too, ’twere pitiful.”

⁸³ *With such a greedy iuteutiou.*

When perchance the heate of the ladies affection makes her take a place of standing, either against the hanginges or one of the bay windowes, and there with a *greedie eye feedes ou my exteryors*, which perceiving, I drawe to her, kisse my hand, and accorst her thus.—*Cupid’s Whirligig*.

Intention, that is, eagerness of desire, fixed or earnest gazing. So, in Chapman’s translation of Homer’s *Address to the Sun*, quoted by Steevens,—

——Even to horror bright,
A blaze burns from his golden burgonet;
Which to behold, exceeds the sharpest set
Of any eye’s *intention*.

Compare, also, Ben Jonson,—

Like one that looks on ill-affected eyes,
Is hurt with mere *intention* on their follies.

Princes are great marks, upon whom many eyes are intended.—*Hinde's Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606.

⁸⁴ *She is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty.*

As early as the year 1569 had been published, “A true Declaration of the troublesome Voyage (the second) of Mr. John Hawkins to the Parties of Guynea and the West Indies.” There is generally supposed to be an allusion in the text to the discoveries of Sir Walter Raleigh in 1595, and to his marvellous accounts of the gold of Guiana published in his well-known work,—“The Discoverie of the Large, Rich, and Bewtiful Empyre of Guiana, with a relation of the great and golden Citie of Manoa, which the Spanyards call El Dorado, and of the Provinces of Emeria, Arroimaia, Amapaia, and other Countries, with their rivers, adjoining,” 4to. Lond. 1596.

⁸⁵ *Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become.*

And indeed, many times a hired coachman with a basket-hilted blade hang'd or executed about his shoulders in a belt (with a cloake of some pide colour, with two or threc change of laces about), may manne a brace or a leash of these curvetting cockatrices to their places of recreation, and so save them the charge of maintaining a *Sir Pandarus* or an apple-squire; which service, indeed, to speake the truth, a waterman is altogether unfit for.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

⁸⁶ *Bear you these letters tightly.*

Tightly, promptly, quickly. Still in use in the Eastern counties, according to Forby, who explains it, promptly, actively, alertly, (A. S. tid-líce). *Good tightly*, in the Suffolk dialect, is briskly, effectually. The earlier English form would be *titely*. “By that come tytlye tyrauntes tweyne,” Chevalere Assigne. “Tightly, I say, go tightly to your business,” Dryden's *Don Sebastian*. The adjective *tight* occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*. The quarto of 1630, and the second folio, read *rightly*.

⁸⁷ *Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.*

(A pinnace was a small sloop or bark attending a larger ship. Metaphors similar to that in the text are not unusual; and any pander or go-between, hence a woman of doubtful character, was termed a pinnace. “Farewell, pink and pinnace, flyboat and carvel,” Heywood's *Edward IV.*, p. 39. “This small pinnace shall sail for gold,” *Humorous Lieutenant*, 1647.

Is your watch ready? Here my saile beares for you:

Tack toward him, sweet pinnace, wher's your watch?—*Ben Jonson*.

Moreover, shee is not like a ship bound for Groneland, which must saile but in summer, or a pot of ale with a toast, which is onely in winter: no, let the winde blow where it will, her care is such, that it brings her prize and purchase all seasons; her pinkes are fraughted, her pinnaces are man'd, her friggots are rig'd (from the beakhead to the poope) and if any of her vesscls be boarded by pyrats, and shot betwixt winde and water, they are so furnished with engines, &c.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

⁸⁸ *Away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!*

Away, I say; hang, starve, beg: be gone, pack, I say; out of my sight: thou

ne'er get'st pennyworth of my goods, for this: think ou't, I do not use to jest: be gone, I say; I will not hear thee speak.—*Wily Beguiled*.

⁸⁹ *Falstaff will learn the humour of the age.*

The quartos read, "the humor of this age;" and the first folio, "the honor of the age," *honor* in the latter instance being undoubtedly a misprint of *humor*. Thus, in the quarto of 1602, Nym says, "my *honor* is not for many words," instead of, "my *humour* is not for many words." This misprint is, indeed, common. Another instance of it may be noted in the *Gesta Grayorum*, 1688, p. 32.

Nay, 'tis the humour of this age; they think they shall never be great men, unlesse they have grosse bodies.—*Hey for Honesty, Down with Knavery*, 1651.

⁹⁰ *French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.*

By *French thrift*, Falstaff alludes to the practice, which then had recently been adopted, of making a richly-dressed page answer the place of a band of retainers. Ben Jonson deploras the change in one of his plays. "The fashion of the world is to avoid cost," *Much Ado about Nothing*.

And howe are coach-makers and coach-men increased, that fiftie yeares agoe were but fewe in number, but nowe a coach-man and a foot-boy is enough, and more then every knight is able to keepe.—*Rich's Honestie of this Age*, 1614.

⁹¹ *Let vultures gripe thy guts.*

A burlesque on a passage in *Tamburlaine*, or the Scythian Shepherd:

— and now doth ghastly death
With greedy talents *gripe* my bleeding heart,
And like a harper tyers on my life. . . .
Griping our bowels with retorted thoughts.

Compare, also, the *Poetaster*, quoted at p. 310.

For rather than fierce famine shall prevaile,
To gnaw thy intrailles with her thornie teeth,
The conquering lyoness shall attend on thee.

The Battell of Alcazar, 1594.

⁹² *For gourd and fullam hold.*

Gourds, fullams, and high and low men, were ancient names for kinds of false dice. "Provide also a ball or two of fullans, for they have great use at the hazard: and though they be square outward, yet being within at the corner with lead or other ponderous matter stopped, minister as great an advantage as any of the rest; ye must also be furnished with high men and low men for a mum-chance and for passage. Yea, and a long dic for even and odd is good to strike a small stroke withal, for a crown or two, or the price of a dinner: as for gords and bristle dice, be now too gross a practice to be put in use; light grausiers there be, demies, contraries, and of all sorts; forged clean against the apparent vantage, which have special and sundry uses," *Use of Dice-Playe*, n. d. "As for dice, he hath all kind of sortes, fullams, langrets, bard quater traies, hic men, low men, some stopt with quicksilver, some with gold, some ground," *Wits Miseric and the Worlds Madnesse*, 1596. Ascham, in his *Toxophilus*, speaking of false dice, says,—"disc of a vantage, flattes, gourdes to chop and chaunge whan they lyste." Ben Jonson, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, quibbles on the term fullam, fol. ed. p. 129,—"he keeps high men, and low men, he; he has a faire living at Fullam." Compare, also, the *London Prodigal*,—"Item, to my son Mat. Flowerdale, I bequeath two bale of false dice, videlicet, high men and low men, fulloms, stop-cater-traies, and other bones of function." In the *English Rogue*, P. I. p. 322,

edit. 1680, we are told that "*high fullums* are those dice which are loaded in such a manner as seldom to run any other chance than four, five, or six; *low fullums*, or low men, are those which usually run one, two, or three." *Fulhams*, says Hanmer, "a cant-word for false dice both high and low, taken probably from the name of the first inventor, or the place where they were first made. The word is used and hath the same sense in *Hudibras*, Part 2. Cant. i. v. 642; and in *Don Quixot*, fol. ed. 1687, translated by Philips, part 2d, book 3d, chap. 16; *I am no Panmer, no high-and-low-Fulham-man*. See also North's Examen, p. 108."

Faith, my Lord, there are more, but I have learned but three sorts; the goade, the fulham, and the stop-kater-tre; which are all demonstratives, for heere they be.—*Chapman's Monsieur D' Olive*, 1606.

He hath a stocke whereon his living staves,
And they are *fullams* and bard-quarter-traves;
His langreats, with his *hie-men* and his *low*,
Are ready what his pleasure is to throw.
His stopt dice with quick-silver never misse:
He calles for 'come on, five,' and there it is.

The Letting of Humors Blood in the Head Vaine, 1611.

My verses that are like cheaters false dice of *high men and low men*, one while eights, now tennes, another while foure-tenes, and sometimes sixes.—*King's Halfe-Pennyworth of Wit*, 1613.

Weeping, intreating, for her lost lords sinne,
And then like *fullomes* that run ever in.—*Scots Philomythie*, 1616.

I call to minde, I heard my Twelve-pence say,
That he hath oft at Christmas beene at play:
At Court, at th'Innes of Court, and every where
Throughout the kingdome, being farre and neere.
At Passage, and at Mumchance, at In and in,
Where swearing hath bin counted for no sinne,
Where Fullam high and Low-men bore great sway,
With the quicke helpe of a Bard Cater Trey.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

Hear. I may shew you the vertue of 't, though not the thing; I love my country very well. Your *high* and *low men* are but trifles: your poyz'd dye that's ballasted with quicksilver or gold is grosse to this.—*Cartwright's Ordinary*, 1651.

Did not I (if you are yet cool enough to hear truth) teach you your top, your palm, and your slur?—Shew'd you the mystery of your Jack in a Box, and the frail dye?—Taught you the use of up-hills, down-hills, and petarrs?—The waxt, the grav'd, the slipt, the goad, the fullam, the flat, the bristle, the bar; and, generally, instructed you from prick-penny to long-Lawrence? And is the question now, Who is beholding?—*The Cheats*, 1664.

The bully-rook makes it his bubbling pond, where he angles for fops, singles out his man, insinuates an acquaintance, offers the wine, and at next tavern sets upon him with high *fullams*, and plucks him.—*The Character of a Coffee-House, with the Symptoms of Town-Wit*, 1673, p. 6.

Now a Scotchman's tongue runs *high Fullams*. There is a cheat in his idiom; for the sence ebbs from the bold expression, like the citizen's gallon, which the drawer interprets but half a pint.—*Cleveland's Works*, 1687.

These gentlemen pretend to be much upon the mathematicks too; and, that all things are carried extraordinary fairly and squarely among them, as well as at the

Groom Porter's; but, by their leave, I have seen their mathematical flats, and bars; nay (for a need) mathematical Fullams too; and abundance that will run mathematically high or low: these are a sort of false dice, that are cut and stain'd so exactly like the true, and withal mark'd with the same mark, that 'tis morally impossible for a stranger, that does not suspect the cheat, to discover it; and these the box-keeper has commonly in a readiness, when he has the sign given him, to put in; or if he has them not of his own, there's those about him that never go without them.—*The Country-Gentleman's Vade Mecum*, 1699.

Sico. Give me some bales of dice. What are these?—*Som*. Those are called High Fulloms.—*Clo*. He Fullom you for this.—*Som*. Those low Fulloms.—*C*. They may chance bring you as hie as the gallows. . . . *Clo*. Nay, look you heere; heere's onc that, for his bones, is pretily stuff. Heere's fulloms and gourds: heere's tall-men and low-men; heere tray duce acc; passedge comes apae.—*Nobody and Somebody, with the true Chronicle Historie of Elydure*, n. d. Again, in the *Bellman of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640: among the false dice are enumerated, "a bale of fullams.—A bale of gordes, with as many high-men as low-men for passage."—*Steevens*. Gourds were probably dice in which a secret cavity had been made; fullams, those which had been loaded with a small bit of lead. High men and low men, which were likewise cant terms, explain themselves. High numbers on the dice, at hazard, are from five to twelve, inclusive; low, from aces to four.—*Malone*.

This they do by false dice, as high-fullams, 4, 5, 6; Low-fullams, 1, 2, 3; by bristle dice, which are fitted for their purpose by sticking a hogs bristle so in the corners, or otherwise in the dice, that they shall run high or low as they please; this bristle must be strong and short, by which means the bristle bending, it will not lie on that side, but will be tript over; and this is the newest way of making a high or low Fullam: the old ways are by drilling them and loading them with quicksilver; but that cheat may be easily discovered by their weight, or holding two corners between your forefinger and thumb, if holding them so gently between your fingers they turn, you may then conclude them false; or you may try their falshood otherwise by breaking or splitting them: others have made them by filing and rounding; but all these ways fall short of the art of those who make them: some whereof are so admirably skilful in making a bale of dice to run what you would have them, that your gamesters think they never give enough for their purchase, if they prove right. They are sold in many places about the town; price current (by the help of a friend) eight shillings, whereas an ordinary bale is sold for sixpence; for my part I shall tell you plainly, I would have those bales of false dice to be sold at the price of the ears of such destructive knaves that made them.—*The Complete Gamester*, 1680.

"And thy dry bones can reach at nothing now but gords or nine-pins,"—*Beaumont and Fletcher*, ed. Dyce, iii. 81. "*Pise*, false dice, high men or low men," Florio's *Worlde of Wordes*, 1598; to which Torriano adds, "high fullams and low fullams." They are again mentioned in the *Art of Jugling or Legerdemaine*, 4to. 1614,—"what should I speake any more of false dice, of fullomes, high men, low men, gourds, and brisled dice, graviers, demies, and contraries, all which have their sundry uses."

Pist. Nay, I use not to go without a paire of false dice; heere are tall men and little men.—*Julio*. Hie men and low men, thou wouldst say.—*The Tragedie of Solimon and Perseda*, 1599.

There is an allusion, to the passage in the text, in Clifford's Notes upon Mr. Dryden's *Poems in Four Letters*, 4to. Lond. 1687:—"I remember just such another fuming Achilles in Shakespear, one Ancient Pistol, whom he avows to be a man of so fiery a temper, and so impatient of an injury, even from Sir John Falstaff his Captain, and a Knight, that he not onely disobeyed his commands

about carrying a letter to Mrs. Page, but return'd him an answer as full of contumely, and in as opprobrious terms as he could imagine:—'Let vultures gripe thy guts, for gourd and Fullam holds,' &c. Let's see c'er an Abencerrago fly a higher pitch."

⁹³ *I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.*

The names of Page and Ford, in this and the next line, are accidentally reversed in the first folio. The true readings are found in the early quarto editions. In a speech of Nym's, just previously, the quartos read, "I have operations *in my head*."

⁹⁴ *I will incense Page.*

Incense, i. e. instigate. "He incenseth their heartes with an exceeding desire of warre, *bellandi furore corda extimulat*," Baret, 1580. "To incense, *incendere*; vi. to move, to provoke, to instigate," Minsheu. Cf. Henry VIII.

⁹⁵ *I will possess him with yellowness.*

Yellowness, that is, jealousy. "Flora did paint her yellow for her jealousy," Arraignment of Paris, 1584, ap. Steevens. "If you have me, you must not put on yellows," Day's Law Tricks, 1608, *ib.* The quarto reads *jallowes*.

Vice hath infected you, 'gainst vertues force,
With more diseases then an aged horse;
For some of you are hide-bound greedily,
Some have the *yellowes* of false jelousic;
Some with the staggers, cannot stand upright,
Some blind with bribes, can see to doe no right,
Some foundred, that to Church they cannot goe,
Broke-winded some, corrupted breath doth blow.

Taylor's Workes, fol. Lond. 1630.

Leaving these, to Staveley came I,
Where now all night drinking am I;
Always frolick, free from *yellows*,
With a consort of good fellows;
Where I'll stay, and end my journey,
Till brave Barnaby return-a.—*Drunken Barnaby*.

Then I warrant thee, if I buss pretty Lucie Parker, thou wilt be *yellow* of my heart.—*Familiar Epistles of Col. Martin*, 1685.

The married man cannot do so:
If he be merrie and toy with any,
His wife will frowne and words give manye:
Her *yellow* hose she strait will put on.—*Ritson's Old Songs*, p. 112.

⁹⁶ *The revolt of mien is dangerous.*

The change of countenance is dangerous; it will make Page formidable also. The first folio has *mine*, the old spelling of *mien*. "He is an alchymist by his *mine*, and hath multiplied all to mooneshine, *il est alquemiste à sa mine, et a tout multiplié en rien*," Eliot's Fruits for the French, 1593. The old reading, in its literal sense, may possibly stand, supported by Pistol's declaration,—"Thou art the Mars of malcontents."

⁹⁷ *Here will be an old abusing.*

An old, that is, a plentiful, an abundant, a famous. The term is still in use in this sense in Warwickshire. See examples in the notes to Henry IV.

⁹⁸ *Nor no breed-bate.*

Breed-bate, that is, a breeder of strife or contention. "This bate-breeding spy," Venus and Adonis. Florio translates *butta fuóco*, "a boutefeu, an incendiarie, a fire-flinger, a *make-bate*," the last term also occurring in Stanyhurst's Virgil, 1582, and in Heywood's Woman Kilde with Kindnesse, 1607.

⁹⁹ *Something peevish that way.*

Peevish, that is, foolish. "Albemare kept a man-fool of some forty years old in his house, who, indeed, was so naturally *peevish*, as not Milan, hardly Italy, could match him for simplicity,"—God's Revenge Against Adultery. Malone, however, thinks it is here one of Mrs. Quickly's blunders for *precise*. Either explanation is probable.

She spake no more, but from her chair she started,
And spit these words, Go, *peevish* girl,—and parted.

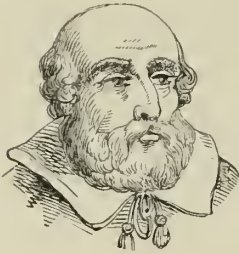
Quarles' Argulus and Parthenia, 1647, p. 36.

¹⁰⁰ *Ay, for fault of a better.*

A common proverbial phrase. "*Crisp*. She i' the little velvet cap, sir, is my mistres.—*Albius*. For fault of a better, sir,"—*Ben Jonson's Poetaster*, 1602.

¹⁰¹ *Does he not wear a great round beard.*

"Then comes he (the barber) out with his fustian eloquence, and making a low congé, saith, Sir, will you have your worship's cut after the Italien manner, short and round, and then frounst with the curling yron, to make it look like a half-moon in a mist," Greene's Quip for an Upstart Courtier, 1592. Harrison, in his Description of England, p. 172, speaks of beards "made round like a rubbing-brush," of which description is the one in the subjoined engraving, selected by Mr. Fairholt from a portrait, temp. Elizabeth. It is stated in Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1614, that "a large and a broad beard betokens a foole," which may possibly be the reason of Simple's anxiety to relieve his master from the imputation of having one.



¹⁰² *Like a glover's paring-knife.*

The annexed engraving of a glover's knife is taken from a tradesman's-token of the seventeenth century. A beard of that form would evidently be "a great round beard."



¹⁰³ *A little wee face.*

Wee, very small, diminutive. Still in common use in familiar language. "Wee-bit, a pure Yorkshirism, which is a small bit in the Northern language," Ray's English Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 338. "Some two miles, and a *wee bit*, sir," Doctor Dodypoll, 1600. "A little wee man," Fair Maid of the West, 1631.

¹⁰⁴ *A Cain-coloured beard.*

So, in other old plays, Abraham-coloured and Judas-coloured beards are mentioned, in allusion, it is presumed, to the beards of those personages as they were represented in tapestries. Some critics would read, with the quarto, *cane-coloured beards*, beards of the colour of cane, a sickly yellow, and one writer suggests *cream-coloured*. See further on the subject of coloured beards in the notes to A Midsummer Night's Dream.

¹⁰⁵ *As tall a man of his hands.*

See observations on this phrase in the notes to the *Winter's Tale*. Simple does the best for his master. He is a soft-spirited man, says Mrs. Quickly. He is indeed meek, observes Simple, but he is as brave a man as can be found anywhere: he once even fought with a warrener.

¹⁰⁶ *And down, down, adown-a.*

To deceive her master, she sings, as if at her work.—*Sir J. Hawkins*. This appears to have been the burden of some song then well known. In *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609, sign. E 1, one of the characters says, "Hey good boies! i'faith now a three man's song, or the old downe adowne: well, things must be as they may; fil's the other quart: muskadine with an egg is fine; there's a time for all things; bonos nochios."—*Reed*. Cf. *Ritson's Antient Songs*, 1790, p. 134.

Come, goe with me, Ile shew you where he dwels,
Or somebody; I know not who it is;
Here, looke, looke here, here is a way goes downe,
Downe, downe a downe, hey downe, downe;
I sung that song, while Lodowicke slept with me.

The Tragedy of Hoffman, 4to. Lond. 1631.

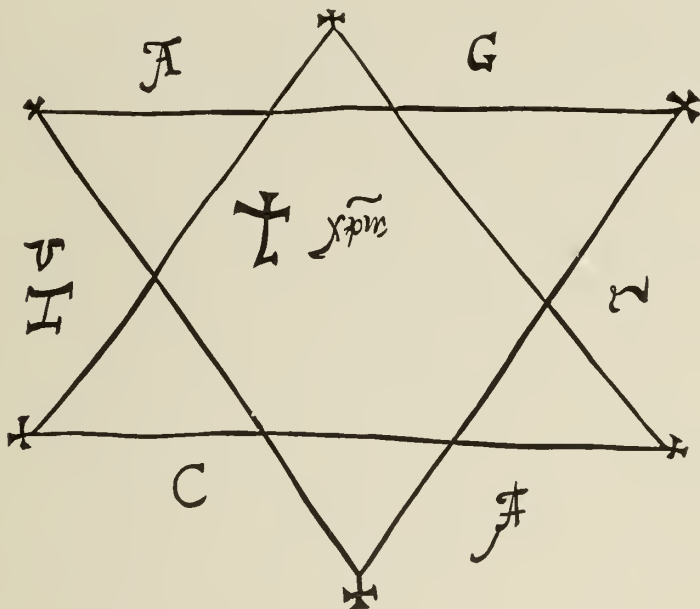
Or like the foursquare circle of a ring,
Or like the singing of *Hey down a ding;*
Even such is man, who breathles, without doubt,
Spake to smal purpose when his tongue was out.

Witts Recreations, 12mo. Lond. 1654.

¹⁰⁷ *Enter Doctor Caius.*

In addition to what has been previously said respecting the devotion of the real Doctor Caius to unlawful studies, another diagram from the very curious manu-

script, cited at p. 258, may be here introduced as a further illustration of the same subject. An original letter of Dr. Caius is preserved in MS. Coll. C. C. Cantab. 114, p. 815; and there is a curious wood-cut portrait of him, in his forty-third year, in the edition of his works printed at Louvain in 1556, at the reverse of the list of contents following the title-page. There is another picture of him, as introduced on the stage, in the frontispiece to some copies



of the *Wits or Sport upon Sport*, 1662. Steevens, on the other hand, considers it possible that Shakespeare's character of Dr. Caius may have been drawn from some foreign doctor at Windsor, and he refers to the following curious anecdote in 'Jacke of Dover his Quest of Inquirie, or his Privy Search, for the veriest Foole in

England,' Lond. 1604,—“Upon a time, there was in Winsor (quoth another of the jurie,) a certaine simple outlandish doctor of phisicke, belonging to the Deane, who on a day being at dinner in Eton Colledge, in a pleasant humor asked of Maister Deane what strange matter of worth he had in the colledge, that he might see, and make report of when he came into his own countrey? whereupon the deane called for a boy out of the schole, of some six yeeres of age; who, being brought before him, used this speach: M. Doctor, quoth he, this is the onely wonder that I have, which you shall quickly find, if you will aske him any question: whereupon the D. calling the boy to him, said these words,—My pretty boy (quoth he), what is it that men so admire in thee? My understanding, quoth the boy. Why, sayd the Doctor, what dost thou understand? I understand myselfe, said the boy, for I know myselfe to be a childe. Why, quoth the Doctor, couldest thou thinke that thou wert a man? Not so easely, M. Doctor, answered the boy, as to thinke that a man may be a child. As how, sayd the Doctor? By this, quoth the boy; for I have heard that an old man decayed in wit, is a kind of child, or rather a foole. With that the Doctor, casting a frowning smile upon the boy, used these words: Truly, thou art a rare childe for thy wit, but I doubt thou wilt proove like a sommer apple; soone ripe, soone rotten: thou art so full of wit now, that I feare thou wilt have little when thou art old. Like enough, sayd the boy; but will you give me leave to shew my opinion upon your wordes? Yes, my good wag (sayd he.) Then, M. Doctor, quoth the boy, I gather by your words, that you had a good wit when you were young. The Doctor, biting his lip, went his way, very much displeas'd at the boyes witty reasons, thinking himselfe ever after to be a foole. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this, in my minde, was pretty foolery, but yet the foole of al fooles is not here found, that I look for.”

Foreign physicians were much esteemed in England in Queen Elizabeth's time. A character in the Return from Parnassus, 1606, says, “We'll gull the world that hath in estimation forraine phisitians.” “Now shall you heare how findly Master Doctor can play the outlandish man,” Mariage of Witt and Wisdome. There are some very severe remarks on Foreign physicians practising in England in Arceus on Woundes, translated by Read, 4to. Lond. 1588; but perhaps the most curious, in connexion with the present subject, is the following account of a quack doctor, pretending to speak broken English, in the Hye Way to the Spyttell Hous, printed by R. Copland, early, but without a date,—

Somtyme in maner of a physyeyan,
 And another tyme as a hethen man,
 Countrefaytyng theyr owne tongue, and speche,
 And hath a knave that doth hym Englysh teche,
 With, “me non spek Englysh by my fayt;
 My servaunt spek you what me sayt”—
 And maketh a maner of straunge countenaunce,
 With admyracyons his falsnes to avaunce;
 And whan he cometh there as he wold be,
 Than wyll he feyne merveyulous gravyté;
 And so chaunceth his hostes or his hoost,
 To demaund out of what straunge land, or coost,
 Cometh this gentyelman? “Forsothe, hostesse,
 This man was borne in hethennessé,”
 Sayth his servaunt, “and is a connyng man,
 For all the seven seyences surely he can;
 And is sure in physyk, and palmestry,
 In augury, sothsaying, and vysenamy;

So that he can ryght soone espy
 If ony be dysposed to malady,
 And therefore, can gyve suche a medycyne,
 That maketh all accesses to declyne :
 But surely yf it were knowen that he
 Shold medle with ony infyrmyté
 Of comyn people, he myght gete hym hate,
 And lose the favour of every great estate ;
 Howbeit, of charyté, yet now and then,
 He wyll mynyster his cure on pore men.
 No money he taketh, but all for Gods love,
 Which by chaunce ye shall se hym prove.”
 Than sayth he, “Qui speke my hostesse,
 Graund malady make a gret excesse ;
 Dys infant rumpre ung grand postum,
 By got he ala mort tuk under thun.”

“In the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584, is the character of an Italian merchant, very strongly marked by foreign pronunciation. Dr. Dodypoll, in the comedy which bears his name, is, like Caius, a French physician. The hero of it speaks such another jargon as the antagonist of Sir Hugh, and like him is cheated of his mistress. In several other pieces, more ancient than the earliest of Shakspeare’s, provincial characters are introduced.”—*Stevens*. “In the old play of *Henry the Fifth*, French soldiers are introduced, speaking broken English.”—*Boswell*. French doctors were long common subjects for satire. Gayton puts the following absurd speech into the mouth of one of them, as an illustration that medicine is not alike to all constitutions:—“If te body be full of grosse humours, and that it operates excessively, all de better for dat ; and if the physick doe not stirre the patient, ’tis a good signe that de grosse humours are not in te body, and so all te better for dat too.”

The character of Dr. Caius deserves a few observations. He is suspicious, vain, absurd, credulous, and irascible ; but, besides this, it has been said that his humour is solely drawn from the contrarieties of language. This latter censure will, I am persuaded, be found on examination to be in some degree erroneous ; but it has been accepted as a sound opinion, and is therefore deserving of consideration. Dr. Caius maintains, if not as distinctly as usual, certainly in a great degree, the individuality of character which it is so wonderfully the province of Shakspeare to preserve in his ever-varying pages ; and it is curious to perceive how critics are led to erroneous conclusions by the observation of characteristics common to individuals of every profession, not sufficiently observing how the author may diversify their operations. Let us examine this subject a little in detail.—The Doctor’s peevishness is apparent at his introduction on the scene, in his dislike to Mistress Quickly’s hilarity, and in the impatience with which he utters his commands. He soon appears as a suspicious wit,—‘You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rogue-by,’ a quibble readily appreciated in Shakspeare’s time, when compounds of that character, like *rudesby* and *roguesby*, were in familiar use. His suspicion and credulity are nearly correspondent, and render in high colours the admirable tact displayed by Mrs. Quickly in diverting her master from the right object, after the apparently unanswerable reply to her assurance that Simple is an honest man,—‘Vat shall the honest man do in my closet ? Dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.’ Almost immediately afterwards, his jealousy is alarmed by Quickly’s attempt to stop Simple’s narration ; but he is, nevertheless, the complete dupe of his domestic. There is an amusing grandilo-

quence in the Doctor's reply to Rugby, when the latter remarks that Sir Hugh was not punctual to his appointment,—‘By gar, he has save his soul dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.’ Again, recalling the question alluded to above, a great deal more than erring humour is to be traced when Caius tells the host of his misfortunes ‘for good vill;’ for, presuming the words themselves to be mere errors arising from his imperfect knowledge of the language, the point of the satire is readily distinguished. This is, of itself, sufficient to raise some hesitation in regarding Caius as a mere grammatical blunderer.—The Doctor's opinion of himself is in the highest degree favorable. From the moment when he says he will cut Sir Hugh's throat ‘in de park,’ to the end of the drama,—‘Be gar, I'll raise all Windsor,’—his estimation of self-importance is continually betraying itself. Nor is his impetuosity less remarkable; and in the first edition of the play, Simple is made to say,—‘O God, what a furious man is this!’ This agrees with Mrs. Quickly's opinion of him in Act i, scene 4,—‘If he find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English:’ and again,—‘if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy,’ as she says with her customary disregard to the exact significance of the terms she employs. Adding to this trait his vanity, his firm belief in the love of Anne Page, and his easy credulity, his character as exhibited by Shakespeare is sufficiently particularised. We close the drama with a smile, observing few things in the Doctor to be commended, none deserving of serious reproach, many more of laughter, and perhaps a few meriting the allowances to be made, even in a fiction, for a foreigner, whose ignorance of the language constitutes a fertile and constant object of ridicule.

The MS. by Dr. Caius is written chiefly in Latin. It contains, inter alia, *caracteres bonorum spirituum, caracteres malorum spirituum, de experimentis, de invocatione spirituum, de malo spiritu, Eptameron seu elementa magica, pro puero illuminando, pro speculo, &c.* Another extract may be worth giving:—

Of the principall callinge of spirites, is to conjure the winde, the light, and ayer.—I conjure the winde the ayer the light by Jesus Christ whiche is holye, and withe his holye and most vertuous blessinge whiche hathe made and bye his holye vertew that he walked on the seae with.

To gett a famylier.—Goe to a man or woman or child when they lye in departinge and saye this followinge in there yeare ✠ I charge the N. whether thowe beist spirituall or temporall that when thou doist depart this world that thou doist never rest, nether in fyer water or erthe or ayer stocke nor stone nor in any kinde of *spotted* place that ever God made, ordeyned or created, Thorowe the power and vertue of God the Father, God the Son, ✠ God the Holye Ghost, ✠ three persons and one God in Trynetie, that thou dost com away to me in spede, and grawnt me my request, or els I commaund the bye the power and vertue of ouer Lord Jhesu Christ, whiche is the everlastinge God, into the pett of Hell, where is wepinge and waylinge and gnashinge of tethe, And thou shalt never be out of everlastinge payne, and thou shalt never be partaker of Christeis passion, but the blud of Jhesu Christ shall be unto everlastinge damnation, if thou do not com to me and graunt me my request.

¹⁰⁸ *Un boitier verd.*

Verd, green, was a familiar word to English ears. “Alsoe all the pieces of hangings of *verd* that now hang in my chamber and in the parlour.”—Test. Vetust., p. 453. The *boitier verd* is, in the quarto, “my oyntment;” and Miedege has *boitier*, “a surgeon's case of oyntments.” The box of simples in the closet was a different article, remembered by the doctor afterwards.

¹⁰⁹ *Depeche, quickly.*

Is Dr. Caius here quibbling on the name of Quickly?

¹¹⁰ *And you are Jack Rogoby.*

I adopt the method of spelling, *Rogoby*, from another speech in the first quarto. The doctor seems to intend a pun on his name; otherwise, the speech is almost unmeaning.

¹¹¹ *Come, take-a your rapier.*

“It was the custom, in Shakespeare’s time, for physicians to be attended by their servants when visiting their patients. This appears from the second part of Stubbs’s *Anatomie of Abuses*, where, speaking of physicians, he says, ‘for now they ruffle it out in silkes and velvets, with their men attending upon them, whereas many a poor man (God wot) smarteth for it.’ Servants also carried their masters’ rapiers.—‘Yf a man can place a dysh, fyll a boule, and carrie his maister’s rapier, what more is or can be required at his handes?’—Markham’s *Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of a Serving-man.*”—*Douce.*

¹¹² *Dere is no honest man, &c.*

This is, of course, a blunder of the doctor’s at his own expense, and implies he could not be an honest man.

¹¹³ *Indeed, la.*

“The faces of a phantastick stage-monkey, nor the indeade-la of a Puritanical citizen,” Decker’s *Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603. “No, indeed, indeed, and indeed, la, I will not,” Brome’s *Northern Lasse*.

In very *deed la*, and sinceritie,
There is much Charitie in Charitie.—*Taylor’s Workes*, 1630.
For she will sweare *indeed la*, and in truth:
That Sim was ever a sweet natur’d youth.—*Ibid.*

¹¹⁴ *I’ll neer put my finger in the fire, and need not.*

“Prudens in ignem injecit manum: hee puts his *finger* into the fire wilfully,” Withals’ *Dictionary*, ed. 1634, p. 575. “To put one’s finger i’ th’ fire: *prudens in flammam ne manum injecito*, Hieron., put not your finger needlessly into the fire; meddle not with a quarrel voluntarily, wherein you need not be concern’d,” Ray’s *English Proverbs*, ed. 1678, p. 244.

Nodum in scirpo quæris; you would find a fault were none is: thou art scrupulous and *needes not*; you are curious about naught.—*Terence in English*, 4to. Lond. 1614.

¹¹⁵ *Baillez me some paper.*

The original reads *ballow*. “I suppose the editors have thought this a designed corruption of the English, for *borrow me*, &c.; but, as Dr. Caius is a Frenchman, and generally speaks half French, half English, I am persuaded the poet meant it should be, *baillez moi some paper: i. e. fetch, bring me.*”—*Theobald’s Letters*.

¹¹⁶ *I’ll do for your master what good I can.*

The word *for*, misprinted *yoe* in the first folio and in ed. 1630, but corrected in the second folio, is generally omitted by modern editors.

¹¹⁷ *Dress meat and drink.*

“Dr. Warburton thought the word *drink* ought to be expunged; but by *drink Dame Quickly* might have intended potage and soup, of which her master may be supposed to have been as fond as the rest of his countrymen,” *Malone.*

¹¹⁸ *Are you avis'd o' that?*

A familiar phrase, equivalent to,—Have you found out that? Has it struck you? You may be quite sure of it. It is what may be termed an expletive phrase, and is of common occurrence.

O. Art. Yes, if a man do well consider her, your daughter is the wonder of her sex.

O. Lus. Are you advis'd of that? I cannot tell what 'tis you call the wonder of her sex, but she is, is she, aye, indeed, she is.—*How a Man may Chuse a good Wife from a Bad*, 1602.

Hip. And in good earnest wee are not fatherd much amisse. *Viol.* Are you *avis'd* of that? and, ifaith, tell me what thinke you of your servant Dorus.—*Day's Ile of Gulls*, 1633.

¹¹⁹ *You shall have An fools-head of your own.*

An seems to be here a very poor quibble on the name of Anne Page. *An*, and *ane*, were also broad pronunciations of *one*. Mrs. Gallipot, in the *Roaring Girle*, 1611, says,—“Handle a fool's head of your own; fih! fih!”

¹²⁰ *An honest maid as ever broke bread.*

Her brother was Gamewell, of great Gamewell-hall,

A noble house-keeper was he,

Ay, *as ever broke bread* in sweet Nottinghamshire,

And a squire of famous degree.

Robin Hood and Clorinda.

¹²¹ *We had an hour's talk of that wart.*

The creses here are excellent good; the proportion of the chin good; the little aptues of it to sticke out, good; and the *wart* above it most exceeding good. Never trust me, if all things bee not answerable to the prediction of a most divine fortune towards her, now; if shee have the grace to apprehend it in the nicke ther's all.—*Sir Gyles Goosecappe Knight*, 1606.

¹²² *She is given too much to allicholly.*

Steevens cites this as an example of the inconsistency of the first folio, Mrs. Quickly having previously used the word *melancholy* “without the least corruption of it.” Certainly without the least corruption; but it has been overlooked that, when she employs the term *melancholy*, she blunders, meaning to use some other word.

¹²³ *Out upon 't! what have I forgot?*

According to Steevens, this is too near Dr. Caius's, “Od's me! qu'ay j'oublié?”, in a former part of the scene. It should, however, be recollected that one of the commonest traits of character, in a servant, is the tendency to imitate the phraseology of the master.

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—*A street near PAGE'S House.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, with a Letter.

Mrs. Page. What! have I seaped love-letters in the holyday time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [*Reads.*

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his precisian,¹ he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; Would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 't is not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,²
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight.

JOHN FALSTAFF.

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard³ pieked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrie in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the Parliament for the putting down of men.⁴ How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.⁵

Enter MISTRESS FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house?

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do, then: yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour. What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest!—Sir Aliee Ford!⁶ These knights will haek;⁷ and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight:—here, read, read:—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uneomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place⁸ together, than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of Green Sleeves. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale,⁹ with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.¹⁰—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions,¹¹ here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space¹² for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition.¹³ He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press,¹⁴ when he would put us two. I had rather be a

giantess, and lie under mount Pelion.¹⁵ Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches,¹⁶ I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on, with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy¹⁷ against him, that may not sully the chariness¹⁸ of our honesty. O, that my husband¹⁹ saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*They retire.*]

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.²⁰

Pist. Hope is a curtail²¹ dog in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,²²
Both young and old, one with another; Ford,
He loves the gally-mawfry;²³ Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:²⁴—
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell.²⁵
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:

Take heed, ere summer comes, or euekoo birds do sing.²⁶—

Away, sir corporal Nym.—

[*To PAGE.*] Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.²⁷ [*Exit PISTOL.*

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this. [*Aside.*

Nym. And this is true; [*to PAGE.*] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity.²⁸ He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese, and there's the humour of it.²⁹ Adieu! [*Exit NYM.*

Page. "The humour of it," quoth 'a! here 's a fellow frights English out of his wits.³⁰

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff. [*Aside.*

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.³¹

Ford. If I do find it, well!

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian,³² though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'T was a good sensible fellow:³³ Well. [*Aside.*

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melaneholy! I am not melaneholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou hast some erotehets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You 'll come to dinner, George? Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight. [*Aside to MRS. FORD.*

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she 'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?³⁴

Quick. Ay, forsooth. And I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you. [*Exeunt MRS PAGE, MRS. FORD, and MRS. QUICKLY.*

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes: and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men:³⁵ very rogues, now they be out of service?

Ford. Were they his men!

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head:³⁶ I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou 'rt a gentleman: Cavalero-justice, I say!

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even and twenty,³⁷ good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice:³⁸ tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between sir Hugh, the Welsh priest, and Caius, the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook? [*They go aside.*]

Shal. Will you [*to* PAGE] go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring³⁹ of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark; I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. [*To* FORD.] Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest:⁴⁰ but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack⁴¹ to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook:⁴² only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight. Will you go, myn-heers?⁴³

Shal. Have with you, mine host.⁴⁴

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 't is the heart, master Page; 't is here, 't is here. I have seen the time, with my long sword,⁴⁵ I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight. [Exit HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty,⁴⁶ yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there,⁴⁷ I know not. Well, I will look further into 't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 't is labour well bestowed. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster,⁴⁸
Which I with sword will open.
I will retort the sum in equipage.⁴⁹

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym;⁵⁰ or else you had looked through the grate, like a gemini of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows:⁵¹ and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan,⁵² I took 't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen-pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me; I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife and a throng!⁵³—to your manor of Piekt-hatch,⁵⁴ go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—You stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself, sometimes, leaving the fear of Heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my

necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags,⁵⁵ your cat-a-mountain looks,⁵⁶ your red-lattice phrases,⁵⁷ and your bold-beating oaths,⁵⁸ under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent.⁵⁹ What would thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here 's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an 't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.⁶⁰

Quick. I 'll be sworn;

As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman: and I 'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she 's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship 's a wanton: Well, Heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray.

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries,⁶¹ as 't is wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach,⁶² letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly (all musk), and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and

in such alligant terms;⁶³ and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of; master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very frampold⁶⁴ life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations⁶⁵ to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there *will* come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms,⁶⁶ la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for 't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!⁶⁷—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a triek, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will,

take all, pay all,⁶⁸ go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand anything; for't is not good that children should know any wickedness; old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me! [*Exeunt* MRS. QUICKLY and ROBIN.

Pist. [*From behind.*] This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:⁶⁹—Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;⁷⁰ Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!⁷¹

[*Exit* PISTOL.

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 't is grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.⁷²

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in, [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Such Brooks are welcome to me that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, followed by FORD.⁷³

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir; Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will? Give us leave, drawer.⁷⁴ [*Exit* BARDOLPH

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge⁷⁵ you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseasoned intrusion: for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles⁷⁶ me: if you will help to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town;⁷⁷ her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a dotting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given;⁷⁸ briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.⁷⁹

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.⁸⁰

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,⁸¹ authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many warlike, courtlike, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife; use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul⁸² dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against.⁸³ Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity,⁸⁴ her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defenses, which now are too-too strongly embattled against me: What say you to 't, sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for, at that time, the jealous raseally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blessed in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor euekoldly knave!⁸⁵ I know him not:—yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the euekoldly rogue's coffer;⁸⁶ and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, meehanical salt-butter rogue!⁸⁷ I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my eudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the euekold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style;⁸⁸ thou, master Brook, shalt know him for knave and euekold:—come to me soon at night. [Exit.

Ford. What a damned Epieurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms; and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well;⁸⁹ Lueifer, well; Barbason,⁹⁰ well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends! but euekold! wittol-euekold!⁹¹ the devil himself hath not such a name.⁹² Page is an ass, a seure ass! he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous; I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter,⁹³ parson Hugh the Welshman with my eheese,⁹⁴ an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots; then she ruminates; then she devises; and what they think in

their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour.⁹⁵—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! euckold! [Exit.

SCENE III.—Windsor—a field near the Thames.

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is the elock, Jack?

Rug. 'T is past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come; by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he eame.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead⁹⁶ so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jaek; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here 's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor.

Slen. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto,⁹⁷ thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Franeisco?⁹⁸ ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder?⁹⁹ ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de vorld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian,¹⁰⁰ king Urinal! Heetor of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a eurer of souls, and you a eurer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions; is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itehes¹⁰¹ to make one: though we are justices, and docters, and ehurehmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'T is true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doetor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have showed yourself a wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient ehurehman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice:¹⁰²—a word, monsieur Mock-water.¹⁰³

Caius. Moek-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman:—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill eut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke eavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [Aside to them.]

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shallow, and Slender. Adieu, good master doctor.

[Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest ; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die : but, first, sheathe thy impatienece ; throw cold water on thy choler : go about the fields with me through Frogmore ; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house, a feasting : and thou shalt woo her : Cry'd I aim?¹⁰⁴ said I well ?

Caius. By gar, me dank you vor dat : by gar, I love you ; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page ; said I well ?

Caius. By gar, 't is good ; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

[*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Second Act.

¹ *Though Love use Reason for his precisian.*

In other words, although Love occasionally listens to the dictates of Reason, when he desires to conceal the tender passion under the garb of precisian virtue, he by no means considers him an adviser to be invariably followed. A precisian was one who pretended to more than an ordinary share of sanctity, and hence the term was usually applied to a Puritan. "I will set my countenance like a *precisian*, and begin to speak thus," Doctor Faustus, 1604. "In Cancer, a *precisian's* wife is very flexible," Malcontent, 1604. "It is *precisianism* to alter that, with austere judgement, which is given by nature," Case is Alter'd, 1609. "A parasite this man to night, to-morrow a *precisian*," Overbury Characters, 1626. "I will not be a Stoicke or *Precisian*," Taylor's Workes, 1630. "I did commend a great *Precisian* to her for her woman," Mayne's Citie Match, 1639, p. 43. "In the dayes of your folly, you were a *Precisian*," Hey for Honesty, 1651. "He is half a *Precisian* in the outward man; he loveth little bands, short hair, grave looks," Character of an Untrue Bishop. "I cannot forbear laughing, when I think I never had to do with any of these *Precisians*," Polititian Cheated, 1663.

Those that be saints abroad,
Whose substance shadowes bee,
Let them go seeke *Precisian* sects,
They are no mates for mee.

King's Halfe-Pennyworth of Wit, 4to. 1613.

A Precisian.—To speak no otherwise of this varnished rottenness, than in truth and verity he is, I must define him to be a demure creature, full of oral sanctity and mental impiety; a fair object to the eye, but stark nought for the understanding, or else a violent thing much given to contradiction. He will be sure to be in opposition with the Papist, though it be sometimes accompanied with an absurdity like the islanders near adjoining to China, who salute by putting off their shoes, because the men of China do it by their hats. If at any time he fast, it is upon Sunday, and he is sure to feast upon Friday. He can better afford you ten lies than one oath, and dare commit any sin gilded with a pretence of sanctity.—*The Overbury Characters.*

Not one Recusant all the towne doth hold,
Nor (as they say) ther's not a Puritan,
Or any nose-wise foole *Precisian*.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

The man, affrighted with this apparition,
Upon recovery grew a great *precisian*.

Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1671, p. 315.

Theobald proposed to read *physician*, and the text, with that reading, is thus explained by Malone,—“A lover, uncertain as yet of success, never takes reason for his counsellor, but, when desperate, applies to him as his physician.” This lection is supported by a line in the Sonnets,—“My reason the physician to my love;” but, on the whole, I greatly prefer the reading of the first folio.

Quest. May Love be called an excellent phisitian?—*An.* Nay, rather a hurter of men; for how can he take upon him the title of a phisitian, that cannot heale any other woundes but those that he himselfe maketh.—*Delectable Demaundes and Pleasant Questions*, 1596, p. 37.

² *By day or night.*

An old proverbial phrase, equivalent to *always*. It again occurs in Henry VIII. The conclusion of Falstaff's letter may be compared with the colophon at the end of Caxton's edition of Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, 1495, which “was fynysshed the ix. yere of the reygne of Kynge Edwarde the Fourth,—

—“by Syr Thomas Maleore knyght,
As Jhesu helpe hym for his grete myghte,
As he is the servaunt of Jhesu bothe day and nyghte.”

But perhaps Shakespeare was merely ridiculing the Skeltonical mode of rhythm. The expression in the text is also, as Steevens observes, found in Homer's *Iliad*, xxii. 432-3, thus faithfully rendered by Wakefield:—‘My Hector! *night and day* thy mother's joy.’ So, likewise, in the third book of Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*:

The sonne cleped was Machayre,
The daughter eke Canace hight,
By daie bothe and eke by night.

The phrase also occurs in the *Grene Knight*,—

The master of it is a venterous knight,
And workes by witchcraft *day and night*,
With many a great furley.

³ *This Flemish drunkard.*

The Flemings were notorious for drunkenness. Sir John Smythe, in his *Certayne Discourses of divers Sorts of Weapons*, 4to. 1590, as quoted by Reed, says, that the habit of drinking to excess was introduced into England from the Low Countries, “by some of our such men of warre within these very few years, whereof it is come to passe that now-a-dayes there are very fewe feastes where our said men of warre are present, but that they do invite and procure all the companie, of what calling soever they be, to carousing and quaffing; and, because they will not be denied their challenges, they, with many new conges, ceremonies, and reverences, drinke to the health and prosperitie of princes; to the health of counsellors, and unto the health of their greatest friends both at home and abroad; in which exercise they never cease till they be deade drunke, or, as the *Flemings* say, *Doot dronken*.” He adds, “And this aforesaid detestable vice hath within these six or seven yeares taken wonderful roote amongst our English nation, that in times past was wont to be of all other nations of Christendome one of the sobcrest.” Moryson, in his *Itinerary*, 1617, speaking of the Low Country Inns, observes,—“the Flemmings his consorts drinking beare stiffely, especially if

they light upon English beare, and drinke being put into the common reckoning of the company, a stranger shall pay for their intemperancy." See also a curious account in the same work, part 3, p. 99, in the course of which the writer says,—“The Netherlanders use lesse excesse in drinking then the Saxons, and more then other Germans: and if you aske a woman for her husband, she takes it for an honest excuse, to say he is drunken, and sleepes.” There is a much carlier notice of this propensity of the Flemings, in the Libell of English Policie of Keeping the Sea,—

Ye have heard that two Flemings togider
Will undertake, or they go any whither,
Or they rise once, to drinke a firkin full
Of good beerekin; so sore they hall and pull.

⁴ *For the putting down of men.*

Theobald unnecessarily reads *fat men*, the quarto having no corresponding passage, that editor incorrectly citing a wrong speech. Steevens thus explains the original text:—“The *putting down* of men, may only signify the *humiliation* of them, the *bringing them to shame*, restraining their impudence. So, in Twelfth Night, Malvolio says of the Clown—‘I saw him, the other day, *put down* by an ordinary fool,’ i. e., *confounded*. Again, in Love’s Labour’s Lost—‘How the ladies and I have *put him down!*’, and in Much Ado about Nothing—‘You have *put him down*, lady, you have *put him down*.’ Again, in Burton’s Anatomy of Melancholy, edit. 1632, p. 482—‘Lucullus’ wardrobe is *put down* by our ordinary citizens.’”

⁵ *As sure as his guts are made of puddings.*

It is worthy of remark that *guts* was not formerly a vulgar word. Even so recently as 1744, a gentleman, writing to another, says,—“my guts being weak, I believe I shall soon proceed to Bath.” Entrails were often termed *puddings*, and hence the name of Pudding Lane in London, so called, says Stowe, ed. 1633, p. 229,—“because the butchers of East-Cheape have their scalding-house for hogs there, and their *puddings*, with other filth of beasts, are voided downe that way to their dung-boats on the Thames.”—Cf. Howell’s Londinopolis, p. 85.

“This coarse and vulgar expression has hitherto escaped the animadversions of all the editors. The intestines of animals were once well known in London by the name of *puddings*, as they still are in the North, where may often be heard the vulgar say, ‘as sure as his guts are puddings.’ That they were generally so called, appears from Herbert’s Travels, p. 17—‘But among these bruits, albeit they have plenty of dead whales, seals, penguins, grease, and *raw puddings*, which we saw them tear and eat as dainties, for they (the Hottentots) neither roast nor boil.’ So that the authors of Sir J. Oldcastle use an intelligible language in this passage—‘*Lieu*. Lay hold on him. *Harp*. Stand off, if you love your puddings.’”—*Sherwen’s MSS.*

⁶ *Sir Alice Ford!*

Queen Elizabeth bestowed the honor of knighthood on Mary, the lady of Sir Hugh Cholmondeley, known as “the bold lady of Cheshire.” This was at Tilbury, at the time of the Spanish Armada.

⁷ *These knights will hack.*

Alluding, according to some critics, to the immense number of knights made by the king. See the introduction to this play. A very curious unpublished anecdote, in connexion with this subject, is preserved in a MS. in the Bodleian Library, entitled, “The character of Sir Martin Barnham, Knt., written by his son

Sir Francis, who was the father of the Lady Salkeld, in whose closet it was found after her death:”—

“About this time, King James came to this crowne, to whom Queen Elizabeth, by her constant sparing hand of all sorts of honour, left great power of satisfaction and rewards of that kind; of which, amongst others, knighthood was most pursued, as being that of which so many men were then fittly capable. The King, having bin very bountifull of that honor in his journey from Scotland to London, most part of the gentlemen in the other parts of the kingdom were desirous to addresse themselves in that generall fashion, and though in some particular men by the king’s favour, or mediation of some great men, that honour was freely bestowed, yet generally it was purchased att great rates, as att 3 or 4 or 5 hundred pounds, according to the circumstances of precedency and grace with which it was accompanied. Now Sir John Grey, my noble friend and near allye, finding the way of knighting by favor somewhat slack, and not allwayes certain, out of his affection to me, att the kings first coming to London treated with a Scotchman, an acquaintance of his, that for 80 lb. and some courtesies which he should do him, my father and myself should be knighted, and gave me present knowledge thereof that it might be suddenly effected, with which I made my father instantly acquainted, and told him that though I doubted not to procure both our knight-hoods without money by the power of some great friends I had in court, yet considering the obligation to them, and the time that would be lost before that could certainly be effected, I thought it would be a better way to make a speedy end of it att so small a charge, rather than to linger it out att uncertaintys, att such a time as every man made hast to crowd in att the new play of knighthood. Hercto my father made this answer, that having by God’s blessing an estate fit enough for knighthood, and having managed those offices of credit which a cuntry gentleman was capable of, he should not be unwilling to take that honor upon him, if he might have it in such a fashion as that himself might hold it an honor, but said he, ‘If I pay for my knighthood, I shall never be called Sir Martin, but I shall blush for shame to think how I came by it; if therefore it cannot be had freely, I am resolved to content myself with my present condition; and for my wife,’ said he, merrily, ‘I will buy her a new gown instead of a Ladyship; this is my resolution for myself, and that which I think fittest for you.’ Finding him thus resolved, I gave over that way, and made meanes to my noble friend, the Lord of Pembroke, to procure my father a free knighthood, which he readily undertook, and appointed him a day to attend for it att Greenwich; but that morning there came some newes out of Scotland that putt the King so out of humor, as made that time unfitt for it, and instantly after, it was published that the king would make no more knights till the day of his coronation, as resolving to honour that day with a great proportion of that honor; on which day my father, by the favor of my Lord of Pembroke, had the honor of knighthood freely bestowed on him, and was ranked before three fourth parts of that dayes numerous knighting.”

“In the interview between Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, after each had received Falstaff’s amorous letter, the former says to the latter: ‘If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted;’ taking advantage of the ambiguity in the word *knighted*, which may be understood to mean, either that she could obtain the honour of having a knight at her service and disposal, or that she could have the dignity of knighthood conferred upon her own person. Mrs. Page understands the word in the latter sense.”—*Anonymous*.

“Between the time of King James’s arrival at Berwick in April, 1603, and the 2d of May, he made two hundred and thirty-seven knights; and, in the July following, between three and four hundred. It is probable that the play before us

was enlarged in that or the subsequent year, when this stroke of satire must have been highly relished by the audience. For a specimen of the contemptuous manner in which these knights were mentioned, see B. Rich's *My Ladies Looking Glasse*, 4to. 1616, but written about 1608, p. 66: 'Knighthood was wont to be the reward of virtue, but now a common prey to the betrayers of virtue: and we shall sooner meet Sir Dinadine or Sir Dagenet [the one a cornet knight, the other King Arthur's foole—marginal note] at another man's table, than with Sir Tristram de Lionis, or Sir Lancelot de Lake in the field. Knights in former ages have been assistant unto princes, and were the *staires* of the commonwealth; but now they live by begging from the prince, and are a burthen to the commonwealth.'—*Malone*.

Cor. The Romans us'd to make their worthies knowne,
By honourde titles, and with ornaments,
As rings and chaines, gilt swordes, and spurs of gold,
Which none might weare but such as were allowde.
But now Jacke Sauce will be in's gilded spurs,
Whose father brewde good ale for honest men,
Lodg'd pedlers, tynkers, bearewards such a crew,
The scumme of men, the plaine rascality,
Such was *Auratus Eques miles calde*;
The French-men now call him *un chevalier*;
We call them rydders, the English name them knights.
'Twas strange to see what knighthood once would doe,
Stirre great men up to lead a martiall life,
Such as were nobly borne, of great estates,
To gaine this honour, and this dignity,
So noble a marke to their posterity!
But now, alas! it's growne ridiculous,
Since bought with money, sold for basest prize,
That some refuse it, which are counted wise.

Gar. But heere's the difference; for we use to say,
Is such one knighted,—he deservde it well;
Hee's learned, wise, an hopefull gentleman,
Hath been abroad, hath seene and knowes the warres;
He speakes more language then his mothers tongue;
He can doe's country service, or his prince,
At home, abroad, by sea, or else by land,
Maintaine the sword of civill government.
But such one's made a knight; What that arch-clowne!
His wit is like his mother's milking payle:
Brought up at home, or at Hogsnorton-schoole:
His father neare gave armes, writ goodman Clunch,
And he kept sheepe, or beasts, drove plough or cart:
The first on's name, first knight, then gentleman;
God give him joy; his honour cost him deare:
A sotte in crimson, growne a golden knight;
Well may'te become him! he becomes not it
More then an asse a rich caparison.

Hans Beer-Pot his Invisible Comedie, 4to. Lond. 1618.

^s *And keep place together.*

Theobald, in his letters to Warburton, proposes to read, *keep pace*, the psalm being slow, and the tune very rapid.

⁹ *Threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly.*

O, sir, cried the garsoon, an elephant; no, 'tis a man roll'd hither in a dry-fat: how he tumbles; some whale, sure, gotten to land! No, 'tis a Manningtree ox with a pudding in his belly.—*The Wandering Jew telling Fortunes to English-men*, 4to. Lond. 1649.

¹⁰ *Have melted him in his own grease.*

But certeynly I made folk such chere,
That in his owne grees I made him frie
For anger, and for verray jalousie.—*Chaucer, Cant. T.*, 6069.

¹¹ *In this mystery of ill opinions.*

That is, in this extraordinary medley of yours of abuse against Falstaff.

¹² *Writ with blank space for different names.*

Spru. What doe you thinke I have in this boxe then?—*Care.* I know not.—*Spru.* A bundle of blanke love letters, ready pend with as much vehemency of affection, as I could get for money, only wanting the superscription of their names, to whom they shall be directed, which I can instantly, and with ease, indorse upon acquaintance.—*Care.* And so send them to your Mistresse?—*Spru.* You understand mee. I no sooner fall into discourse with any lady, but I professe my selfe ardently in love with her, and being departed, returne my boy with one of these letters, to second it, as I said, passionately deciphering how much I languish for her; which shee cannot but deeply apprehend, together with the quicknesse and promptitude of my ingenuitie in the dispatch of it.—*Care.* Ile practise this device. Prethee, let mee see one of them; what's heere? 'To the fayre hands of'—*Spru.* I, there wants a name; they fit any degree or person whatsoever.—*Care.* Let mee see this then. 'To the Lady and Mistresse of his thoughts, and service.'—*Spru.* There wants a name too. They are generall things.—*Care.* Ile open it by your favour, sir; what's heere? 'Most resplendent Lady, that may justly bee stiled, the accomplishment of beantie, the seat and mansion of all delight and vertue, in whom meete the joy and desires of the happie. Some man heere perhappes might feare, in praying your worth, to heighthen your disdayne, but I am forc'd, though to the perill of my neglect, to acknowledge it: For to this houre my curious thoughts, and wandering, in the spheare of feminine perfection, could never yet finde out a subject like your selfe, that could so detaine and commaund my affection.'—*Spru.* And so it goes on: How doe you like it?—*Car.* Admirable good; put them up againe.—*Marmyon's Fine Companion*, 1633.

¹³ *And these are of the second edition.*

I once had a rather fanciful notion, that there might possibly be here an allusion to the surreptitious quarto edition.

¹⁴ *He cares not what he puts into the press.*

Ambiguously for a *press* to print, and a *press* to squeeze.—*Johnson.*

¹⁵ *And lie under mount Pelion.*

Why? Is there here a jumbling allusion to the story of Cretides and Pelus?

¹⁶ *If he come under my hatches.*

I thanked him, and did it with more ceremony and respect than ever, because I thought myself more *under the hatches* than I was before.—*History of Colonel Jack*, 1723.

¹⁷ *I will consent to act any villainy against him.*

Villainy, mischief, injury. So, in the Lover's Quarrel, or Cupid's Triumph, 12mo. Lond. 1677, a little chap-book,—

What tydings? what tydings? thou Tommy Pots,
 Thou art so full of courtesie;
 Thou hast slain some of thy fellows fair,
 Or wrought to me some *villany*.

¹⁸ *The chariness of our honesty.*

That is, the caution which ought to attend it.—*Steevens*.

¹⁹ *O, that my husband saw this letter!*

“Surely Mrs. Ford does not wish to excite the jealousy of which she complains. I think we should read—O, *if* my husband, &c., and thus the copy, 1619: O Lord, *if* my husband should see the letter! i’faith, this would even give edge to his jealousy.”—*Steevens*. The same suggestion was made by Theobald.

²⁰ *Well, I hope it be not so.*

It was, till lately, the universal practice to omit this dialogue in representation, and even now, it is only seldom retained; but it is necessary to the complete development of this part of the plot. What else is the use of the declaration of Pistol and Nym to be revenged on Falstaff?

²¹ *Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs.*

A curtail dog is a worthless dog, a dog without a tail good for any service. “A curtaild dogg, *chien courtaud, c’est à dire chien sans queue ou esqueue bon à tout service.*”—Howell’s *Lex. Tet.* 1660.

²² *Both high and low, both rich and poor.*

“Heare this, all yee people: give eare, all yee that dwell in the world: As well low as high, both rich and poore,” Psalm 49.

²³ *He loves the gally-mawfry.*

Gally-mawfry, the “whole hotchpotch” of the fair sex. “A gallemalfrie or hotchpotch,” Baret, 1580. “To all that gallimaufry,” ’Tis Pity she’s a Whore, 1633. The term was ludicrously used for a girl or woman. “Gallants or gallimaufries,” *Woman never Vex’d*, 1632.

Pun. Why, how now, Panims? fighting like two sea-fish in the map? Why, how now, my little *gallimaufry*, my Olcopodrido of arts and arms; Hold the feirce Gudgings!—*Cutter of Coleman Street*, 1663.

²⁴ *With Ringwood at thy heels.*

Ringwood was a common name given to a dog. Ford will, in Pistol’s opinion, be a stag with horns, and dogs will follow him.

Bell. Did you know Rockwood?—*Prigg*. Know him? As well as any man in the world: his father was a dog of my father’s, called Jowler; his mother was my noble Lord Squander’s father’s famous bitch Venus, which you have heard of: I remember, Mr. Carlos Venus was sister to your father’s dog *Ringwood*. Rockwood? I knew him as well as I knew your father; well rest their souls of a dog and a man! I shall never see two better in the field than Rockwood and your father.—*Shadwell’s True Widow*, 1679.

Tantivee, tivee, tivee, tivee, high and low,
 Hark, hark, how the merry merry horn does blow,
 As through the lanes and the meadows we go;
 As Puss has run over the down:
 When *Ringwood*, and Rockwood, and Jowler, and Spring,
 And Thunder and Wonder made all the woods ring,
 And horsemen, and footmen, hey ding, a ding, ding, &c.

The Marriage Hater Match’d, 1692.

²⁵ *The horn, I say: Farewell.*

“*Pistoll.* The horn, I say; Farewell: Take heed, e’re sommer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing: Take heed, have open eye, for theeves do foot by night,”—the MS. mentioned at p. 238.

²⁶ *Or cuckoo-birds do sing.*

The quarto reads, “when cuckoo-birds appear;” and some editors, to make rhyme,—“when cuckoo-birds *affright.*”

²⁷ *Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.*

“Ford and Pistol, Page and Nym, enter in pairs, each pair in separate conversation; and while Pistol is informing Ford of Falstaff’s design upon his wife, Nym is, during that time, talking *aside* to Page, and giving information of the like plot against him.—When Pistol has finished, he calls out to Nym to come *away*: but seeing that he and Page are still in close debate, he goes off alone, first assuring Page he may depend on the truth of Nym’s story, ‘Believe it, Page,’ &c. Nym then proceeds to tell the remainder of his tale out aloud. ‘And this is true,’ &c. A little further on in this scene, Ford says to Page, ‘*You* heard what this knave (i. e. Pistol) *told me,*’ &c. Page replies, ‘Yes: And you heard what the other (i. e. Nym) *told me.*’”—*Steevens.*

²⁸ *It shall bite upon my necessity.*

To *bite* was an old technical term for cutting with a sword. Pistol says his sword shall cut, he will go to the wars, when it is necessary to do so for his living. “I byte upon, as a weapen or tole dothe, whan it cutteth a harde or a toughe thyng; he stroke above twenty strokes at my sworde, but it is so harde, that his weapen coulde nat byte upon it,” Palsgrave, 1530. “That, glauncing on her shoulder-plate, it bit unto the bone,” Spenser. “The tempred steele did not into his braine-pan bite,” *ibid.*

²⁹ *And there’s the humour of it.*

This passage, which is quite necessary to the text, is taken from the surreptitious quarto edition.

³⁰ *Frights English out of his wits.*

Alluding to Nym’s bombastic language. The quarto reads *humour* instead of *English*. Either reading is unobjectionable.

³¹ *Such a drawling affecting rogue.*

Affecting is merely the active participle used for the passive, several instances of which occur in Shakespeare and contemporary writers. So we have in the *Winter’s Tale*, “your discontenting father,” for, “your discontented father.”

³² *I will not believe such a Cataian.*

Cataian was a cant term for a thief, or sharper. Sir Toby uses the word, when he is intoxicated; but its exact meaning and derivation are doubtful, further than the probability of its being used in reference to the Cataians, or Chinese, who were always remarkable for thievery. “A wild Cataian,” a dexterous sharper, Decker’s *Honest Whore*, 1604.

Friro. Thou art as ernell as a constable,
That’s wak’d with a quarrell out of his first sleepe.
Vas. Hang him, bold Cataian; hee indites finely;
And will live as well by sending short epistles,
Or by th’ sad whisper at your gamsters elbow,
When the great by is drawne, as any bashfull
Gallant of em all.—*Davenant’s Love and Honour*, 1649.

³³ *'Twas a good sensible fellow.*

“This, and the two preceding speeches of Ford, are spoken to himself, and have no connexion with the sentiments of Page, who is likewise making his comment on what had passed, without attention to Ford.”—*Steevens*.

³⁴ *You are come to see my daughter Anne.*

The MS. (see p. 238) reads,—“Now, Mistress Quickly, you are come,” &c.

³⁵ *A yoke of his discarded serving-men.*

A *yoke*, or couple; in the same way, the Greek ξυνοπιε, a team of two horses, is also used for a pair or couple in general.

³⁶ *I would have nothing lie on my head.*

That is, I should be very sorry not to take the utmost pains to discover the truth, so that no blame shall be imputed to me for want of caution.

³⁷ *Good even and twenty.*

That is, twenty good evens. “God (*sic*) night and a thousand to every body,” Eliot’s *Fruits for the French*, 1593. A similar phrase is, *Farewell and a thousand*, i. e., a thousand times farewell, Peele’s *Works*, i. 217.

³⁸ *Tell him, cavalero-justice.*

“This cant term occurs in the *Stately Moral of Three Ladies of London*, 1590:—‘Then know, Castilian *cavaleros*, this.’ There is also a book printed in 1599, called, *A Countercuffe given to Martin Junior*; by the venturous, hardie, and renowned Pasquil of Englande, *Cavaliero*,”—*Steevens*. Shortly afterwards, where the folio has, *my guest-cavalier*, the quarto reads,—“my guest, my cavellira.”

³⁹ *My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons.*

“Alluding to the custom in trials allowed by law, where search used to be made by the attending knights, before the combat, of the equality of their weapons; which were at the defendant’s election, provided he confined his choice between ancient, usual and military.”—*Dr. Grey*.

⁴⁰ *None, I protest.*

This speech is wrongly given to Shallow in the first folio. The error was corrected in the edition of 1630.

⁴¹ *A pottle of burnt sack.*

Burnt, or warmed, wine was formerly very fashionable, and is frequently alluded to. See the anecdote quoted at p. 366. “A cup of burnt wine in a tavern in winter, or wine and sugar in summer,” *Wandering Jew* telling Fortunes to English-men, 1649.

One coming to a taverne and asking for wine, it was askt him what wine hee would drink? hee answered, a pint of claret and burnet; the vintner, instead thereof, went and really burnt itt.—*Ward’s Diary*.

⁴² *And tell him my name is Brook.*

Ford’s assumed name is *Brook* in the quarto edition, and *Broom* in the folio. Theobald says that we need no better evidence in favour of the reading of the quartos, than the pun that Falstaff makes on the name, when Brook sends him some burnt sack; but it may be objected that this pun is almost entirely lost in the early edition. In favour of the adopted reading in the amended play, the following lines may be adduced, which appear to be intended to rhyme—

Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brome :
He 'll tell me all his purpose : Sure, he 'll come.

⁴³ *Will you go, myn-heers?*

That is, will you go, my masters? The original reads *An-heires*, which seems to be a corruption. Theobald proposed, *on here*, and *myn-heers*; and the following readings have been suggested,—*aneurst*; *my hearts*; *on, heroes*; *on, heeren*; *on, hearts*; *will you go, and hear us*; *an will you go, eh, sir*; *caralcires*, &c. Some time ago, I suggested, *on, sirs*, on the supposition that if the MS. had, *on, Syrs*, the printer's eye might easily mislead him, the *h* and the *long s*, when the latter is followed by a *y*, being often alike in old MSS. Bumble, in Davenant's *Newes from Plimouth*, 1673, p. 12, makes use of the expression, *Mine Here*; and Mr. Dyce considers this reading in the text confirmed by the manner in which the same term is printed in the 1647 edition of Beaumont and Fletcher,—“Nay, Sir, *mine heire* Van-dunck is a true Statesman.”

An evidence that Theobald's reading is a probable one, is contained in Flecknoc's *Diarium or Journall*, 12mo. Lond. 1656, p. 26,—

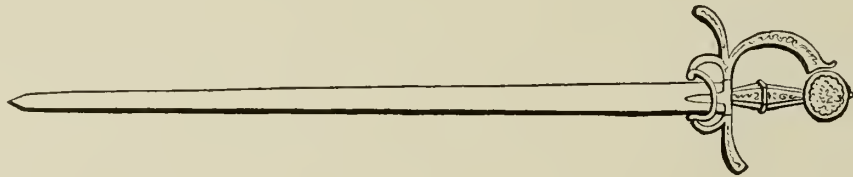
From thence we gallopt o're to Acton,
Where ale, and beer, and wine, we lackt none :
Though for my part in countrey town,
Rarely with palat wine gces down,
Has had far better bringing up,
Such trash in belly e're to put,
As mungrel baldcrdash *Mine Heer*
Dutchman has stummed for us there,
Who loves so well our beere to brew,
Our very wine he'll brew us too.

⁴⁴ *Have with you, mine host.*

In quovis tibi loco paratus sum, I am readie for you in any place : put but up the finger where you will, and *have with you*.—*Terence in English*, 1614.

⁴⁵ *With my long sword.*

“Before the introduction of rapiers, the swords in use were of an enormous length, and sometimes raised with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, censures the innovation by which lighter weapons were introduced, tells what he could once have done with his *long sword*, and ridicules the terms and



rules of the rapier.”—*Johnson*. “The *two-handed* sword is mentioned in the ancient Interlude of Nature, bl. l. no date:—‘Somtyme he bereth my *two-hand* sword.’”—*Steevens*.

“Dr. Johnson's explanation of the *long sword* is certainly right: for the early quarto reads—‘my *two-hand* sword;’ so that they appear to have been synonymous. Carleton, in his *Thankful Remembrance of God's Mercy*, 1625, speaking of the treachery of one Rowland York, in betraying the towne of Deventer to the Spaniards in 1587, says: ‘he was a Londoner, famous among the cutters in his time, for bringing in a new kind of fight—to run the point of the

rapier into a man's body. This manner of fight he brought *first* into *England*, with great admiration of his audaciousness: when in England before that time, the use was, with little bucklers, and with *broad swords*, to strike, and not to thrust; and it was accounted unmanly to strike under the girdle.' The Continuator of Stowe's Annals, p. 1024, edit. 1631, supposes the rapier to have been introduced somewhat sooner, viz. about the 20th year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth [1578], at which time, he says, sword and bucklers began to be disused. Shakspeare has here been guilty of a great anachronism in making Shallow ridicule the terms of the rapier in the time of Henry IV., an hundred and seventy years before it was used in England."—*Malone*.

"It should seem from a passage in Nash's Life of Jacke Wilton, 1594, that *rapiers* were used in the reign of Henry VIII.: 'At that time I was no common squire, &c.—my *rapier* pendant like a round stick fastned in the tacklings, for skippers the better to climbe by.'" The introduction of the rapier instead of the *long sword* is thus alluded to in the Maid of the Mill, by Fletcher and Rowley, act iv. sc. ii:—'*Bustopha*.—But all this is nothing: now I come to the point. *Julio*.—Aye the point, that's deadly; the ancient blow over the buckler ne'er went half so deep.'"—*Ritson and Boswell*.



The above notes on this passage are taken entirely from the variorum edition. The first cut is of a heavy old fashioned English sword of the time of Henry the Eighth, preserved in the Meyrick collection; the second is of a light sword, or rapier; both selected by Mr. Fairholt.

⁴⁶ *And stand so firmly on his wife's frailty.*

His wife's frailty, that is, his frail wife. See vol. i., p. 281. According to Upton, Ford "was going to say *honesty*; but corrects himself, and adds unexpectedly, *frailty*, with an emphasis." Theobald proposes to read *fealty* for *frailty*, but the old reading is undoubtedly correct. Stand on, that is, insist upon. "In the place from which I came, I meane the Academe, there are but two pointes the schollers *stand upon*," Breton's Olde Man's Lesson and a Young Man's Love, 1605. "Stoutly *on* their honesties doe wylie harlots *stand*," Warner's Albions England, ed. 1612, p. 149. "All captains, and *stand upon* the honesty of your wives," Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1630.

Fellowes that stande only upon tearmes to serve the turne, with their blotted papers, write as men go, for needes, and when they write, they write as a, now and then drop a phamphlet.—*The Returne from Pernassus*, 1606.

⁴⁷ *What they made there.*

That is, what they did there. "The priest and the tanner, seeing the taylor, mused *what he made there*; the taylor, on the other side, marvelled as much at their presence," Pleasant History of Jack of Newbury, n. d. Compare As You Like It, act i.

⁴⁸ *Why, then the world's mine oyster, &c.*

Alluding, says Dr. Grey, to the old English proverb,—"The Major of Northampton opens oysters with his dagger," Ray's English Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 328. Ray explains it thus,—"to keep them at a sufficient distance from his

nose; for this town being eighty miles from the sea, fish may well be presumed stale therein.”

⁴⁹ *I will retort the sum in equipage.*

In the quarto, this line constitutes the whole of Pistol's speech, and it is not found in the folio. The addition was made by Warburton. "*Equipage*, dighting or setting forth of man, horse, or ship," Minsheu. The term is here used by Pistol in the sense of dress, or personal adornments: he will return the amount in stolen goods. The word was fashionable, and not always used correctly. Davies, in his *Scourge of Folly*, p. 233, says that the word *equipage* is one of those affected terms that "are good, but ill us'd; in over-much use savouring of witlesse affectation."

"I would observe to you, that the old quarto here subjoins a line, that, in my opinion, ought not to be lost;—'I will retort the sum in equipage.' This makes Pistol first bluster in his fustian manner, and then, very naturally, in the same strain, renew his suit upon promise of recompence. Besides, it admirably marks our poet's exactness in keeping up his character. Pistol, in *Henry V.*, renews the same peculiar dialect; 'To retort the solus in thy bowels.'"—*Theobald's Letters*.

⁵⁰ *You and your coach-fellow, Nym.*

Theobald proposed *yoke-fellow*, and *couch-fellow*, but no change is really necessary. The original text, says Capell, intimates that "they were both rogues alike, and as well pair'd as horses are in a coach."

"Your *coach-fellow*, Nym, i. e., he who *draws* along with you; who is joined with you in all your knavery. So before, Page, speaking of Nym and Pistol, calls them a '*yoke* of Falstaff's discarded men.'"—*Malone*. "*Coach-fellow* has an obvious meaning; but the modern editors read, *couch-fellow*. The following passage from Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* may justify the former reading: 'Tis the swaggering *coach-horse* Anaides, *draws with him* there.' Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606: 'Are you he my page here makes choice of to be his fellow *coach-horse*?' and, *ibid.*, 'welcome little wit; my page Pacque here makes choice of you to be his *fellow coach-horse*.' Again, in *A True Narrative of the Entertainment of his Royal Majestie, from the Time of his Departure from Edinburgh, till his Receiving in London, &c.* 1603: '— a base pilfering theefe was taken, who plaid the cutpurse in the court; his fellow was ill mist, for no doubt he had a walking-mate: they *drew together* like *coach-horses*, and it is pitie they did not hang together.' Again, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:— 'For wit, ye may be *coach'd* together.' Again, in the 10th book of Chapman's translation of Homer: '— their chariot horse, as they *coach-fellows* were.'"—*Steevens*. "He'll be an excellent coach-horse for any captain," Greene's *Tu Quoque*, ap. Gifford.

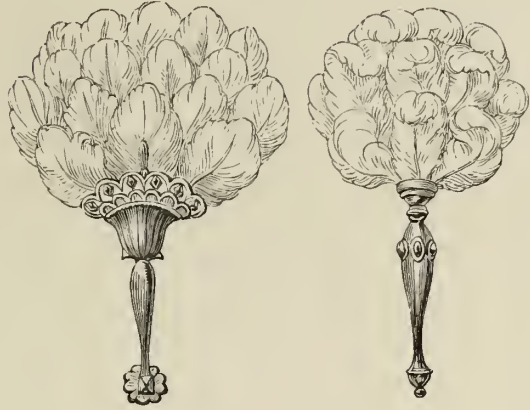
⁵¹ *You were good soldiers, and tall fellows.*

The MS. reads, "*that* you were good soldiers, and *stout* fellows;" also afterwards, *my honor*, and, *didst thou not share?* See note on the phrase, *tall fellows*, in the annotations to the *Winter's Tale*.

⁵² *When mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan.*

The fans of Shakespeare's time were generally formed of feathers, inserted in handles, the latter being often made of very costly materials. The reader will observe a specimen of one held by a lady, in the curious satirical wood-cut inserted

at p. 120 of the present volume. Silver handled fans are twice mentioned in Marston's poems, 1598, and also in Hall's Satires. "She hath a fan with a short silver handle about the length of a barbor's siringe," Sharp-ham's Fleire, 1607. Decker, in London Tempe, 1629, mentions "a golden handle for my wife's fann." See further, respecting fans, in the notes to Love's Labour's Lost; respecting fan-handles, in the notes to I Henry IV.; and an interesting article on the subject in Fairholt's Costume in England, p. 496, the accompanying engravings of Elizabethan fans (with handles jewelled) having been selected by the last-named writer from specimens in portraits of ladies of Shakespeare's time.



⁵² *A short knife, and a throng.*

So, Lear: "When cutpurses come not to *throng*."—Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters, 1616, says Malone, furnish us with a confirmation of the reading of the old copies: "The eye of this wolf is as quick in his head as a *cutpurse* in a *throng*." Dennis reads *thong*. Greene, in his Life of Ned Browne, 1592, says: "I had no other fence but my *short knife*, and a paire of *purse-strings*."

⁵⁴ *To your manor of Pickt-hatch, go.*

In Shakespeare's time, that portion of London which is now bounded on the North by Old Street, on the East by Golding Lane, on the South by Barbican, and on the West by Goswell Street and the Charter-house, consisted for the most part of scattered collections of small tenements, generally with gardens attached to them, and a few alleys or courts. Somewhere in this small portion of the metropolis was situated the notorious resort of bad characters, which was known as the Pickt-hatch, that name, it is conjectured, being derived from the iron spikes placed over the half-door, or hatch, one of the characteristics of a house of ill-fame,—"Set some picks upon your hatch, and, I pray, profess to keep a bawdy house," Cupid's Whirligig, 1607. Several of the resorts of bad characters were termed *hatches*. The exact position of this place is scarcely determined with accuracy, although Mr. Cunningham says, "what *was* Picthatch is a street at the back of a narrow turning called Middle Row (formerly Rotten Row) opposite the Charter-house wall in Goswell street; the name is still preserved in Pickax Yard adjoining Middle Row," Hand Book of London, ed. 1850, p. 400. For the locality of Pickax Yard I have enquired in the neighbourhood in vain; but the maps of London of the last century (Rocque's, 1748, and others) show Pickax Street as that part of Goswell Street which commences at the Barbican, and which is named "Pickax Street, Aldersgate Street," in the 'Compleat Guide to all Persons who have any Trade or Concern with the City of London,' 1740, p. 41. Aggas's map exhibits houses in Pickax Street, and fields or gardens at Middle-row. It would, however, appear from an entry in the Pat. Rot. 33 Eliz. pars 9, mem. 27, that Pickt-hatch was very near Old Street, even if it did not run out of it,—"*Ac totam illam parvam pec: terræ nostram inclus: nuper occupat: pro gardino, continen: in longitudine sexaginta et duos pedes, et in latitudine quin-*

quaginta et septem pedes, et decem polas assizæ, una cum parvo stabulo superiude edificat:, cum pertinentiis, jacen: *in Olde Streete sive Pickt-hatche prope le Charterhouse, in parochia Sancti Egidii extra Creplegate* in comitatu Midd:, adjacen: cuidam gardino in tenura Roberti Greene ex parte austral:, et horr: in tenura Johannis Stephens ex parte oriental:, ac regiam viam ducen: a civitate Londoniæ usque Islington ex parte occidental:, et a le Charter-house usque Hoggson ex parte boreal:, modo vel nuper in tenura vel occupatione Henrici Stapleforde vel assign: suorum.” This notice is very curious, because it clearly describes the small piece of ground at the corner of Old Street and Goswell Street, the latter being the road to Islington, and the former to Hogsdon. On the East of this piece of ground, which was a garden, the only erection on it being a small shed, was a barn; and on the South was also a garden. The terms of the grant would lead us to infer that the Western end of Old Street was the Pickt-hatch; but in opposition to this conclusion must be quoted a Survey of the Prebendal Manor of Finsbury, 1649, discovered by Mr. T. E. Tomlins, wherein is mentioned, “all that other parcel of demesne land commonly called and known by the name of Rotten Row, set, lying and being in the parish of St. Giles’s without Cripplegate, in a certain street there commonly called Old Street, adjoining North upon the said street, and South upon a way or passage leading out of Old Street into the *Pickthatch*, and abutting East upon the Cage and Prison House in Old Street aforesaid.” The readiest way to reconcile these accounts is to conclude that the name of Pickthatch was given to a collection of tenements situated so near Old Street (towards the Charterhouse), that the terms of the grant by patent, above cited, would correctly apply to it; and that the name of Pickax Street was derived from the older locality, although not placed on its exact site. There is a discrepancy between the names of the streets in the old maps, and their present situations, that seems difficult of explanation. Thus in Stowe, ed. 1720, Rotten Row is marked at the extreme end of Goswell Street and Old Street, whereas it now corresponds to a long passage, between those streets, a little to the South, as indicated in the same map, where the Starch Alley, as at present, demonstrates the position of Middle or Rotten Row, which appears formerly, from a curious passage here quoted from Mill’s Night’s Search, 1640, to have enjoyed a reputation very similar to that of Pickt-hatch.

From the Bordello it might come as well,
The Spittle, or *Pict-hatch*.—*Every Man in his Humour*, acted 1598.

——No, his old Cynick dad
Hath fore’t him cleane forsake his *Pickthatch* drab.
Marston’s Scourge of Villanie, 1599.

O, for a humour, looke who yon doth goe,
The meager lecher, lewd Luxurio:
’Tis he that hath the sole monopoly,
By patent, of the superb lechery.
No newe edition of drabbes comes out,
But seene and allow’d by Luxurio’s snout.
Did ever any man ere heare him talke
But of *Pick-hatch*, or of some Shoreditch baulke.—*Ibid.*

Whitefryers then was left quite unfrequented,
Clarconwell, Bancks-side, and *Pickthatch*, repented
That ever she so comonly was knowne;
For that their houses out of use were growne.
The Newe Metamorphosis, MS. circa 1600.

A thred-bare sharke. One that never was souldier, yet lives upon lendings. His profession is skeldring and odling; his banke Poules; and his ware-house Pict-hatch. Takes up single testons upon othes, till Doomes day. Falls under executions of three shillings, and enters into five-groat bonds.—*Every Man out of his Humour*, fol. ed.

I proceeded toward *Pickt-hatch*, intending to beginne their first, which, as I may fitly name it, is the very skirts of all brothel-houses.—*The Black Booke*, by T. M., 4to. Lond. 1604, p. 1.

I desire to die now, saies he, for your love, that I might be buried here.—*Rud.* A good *pick-thacht* complement, by my faith.—*Sir Gyles Goosecappe*, 1606.

Borrow'd and brought from loose Venetians,
Becoms *Pickt-hatch* and Shorediteh courtizans.—*Du Bartas*, p. 576.

The decayed vestals of *Pict-hatch* would thank you.—*Ben Jonson's Alchemist*, acted in 1610.

That runs proud of her love; pluck you by the sleeve,
Whoe'er were with you, in open street,
With the impudeny of a drunken oyster-wife;
Put on my fighting waistcoat, and the ruff
That fears no tearing; batter down the windows
Where I suspected you might lie all night;
Seratch faees, like a wild-cat of *Pick'd-hatch*.

Field's Woman is a Weathercock.

If I shall tell how thou mad'st *Pickt-hatch* smoke,
And how without smoke thou wast fired there.

Freeman's Rubbe and a Great Cast, 1614.

A Bedlam looke, shag haire, and staring eyes,
Horse-courser's tongue for oths and damned lycs;
A *Pickt-hatch* pair of pockey limping legs,
And goes like one that fees in shackles begs.

The Knaves of Spades and Diamonds, n. d.

Shift, here, in towne, not meanest among squires,
That haunt *Pickt-hatch*, Mersh-Lambeth, and White-fryers,
Keepes himselfe, with halfe a man, and defrayes
The charge of that state, with this charme, god payes.

Ben Jonson's Epigrammes, folio ed., p. 771.

Then doth this subject pase it to *Pickt-hatch*,
Shore-ditch, or Turneball, in despite o'th' watch;
And there reposing on his mistrisse lap,
Beg some fond favour, be't a golden cap.

Hutton's Follies Anatomie, 1619.

Sometimes shining in lady-like resplendent brightnesse with admiration, and suddenly againe eclipsed with the pitchy and tenebrous clouds of contempt and deserved defamation. Sometimes at the Full at *Pickt-hatch*, and sometimes in the Wane at Bridewell.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

Which strait with melancholly mov'd,
Old Bembus, burgomaster of *Pickt-hatch*,
That plunging through the sea of Turnebull streete,
He safely did arive at Smithfield Barres.—*Ibid.*

These be your *picke-hatch* curtezan wits, that merit (as one jeasts upon them)

after their decease to bee carted in Charles' waine.—*The Optick Glasse of Humors*, 1639.

If still you misse'em, go to Shorditch then,
For that's a place where whores have begger'd men ;
If there you find them not, I'le say 'tis strange,
Yet be not out of heart, for *Pickt-hatch* grange
Is the most likeliest place : For this I know,
They're either there, or gone to Rotten Row.

Mill's Night's Search, 8vo. Lond. 1640.

However, let's at the downfall of our enemies rejoyce, and send proclamations through Turnmill-street, Goulding-lane, Beech-lane, *Pick-hatch*, and in all other places where any of our societie remains.—*The Sisters of the Scabard's Holiday*, 4to. 1641.

Nim. The yearly value
Of my faire mannor of Clerkenwell, is pounds,
So many, besides New-years capons ; the Lordship
Of Turnball so—which with my *Pick-hatch* grange
And Shoreditch farm, and other premises
Adjoyning—very good, a pretty maintenance.

Muses Looking-Glasse, 12mo. Lond. 1643.

Why, the whores of *Pickt-hatch*, Turnbull, or the unmercifull bawds of Bloomsbury, under the degree of Plutus, will not let a man be acquainted with the sins of the suburbs.—*Hey for Honesty*, 1651.

Let Cupid go to Grub-street, and turn archer ;
Venus may set up at *Pickt-hatch* or Bloomsbury.—*Ibid.*

The devil is busiest i'th' Church. *Pickt-Hatch* ne're was visited ; Turnball-street needs no Reformation.—*Cleveland Revived*, 1660.

In the mean time, while they were ransacking his box and pockets, Robinson fell a railing at the colonel, giving him the base terms of rebel and murderer, and such language as none could have learned but such as had been conversant with the civil society of *Picked-hatch*, Turnbull Street, and Billingsgate, near which last place the hero had his education.—*Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*, 1664.

Some have thought erroneously that *Pickt-hatch* was in Turnbull-street, from a passage in Field's *Amends for Ladies*,—"your whore doth live in *Pickt-hatch*, Turnbole-street;" but perhaps a conjunction has been here omitted. See ed. 1639, sig. D. Other notices of this place occur in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* ; Middleton's *Works*, ed. Dyce, v. 512 ; Bromé's *Poems*, p. 310 ; *New Trick to Cheat the Devil*, cited at p. 44 of the present volume.

⁵⁵ *Will ensconce your rags.*

It has been unnecessarily proposed to take *rags* in the sense of ragings ; and also to read *brags*. The meaning of the original is perfectly clear and consistent.

To know the vice, and ignorance of all,
With any *rags* the'le drink a pot of ale :
Nay, what is more (a strange unusuall thing
With poets) they will pay the reckoning.

Randolph's Poems, 12mo. Lond. 1643.

⁵⁶ *Your cat-a-mountain looks.*

Cat-a-mountain, a wild cat of the mountains, from the Spanish *gáto montés*, "a cat of mountaine, a wilde cat," Percivale's *Dictionarie*, 1599. A cat-o'-the-

mountain, according to Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630, used to be exhibited in the Tower of London,—“like a Towre *Cal-a-Mountaine*, stare and scowle.” The catamount of North America is a larger, and different, animal.

Two pleasant fellows comming by a Bartholmew Fayre, where, mongst other shewes, divers beasts were to be seene, as a leopard, a Cat a Mountaine, and the like.—*Moderne Jestes and Witty Jeeres*, p. 144.

⁵⁷ *Your red-lattice phrases.*

That is, your tavern language, the window of lattice of red, blue, or green, being formerly the indication of an ale-house. Red appears to have been the most usual colour, allusions to the red lattice being very numerous. See the notes to Henry IV., and the examples there cited. The sign of the Green Lattice is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in *Every Man in his Humour*; and there was a Green Lattice in Cock Lane, as appears from the token of the seventeenth century here engraved. The name of Green Lettuce Lane, in the City, is probably derived from the same sign. There was also the Red Lettuce in Butcher's Row. “*Lorica*, crosse railles, or rayles made slopewise like the lattises of tavernes,” *Nomenclator*, 1585. The following from a rare work by Braithwaite, *Law of Drinking*, 12mo. Lond. 1617, is sufficiently curious to be given entire :



“*A president of binding any one apprentice to the known trade of the Iry-bush, or Red-lettice; taken out of the ancient register-booke of Potina.*—Bc it knowne unto all men by these presents, that I Ralph Rednose of Running-Spiggot in the countie of Turne-Tap, bowzer, am tide and fast bound unto Francis Fiery-face in all up-carouses, in twenty pots sterling; that is to say, not by the common can or jug now used, but by the ancient full top and good measure, according to the laudable custome of the Red Lettice of Nip-scalpe; to the which said payment well and truely to be made, I bind me, my heires, ale-squires, pot-companions, lick-wimbles, malt-wormes, vine-fretters, and other faithfull drunkards, firmly by these presents: Dated the thirteenth of Scant-sober, and sealed with *O I am sicke*, and delivered with a bowle and a broome in the presence of the ostler, the tapster, and the chamberlaine.”

⁵⁸ *Your bold-beating oaths.*

The MS. reads *blunderbust*, and *bull-baiting* and *bold-bearing* have also been suggested. In a sermon by W. Kethe, 1570, *bull-baiting* is spelt *bul-beating*. I believe the original text to be right. Pistol's oaths are bold and violent, and may well be said to be bold beating, or bold *and* beating, all compounds of this kind being common in Elizabethan writers. Bold-beating oaths are explained by Capell,—“oaths utter'd with a boldness capable of beating down an antagonist, of out facing him.”

“Shield this vain breath; *beat* at some ladies eare,” Day's *Ile of Guls*, 4to. Lond. 1633.

⁵⁹ *I do relent.*

Relent seems here to be used in the sense of, to grieve or repent. The quarto reads *recant*. “Alas! it causeth to *relent* eche Christian hart that heareth therof, first to consider how wickedly shee violated the commaundements of our God,” Munday's *View of Sundry Examples*, 1580.

⁶⁰ *Good maid, then.*

Am. Wilder and wilder still! I begin to be afraid of him; pray let me go; is this discourse for maids? *Pam.* I, as good a milkmaid as my nurse, I'll warrant you.—*Love's Kingdom*, 1664, p. 15.

If ever Iee doe come heare againe, Iee zaid,
Chill give thee my mother vor a maid.—*MS. Ashmole 36.*

⁶¹ *You have brought her into such a canaries.*

Canaries is Mrs. Quickly's blunder for, *quandary*.

⁶² *Coach after coach.*

According to Stowe, "in the year 1564, Guiliam Boonen, a Dutelman, became the Queene's coachman, and was the first that brought the use of coaches into England: after a while, divers great ladies, with as great jealousie of the



Queen's displeasure, made them coaches, and rid in them up and downe the countries, to the great admiration of all the beholders; but then, by little and little, they grew usuall among the nobilitie and others of sort, and, within twenty yeeres, became a great trade of coach-making." This ac-

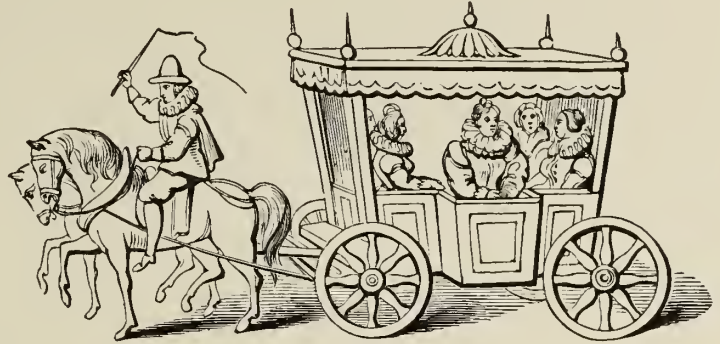
count is repeated, with a few humorous additions, by Taylor the Water-Poet. Coaches became exceedingly common towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth, and allusions to them are very numerous. Davenant, at a later period, thus introduces a Frenchman speaking of the coaches of London:—

"I have now left your houses, and am passing through your streets; but, not in a coach, for they are uneasily hung, and so narrow, that I took them for sedans upon wheelles: nor is it safe for a stranger to use them till the quarrel be decided, whether six of your nobles, sitting together, shall stop, and give place to as many barrels of beer. Your city is the only metropolis of Europe, where there is a wonderful dignity belonging to earts. Master Londoner! be not so hot against coaches: take advice from one that eats much sorrel in his broth. Can you be too evil to such a singular gentry as bravely scorn to be provident? who, when they have no business here to employ them, nor publick pleasures to divert them, yet even then kindly invent occasions to bring them hither, that, at your own rates, they may change their land for your wares; and have purposely avoided the course study of arithmetiek, lest they should be able to affront you with examining your aecompts."

The two engravings, representing the coaches of Queen Elizabeth and her maids of honour, are copied by Mr. Fairholt from the view of Nonsuch House in Braun's *Civitates Orbis Terrarum*, 1582.

There is an interesting account of coaches in Moryson's *Itinerary*, 1617,—
"Coaches are not to be hired any where but only at London; and howsoever England is for the most part plaine, or consisting of little pleasant hilles, yet the

waies farre from London are so durty, as hired coach-men doe not ordinarily take any long journies, but onely for one or two daies any way from London, the wayes so farre being sandy and very faire, and continually kept so by labour of hands. And, for a dayes journey, a coach with two horses used to be let for some ten shillings the day (or, the way being short, for some eight shillings, so as the passengers paid for the horses meat), or some fiftene shillings a day for three horses, the coach-man paying for his horses meate. Sixtie or seventy yeeres agoe, coaches were very rare in England, but at this day pride is so farre increased, as there be few gentlemen of any account (I meane elder brothers), who have not their coaches, so as the streetes of London are almost stoped up with them. Yea, they who onely respect comlinesse and profit, and are thought free from pride, yet have coaches, because they find the keeping thereof more commodious and



profitable then of horses, since two or three coach-horses will draw foure or five persons, besides the commodity of carrying many necessaries in a coach. In Ireland, since the end of the civill warre, some lords and knights have brought in coaches to Dublin, but they are not generally used, neither are there any to bee hired, though the waies be most plaine and generally good for coaches.”

⁶³ *And in such alligant terms.*

So the physitian tooke the water, which having put into an urinall and viewed it, hee said, My friend, thy wife is very weake: truly, quoth hee, I thinke shee bee in a presumption: a consumption thou wouldst say, said the physitian: I told you before (the fellow replyed) that I doe not understand your *allegant* speeches. Well, quoth the Doctor, doth thy wife keepe her bed? No, truly, sir, said hee, shee sold her bed a fortnight since.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

⁶⁴ *She leads a very frampold life with him.*

Frampold, vexatious, troublesome, peevish. “*Frampald* or *frampard*, fretful, peevish, cross, froward; as *froward* comes from *from*, so may *frampard*,” Ray’s South and East Country Words, ed. 1691, p. 98. Kennett, MS. Lansd. 1033, gives it as a Sussex word in the same sense; but it now seems to be obsolete, although possibly still preserved in the term *frump*, a sour, ill-natured person, and in the provincial verb *frummicate*, to give one’s self airs, to be uneasy or fretful at trifles. Nash, says Steevens, in his Praise of the Red Herring, 1599, speaking of Leander, says, “the churlish *frampold* waves gave him his belly-full of fish-broth.” It is spelt differently in the London Prodigal,—“nay, but an you be well avisen, it were not good, by this *vrampolness* and vrowardness.” In Charron’s Book of Wisdom, that gift is mentioned as “a kind of sullen, frowning and *frampole* austerity in opinions;” and Steevens quotes the Roaring Girle, 1611,—“are we fitted with good *phrampell* jades?” In Hacket’s Life of Williams, observes Johnson, a *frampul man* signifies a peevish troublesome fellow.

In the Inner Temple Masque, by Middleton, 1619: “—’tis so *frampole*, the Puritans will never yield to it.” Again, in the Blind Beggar of Bethnal-

Green, by John Day: "I think the fellow's *frampell*," &c. And, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at Several Weapons*: "Is Pompey grown so malapert, so *frampel*?" (*Steevens*.)

Mop. What a goodyer aile you, mother, are you *frampull*? know you not your owne daughter?—*Day's Ile of Gulls*, 1633.

By how much the more I see how an ill will'd and *frampled* waspishness has broken forth, to the royling and firing of the age wherein we live.—*N. Fairfax, Bulk and Selvedge of the World*, 1674.

⁶⁵ *Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too.*

"I, and your mother, and your sister Beasse, have all in generall our hartie commendations unto you," Letter dated 1593. "After my moste *hartie commendations* remembred unto you, very lovinge eozen, hopinge in God that you are in good healthe, as I was at the makinge hereof," Letter, 1612.

Goos. Not we, sir; you are a captaine, and a leader. *Rnd.* Besides, thou art eommended for the better man, for thou art very Commendations it selfe, and Captaine Commendations. *Foul.* Why, what tho I be Captaine Commendations? *Rnd.* Why, and Captain Commendations is hartie eommendations; for eaptaines are hartie I am sure, or else hang them. *Foul.* Why, what if I bee Hartie Commendations? come, come, sweete knights, leade the way. *Rnd.* O Lorde, sir, alwaies after my Hartie Commendations. *Foul.* Nay, then, you eonquer mee with president, by the autenticall forme of all Justice letters.—*Sir Gyles Goosecappe Knight*, 1606.

"He sends you hearty commendations, *plurima salute te impertit*," *Familiares Colloquendi Formulæ*, 1678.

⁶⁶ *Surely, I think you have charms.*

Mrs. Quickly means love-charms. The quarto reads,—"by my troth, I think you work by inchantments." Newton, in his *Tryall of a Man's owne Selfe*, 12mo. Lond. 1602, p. 116, ap. Brand, enquires, under *Breaches* of the seventh Commandment, "Whether by any seeret sleight, or eunning, as drinkes, drugges, medicines, *charmed potions, amatorions philters*, figures, eharacters, or any such like paltering instruments, devises, or practises, thou hast gone about to procure others to doate for love of thee."

⁶⁷ *That were a jest, indeed!*

"O Lord, sir, that were a jest, indeed," *Every Man in his Humour*. "That is a jest, indeed," *London Prodigal*, 1605. "Marry, there were a jest, indeed," *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607. "*Her.* But cannot you tell what it is?—*Bnf.* That were a fine jest, indeed," *Goughe's Queen*, 1653. "That were a fine *jest* indeed," *Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter*, 1671, p. 20.

Not have her will, *that were a jest indeed!*

Who sayes she shall not, if I be dispos'd?

How to Choose a good Wife from a Bad, 1634.

⁶⁸ *Take all, pay all.*

This was proverbial. "Take all and pay all" is amongst the proverbs eommuniated by Mr. A. Paschall of Chedsey, co. Somerset, in *Ray's English Proverbs*, ed. 1678, p. 349.

I had keys of all, kept all, receiv'd all, had money in my purse, spent what I would, went abroad when I would, eame home when I would, and did all what I would. O, my sweet husband! I shall never have the like.—*The Puritan*.

⁶⁹ *This punk is one of Cupid's carriers.*

"Dr. Farmer observes that the word *punk* has been unnecessarily altered to

pink. In Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, justice Overdo says of the pig-woman;—She hath been before me, *punk*, *pinnacle*, and bawd, any time these two and twenty years."—*Steevens*. The words *pink* and *punk* would seem to have been occasionally interexchangeable.

— These gentlemen know better
To cut a caper than a cable,
Or board a *pink* in the burdcls, than a pinnacle at sea.
Glaphorne's Ladies Priviledge, 1640.

⁷⁰ *Up with your fights*.

"Ornaments, top armour, are cut out of red kersey and tabled, or any thing such as old cloathes, sails cut up against the enemy's small arms: the word is now obsolete. In the fore part of a ship and the shrouds it is called top armour or armings, in the hinder it is called a barricado. In Boteler's Sea Dialogues, 1688, I find the term thus explained:—Aders, which are those you term the waste clothes Capt. by a general appellation all the cloathes which are hung about the eage work; that is, the very uppermost works of a ship's hull are called waste cloathes, and the use of them is to shade the men from being seen by the enemy."—*Croft*. So, Dryden,—

Whoever saw a noble sight,
That never view'd a brave sea fight,
Hang up your bloody colours in the air,
Up with your fights, and your nettings prepare.

The following is extracted from *Steevens*:—So, in Heywood and Rowley's comedy, called Fortune by Land and Sea: "—display'd their ensigns, *up with all their feights*, their matches in their eocks," &c. Again, in the Christian turned Turk, 1612: "Lace the netting and let down the *fights*, make ready the shot," &c. Again, in the Fair Maid of the West, 1615:

Then now *up with your fights*, and let your ensigns,
Blest with St. George's cross, play with the winds.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*:

—while I were able to endure a tempest,
And bear my *fights* out bravely, till my tackle
Whistled i' th' wind—.

This passage may receive an additional and perhaps a somewhat different illustration from Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 4to. 1627. In p. 58 he says: "But if you see your chase strip himself into *fighting* sailes, that is, to put out his colours in the poepe, his flag in the maine top, his streamers or pendants at the end of his yards' arms, &c., provide yourself to fight." Again, p. 60: "Thus they use to strip themselves into their short sailes, or *fighting* sailes, which is only the fore sail, the maine and fore top sailes, because the rest should not be fired or spoiled; besides, they would be troublesome to handle, hinder our sights and the using of our armes: he makes ready his *close fights* fore and aft." In a former passage, p. 58, he has said that "a ship's *close fights* are small ledges of wood laid crosse one another, like the grates of iron in a prison's window, betwixt the maine mast and the fore mast, and are called gratings or nettings," &c. (*Steevens*.) Coles, in his *English Dictionary*, 1676, explains *fights* to be, "coverts, any places where men may stand unseen, and use their arms in a ship."

"A *pink*," says Warburton, "is a vessel of the small crafts employed as a *carrier* (and so called) for merchants. Fletcher uses the word in his *Tamer Tamed*:

This *pink*, this painted foist, this cockle-boat,
To hang her *figh*ts out, and defy me, friends!
A well known man of war.—

“As to the word *figh*ts, both in the text and in the quotation, it was a common sea-term. Sir Richard Hawkins, in his *Voyages*, p. 66, says: ‘For once we cleared her deck, and had we been able to have spared but a dozen men, doubtless we had done with her what we would; for she had no close *figh*ts.’”

⁷¹ *Or oceanwhelm them all!*

Whelm, to bury, to overwhelm. “Coined silver &c., I *whelmed* altogether in a dry ditch,” *Painter’s Palace of Pleasure*, 1567. “The Arabian prince is *whelv*de amidst the sands,” *Warres of Cyrus King of Persia*, 1594. “The most illuminating tapers of religion and learning are *whelm’d* under a bushell of obstinacy and ignorance,” *Golden Fleece*, 1657.

⁷² *Sent your worship a morning’s draught of sack.*

In Shakespeare’s time, and long previously, it was usual to take a “morning draught” of ale, beer, wine, or spirits; and it was, moreover, then common for persons to commence an acquaintance by presents of liquor. Before the close of the seventeenth century, coffee had, to some extent, replaced the other drinks as far as regards their use at an early period of the day. Howell, speaking of coffee in 1659, observes,—“But, besides the exsiccant quality it hath to dry up the crudities of the stomach, as also to comfort the brain, to fortifie the sight with its steem, and prevent dropsies, gouts, the scurvie, together with the spleen and hypocondriacall windes (all which it doth without any violence or distemper at all), I say, besides all these qualities, ’tis found already that this coffee-drink hath caused a greater sobriety among the nations: for whereas formerly apprentices and clerks, with others, used to take their *morning’s draught* in ale, beer, or wine, which by the dizziness they cause in the brain, make many unfit for businesse, they use now to play the good-fellows in this wakefull and civill drink.” One of the earliest allusions to the morning’s draught occurs in the old English metrical romance of *Sir Eglamour of Artois*, in the following lines:—

Bryght helmes he fonde strawed wyde,
As men of armys had loste ther pryde,
That wyekyd bore had them slayne!
To a clyfe of ston than rydyth hec,
And say the bore come fro the see,
Hys *morne-drynke* he had tane.

In *Rowlands’ Knave of Harts*, there is a somewhat curious story related respecting a lady’s morning’s-draught of muscadine:—

A *morning’s draught* one was enjoyn’d for to allow his wife,
Condition’d in her widdow-hood; and he t’ avoide all strife
Kept covenant: unwilling tho, for every day a cup
Must be prepared of muscadine, against her rising up.
And that she emptied all alone, (her husband had no share,)
Telling him, she great reason had to see the bottome bare,
Because there was a crucifixe graven within the bowle:
And to behold that image, was a comfort to her soule.
He, hearing this, taketh the cuppe, and to a gold-smith goes,
Willing him race that picture out, and in the stead, bestowes
The doing of a divel’s face, with hornes most largely fraught,
Conveying it in place againe, to serve the morning’s draught.

His wife next day doth take the same, according to her use ;
 And filling out the wine therein, perceiving the abuse,
 Smiles to her selfe, then drinke it off, and fills it out againe,
 And that she turneth likewise downe, in a carousing vaine.
 Hold wife (quoth he), you drinke too deepe, your lowance you exceed :
 You see no Saviour's picture now, and therefore pray take heed.
 I know it very well (said she),—My husband, thinke not strange ;
 My cup hath alter'd fashion now, and that doth make me change.
 In place of Christ, I doe behold a divell sterne and grim,
 Which makes me drinke a double draught, even in despite of him.
 Sure, wife (quoth he) I like not this : the picture shall be mended :
 For if you spite the divell thus, my purse will be offended.

The custome of drinking in the mornings fasting, a large draught of white wine, or of Rhenish wine, or of beere, hath almost with all men so farre prevailed, as that they judge it a principall meanes for the preservation of their health ; whereas in very deed, it is, being without respect had of the state or constitution of the body, inconsideratly used, the occasion of much hurt and discommodity. For convelling therefore of this vaine eustome, I answer, that the drinking of a large draught fasting of the aforesaid wines, or stale beere, if it shall be more agreeable to the body, is only good for them that are of an hot and dry constitution, or subject to obstructions, so they be not of a very eold and moyst temperature, that the siccity of the stomaek may be mitigated, and any slimie or obstructive humor residing in it, in the liver, veines or reines, removed and cleansed away : which the taking of a large draught fasting of stale beere, or of one of the foresaid wines, especially if a lymnon be macerated in it, as aforesaid, do notably performe. But this may not so generally be taken, as that it is allowable for every one that hath an hot and dry state of body, to drink a large draught mornings fasting : for it is not convenient for such as are very rheumatiek, though they are of dry temperature of body, because it will greatly encrease rheumes ; but to such, a small draught, to temper only the siccity of the stomaek, is to be exhibited. And here it may be demanded, whether or no it be good to drink stronger wines fasting, as muskadell, malmsey, or such like : I know that it is utterly forbidden, as pernicious to the body, which I likewise averre, in respect of the younger sort of people ; but for the aged, in whom the radicall moysture and heat is decayed, I deeme it to be very wholesome, especially in cold countries, and in the eold times of the yeere, because they are very comfortable and restorative : wherefore to drink mornings fasting, a draught of muskadell or malmsey, and also to eat tosts of fine manchet-bread sopped therein, is no bad break-fast for old folkes, as I suppose.—*Venner's Via Recta ad Vitam Longam*, 1637.

Now, gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid,
 But that you have heard of a little god of love eall'd Cupid ;
 Who, out of kindness to Leander, hearing he but saw her,
 This present day and hour doth turn himself to a drawer.
 And because he would have their first meeting to be merry,
 He strikes Hero in love to him with a pint of sherry ;
 Which he tells her from amorous Leander is sent her,
 Who after him into the room of Hero doth venture.

Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair.

Enquire what gallants sup in the next room ; and, if they be any of your acquaintance, do not you, after the eity fashion, send them in a pottle of wine, and your name, sweetened in two pitiful papers of sugar, with some filthy apology crammed into the mouth of a drawer.—*Decker's Gull's Hornbook*, 1609.

Ben: Johnson was at a tavern, and in comes Bishoppe Corbett (but not so then) into the next roome; Ben: Johnson calls for a quart of *raw* wine, gives it the tapster: Sirrha, sayes he, carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him I sacrifice my service to him; the fellow did so, and in those words: Friend, sayes Dr. Corbett, I thanke him for his love; but pr'y thee tell hym from me, hee's mistaken, for sacrifices are allwayes *burn't*.—*MS. Harl.* 6395, *stories collected by L' Estrange*.

Consume what I have gather'd, at a breakfast
Or *morning's draught*?—*Shirley's Wedding*, 1629.

A handsome yong fellow having seene a play at the Curtaine, comes to William Rowly after the play was done, and intreated him, if his leisure served, that hee might give him a pottle of wine to bee better acquainted with him.—*Moderne Jests and Witty Jeeres*, p. 64.

Then he comes ruffling, ere his braynes be stedly,
With drinking sacke, and claret over night.
Untrust, unbutton'd, and scarce halfe made ready,
Of his new mistris for to have a sight,
Hoping in time to be thy favorite.
And needs must feele if that thy brests are soft,
And give thee in thy bed thy *mornings draft*.

Cranley's Amanda, 4to. Lond. 1635.

A Welch minister being to preach on a Sunday, certaine merry companions had got him into a celler to drinke his *mornings draught*, and in the meane while stole his notes out of his pocket. Hee nothing doubting, went to the church into the pulpit, where having ended his prayer, he mist at last his notes, wherefore hee saide; My good neighbours, I have lost my sermon, but I will reade you a chaptier in Job shall be worth two of it.—*Gratiæ Ludentes*, 1638, p. 24.

So, so, Catalina; I will put your *morning's draught* in my pocket.—*Shirley's Maid's Revenge*, 1639.

Revenge, more sweet then muscadine and egges,
To day I will embrace thee! Healths in bloud
Are souldiers *mornings-draughts*.—*Jealous Lovers*, 1646.

This made me prepare to receive it with a wider throat than the singing-man that swallowed a drown'd mouse in his *mornings-draught*.—*The Comical History of Francion*, 1655.

Fail. No, I vow to —, Will, I have a better opinion of thy wit, than to think thou would'st come to so little purpose.—*Bib*. Pretty well that: No, no; my business is to drink my *mornings-draught* in sack with you.—*Fail*. Will not ale serve the turn, Will?—*Bib*. I had too much of that last night; I was a little disguis'd, as they say.—*The Wilde Gallant*, 1669.

Merr. I will leave my *mornings draught* of mum and wormwood, and breakfast hereafter upon new laid eggs, amber-greece and gravy.—*Bell*. Trouble not yourself, I will breakfast before I come to you, and sup heartily before I go to bed.—*Bellamira*, 1687.

I came to the Three Tuns before Guildhall, where the general had quartered two nights before. I entered the tavern with a servant and portmanteau, and asked for a room, which I had scarce got into *but wine followed me as a present* from some citizens, desiring leave to drink their morning's draught with me.—*Life of Monk*, ap. Reed.

He surely had not drunk his *mornings draught*,
To clear his eyes, or else his sight was naught :
Or having drunk too much, his sight did trouble,
He could not see at all, or all things double.—*Poor Robin*, 1693.

A toast, and pot of ale I think,
Is very good for *mornings drink*,
Or sugar mixed in March bear,
That's stout and strong, and stale, and clear.—*Poor Robin*, 1712.

Conf. Most unfacetious kinsman, I thank you most obsequiously, I cannot wish him into better hands for his improvement, and therefore readily embrace your kind offer; but I hope you are well, kinsman, by reason your countenance looks as if you had drank verjuice for your *mornings draught*.—*The Rehearsal*, 1718.

⁷³ *Followed by Ford.*

The modern editors read, “with Ford *disguised* ;” but the correctness of this direction may be questioned; even although he afterwards asks Falstaff,—“Do you know Ford?” I apprehend that this question was one arising from an excessive anxiety, presumed naturally to exist in one of Ford's jealous disposition; not that it implies the existence of a disguise in feature or dress.

⁷⁴ *Give us leave, drawer.*

The accompanying engraving of a drawer at an inn, is taken from a black-letter ballad of the seventeenth century preserved in the Roxburghe collection in the British Museum.

⁷⁵ *Not to charge you.*

That is, not to put you to any expence.—*Dr. Johnson.*

⁷⁶ *If you will help to bear it.*

The MS. reads,—“If you will help *me* to bear it.”

⁷⁷ *There is a gentlewoman in this town.*

The conduct of this is entirely changed in the manuscript mentioned at p. 238, which reads as follows:—

“*Ford.* There is a gentleman in this town, his name is Ford, whose wife I have long loved.

“*Fal.* Well, sir.

“*Ford.* And, I protest to you, bestowed much on her.”

⁷⁸ *To know what she would have given.*

In other words, to ascertain what kind of presents she would prefer to be given to her.

⁷⁹ *Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

Ben Jonson, *Workes*, ed. 1616, p. 827, has a song, “That women are but men's shaddowes,” commencing,—



Follow a shaddow, it still flies you ;
 Seeme to flye it, it will pursue :
 So court a mistris, shee denyes you ;
 Let her alone, shee will court you.
 Say, are not women truely, then,
 Stil'd but the shaddowes of us men ?

This song is also inserted in *Wits Recreations*, 1640, and in *Beedome's Poems Divine and Humane*, 1641. In the latter work there is a reply, "Women are not men's shadowes," which commences as follows :—

The sunne absented, shadowes then
 Cease to put on the formes of men.
 But wives, their husbands absent, may
 Beare best their formes (they being away).
 Say, are not women falsly then
 Stil'd but the shadowes of us men.

The lines in the text, observes Malone, have much the air of a quotation, but I know not whether they belong to any contemporary writer. In Florio's *Second Fruites*, 1591, are the following verses, quoted by Malone :

Di donna é, et sempre fu natura,
 Odiar chi l'ama, e chi non l'ama cura.

Again :

—— Sono simili a crocodilli,
 Chi per prender l'huomo, piangono, e preso la devorano,
 Chi le fugge seguono, e chi le segue fuggono.

Thus translated by Florio :

—— they are like crocodiles,
 They weep to winne, and wonne they cause to die,
Follow men flying, and men following fly.—Malone.

"Thus also in a sonnet by Queen Elizabeth, preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford :

" My care is *like my shaddowe* in the sunne,
Follows me stinge, flies when I pursue it."—Steevens.

Never 'till now unkinde, unkinde as death,
 Still slow and tedious unto those that seek't ;
 Flying away from her pursuers eye,
 And with all speed pursuing them that flie.

The Wizard, an unpublished drama, c. 1640.

⁸⁰ *By mistaking the place where I erected it.*

By the law of England, a person who built on ground to which he could not prove his title, forfeited all right to the house thereon erected.

⁸¹ *Of great admittance.*

That is, says Steevens, admitted into all, or the greatest companies. Compare Ben Jonson, ii. 494.

World, I have two requests to thee, which if thou grant mee, I will never thanke thee : the first is good cloathes, for those beare a monstrous sway, because I have occasion to speake with *great* men, and without good cloathes (like a golden sheath to a leaden blade) there is no *admittance*.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

Dame. I must admit her ; these ladies are so inward with our trickes, there's no good to be done upon them : well, Madam, your *admittance* is open ; will you follow ?—*Day's Ile of Gulls*, 1633.

⁸² *The folly of my soul dares not present itself.*

The Perkins MS. reads *suit* for *soul*; thus commented upon by Mr. Smibert:—"A most lame and impotent substitution, certainly. Ford admits the folly of soul freely, that made him pursue such a suit; but he is not likely to have ever spoken of 'presenting the folly of his suit' to its object. At least, to use more correct language, the dramatist is not likely to have made him so speak. But we ever forget, when talking of the characters of Shakespeare, that the objects of discourse are creatures of the imagination, and therein we pay him unconsciously the highest conceivable tribute."

⁸³ *She is too bright to be looked against.*

Nimium lubricus aspici.—*Horace*, ap. Malone.

⁸⁴ *From the ward of her purity.*

That is, says Steevens, the *defence* of it. "What Ford means to say is," observes M. Mason, "that if he could once detect her in a crime, he should then be able to drive her from those *defences*, with which she would otherwise *ward* off his addresses, such as her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, &c."

⁸⁵ *Hang him, poor cuckoldy knave!*

He was well natured, but soon angry, calling his servants bastards and *cuckoldly knaves*, in one of which he often spoke truth to his own knowledge, and sometimes in both, tho' of the same man. He lived to a hundred, never lost his eye-sight, but always writ and read without spectacles, and got on horseback without help. Until past fourscore he rid to the death of a stag as well as any.—*Character of a County Gentleman, in the Earl of Shaftesbury's Memoirs.*

⁸⁶ *The key of the cuckoldy rogue's coffer.*

The MS. reads,—“the key to the cuckoldy rogue's coffer.” For *harvest-home*, the early quarto has *randevowes*.

⁸⁷ *Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue!*

I cannot discover the signification of this latter epithet, unless it mean one who, pursuing a sordid economy, used salt butter instead of fresh.—*M. Mason.*

⁸⁸ *I will aggravate his style.*

That is, add to his titles. [This play is full of allusions to cuckoldism, which are not always worth explanation for readers of the present day.] So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611, ap. Steevens,—“I will create lords of a *greater style*.” Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, b. v. c. 2:

As to abandon that which doth contain
Your honour's *stile*, that is, your warlike shield.

⁸⁹ *Amaimon sounds well.*

Amaimon and Barbason are found in the old list of devils. “Amaymon is the chief whose dominion is on the North part of the infernal gulf,” Holme's *Acad. Arm.* II. i. 22; “Barbos is like a lion; under him are thirty-six legions,” *ibid.* Among the old magicians, Amaimon was king of the West. “These are the names of the kinges, Oriens, Amaimon, Paymon, Ægin,” Dr. Forman's MSS.

⁹⁰ *Barbason, well.*

Marbas, *alias* Barbason is a great president, and appeareth in the forme of a mightie lion; but at the commandement of a conjuror commeth up in the likenes of a man, and answereth fullie as touching anie thing which is hidden or seeret: he bringeth diseases, and cureth them; he promoteth wisdome, and the knowledge

of mechanicall arts, or handicrafts; he chaungeth men into other shapes, and under his presidencie or government are thirtie six legions of divels contained.—*Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584.

⁹¹ *But cuckold! wittol-cuckold!*

“*Wittal*, is a cuckold that *witts all* or knows all: that is, knows himself to be so, and is contented with it.”—*Ladies Dictionary*, 1694. A. S. wit-an. “A wittall cannot be a cuckold: for a cuckolde is wronged by his wife, which a wittall cannot bee; for *volenti non fit injuria*,” the Mountebank’s Mask.

A cuckold thinks himselfe safe if he can avoide the name of *wittall*. For hee thinks men may conceive much water goes by the mill, which the miller knowes not of; and an honest man may bee ignorant of his wives wickednesse; but to give way to filthinesse, and yeeld to a wives prostitution, is a beastialitie contrary to nature and reason.—*Rich Cabinet furnished with Varietie of Excellent Descriptions*, 1616.

I gave it, that thou might’st not be a wital,
Hee an adulterer, I a property.—*The Slighted Maid*, p. 36.

He beareth Sable, a *Wittals* face, couped at the shoulders, proper: Horns Or. This may very well be a contented cuckold, seeing his horns are made of gold. Argent on a bend Sable, 3 Wittalls Faces Argent, is born by the name of *Whittall*, *Wittall* or *Witwell*, in Yorkshier.—*Holme*, 1688.

Compare Banks’s Vertue Betray’d, 1682, p. 21.

In a case in our law reports, quoted by Mr. B. Field, Holt, C. J., said:—“To call a man a *cuckold* was not an ecclesiastical slander, but *wittal* was, for it imports his knowledge of, and consent to, his wife’s adultery.”—*Smith v. Wood*, 2 Salkeld, 692. At the end of the present speech, the MS. reads again, “cuckold! wittoll-cuckold!”

⁹² *The devil himself hath not such a name.*

The following passage is here added in the quarto:—“And they may hang hats here, and napkins here, upon my hornes.” In the time of Shakespeare, hats were generally hung on horns fixed to the wall.

⁹³ *I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter.*

The said prentise entring by and by into his maisters printing-house, and finding a Duchman there working at the presse, straight stept unto him and snatching the bals out of his hands, gave him a good cuffe on the eare, and sayd: Why, how now, *Butter-boxe*, cannot a man so soone turne his backe to fetch his maister a messe of mustard, but you to step straight into his place?—*Copley’s Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

I could wish my lines might please like *cheese to a Welchman*, *butter to a Flemine*, usquebaugh to an Irishman, or honey to a beare: To conclude, I wish best to the Protestant, I pittie the Papist, praying for the perseverance of the one, and a reformation of the other. Meane time, my boat, like a barbers shop, is readie for all commers, bee they of what Religion they will, paying their Fare.—*Taylor’s Workes*, 1630.

⁹⁴ *Parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese.*

The way to make a *Welchman* thirst for bliss,
And say his prayers daily on his knees;
Is to persuade him that most certain ’tis
The *moon* is made of nothing but *green cheese*:

And he'll desire of God no greater boon,
But place in heaven to feed upon the moon.

Taylor, ap. Grey, i. 106.

⁹⁵ *Eleven o'clock the hour.*

“It is necessary for the business of the piece that Falstaff should be at Ford’s house before his return. Hence our author made him name the later hour. See Act III. sc. 2:—‘The clock gives me my cue;—there *I shall find Falstaff.*’ When he says above, ‘I shall prevent *this*,’ he means, not the meeting, but his wife’s effecting her purpose.”—*Malone*.

⁹⁶ *De herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him.*

“Is shee quite dead?—*Cice*. Dead as a herring, sir,” Totenham Court, 1638. “’Tis her flurry; she’s as dead as a herring,” MS. ballad.

⁹⁷ *Thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, &c.*

Stock, a corruption of the Italian *stoccata*, “a foyne, a thrust, a stoccado given in fence,” Florio, ed. 1598. *Punto* is also Italian.

But in what fence-schoole, of what master, say,
Brave pearl of souldiers, learnd thy hands to play
So at so sundry weapons, such passados,
Such thrusts, such foyns, stramazos, and stoccados?—*Du Bartas*.

Now I being bound by the duello, having accepted the challenge, to seek no advantage, but even to deal with him at his own weapon, entered the lists with him, and fighting after the old English manner without the *stockados*, for to foin or strike below the girdle, we counted it base and too cowardly, after half a score downright blows, we grew to be friends.—*Met. Ajax*.

⁹⁸ *Is he dead, my Francisco?*

That is, my Frenchman. The quarto reads, *my Francoyes*. (*Malone*.)

⁹⁹ *My heart of elder.*

“It should be remember’d, to make this joke relish, that the *elder* tree has *no heart*. I suppose this expression was made use of in opposition to the common one, *heart of oak*.”—*Steevens*. It may be, however, that the phrase was conventional, like “hearts of gold,” &c.

Well pumpt, *my hearts of gold*, who sayes amends
East and by South, West and by North she wends.
This was a weather with a wisse here,
But now we see the skyes begin to cleare.—*Taylor’s Workes*, 1630.

¹⁰⁰ *Thou art a Castilian, King-Urinal!*

“*Castilian* and *Ethiopian*, like *Cataian*, appear in our author’s time to have been cant terms. I have met with them in more than one of the old comedies. So, in a description of the Armada introduced in the Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London, 1590:—‘To carry, as it were, a careless regard of these *Castilians*, and their accustomed bravado.’ Again: ‘To parley with the proud *Castilians*.’ I suppose *Castilian* was the cant term for *Spaniard* in general,”—*Steevens*. “Then know, *Castilian* cavaleros, this,” Three Ladies of London, 4to. Lond. 1590.

“I believe this was a popular slur upon the Spaniards, who were held in great contempt after the business of the Armada. Thus we have a Treatise Parænetical, wherein is shewed the right Way to resist the *Castilian King*; and a sonnet

prefixed to Lea's Answer to the Untruths published in Spain, in glorie of their supposed Victory atchieved against our English Navie, begins:—"Thou fond *Castilian king!*"—and so in other places."—*Farmer*.

"The Host, who, availing himself of the poor Doctor's ignorance of English phraseology, applies to him all kinds of opprobrious terms, here means to call him *a coward*. So, in the Three Lords of London, 1590:

"My lordes, what means these gallantes to performe?
Come these *Castillian cowards* but to brave?
Do all these mountains move, to breed a mouse?"

"There may, however, be also an allusion to his profession, as a *water-caster*."—*Malone*. The term *Castilian* is also used by the Host, in the Merry Devil of Edmonton, 1608, the writer of which was probably familiar with the Merry Wives of Windsor. It is scarcely necessary to observe that the term *Castilian*, *in Spain*, would not be at all one of reproach.

But, *hinc pudor!* or rather, *hinc dolor*; heeres the divell! It is not the ratling of all this former haile-shot, that can terrifie our band of Castalian penmen from entring into the field.—*Decker's Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603.

Gods a mee! What 'll you doe? Why, yong master, you are not *Castalian* mad, lunatike, frantike, desperate? ha?—*Jouson's Poetaster*, 1602.

All sorts of compound of the epithet *bully* were common. Thus *Bully-Huff* occurs in the Ladies Dictionary, 8vo. 1694. It is unnecessary to explain why Caius is termed Bully Stale, and King Urinal, in reference to the practice mentioned in this volume, p. 80; but it is worthy of remark that in the magical MS. of Dr. Caius, there is given the following account of a process for conjuring a spirit into a "ehrystal stone, or glasse, or *urynalle*:"—

"*Pro cristallo, aut urinali, aut speculo*.—In the name of the Father, ✠ and of the Son, and of the Holye Ghost, ✠ Amen. I praye the heavynelye Father, as thou art the Maker of heavine and yearthe, and of all thinges therin contened, and not onlye hast made them, but also doist worke besides ther creation wonderfullye in them, as well in angels and thye celestiall sperites, as also in men, foule, fishe, and bestes, as in other sensible thinges, as in wodes, trese, water, stones, gresse, and herbes, bye the whiche ther operation we are movede to prayse thye holye name, and to saye holye God and heavynelye Father, make me nowe to pereeive and understande theye mervilous workes in this elere and puer Christall. O Lord, thou hast promised to graunt as a mereyfull Father all that ever I in faythe do aske of thye dear Sonn, Jhesus Christ ouer Lord, nowe blessed Father as thou art the God of all trwthe I beseeche the therefore for thye blessed Sonn Jhesus Christ his sake to performe thye promise nowe unto me as thou espeeallye lovist him, Amen. And as thou hast givven all thinges into the handes of thye deare son that whosoever belevithe on him shall not be destitute of anye thinge that makethe to the preferment of thye glorye and thye devine magistye, Evne so O Lord Jhesus Christ as I intend bye thye grace the increase of thye glorye graunt me to sped of the sight of this or those thye holye angels and messingers that now I intende bye the grace of God and sufferance of the to adjuer in this chr. stone or glasse or urynalle the spirite N. to appeare nowe heare before me. Graunt therefore unto me O Lord as trulye as the Lord sawe the legion in the man, evne so graunt that mye vile natuer, bye thye blessed deathe, maye be restored to this perfect sight of this thye ancell, so trewlye lett thye goodnes worke with me in this puer christall stone, or then that whensoever I adjuere of or for anye ancell or spirite unto hit I maye by thye godlye pover be lightened to se him as truelye as thye faythefull and trustye servaunt Moyses strykinge upon the roeke did se water gushe out of the roeke, and as bye the pover of thye divine spirite this was done,

evne so likewise bye the pouer of the same spirite that I maye nowe unfaynedlye se this spirite N. in this puer christall stone, In the name of the Father and of the Sonn and of the Holye Ghost, ✠ ✠ ✠. Fiat! fiat! fiat!”

The three urinals, here engraved, are copied from woodcuts on the title-page to a little tract entitled, ‘Here begynneth the seyng of Urynes of al the coloures that urynes be of, and the Medycynes annexed to every Uryne, very necessary for every man to knowe,’ imprinted by me Robert Wycr, dwelling in Saynt Martyns parysshe besyde Charynge Crosse, 12mo. n. d. In Queen Elizabeth’s Prayer-Book, there is an urinal in a woodcut of the Physician and Death, underneath which are the following lines.—



By thy water, I do see
Thou must away with me.

¹⁰¹ *My finger itches to make one.*

“One that stood by, his *fingers itch’d* there at the plate to be,” History of the Unfortunate Daughter, n. d. This is a very common proverbial expression, but these kind of popular phrases are so rapidly passing away, an example is given to protect the text from the danger of alteration.

¹⁰² *Pardon, quest justice . . . But first, master quest.*

Theobald, in his letters to Warburton, says,—“The Host is neither here at home, nor Shallow his guest, as I find by any other passages. The first, I think, should be restored from the old quarto:—‘Pardon, bully Justice; a word, Monsieur Mockwater;’ and the other,—‘But first, Mr. Justice.’”— May not Shallow be sojourning at the Garter, during his stay at Windsor? The old MS. reads, in the latter instance, “Master Justice Guest.” The Host is somewhat indiscriminate in the use of his epithets. He calls Shallow, in one place, *cavalero-justice*; and it may possibly be that the phrase *quest-cavalier* is addressed to him, and not applied to Falstaff.

¹⁰³ *A word, monsieur Mock-water.*

So the old copies, the term *mock-water* being ludicrously applied to the doctor, in allusion to the judgment of diseases from the urinal. *Muck-water*, the drain of a dunghill, was the reading proposed by Dr. Farmer, but I cannot see that this lection is supported by the English translation of Agrippa, 1569, f. 145, as supposed by Steevens.

Mock-water, the old reading, appears sufficiently intelligible; and preferable to Dr. Farmer’s emendation, *muck water*: the host seems to be sneering at the affected mystery or *mockery* in use with medical men, of inspecting the urine of their patients.—*M. Mason.*

¹⁰⁴ *Cry’d I aim? Said I well?*

Cried I aim, did I give you encouragement? The phrase is common in our old dramatists, and occurs again in this play in Act iii. sc. 2. The expression is said to be borrowed from archery. All the old editions read, *cride game*, and the quarto of 1602 has the impossible reading,—“and thou shalt wear hir cried game.” Supposing the copy read *cry’d I ayme*, or, rather, perhaps, *cride I ame*, the error is very readily accounted for. See Douce, p. 44; and observations on the phrase

in the notes to King John. Theobald proposed *try'd game*, that is, you experienced cock of the game. The suggestion in the Perkins manuscript, *curds and cream*, and Jackson's *dry'd game*, are too absurd to deserve refutation.

The quarto agreeing with the folio in the two words, *cried game*, offers little if any argument in favour of the old reading, if it be supposed to be merely a piratical work made up out of the genuine play. Still it is possible the ancient text may be right, and that it means,—do I not point to the right sport for you? This is Mr. Smibert's explanation, the same critic observing that, if there be a corruption, we should either read,—*cry I game*, or, *cried I game*.

A Black letter Ballad comprising the song of 'Live with me and be my Love' with an answer to it, from the original printed in the Seventeenth Century.



A most excellent Ditty of the
Louers promises to his beloved.
To a sweet new tune called,
Live with me and be my Love.

The Ladies prudent answer to
her Loue.
To the same tune,



Live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures proue,
That Vallies, Groues, Hills, and Fields,
Woods, or steepy Mountaines yeelds :
That Vallies, Groues, Hills, and Fields,
Woods, or steepy Mountaines yeelds.

And we will sit upon the Rockes,
Seeing the Shepheards feede their flockes
By shallow Riuiers to whose falls;
Melodious Birds sing Madrigals,
by shallow riuiers to whose falls, &c.

And I will make thee beds of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant Poses :
A Cap of Flowers and a Kirtle,
Embroidred all with leaues of Wirtle,
a Cap of Flowers and a Kirtle, &c.

A Cowne made of the finest Woolle,
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull :
Faile lined Shippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest Gold :
faile lined Shippers for the cold, &c.

Thy silver dishes filld with meate,
As precious as the Gods doe eate,
Shall on an Iuoy Table be,
Prepar'd each day for thee and me,
shall on an Iuoy table be, &c.

The Shepheards Swaines shall dance & sing
For thy delight each faire morning :
If these delights thy minde might moue,
To liue with me and be my Loue,
if these delights, &c. FINIS.

If all the world and I oue were young,
And truth in euery Shepheards tongue ;
These pretty pleasures might me moue,
To liue with thee and be thy loue,
these pretty pleasures, &c.

But flowers fade, and wanton Fields,
Do wayward Winter reckning yeelds,
A hony tongue a heart of gall,
Is fancies spring, but sorowes fall,
a hony tongue, &c.

Time diues the Flocks from field to fold,
When riuiers rage and Rockes grow cold :
And Philomel becommeth dumbe,
The rest complaines of times to come,
and Philomel becommeth, &c.

Thy Gownes, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle and thy poses :
Soone breeds, soone withers, sodne forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten. (ten,
soone breakes, &c.

What should you take of dainties then,
Of better meate then serueth men:
All that is vaine, this onely good,
Which God doth blesse and send for food,
all that is vaine, &c.

If you could last and loue still breede,
Had ioyes no daie, nor age no neede ;
Then these delights my mind might moue,
To liue with thee and be thy Loue,
then these delights, &c.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas symcock

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—*A Field near Frogmore.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself doctour of physie?

Sim. Marry, sir, the Petty-ward,¹ the Park-ward, every way; Old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

[*Retiring.*

Eva. Pless my soul!² how full of eholers I am, and tremping of mind!—I shall be glad if he have deeeived me:—how melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's eostard, when I have good opportunities for the ork³—pless my soul!

[*Sings.*

To shallow rivers,⁴ to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals:—
When as I sat in Pabylon.⁵—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow—

Sim. [*Re-entering.*] Yonder he is coming this way, sir Hugh.

Eva. He 's welcome :

To shallow rivers, to whose falls,—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the die, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good sir Hugh!

Eva. Pless you from his merey sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word: do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourseore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.⁶

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physieian.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibboerates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he 's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter Host, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you let-a me speak a word vit your ear; Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape!

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogseomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.⁸

Caius. *Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine *host de Jarterre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul;⁹ French and Welsh; soul-curer and body-eurer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good? excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial;¹⁰ so:—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host:—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slén. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, *and* Host.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de *sot* of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.¹¹—I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together,

to be revenge on this same seall,¹² scurvy, eogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart; he promise to bring me where is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you, follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Thames Street, Windsor.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now, I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife; Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathereock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens¹³ his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir:—I am sick, till I see her.

[*Exeunt MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.*]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile,¹⁴ as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly, motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man

may hear this shower sing in the wind!¹⁵—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid:¹⁶ and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall ery aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The elock gives me my eue, and my assurance bids me search; There I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than moeked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there; I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Shallow, Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must exeuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered¹⁷ about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender: I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, be gar; and de maid is love-a-me: my nursh-a Quiekly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he danees; he has eyes of youth; he writes verses, he speaks holiday,¹⁸ he smells April and May:¹⁹ he will carry 't; he will earry 't; 't is in his buttons:²⁰ he will earry 't.

Page. Not by my eonsent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having; he kept company with the wild princee and Poins; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot²¹ in his fortunes with the finger of my substane; if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my eonsent, and my eonsent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport: I will show

you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—and you, sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's. [Exeunt SHALLOW and SLENDER.]

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon. [Exit RUGBY.]

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.²² [Exit Host.]

Ford. [Aside.] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine²³ first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Ford's House.*

Enter MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant—What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants, with a buck-basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters²⁴ in Datehet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are called.

[Exeunt Servants.]

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket?²⁵ what news with you?

Rob. My master, sir John, is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I 'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here, and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou 'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I 'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so:—Go tell thy master I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit* ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me!

[*Exit* MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then; we 'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion. We 'll teach him to know turtles from jays.²⁶

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel?²⁷ Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot eog, I cannot prate,²⁸ mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead. I 'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched beauty²⁹ of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire,³⁰ the tire-valiant,³¹ or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief,³² sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well, neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so!³³ thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semicircled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe³⁴ were not, Nature thy friend:³⁵ Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there 's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there 's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot eog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lispings hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury³⁶ in simple-time: I cannot: but I love thee;³⁷ none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate;³⁸ which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kill.³⁹

Mrs. Ford. Well, Heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I 'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will censeonee me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.

[*FALSTAFF hides himself behind the arras.*]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever!

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.⁴⁰

Mrs. Page. Pray Heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his

peril: I had rather than a thousand pound⁴¹ he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand “you had rather,” and “you had rather;” your husband’s here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here: and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He’s too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see ’t, let me see ’t! O let me see ’t! I’ll in, I’ll in; follow your friend’s counsel;—I’ll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee.⁴² Help me away: let me creep in here; I’ll never—

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford:—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What John, Robert, John! [*Exit ROBIN. Re-enter Servants.*] Go take up these clothes here quickly; where’s the cowl-staff?⁴³ look, how you drumble;⁴⁴ carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? who goes here? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.⁴⁵

Ford. Buek? I would I could wash myself of the buek! Buek, buek, buck; Ay, buek; I warrant you, buek, and of the season too, it shall appear.⁴⁶ [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I’ll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I’ll warrant we’ll unkenel the fox:—Let me stop this way first:—so now, uncape.⁴⁷

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 't is no the fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt* EVANS, PAGE, and CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket!⁴⁸

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion,⁴⁹ mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We will do it: let him be sent for to-morrow by eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace.⁵⁰—You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!⁵¹

Ford. Amen!

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers,⁵² and in the presses, Heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. Be gar, nor I too : there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford ! are you not ashamed ? What spirit, what devil, suggests this imagination ? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'T is my fault, master Page : I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience ; your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 't is an honest woman.

Ford. Well ;—I promised you a dinner :—Come, come, walk in the Park : I pray you pardon me ; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife ;—come, mistress Page ; I pray you, pardon me ; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let 's go in, gentlemen ; but, trust me, we 'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast : after, we 'll a-birding together ; I have a fine hawk for the bush : Shall it be so ?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a the tird.⁵³

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good ; by gar, with all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Hall in Page's House.*

Enter FENTON and MISTRESS ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love ;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas ! how then ?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth ;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth :
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies ;
And tells me 't is a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heaven so speed me in my time to come !
Albeit, I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne :
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags ;
And 't is the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love ; still seek it, sir :
If opportunity and humblest suit⁵⁴
Cannot attain it, why then—Hark you hither.

[*They converse apart.*]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* MRS. QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly ; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Sten. I 'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't:⁵⁵ slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Sten. No, she shall not dismay me : I care not for that,—but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye ; master Slender would speak a word with you.⁵⁶

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vild ill-favour'd faults
Look handsome in three hundred pounds a-year.⁵⁷ [*Aside.*]

Quick. And how does good master Fenton ? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She 's coming ; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father !

Sten. I had a father, mistress Anne ;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him :—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a henloft,⁵⁸ good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Sten. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in Glostershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Sten. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail,⁵⁹ under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you. [*He steps aside.*]

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, hath⁶⁰ made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne. Why, how now! what does master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.

Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender, in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*]

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master Doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.⁶¹

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And, as I find her, so am I affected ;

Till then farewell, sir :—She must needs go in ;

Her father will be angry. [*Exeunt* MRS. PAGE and ANNE.]

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress : farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing, now.—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician ?⁶² Look on, master Fenton :—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee ; and I pray thee, once to-night,⁶³ Give my sweet Nan this ring : There 's for thy pains. [*Exit.*]

Quick. Now, Heaven send thee good fortune ! A kind heart he hath : a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne ; or I would master Slender had her ; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her : I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promised ; and I 'll be as good as my word ; but speciously⁶⁴ for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses. What a beast am I to slack it ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say.

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of sack ; put a toast in 't.⁶⁵ [*Exit* BARD.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames ? Well, if I be served such another trick, I 'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted⁶⁶ me into the river with as little remorse, as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies,⁶⁷ fifteen i' the litter : and you may know, by my size, that I have a kind of alacritiy in sinking ; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,—a death that I abhor ; for the water swells a man ; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled ! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with the Wine.

Bard. Here 's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs, for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: Go, brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—
[*Exit BARDOLPH.*]—How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough:⁶⁸ I was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford!

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men;⁶⁹ they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding: she desires you once more to come to her, between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*]

Fal. I marvel I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, master Brook, you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife.

Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto,⁷⁰ her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy;⁷¹ and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What! while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page, gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction,⁷² they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. By the Lord,⁷³ a buck-basket! ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, soeks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but Fate, ordaining he should be a euekold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether;⁷⁴ next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peek,⁷⁵ hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,⁷⁶—think of that; that am as subject to heat as

butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook!

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more.

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into *Ætna*, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy⁷⁷ of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'T is past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her:—Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 't is to be married! this 't is to have linen and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the leecher; he is at my house; he cannot scape me; 't is impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places.⁷⁸ Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: If I have horns to make me mad,⁷⁹ let the proverb go with me,—I'll be horn-mad. [*Exit.*

Notes to the Third Act.

¹ *The Petty-ward, the Park-ward.*

The old editions read *Pittie-ward*. Capell proposed *City ward*. *Petty*, little, is so very common in the names of localities, there can be little doubt of its correctness. Simple has surveyed nearly every direction; he has looked towards the Petty or Little Park, also towards the great Park, *the* Park-ward, and Old Windsor. Old Windsor is on the side of Frogmore furthest from the Castle.

So, in 1 Henry VI., act iii, “their powers are marching unto Paris-ward,” that is, towards Paris.

² *Plesse my soul.*

In the old manuscript of this play, all Evans’s speeches are very carefully spelt to indicate his peculiar phraseology, much more so than in the printed editions. Thus, in the present speech, the manuscript reads,—“Plesse my soul: how full of chollers I am, and tremping of mind: I shall pe glat if he hafe deceivet me: how melanchollies I am! I will knog his vrinalls apout his knaves costart, when I hafe goot opportunities for the ’orke: Plesse my soul: (*sings*)

“To shallow rifers to whose falls:
Melotious birts sing matricalls:
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.”

³ *Good opportunities for the ’orke.*

To please which *orke* her husband’s weaken’d piece
Must have his cullis mixed with amber-grease,
Pheasant and partridge into jelly turned,
Grated with gold, seven times refined and burn’d.—*Brit. Past.*

⁴ *To shallow rivers, to whose falls.*

These lines are taken from a little song, written by Marlowe, which long continued excessively popular. It was printed, with an answer to it, in England’s Helicon, 1600; and both form, with variations, a black-letter ballad, a fac simile of which the reader will observe opposite to p. 375. This fac-simile exactly expresses the character of the original, which is very badly and lightly printed, with worn type. It is, in fact, one of the penny street ballads of the seventeenth century; and is very curious, as exhibiting the popularity of the present song, which

was first published, and attributed to Shakespeare, in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, where it appears thus,—

Live with me and be my Love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hilles and vallics, dales and fields (*sic*),
 And all the craggy mountaines yeeld.
 There will we sit upon the Rocks,
 And see the Shepheards feed their flocks,
 By shallow Rivers, by whose fals
 Melodious birds sing Madrigals.
 There will I make thee a bed of Roses,
 With a thousand fragrant poses,
 A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle
 Imbrodered all with leaves of Mirtle.
 A belt of straw and Yvy buds,
 With Corall Clasps and Amber studs,
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Then live with me, and be my Love.

Loves answer.—If that the World and Love were young,
 And truth in every shepheards tounge,
 These pretty pleasures might me move,
 To live with thee and be thy Love.

Doc you take me for a woman, that you come upon mee with a ballad of
 Come live with me and be my Love.—*Choices Change, and Change, or Conceits in
 their Colours*, 4to. London, 1606, p. 3.

See further observations on this song, which was set to music even in
 Shakespeare's time, in the notes to the Poems.

⁵ *When as I sat in Pabylon.*

Evans, in his "trempling of mind," mixes the psalms with the ballad.
 The present line is the commencement of the 137th Psalm in the old version,
 ed. 1638, p. 93,—

Whenas wee sate in Babylon,
 The rivers round about,
 And in remembrance of Sion,
 The teares for grieffe burst out.

Mr. G. Daniel possesses a very early black-letter ballad, with the following
 direction,—“Syng this after the tune of the cxxxvij. Psalme, which begins, *When
 as we sat in Babilon*, or such lyke.”

⁶ *So wide of his own respect.*

In other words, whose anger had so overcome him, he was indifferent to his
 own reputation in the matter.

⁷ *And his passion of my heart!*

When Mr. Winchcomb heard this, he wondred greatly at the man, and did
 much pity his misery, though as yet he made it not known, saying, *Passion on my
 heart*, man, thou wilt never pay me thus; never think, by being a porter,
 to pay a five hundred pound debt.—*Pleasant History of Jack of Newbury*, n. d.

⁸ *For missing your meetings and appointments.*

These words are not in the folio, but they occur in the early quarto, and appear
 to be necessary to the sense.

⁹ *Gallia and Gaul.*

Gallia is, of course, France. *Gaul* is *pays de Galles*, Wales. So the romance of *Perecyvelle of Gales*, in the Lincoln MS. Hanmer proposed to read, *Gallia and Wallia*.

¹⁰ *Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.*

This very characteristic passage is taken from the quarto, being, probably accidentally, omitted in the folio.

¹¹ *He has made us his vlowting-stog.*

Sir Arth. Married to Flowerdale! 'tis impossible.—*Oli.* Married, man? che hope thou dost but jest, to make a *vlowten* merriment of it.—*Daff.* O 'tis too true! here comes his uncle.—*The London Prodigal.*

¹² *Scall, scurvy, cogging companion.*

“*Scall* was an old word of reproach, as *scab* was afterwards. Chaucer imprecates on his *scrivener*:—Under thy longe lockes mayest thou have the *scalle*.”—*Johnson.*

And then, perchance, you would wish you had beene more constant to your first betrothed, and lesse confident to every *cogging companion*; but it will bee then too late.—*The Man in the Moone*, 1609.

¹³ *I cannot tell what the dickens his name is.*

Dickens, devil; of uncertain etymology. “What, the dickens!”—Heywood’s *Edward the Fourth*, 1600. The phrase is still very commonly and harmlessly used, both in England and America, but early instances of it are rare.

¹⁴ *Carry a letter twenty mile.*

The singular used for the plural, a common practice in Shakespeare’s time, especially when speaking of time or distance.—“Twelve year since,” *Tempest*.

¹⁵ *This shower sing in the wind.*

“I hear it sing i’ the wind,” *Tempest*, act ii.

¹⁶ *Good plots!—they are laid.*

A similar phrase occurs in the quarto, in a speech corresponding to a previous one,—“What a damned epicurian is this? My wife hath sent for him, *the plot is laid*: Page is an Asse, a foole.”

O that plotts, *well laid*, should thus be dash’d and foyld.—*Strode’s Floating Island*, 1636.

¹⁷ *We have lingered about a match.*

Lingered, hesitated, been in suspense, but not necessarily for a very long time. The time here is only one day.

¹⁸ *He speaks holyday.*

He speaks his best, his holyday language; he speaks in good language suited to a holyday. Stevens has observed a similar expression in *Henry IV.*,—“With many holiday and lady terms,” i.e. fine, affected terms. We have, “in the holiday time of my beauty,” in act ii. sc. 1. The second folio has, *bee speakes holliday*.

Nothing under a Subpœna can draw him to London; and when hee is there, he sticks fast upon every object, casts his eyes away upon gazing, and becomes the prey of every cut-purse. When he comes home, those wonders serve him for his *Holiday* talke.—*Overbury’s New and Choise Characters*, 1615.

The time of wooing, wench, goes far beyond it; those are the Golden Days of

our comand; once wives ever slaves: no, no, virgins are the absolute monarchs in the world, but that their reign never lasts long; is it not brave to be cald Goddesse, Empresse, Quene, nymph? Lady is the lowest stile, but where are these after the wedding day? then sweet-heart, or wife, are *holyday words*; we never hear the former, but in an irony or seoff.—*The Wizard*, a MS. Play, circa 1640.

¹⁹ *He smells April and May.*

That is, in the phraseology of the time, he smells *of* April and May; in other words, he is as gay as Spring. The quarto reads,—“he smelles *all* April and May.”

He peep'd in the bushes, and spy'd where there lay

His mistress, whose countenance made *April May.*

Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1671, p. 186.

A day in April never came so sweet.—*Merch. Ven.*

²⁰ *'Tis in his buttons.*

Mr. Knight, in his Library Edition of Shakespeare, vol. iii., p. 74, mentions a similar phrase, “It does not lie in your breeches,” meaning, it is not within your compass: “'tis in his buttons” therefore means—he's the man to do it; his buttons hold the man. This is certainly a probable interpretation, and the context appears not only to warrant but almost require that explanation. The following observations from the commentators, chiefly by Steevens, are given, because the subject is at present one respecting which some doubt may be entertained:—

“Alluding to an ancient custom among the country fellows, of trying whether they should succeed with their mistresses, by carrying the *batchelor's buttons* (a plant of the *Lychnis* kind, whose flowers resemble a coat button in form) in their pockets; and they judged of their good or bad success by their growing, or their not growing there. Greene mentions these *batchelor's buttons* in his *Quip* for an upstart Courtier:—‘I saw the *batchelor's-buttons*, whose virtue is to make wanton maidens weep, when they have worne them forty weeks under their aprons,’ &c. The same expression occurs in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, 1631:—‘He wears *batchelor's buttons*, does he not?’ Again, in the *Constant Maid*, by Shirley, 1640: ‘I am a *batchelor*; I pray, let me be one of your *buttons* still then.’ Again, in *A Fair Quarrel*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1617:—‘I'll wear my *batchelor's buttons* still.’ Again, in *A Woman never Vex'd*, a comedy by Rowley, 1632:—‘Go, go, and rest on Venus' violets; shew her a dozen of *batchelor's buttons*, boy.’ Again, in *Westward Hoe*, 1606: ‘Here's my husband, and no *batchelor's buttons* are at his doublet.’”

Another explanation is that the phrase alludes to the school-boys' custom of counting their fortunes on the buttons of their jackets.

²¹ *He shall not knit a knot in his fortunes.*

Fenton's wealth and fortune had been untwisted or unravelled by his extravagance. Page does not desire the unravelling should be stayed by a knot formed with his property.

²² *And drink Canary with him.*

Venner says, “Canarie wine, which beareth the name of the islands from whence it is brought, is of some termed a sacke, with this adjunct, sweete,”—*Via Recta*, 1622. Howell says that, in his time, 1634, it was much adulterated. “I shall *drink in*,” is, of course, merely equivalent to, “I shall *drink*.” Falstaff will dance to Ford's piping. Canary was also the name of a dance, and hence the double quibble.

He was a man of all tavernes, and excellent musitian at the sackbut, and your onely dauncer of the canaries.—*Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie*, 1604.

²³ *I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him.*

“*Pipe* is known to be a vessel of wine, now containing two hogshheads. *Pipe-wine* is therefore wine, not from the *bottle*, but the *pipe*; and the jest consists in the ambiguity of the word, which signifies both a eask of wine, and a musieal instrument.”—*Johnson*.

“The jest here lies in a mere play of words,—I’ll give him *pipe-wine*, which shall make him *dance*,”—*Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. “The phrase,—‘to drink *in pipe-wine*’—always seemed to me a very strange one, till I met with the following passage in King James’s first speech to his Parliament, in 1604; by which it appears that ‘to drink *in*’ was the phraseology of the time: ‘—who either, being old, have retained their first drunken-*in* liquor,’ &c.”—*Malone*. See examples of the partiele *in* redundant in vol. i. p. 274.

²⁴ *Among the whitsters in Datchet Mead.*

Whitsters were blanchers of linen. Bleachers are still termed *whipsters* in the North of England. “*Whitester*, a bleacher of linen,” *Wilbraham’s Cheshire Glossary*, p. 114. So, afterwards, *whiting-time*, bleaching time. “One seeing a gentlewoman attyr’d all in white, said she had laid her e chastity a *whiting*,”—*Copley’s Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

²⁵ *How now, my eyas-musket?*

Eyas-musket, a young male sparrow-hawk; here joeularly applied to a youth. See further observations on *eyas* in the notes to *Hamlet*.

²⁶ *We’ll teach him to know turtles from jays.*

That is, to distinguish between constant turtledoves and inconstant jays. The latter bird was a type for a woman of loose eharacter. See *Cymbeline*.

²⁷ *Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel?*

The quarto omits *thee*. Falstaff is here quoting the first line of the following song in Sir P. Sidney’s *Astrophel and Stella*,—

Have I eaught my heav’nly jewell,	Now will I invade the fort;
Teaching sleepe most faire to be?	Cowards Love with losse rewardeth.
Now will I teach her that she	But, ô foole, thinke of the danger,
When she wakes, is too-too eruell.	Of her just and high disdain:
Sinee sweet sleep her eyes hath eharmed,	Now will I, alas! refraine,
The two only darts of Love:	Love feares nothing else but anger.
Now will I with that boy prove	Yet those lips so sweetly swelling,
Some play, while he is disarmed.	Do invite a stealing kisse:
Her tongue waking still refuseth,	Now will I but venture this,
Giving frankly niggard No:	Who will read must first learne spelling.
Now will I attempt to know,	Oh! sweet kisse, but ah! she is waking,
What No her tongue sleeping useth.	Lowring beautie ehastens me:
See the hand which waking gardeth,	Now will I away hence flee:
Sleeping, grants a free resort:	Foole, more foole, for no more taking.

²⁸ *Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate.*

I, but a knave may kill one by a tricke,
Or lay a plot, or soe; or cog, or prate.—*Hoffman*, 1631.

²⁹ *The right arched beauty of the brow.*

So the folio. The quarto reads *bent* in the place of *beauty*.

³⁰ *That becomes the ship-tire.*

This passage has been the subject of much dispute, but it should, I think, be literally interpreted as an attire for the head, in the form of a ship. In the *Diana* of George of Montemayor, 1598, mention is made of a nymph's head-dress,—“the attyre of her head was in forme of two little ships made of emeraulds, with all the shrouds and tackling of cleere saphyres.” The ordinary interpretation is that the ship-tire was a kind of open head-dress, with a scarf depending from behind, giving the wearer some resemblance to a ship, with her pendants out, and flags and streamers flying. This fashion was common in Italy, and Mr. Fairholt has selected the accompanying illustration, of a lady so attired, from the *Habite Varie* of Fabri, 1593.



Their heads, with their *top and top-gallant* lawne baby caps, and snow-resembled silver curlings, they make a plain puppet-stage of. Their breasts they embuske up on hie, and their round roseate buds they immodestly lay forth, to shew at their hands there is fruit to be hoped.—*Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, 4to. 1594, ap. Malone.

But of all qualities, a woman must not have one quality of a ship; and that is, too much rigging. O! what a wonder is it to see a ship under sail, with her tacklings, and her masts, and her tops and top-gallants; with her upper decks and her nether-decks, and so bedect with her streamers, flags and ensigns, and I know not what; yea, but a world of wonders it is to see a woman, created in God's image, so miscreate often times and deformed with her French, her Spanish, and her foolish fashions, that he that made her, when he looks upon her, shall hardly know her, with her plumes, her fans, and a silken vizard; with a ruff like a sail; yea, a ruff like a rain-bow; with a feather in her cap, like a flag in her top, to tell (I think) which way the wind will blow. Isaiah made a profer, in the third of his Prophecy, to set out by enumeration the shop of these vanities; their bonnets, and their bracelets, and their tablets; their slippers, and their mufflers; their veils, their wimples, and their crisping-pins.—*The Merchant Royall, a sermon preached in 1607*. (Compare with the above the description of Dalila, in the *Samson Agonistes* of Milton.)

³¹ *The tire-valiant.*

The quarto reads the *tire-vellet*, or tire-velvet; but the present text may be right, in allusion to some fanciful head-dress of the time. The annexed woodcut, which if it does not represent this attire, is at all events one of “Venetian admittance,” is selected by Mr. Fairholt from an engraving of a noble Venetian lady, 1605, whose hair is dressed into two horns arising from the forehead. Of the various tires, one, the steeple-tire, is thus mentioned in an early work.



Your haire is none of your owne, and for your *steeple tire*, it is like the gaud of a Maid Marion, so that, had you a foole by the hand, you might walke where you would in a moris dance.—*Breton's Poste with a Packet of Mad Letters*, 1637.

“*Venetian admittance*, i. e., a fashion received or admitted from Venice. So, in *Westward Hoe*, 1606, by Decker and Webster:—‘now she's in that Italian

A sweet Sonnet, wherein the Lover exclaimeth against *Fortune* for the loss of his Ladies Favour almost past hope to get it again, and in the end receives a comfortable answer, and attains his desire, as may here appear. The Tune is, *Fortune, my Foe.*



The Lovers Complaint for the loss of his Love.

Fortune my Foe why dost thou crown on me?
 And will thy favours never better be?
 Wilt thou I say for ever hiead my pain,
 And wilt thou not restore my joys again,
 Fortune hath wrought my grief and great annoy,
 Fortune hath falsly stoln my Love away,
 My love and joy whose sight did make me glad,
 Such great misfortunes never young man had.
 Had fortune took my treasure and my store,
 Fortune had never grieved me half so sore,
 But taking er wherean my heart did stay,
 Fortune thereby hath took my life away.
 Far worse than death my life I lead in woe,
 With bitter thoughts still rolled too and fro,
 O cruel Chance, thou breeder of my pain,
 Take life, or ell restore my love again.
 In vain I sigh, in vain I wail and weep,
 In vain mine eyes refrain from quiet sleep,
 In vain I shed my tears both night and day,
 In vain my love my sorrows do bewray.
 My love doth not my piteous plaint espy,
 Nor feels my love what griping grief I try:
 Full well may I false fortunes deeds reprove
 Fortune that so unkindly keeps my love.
 Where should I seek or search my love to find,
 When fortune fleets and wavers as the wind:
 Sometimes aloft, sometimes again below,
 Thus tottering fortune tottereth too and fro.
 When will I leave my love in fortunes hands,
 My dearest love in most unconstant hands,
 And only serve the sorrows due to me,
 Sorrows hereafter thou shalt my Distress be.
 And only joy, that sometimes conquers Kings,
 Fortune that rules on earth, and earthly things,
 So that alone I live not in this wo,
 For many more hath fortune served so,
 No man alive can fortunes spight withstand,
 With wisdom, skill, or mighty strength of hand
 In midst of mirth she bringeth bitter moan,
 And woe to me that hath her hatred known.
 If wisdoms eyes blind fortune had but seen,
 Then had my Love, my Love, for ever been:
 Then love farewell, though fortune labour thee,
 No fortune trait shall ever conquer me.



The Ladies Comfortable and pleasant Answer.

A willy soul, art thou so sore afraid?
 Thou'rt not my dear, nor be not so dismayd,
 Fortune cannot with all her power and skill,
 Enforce my heart to think thee any ill.
 Blame not thy chance, nor envy at thy choice,
 No cause thou hast to curse but to rejoice,
 Fortune shall not thy joy and love deprive,
 If by my love it may remain alive,
 Receive therefore thy life again to thee,
 Thy life and love shall not be lost by me;
 And while thy heart upon thy life do stay,
 Fortune shall never steal the same away,
 Live thou in bliss, and banish death to Hell,
 All careful thoughts see thou from thee expel;
 As thou doth wish, thy love agrees to be,
 For proof whereof behold I come to thee.
 In vain therefore do neither wail nor weep,
 In vain therefore break not thy quiet sleep,
 Waste not in vain thy time in sorrow so,
 For why thy love delights to ease thy woe.
 Full well thy love thy privy pangs doth see,
 And soon thy love will send to succour thee,
 Tho well thou mayst false fortunes deeds reprove
 Yet cannot fortune keep away thy love.
 Nor will thy love on fortunes back abide,
 Whose sickle wheel doth often slip aside,
 and never think that fortune beareth sway,
 It vertue watch, and will not her obey.
 Pluck up thy heart, suppress with brinish tears,
 Torment me not, but take away thy fears;
 Thy Distress mind brooks no unconstant hands
 Much less to live in ruling fortunes hands.
 Though mighty Kings by fortune get the coil,
 Losing thereby their trabel and their toyl;
 Though fortune be to them a cruel foe,
 Fortune shall not make me to serve thee so.
 For fortunes spight thou needst not care a pin,
 For thou thereby shall never lose nor win,
 If faithful love and labour I do find,
 My recompence shall not remain behind.
 Die not in fear, nor live in discontent,
 Be thou not slain, where never blood was meant,
 Revive again, to faint thou hast no need,
 The less afraid, the better thou shalt speed.

head-tire you sent her.' Dr. Farmer proposes to read—of Venetian *remittance*."—*Steevens*. "In how much request the *Venetian tyre* formerly was held, appears from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1624:—"let her have the Spanish gate [*gait*], the *Venetian tire*, Italian complements and endowments.'"—*Malone*.

It is proverbially said, that far fetcht and deare bought is fittest for ladies; as now-a-daies what groweth at home is base and homely; and what every one eates is meate for dogs; and wee must have bread from one countrie, and drinke from another; and wee must have meate from Spaine, and sauce out of Italy; and if wee weare any thing, it must be pure *Venetian*, Roman, or barbarian; but the fashion of all must be French.—*Merchant Royall*, as above, ap. Reed.

The tyre, O the tyre, made castell upon castell, jewell upon jewell, knot upon knot, crownes, garlands, gardens, and what not? the hood, the rebato, the French fall, the loose bodied gown, the pin in the haire, now clawing the pate, then picking the teeth, and every day change, when we poore soules must come and goe for every mans pleasure; and what's a lady more then another body? We have legs and hands, and rouling eyes, hanging lips, sleeke browes, eherry cheeks, and other things, as ladies have; but the fashion carries it away.—*The Dumble Knight*, 4to. Lond. 1633.

The *tires*, the periwigs, and the rebatoes
Are made t' adorne ilshap'd inamoratoes.
Yea, all the world is falne to such a madnesse,
That each man gets his goods from others badnesse.

Taylor's Workes, fol. Lond. 1630.

³² *A plain kerchief, Sir John.*

The cut representing the simple head-dress, the plain kerchief, is taken by Mr. Fairholt from a brass, temp. Elizabeth, in the church at Sibton, co. Suffolk.

³³ *By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so.*

That is, says Steevens, a traitor to thy own merit. The folio edition of 1623 reads, "a *tyrant* to say so."

³⁴ *If Fortune thy foe were not.*

An allusion to the old ballad of "Fortune my foe," an early black-letter copy of which is here given in fac-simile, the rude and broken type of the original being faithfully imitated. The tune to which this ballad was sung is preserved in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, the MS. of which is at Cambridge; and, according to Dr. Rimbault, in Ballet's Lute Book, MS. Trin. Coll. Dublin, in *Le Secret des Muses*, Amst. 1616, and in *Neder-Landtsche Gedenckclank*, Haerl. 1626. That the ballad given in fac-simile is the genuine ancient one of Fortune my Foe, is satisfactorily shown by Lilly's *Maydes Metamorphosis*, 4to. 1600, where a character is introduced singing the first verse of it, as follows,—

Fortune my foe, why doest thou frowne on mee?
And will my fortune never better bee?
Wilt thou, I say, for ever breed my paine?
And wilt thou not restore my joyes againe?

There be idiots that thinke themselves artists, because they can English an obligation, or write a true staffe to the tune of Fortune.—*Chettle's Kind-Hearts Dreame*, 1592.

O most excellent diapason! good, good; it plays *Fortune my foe* as distinetly as may be.—*Lingua*, 1607.



Fortune my foe, why dost thou frowne this night?
Ye lowring heavens, why doe ye looke so darke?

Pusquil's Night-Cap, 1612.

Old Mer. Sing, I say, or, by the merry heart, you come not in.—*March*.
Well, sir, He sing *Fortune my Foe*, &c.—*Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 1613.

He is gravity from the head to the foote; but not from the head to the heart; you may finde what plaee he afflicteth, for he ereepes as neere it as may be, and as passionately courts it; if at any time his hopes are effected, hee swelleth with them, and they burst out too good for the vessell. In a word, he daneeth to the tune of *Fortune*, and studies for nothing but to keepe time.—*Overbury's New and Choise Characters*, 1615.

And there in duranee eag'd, consume with woe,
Beg with a purse, and sing *Fortune's my foe*.

Hutton's Follies Anatomie, 1619.

Being meerely passive, they may not make sute, with many such lets and inconveniencies, which I knowe not: what shall we doe in such a case? sing *Fortune my Foe*?—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, ed. 1632, p. 576.

Yea, those that he relyed on began to take this his suddaine favor for an allarum, and to be sensible of their owne supplantation, and to project his, which made him shortly after sing,—*Fortune, my foe, why dost thou frowne?* so that, finding his favor declining, and falling into a reesse, he undertooke a new perigrination to leave that terra infirma of the Court.—*Naunton's Fragmenta Regalia*, 1641.

Take heed, dear brother, of a stranger fortune
Than ere you felt yet; *Fortune my foe* is a friend to it.

The Custome of the Countrey, ed. 1647, p. 1.

Pris. Well, if I must dance, play 'Fortune my Foe.'—*Pren.* No, Sellinger's Round, we are beginning the world again.—*Tatham's Rump or the Mirrour of the late Times*, 1660.

'Fortune my foe, why dost thou frown on me,' &c. A good voice is a perpetual comfort to a man; he shall be sure he cannot want a trade.—*A pleasant Comedy called the Two Merry Milk-maids*, 1661.

How could I bless thee, could'st thee take away
My life and infamy both in one day;
But this in ballads will survive I know,
Sung to that preaching tune, *Fortune my Foe*.

The Rump Songs, xvii. Cent.

Why, pretty Kins, I'll not break my heart for thee; but if I lose thee, 'tis but once singing *Fortune my Foe*, and twice being drunk, will set thee afloat out of my heart, and then farewell to your ladyship.—*Tom Essence, or the Modish Wife*, 4to. Lond. 1677.

Taken by the watch, suspected to be a thief, the house alarm'd, the husband see you, your mistress jear you, your friend to come by and laugh at you, in all your afflictions how truly maiest thou sing *Fortune my Foe*.—*The London Cuckolds*, 4to. Lond. 1682.

Three different copies of the tune of *Fortune* are given in Chappell's *National English Airs*, 1840, and in the notes to *Titus Andronicus* will be found an old ballad, on the subject of that play, which was sung to the same tune. Mr. Chappell reprints an early ballad, 'The Judgment of God shewed upon Dr. John Faustus,'

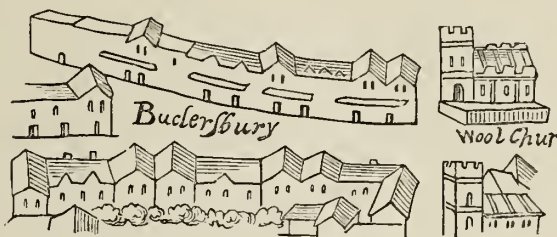
which was likewise sung to the tune of Fortune my Foe. See further observations on the subject in the notes to Titus Andronicus.

³⁵ *Nature thy friend.*

We must understand *being* after *Nature*. I see what you would be, Nature being your friend, were not Fortune your foe in withholding the attractions of becoming attire. The old MS. reads, "*Nature's thy friend*," a proof of its want of authority.

³⁶ *Like Bucklers-bury in simple-time.*

The third folio reads *simpling-time*. Bucklersbury is a street in London, running out of Cheapside, on the South side of the Poultry. In Shakespeare's time, it extended to St. Mary Woolchurch, one of the churches in Walbrook Ward, as is observed in Aggas's map, dated about 1568, whence the annexed woodcut is taken. The name is not peculiar to the metropolis, there being a Bucklersbury Lane at Colchester; a circumstance which somewhat militates against the correctness of Stowe's derivation. The term would seem to have been more ancient, judging from the probable etymology.



Cheape Warde. Now for antiquities there, first is Bucklesberie, so called of a manor and tenementes pertayning to one Buckle, who there dwelled, and kept his courts. This manor is supposed to be the great stone building, yet in parte remaining on the South side the streete, which of late time hath beene called the old Barge, of such a signe hanged out neare the gate thereof. This manor or great house hath of long time beene divided and letten out into many tenementes: and it hath beene a common speech that when the Walbrooke did lie open, barges were rowed out of the Thames, or towed up so far, and therefore the place hath ever since beene called the Old Barge. Also, on the North side of this street, directly over against the said Buckles-berie, was one ancient and strong tower of stone, the which King Edwarde the Thirde, in the 32. of his raigne, did grant to his colledge or free Chappell of S. Stephen at Westminster, by the name of his Tower called Servesse Tower at Buckles-bery: this Tower of late yeares was taken downe by one Buckle, a grocer, meaning in place thereof to have set uppe and builded a goodly frame of timber, but the saide Buckle greedily labouring to pull downe the olde tower, a peece thereof fell upon him, which so brused him, that his life was thereby shortened, and another, that married his widdow, set up the newly prepared frame of tymber, and finished the worke. This whole streete called Buckles-bury, on both the sides throughout, is possessed of grocers and apothecaries.—*Stow's Survay of London*, 1598, pp. 208, 209.

The original MS. of Stow's account is still preserved in MS. Harl. 538, f. 90, but it furnishes no other information on the subject. The same may be said of the account in the edition of Stow, ed. 1603, p. 262, where the name of the tower, however, is changed to Cornette-stoure; repeated in ed. 1618, p. 477; and in the folio edition of 1633, p. 276.

Bucklersbury, in Elizabeth's time, was chiefly inhabited by druggists and herb-sellers, it being then the practice for the doctors to buy their drugs and herbs there, and to make up their medicines themselves. In a medical memorandum-

book, dated 1608, MS. Ashmole 1432, is a list of "simples and druges as I boufite them myselfe of one Dudly, a drogeste in Bucklarsbery." Muffett, in his *Health's Improvement*, ed. 1655, p. 26, says that Bucklersbury "is wholly replenished with physick, drugs, and spicery." This was written before the date here given, because Bucklersbury ceased to be the herb-market about the middle of the seventeenth century. There is a marginal note in Gayton's *Art of Longevity*, 1659, p. 3, which mentions Cheapside, "where the herb-market was, but now, without a writ, removed into S. Paul's Ch: yard." The notice in Howel's *Londinopolis*, 1657, p. 113, does not disprove this statement, as it is merely copied from Stow. It would seem, however, that Bucklersbury was to some extent noted long afterwards for druggists. Sweetmeats were also anciently sold there, as appears from a passage in *A Chast Mayd in Cheape-side*, 1630, where a person, whose wife is fond of comfits, complains that his estate ran a risk of being "buried in Bucklersbury."

And where hee spi'd a parrat, or a monkey, there hee was pitch'd, with all the littl-long-coats about him, male and female; no getting him away! I thought he would ha' runne madde o' the *Blacke Boy in Bucklers-bury*, that takes the scurvy, rogyu tobacco there.—*Bartholmew Fayre*, fol. ed., p. 9.

Howsoever he behaved himselfe, this intelligence runs currant, that every house lookte like St. Bartholomew's Hospitall, and every streete like *Bucklersbury*, for poor Methridatum and Dragon-water (being both of them, in all the world, scarce worth threepence) were boxt in every corner, and yet were both drunke every hour at other mens cost.—*Decker's Wonderfulfull Yeare*, 1603.

Go into *Bucklersbury*, and fetch me two ounces of preserved melons; look there be no tobacco taken in the shop when he weighs it.—*Westward Hoe*, 1607. Run into *Bucklersbury* for two ounces of dragon-water, some spermaceti and treacle.—*Ibid.*

Hee is a man of no conscience: for, like the jakesfarmer, that swounded with going to *Bucklersbury*, he falles into a cold sweat, if he but looke into the Chauncery: thinks, in his religion, we are in the right for everything, if that were abolisht.—*Overbury's New and Choise Characters*, 1615.

To lye upon thy stall, till it be sought,
 Not offer'd, as it made sute to be bought;
 Nor have my title-leave on posts, or walls,
 Or in cleft-sticks, advanced to make calls
 For termers, or some clarke-like serving-man,
 Who scarce can spell th'hard names: whose knight lesse can.
 If, without these vile arts, it will not sell,
 Send it to *Bucklers-bury*, there 'twill well.—*Ben Jonson*.

As I am a virtuous 'pothecary, I know not how to subsist. Here's all that's comming to me, and that's not to be expected till Christmas, if paid then. Gentlemen, I am in a very skirvy case. Artesio has turn'd me out of his service, and I must break. What shall I do? I must play the good fellow abroad, and then my wife plaies the devill at home. How can the one be maintain'd? or the other endured? I have pawn'd already her tuftaffaty petticoate, and all her child-bed linnen, besides two tiffiny aprons, and her bearing-cloth, for which I have had already two curtaine lectures, and a black and blue eye. But stay! my satten doublet has yet a good glosse, and her silk mohaire petticoate and wastecoate will make a good show in a countrey church. Nay, my credit will yet passe in *Bucklers-berry* for five pounds worth of commoditie, which, with the help of a gold night-cap, a few conjuring words, and a large conscience, will go far, and set me up in a market towne, where I may passe for a Padua doctor.—*The Virgin Widow*, 1649.

A messuage or tenement with th'appurtenaunces knowne by the signe of the Black Bear, scituate in Bucklersbury, London, extending in breadth from East to West twenty and four foot of assize, and in length from North to South twenty and two foot of assize, or thereabouts.—*Commissioners of Fire of London MSS.*, May, 1668.—One of severall mesuages or tenements scituate in Bucklersbury, in the parish of St. Stephen, Walbrooke, called the Capitall Mesuage . . . the said Samuel Vassall sold and conveyed the inheritance of the said mesuage to the Company for Propagation of the Gospell in New England, and the parts adjacent in America.—*MSS. Ibid.* 1672.

Bucklersbury turneth out of Cheapside, and runneth on the back side of the Poultry, unto Walbrook; a street very well built, and inhabited by tradesmen, especially drugsters and furriers.—*Stowe's Survey*, ed. Strype, fol. Lond. 1720, iii. 50.

I have heard that Bucklesbury was, in the reign of King William, noted for the great resort of ladies of fashion, to purchase tea, fans, and other Indian goods.—*Pennant*.

The street is called *Buckelbery* in an old token dated 1666. In Smith's obituary is recorded the death, in 1639, of "Tho: Houff, Bucklersbury, that sold the nappy ale." In front of No. 7, observes Mr. Burn, "over the first-floor windows, are still the sculptured effigies of the three magi, the Kings of the East; that, on the rebuilding of the house after the fire of 1666, was possibly a revival only of the sign of an earlier day," *Catalogue of the Beaufoy Tokens*, p. 34.

³⁷ *I cannot: but I love thee.*

— I cannot play the dissembler,
And wooe my love with courting ambages,
Like one whose love hangs on his smooth tongues's end;
But, in a word, I tell the sum of my desires,
I love fair Lelia.—*Wily Beguiled*, ap. Hawkins, p. 327.

³⁸ *I love to walk by the Counter-gate.*

Not a place in Windsor, as supposed by Nares, but the entrance of the Counter prison in London.

His habite is a long gowne made at first to cover his knaverie, but that growing too monstrous, hee now goes in buffe: his conscience and that, being both cut out of one hide, and are of one toughnesse. The *Counter-gate* is his kennell, the whole Citie his Paris Garden, the miserie of a poore man (but especially a bad liver) is the offals on which hee feedes.—*Character of a Sergeant in the Overbury Characters*, ed. 1626.

Send out to seize 'em, as they walk the street,
They'll call familiar names, you smiling greet
With, Coze, How d'ye, Sir? What's a clock? Good night.
Oh, countryman, what newes? and you invite
To drink a cup: put them within, for state,
One of the Bridewells, or the *Counter gate*.

Mill's Night's Search, Second Part, 1646.

³⁹ *The reek of a lime-kill.*

Lime-kill is the archaic word for lime-kiln, and should be preserved. The term is still in use in the North of England. We have *kill hole* in act iv. sc. 2.

⁴⁰ 'Tis not so, I hope.

"The old quarto has it thus:—Speak louder: 'Tis not so, I hope. She archly wishes Mrs. Page to raise her voice, that Sir John may overhear all that is said.

So, *infra*, No, certainly :—speak louder,” Theobald’s Letters. The repetition of the stratagem was probably not intentional on the part of the author.

⁴¹ *I had rather than a thousand pound.*

“Ha, ha, ha! I had rather than a thousand pound, I had an heart but halfe so light as your’s,” Shoo-maker’s Holy-day, or the Gentle Craft, with the humorous Life of Simon Eyre, 1631.

⁴² *I love thee, and none but thee.*

The last four words are from the quarto. They have been used previously by Falstaff, but as the repetition occurs in the edition of 1602, and is humorous, it is here retained.

⁴³ *Where’s the cowl-staff?*

A pole or staff used for carrying a tub or basket having two handles or ears held on the shoulders of two persons. “*Baculus*, a baston, a staffe wherewith to carry a tub &c., a cole-staffe,” Nomenclator, 1585, p. 245. “A cowl-staff, *rectis, palanga*,” Coles. See Lambarde’s Perambulation, p. 367; Strutt, ii. 201. “*Bicollo*, a cowl-staffe to carie behinde and before with, as they use in Italy to carie two buckets at once,” Florio, ed. 1598, p. 43. “Upon a colestafe betwixt two huntsmen,” Chapman’s Widdowes Teares, 1612. “*Courge*, a stang, pale-staffe, or colestaffe, carried on the shoulder, and notched (for the hanging of a pale, &c.) at both ends,” Cotgrave.

If this be all the punishment your wives have that beate their simple husbandes, it is rather a boldning than a discouraging of some bolde and shamelesse dames to beate their simple husbandes, to make their next neyghbors (whom they spite) to ride on a *cowlstaffe*, rather rejoising and flearing at the riding of their neighbours, than sorrowing or repenting for beating of their husbands.—*Lupton’s Too Good to be True*, 1580.

I and my companye have taken the constable from the watch, and carried him about the fields on a *collstaffe*.—*Arden of Feversham*.

This word occurs also in Philemon Holland’s translation of the seventh Book of Pliny’s Natural History, ch. 56: “The first battell that ever was fought, was between the Africans and Ægyptians; and the same performed by bastons, clubs, and *coulstaves*, which they call *Phalanga*.”—*Steevens*.

“The pedler calls for his colestaf,” Randolph. Burton mentions witches “riding in the ayre upon a coulstaffe.”

⁴⁴ *Look, how you drumble.*

That is, how slow and sluggish you are. *Drumly*, slowly, lazily, provincial in Suffolk. “*Drumbl*, to drone, that is, to be sluggish,” Pegge. The word sometimes means, to trouble, to mumble, &c., and has several senses in Scotch; but Pegge’s explanation best applies to the present passage. “This jadis course, this javel’s course, this *drumbling* course, this drybrain’d course,” Nash’s Have with you to Saffron Walden, 1596. “Though graybeard *drumbling* over a discourse be no crime,” *ibid*. A *drumbl-bee* is mentioned in the same work, and a drone is still called a *drumbl-drone* in the county of Devon.

“To *drumbl*, cessare, dormitare—negligenter rem agere; how lazily you set about your business, humming and buzzing, like certain drones or dorrs, which make a sort of drumming noise: hence called drumbl-drones; in Gloucestershire, dumble dorrs; in Devon, drumbl dranes: by others humble bees, from the Teutonic Hummeln, and bumble bees, a Lat. Bombilare. Hence a humdrum stands for a dull, stupid, heavy, lazy fellow; but some include the idea of drowsiness

in the word, and derive it from the Ital: Dromigliare, dormire; Belg: Droomigh, somnieulosus.”—*MS. Gloss.*

Lambe, the editor of the ancient metrical history of the Battle of Floddon, observes, that—*look how you drumble*, means—*how confused you are*; and that in the North, *drumbled ale* is *muddy, disturbed ale*. Thus, a Scottish proverb in Ray’s collection:—“It is good fishing in *drumbling* waters.”—*Steevens.*

⁴⁵ *You were best meddle with buck-washing.*

In the process of bucking clothes, they placed them upon a smooth board or table, and beat them with a flattened pole. A quantity of linen washed at once was called a *buck*, a tub full of linen in buck. Hence, to wash a buck, to wash a tub full of buck-linen, the phrase punned upon by Ford. “I washe in a bueke, *je lave la lessive*; I wyll washe all my table clothes in a bueke, *je laveray toutes me nappes en la lessive*,” Palsgrave, 1530. The accompanying engraving, which



BUCK-WASHING—TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

represents a buck-washing, and some other processes connected therewith, is taken from MS. Harl. 3469, a volume compiled in the year 1582. There is a plate by Du Guernier, affixed to Rowe’s edition, 1714, in which is a modernized representation of a buck-basket, the great linen or washing-basket, in which Falstaff was carried out. “One bouckfatt,” or washing tub, is mentioned in the Unton Inventories, p. 28; “a bucking tub,” *Nomenclator*, 1585. “For a bucking tubbe, iij. s. viij. d.,” *Accounts*, 1572. “For a new bucking tub, 0. 16. 0.,” *Accounts*, 1715. In the tale in Tarlton’s *Newes out of Purgatorie*, 1590, the gallant is concealed in “a great drie-fatte full of feathers;” and in the other old English tale, at p. 196, “in a heap of linnen which was but half dry.”

The wicked spirit could not endure her, because she had washed amongst her *buck* of clothes a catholic priests shirt.—*Declaration of Popish Impostures*, 1603.

She had rather wash *bucks* all the dayes of her life, then be matched with such a monster.—*The Case is Altered*, 1630.

There is also the statue of a landress *beating a buck*, and turning the clothes up and down with her hand, and the battledor wherewith she beats them in the water.—*Humane Industry, or a History of most Manual Arts*, 1661.

If we be beating of a buck,
And beetle up while the clock struck,
Away we throw it.—*Canidia, or the Witches*, 1683.

Jane, let the *buck-basket* be got ready for the foul-cloaths, de'e hear, and bid the landress take care to mend all the shifts; these great ramping-girls do so tear their linnen, it almost makes me wilde.—*Love for Money*, 1691.

His wife, which before for daintiness would not foul her fingers, nor turn her neck aside for fear of hurting the sett of her neckinger, was glad to go about to *wash bucks at the Thames side*, and to be a chair-woman in rich men's houses; her soft hand was now harden'd with seouring, and instead of gold rings upon her lilly fingers, they were now fill'd with chaps provoked by the sharp lee, and other drudgeries.—*Pleasant History of Jaek of Newbury*, n. d.

My work was to go before my master to church; to attend my master when he went abroad; to make clean his shoes; sweep the street; *help to drive bucks when we washed*; fetch water in a tub from the Thames: I have helped to carry eighteen tubs of water in one morning, weed the garden; all manner of drudgeries I willingly performed; scrape trenchers, &c.—*Lilly's Life and Times*.

⁴⁶ *And of the season too, it shall appear.*

“Ford seems to allude to the cuckold's horns. So afterwards: ‘— and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *peer out, peer out.*’ *Of the season* is a phrase of the forest. So, in a letter written by Queen Catharine, in 1526, Howard's Collection, vol. i. p. 212: ‘We will and command you, that ye delyver or cause to be delyvered unto our trusty and well-beloved John Creusse—one buck *of season.*’—The season of the hynd or doe (says Manwood) doth begin at Holyrood-day, and lasteth till Candelmas,—Forest Laws, 1598.”—*Malone*.

“Malone pointed the passage thus: ‘Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the season, too; it shall appear.’ I am satisfied with the old punctuation. In the Rape of Lucrece, our poet makes his heroine compare herself to an “*unseasonable doe;*” and, in Blount's Customs of Manors, p. 168, is the same phrase employed by Ford: ‘A bukke delivered him *of seyssone*, by the woodmaster and keepers of Needwoode.’”—*Steevens*.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the modern slang meaning of the term *buck*, an ostentatious gallant, was unknown in Shakespeare's time.

⁴⁷ *So, now uneape.*

According to Warburton, *uneape* is a term in fox-hunting, signifying, to dig the fox out when earthed. Capell explains it, to turn the dogs off. The meaning is obviously, to uncouple the hounds, and commence the hunt.

⁴⁸ *Asked who was in the basket.*

The old copies read, *who was*, perhaps rightly, the relative pronouns being sometimes wrongly used; or, in allusion to the hasty remark—“who goes here?” It is evident that Ford could not literally have asked *who* was in the basket, for had it occurred to him that any one was there, he would of course have discovered the trick. Falstaff afterwards tells Ford that he “asked them once or twice *what* they had in their basket.” However, as neither observation is quite consistent without the help derived from the quarto, I have ventured to insert the words, “who goes here?,” from that source. *What was* is the reading of the old MS. of the Merry Wives, and it was suggested independently by Ritson.

⁴⁹ *That foolish carrion.*

Carrion, a term of contempt. “Uds bodykins! *carrion*, strumpet, laugh at me!” Win Her and Take Her, 1691. The first folio reads *foolishion*, corrected in the ed. 1632.

⁵⁰ *Ay, ay, peace.*

These words are taken from the quarto. They are spoken aside to Mrs. Page, not addressed to Ford.

⁵¹ *Heaven make you better than your thoughts!*

That is, may Heaven make you better than your thoughts are, for they are evil. Capell proposes to read, "make *me* better."

⁵² *In the chambers, and in the coffers.*

I will seeke every corner in the house for the quiet of my minde. Marry, I pray you doo, husband, quoth she. With that he lockt in all the doors, and began to search every chamber, every hole, every chest, every tub, the very well; he stabd every featherbed through.—*Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie*, 1590.

⁵³ *I shall make-a the tird.*

"First, we will give you de silk for make you a frog: second, de fin camre for make your ruffs; and de turd shall be for make fin handkerchef for wipe your nose," Pleasant History of Jack of Newbury, n. d. The quarto adds a dirty line, spoken by Evans, which see at p. 223; and Ben Jonson has a similar nasty joke in his Bartholomew Fair, fol. ed., p. 8.

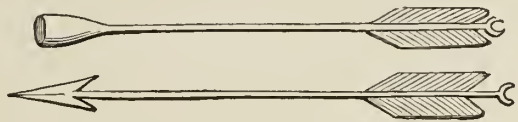
⁵⁴ *If opportunity and humblest suit.*

Dr. Thirlby proposed to read *importunity* for *opportunity*. In the Atheist's Tragedie, 1612, we have,—“Your *opportunities* have overcome;” and in Bussy D'Ambois,—“I cannot live at quiet in my chamber, for *opportunities*, almost to rapcs, offer'd me by him.”

“I have not ventur'd to disturb the text, because it may mean, If the frequent opportunities you find of soliciting my father, and your obsequiousness to him, cannot get him over to your party, &c.”—*Theobald*.

⁵⁵ *I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't.*

A proverbial phrase, equivalent to,—I will either make a good or a bad thing of it, I will take the risk. The shaft was the regular war arrow, sharp-pointed; while the bolt was a blunt-headed arrow, or, sometimes one having, as Holme describes it, “a round or half-round bobb at the end of it, with a sharp pointed arrow-head proceeding therefrom.” The accompanying specimens were selected by Mr. Fairholt.



Wif. Nay, I know there's inough in you, sonne, if you oncc come to put it forth.—*Sam.* He quickly make a bolt or a shaft on't.—*A Trick to catch the Old-one*, 1608.

The Prince is preparing for his jorney; I shall to it again closely when he is gone, and *make a shaft or a bolt of it*. The Popes death hath retarded the proceedings of the match, but we are so far from despairing of it, that one may have wagers thirty to one it will take effect still.—*Howells Familiar Letters*, 1650.

⁵⁶ *Master Slender would speak a word with you.*

As an evidence of the popularity of this play, and of the love-scenes of Slender, may be mentioned some curious verses in Flecknoe's Diarium or Journall, Lond. 1656, entitled, “A Lover, *such an one as Simple in love with Mrs. Anne Page*, having bewrayed himselfe, writes to Cupid in this manner,—

This is to let thee understand,
 I'm deeply in love with Mrs. Anne,
 And would, for more than onely meeter,
 That I could say the deeper th' sweeter;
 For I 'm in love in such a fashion,
 'Tis even as good as a purgation
 Thy *simples*, I would have them know,
 Are men when they in love do grow,
 And when with mistriss he is found,
 Then th' are thy mixtures and compound.

⁵⁷ *Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!*

All these are eittizens, and well to live;
 The worst of them is worth 300 pound.—*Pasquil's Night Cap*, 1612.

Mrs. Griffith, in her *Morality of Shakespeare's Drama*, 1775, p. 128, curiously alters this to, *in a thousand pounds a year*, "to correspond," she observes, "with the different rates of the times."

"Some light may be given to those who shall endeavour to calculate the increase of English wealth, by observing that Latymer, in the time of Edward VI., mentions it as a proof of his father's prosperity, "that, though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for her portion.' At the latter end of Elizabeth, seven hundred pounds were such a temptation to courtship, as made all other motives suspected. Congreve makes twelve thousand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affectation of Belinda. No poet will now fly his favourite character at less than fifty thousand."—*Johnson*.

⁵⁸ *Stole two geese out of a henloft.*

The folio reads, "out of a *pen*;" but the present text, suggested by the quarto, is so highly humorous, I cannot refrain from introducing it. At the same time, it must be admitted that the impropriety of introducing such a subject is, in itself, amusing.

⁵⁹ *Come cut and long-tail.*

That is, let any sort come that may, whether their tails be short or long. The meaning of the phrase is obvious, though its derivation, whether from dogs or horses, is rather uncertain; the former, perhaps, the most likely, if we may judge from the following passage, quoted by Steevens from the First Part of the Eighth Liberal Science, entitled *Ars Adulandi*, &c. devised and compiled by Ulpian Fulwell, 1576: "—yea, even their very *dogs*, Rug, Rig, and Risbie, yea, *cut* and *long-taile*, they shall be welcome."

With teares be it spoken, too few such lowly parsons and preachers we have, who, laying aside all worldly encumbrances, and pleasant conversing with Saint Austen, Jerome, Chrisostome, will be content to read a lecture as he hath done *de lana caprina*, or traverse the subtile distinctions twixt *short cut* and *long taile*. *Nash's Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596.

At Quintin, hee,
 In honour of this bridaltce,
 Hath challeng'd either wide countee;
Come cut and long-taile.—*Ben Jonson*.

He is a good liberall gentleman; he hath bestowed an ounce of tobacco upon us, and as long as it lasts, *come cut and long-taile*, wecle spend it as liberally for his sake.—*The Returne from Pernassus*, 1606.

Shee must bee courteous to all, though not by nature, yet by her profession; for shee must entertaine all, good and bad, tag and rag, cut and long-taile.—*Lupton's London and the Countrey*, 1632.

I watch all night; I protest, sir, the counters pray for me; I send all in, cut and long taile.—*A Match at Midnight*, 1633.

And where of company there's none failes (*sic*),
To meet with Tag, and Rag, and Long-taile.

Flecknoe's Diarium or Journall, 12mo. 1656.

My humour is to love no man, but to have as many love me as they please, come cut or long tail.—*All Mistaken*, 4to. 1672.

I've thought with much care on these offices, and find myself fitting to be in 'em. I will have 'em all, come cut and long-tail.—*Davenant's Works*, 1673, p. 479.

The phrase occurs at a much later period, in the play of the Constant Couple, 4to. Lond. 1700, p. 17.

⁶⁰ *Your father, and my uncle, hath made motions.*

So the old copies, in consonance with the grammatical usages of the Shaksperian period. The editor of the fourth folio altered *hath* to *have*.

⁶¹ *And bow'l'd to death with turnips.*

Win. Was there ever such a selfe affliction, and so impertinent?—*Quar.* Alas! his care will goe neere to cracke him; let's in, and comfort him.—*Was.* Would I had beene set i' the ground, all but the head on me, and had my braines bow'l'd at, or thresh'd out, when first I underwent this plague of a charge!—*Bartholmew Fayre*, fol. ed., p. 38.

⁶² *On a fool, and a physician.*

Dr. Johnson suggests *or* in the place of *and*, which would certainly be more accurate, but Mrs. Quickly is not very particular in her phraseology. She addresses Page and his wife, one of whom wishes to throw away his daughter on a fool, the other on a physician. "To be a fool or a physician" was a common old proverb. Steevens refers to Nabbes' *Microcosmos*, 1637,—"*Choler.* Phlegm's a fool.—*Melan.* Or a physician." Again, in *A Maidenhead Well Lost*, 1632:—"No matter whether I be a *fool* or a *physician*." The proverb more correctly is, "Every man at thirty is a fool or a physician," and so it is put into the Host's mouth in Dennis's *Comical Gallant*, 1702. Malone thinks the text may be literally right, and that Mrs. Quickly means to say,—You two are going to throw away your daughter on a fool and a physician: you, sir, on the former, and you, madam, on the latter.

⁶³ *Once to night.*

That is, some time to night. "Once, one time, *semel*," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. So in an early letter, ap. Steevens, "I trust to be able *ons* to set up a chapell off myne owne." Again, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*: "Well, I'll try if he will be appeased with a leg or an arm; if not, you must die *once*," i. e., says Steevens, at some time or other.

⁶⁴ *But speciously for master Fenton.*

Mrs. Quickly's mistake for *specially*. The latter is the word used in the quarto edition of 1602.

⁶⁵ *Fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't.*

It was the fashion to put toast into wine and ale. The following scene

between Tost, Sugar, and Nutmeg, is extracted from a rare tract, entitled, 'Wine, Beere, Ale, and Tobacco, contending for Superiority,' Lond. 1630,—

"Enter Tost, drunke.—*Sug.* Then Ile be gone, for we shall quarrell.—

Nut. Come, feare not; Ile part you, but hee's drunke, ready to fall; whence comes he dropping in now? How now, Tost?—*Tost.* Nutmeg? round and sound and

all of a colour, art thou there?—*Nut.*

Here's all that's left of me.—*Tost.* Nutmeg,

I love thee, Nutmeg. What's that, a

ghost?—*Nut.* No, tis your old acquaint-

tance Sugar.—*Tost.* Sugar! Ile beat him

to pieces.—*Sug.* Hold, hold, Nutmegge.

[NUTMEGGE and SUGAR hang upon Tost.]

Tost. Cannot Tost stand without holding?

Nut. Where have you bene, Tost?

"*Tost.* Ile tell thee; I have bin with my

M. Ale. Sirra, I was very drie, and he

has made me drunke: doc I not crumble?

I shall fall a pieces; but Ile beat Suger

for all that."

After this, comes in a thundring *toast*,

with a full tankard of humming stale

beer.—*Key to the Rehearsal*, 1704, p. 50.

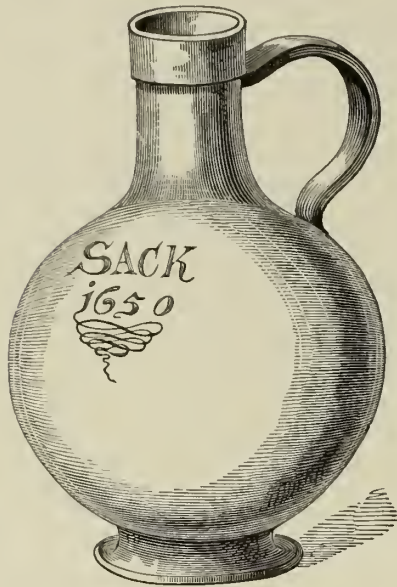
The annexed engraving of a jug for

sack, dated 1650, is taken from the

original in the possession of W. Whincopp

esq. of Woodbridge, the sketch made

by W. C. Maclean, esq. The jug itself



is $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, and holds two pints. Proportions of the engraving, $\frac{3}{8}$ to an inch.

⁶⁶ *The rogues slighted me into the river.*

The quarto reads *slided*. The meaning is, probably, threw me carelessly into the river. The MS. has *highted*; but, were change necessary, we might read *pighted*, an old word signifying *pitched*.

⁶⁷ *A blind bitch's puppies.*

That is, a bitch's blind puppies. All kinds of inversion were common in writers of the Shaksperian period. See vol. i., pp. 266-267. There is, however, no great improbability in the supposition that the mistake was intentional on the part of the author, and, in Falstaff's state of excitement, perhaps intended to raise merriment in the audience.

⁶⁸ *I have had ford enough.*

There is a similar play upon words in an anecdote in Copley's *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614,—“A gentleman whose mistress's name was Field, saying in a morning to a friend of his: See how I am all bedew'd with comming over yonder field? The other answered,—Rather is it with lying all night in the field.”

⁶⁹ *She does so take on with her men.*

The phrase to *take on* signified both to give way to anger, and to give way to sorrow. It may here mean either that she is very angry with her men, or that she is extremely sorry they mistook her directions. In the next act, the phrase undoubtedly is used in the sense which implies rage. “He toke on lyke a mad man, *il se demenoit comme ung homme enragé*,” Palsgrave, 1530. “I take on, as one dothe that lamenteth or soroweth,” *ibid.* “Some will *take on* like a mad-

man, if they see a pig come to the table," Nash's *Pierce Penilesse*, 1592. The phrase is still in use in Suffolk, according to Moor, in both the senses above mentioned.

No truly, not I, but Sardea says 'tis her sister, tho' I don't believe it, she's so much finer and handsomer; poor heart, she *takes on* pitifully, it makes a bodies *heart yern to hear her*; she sighs and crys, and won't tell what the matter's with her, and won't eat one bit of victuals.—*The Unnatural Mother*, 1698.

⁷⁰ *The peaking cornuto her husband.*

Cornuto is not jealous of his wife,
Nor e're mistrusts her too lascivious life.—*Witts Recreations*, 1654.

Shortly the wish'd for time will come,
When my *cornuto* goes from home.—*Gallantry à la Mode*, 1674.

⁷¹ *Spoke the prologue of our comedy.*

Let. Yes, lady, this was prologue to a play,
As this is to our sweet ensuing pleasures.

Joy. Kissing, indeed, is prologue to a play.—*Antipodes*, 1640.

After some handsome insinuations, as *prologues* to their acquaintance, the stranger took occasion to say, he saw no such beautifull women in France as in his country.—*Comical History of Francion*, 1655.

⁷² *And by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction.*

That, at Mrs. Page's suggestion, Mrs. Ford being quite distracted. The former had said,—“be not amazed; call all your senses to you,” addressing Mrs. Ford, who was seriously alarmed at the prospect of a serious termination to her adventure. Some early editors (see Capell, 90) unnecessarily propose to read, “Ford's wife's *direction*.” The text, “*by* her invention,” is taken from the quarto; the folio reading, “*in* her invention.”

⁷³ *By the Lord, a buck-basket!*

There evidently requires an ejaculation here, though omitted in the folio, probably on account of the statute of James. The present reading is taken from the early quarto edition. The first folio reads, *yes*, and the second folio, *yea*.

⁷⁴ *To be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether.*

Detected *with*, for, detected *by*. See vol. i. p. 270. The meaning of Falstaff is,—I suffered an intolerable fright at the expectation of being detected by Ford. He was not really discovered.

“*Detected* appears to have been used in the sense of suspected, impeached. Cavendish, in his *Metrical Visions*, has this very phrase—*detected with*, for *impeached with*, or *held in suspicion by*:—

What is he of our bloode that wold not be sory
To heare our names *with vile fame so detected*?

“*Detected* must have the same meaning here, for Falstaff was not *discovered*, but *suspected by* the jealous Ford. Some modern editors have unwarrantably substituted *by* for *with*.”—*Singer*.

⁷⁵ *In the circumference of a peck.*

Metaphorically for, a very small compass. The quarto reads *pack*, a word corrupted in a proverb to *peck*. The text is probably to be construed as follows:—next, to be enclosed within the space occupied by a peck, and with hilt to point,

or, in other words, heel to head, like a *good* bilbo, the test of the quality of which consisted in the facility with which it could be quite bent.

⁷⁶ *A man of my kidney.*

“*Kidney* in this phrase now signifies *kind* or *qualities*, but Falstaff means, a man whose kidneys are as fat as mine.”—*Johnson*.

Oh, cry ye mercy, sir, you need not tell me your sentiments; I know an honest reflection must needs be rhubarb to a *man of your kidney* and character.—*The Richmond Heiress*, 1693.

You must strive against melancholy, man,—’tis the worst disease for a fellow of thy kidney in the world.—*The Marriage Hater Match’d*, 1692.

⁷⁷ *Another ambassy of meeting.*

Ambassy, an embassy. The old form of the word in ed. 1623.

⁷⁸ *I will search impossible places.*

The poets could sing of Hercules, &c., but now these are accounted *impossible* fables.—*Pathomachia*, 1630, p. 27.

⁷⁹ *To make me mad.*

The old editions read, To make *one* mad. The probable blunder was corrected by Mr. Dyce, in his Remarks, p. 16.

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Windsor.*

Enter MRS. PAGE, MRS. QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this, or will be presently; but, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by-and-by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 't is a playing-day, I see.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is let^t the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his *Accidence*.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah: hold up your head; answer your master; be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Pulcher.*

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?²

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis*; I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined,—*Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*: Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. *Accusativo, hunc*.³

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, hung, hang, hog*.

Quick. Hang hog⁴ is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?

Will. O—*vocativo, O*.

Eva. Remember, William; focative is *caret*.

Quick. And that 's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitivo,—horum, harum, horum*.⁵

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack,⁶ which they 'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call whorum:—fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui, quæ, quod*;⁷ if you forget your *quies*, your *quæs*, and your *quods*, you must be preeches.⁸ Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory.⁹ Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. [*Exit* SIR HUGH.] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Ford's House.*

Enter FALSTAFF and MRS. FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance.¹⁰ I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth;¹¹ not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What ho, gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.]

Enter MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly;—[*Aside.*] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes¹² again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, Peer out! peer out!¹³ that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now; I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to

my husband, he is now here ; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion ; but I am glad the knight is not here : now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page ?

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at street end ; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then, you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man.¹⁴ What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him ; better shame than murder !

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go ? how should I bestow him ? Shall I put him into the basket again ?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come ?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols,¹⁵ that none shall issue out ; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here ?

Fal. What shall I do ?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces :¹⁶ Creep into the kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it ?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note : There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance,¹⁷ you die, sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him ?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him ; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something ; any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him ; she's as big as he is : and there's her thrumm'd hat,¹⁸ and her muffler too : Run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's eudgel; and the devil guide his eudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witeh of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough:—¹⁹

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:²⁰

We do not aet that often jest and laugh;

'T is old but true,—Still swine eat all the draff.²¹ [*Exit.*]

Re-enter MRS. FORD, with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, despatch. [*Exit.*]

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray Heaven it be not full of knight again.²²

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—Youth in a basket!²³—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging,²⁴ a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I

say!—Come, come forth. Behold, what honest elothies you send forth to bleaching!

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunaties! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter MRS. FORD.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without eause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty!²⁵

Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah.

[*Ford pulls the clothes furiously out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the elothies alone.²⁶

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's elothies? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am an honest man,²⁷ there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What, ho, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.²⁸

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery²⁹ as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.³⁰

Enter FALSTAFF in woman's clothes, led by MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her:——Out of my door, you witch, [*beats him*] you rag,³¹ you baggage, you polecat,³² you ronyon! Out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—"T is a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.³³

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail,³⁴ never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, SHALLOW, and EVANS.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.³⁵

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and

recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste,³⁶ attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest,³⁷ should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it, then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter HOST *and* BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the Court. Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English.

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.³⁸

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce³⁹ them: they have had my houses a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off;⁴⁰ I'll sauce them. Come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Ford's House.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, *and*
SIR HUGH EVANS.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt; I rather will suspect the sun with cold,⁴¹ Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand, In him that was of late a heretic, As firm as faith.

Page. 'T is well, 't is well; no more:
 Be not as extreme in submission
 As in offence;
 But let our plot go forward: let our wives
 Yet once again, to make us public sport,
 Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
 Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they 'll meet him in the Park
 at midnight? Fie, fie; he 'll never come.

Eva. You say,⁴² he has been thrown in the rivers, and has
 been grievously peaten as an old 'oman; methinks, there should
 be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks, his flesh
 is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you 'll use him when he comes,
 And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
 Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
 Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
 Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
 And there he blasts the tree, and takes the eattle,
 And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
 In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
 You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
 The superstitious idle-headed eld⁴³
 Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
 This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear,
 In deep of night, to walk by this Herne's oak:
 But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our deviee;
 That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
 Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.⁴⁴

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he 'll come,
 And in this shape;—when you have brought him thither,
 What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
 Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
 And three or four more of their growth, we 'll dress
 Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
 With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,

And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
 As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
 Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
 With some diffused⁴⁵ song; upon their sight,
 We two in great amazedness will fly:
 Then let them all encircle him about,
 And, fairy-like, to-pinch⁴⁶ the unclean knight;
 And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
 In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
 In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
 Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,⁴⁷
 And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
 We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
 And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
 Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do 't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be
 like a jack-an-apes⁴⁸ also, to burn the knight with my tabor.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the Queen of all the Fairies,
 Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy;—and in that tire⁴⁹
 Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, [*Aside.*
 And marry her at Eton.—[*To them.*] Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again, in name of Brook;⁵⁰
 He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties,⁵¹
 And trieking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures, and fery
 honest knaveries. [*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, and EVANS.]

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
 Send quickly to sir John,⁵² to know his mind. [*Exit* MRS. FORD.]
 I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
 And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
 That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot,—
 And he my husband best of all affects:
 The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
 Potent at Court; he, none but he, shall have her,
 Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.**Enter* HOST *and* SIMPLE.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, diseuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There 's his chamber, his house, his castle,⁵³ his standing-bed, and truckle-bed;⁵⁴ 't is painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call; he 'll speak like an Anthropophaginian⁵⁵ unto thee: Knock, I say.

Sim. There 's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I 'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I 'll call.—Bully knight! Bully sir John! speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Above.*] How now, mine host?

Host. Here 's a Bohemian-Tartar⁵⁶ carries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her deseend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: Fie! privaey? fie!

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she 's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was 't not the wise woman⁵⁷ of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, musele-shell:⁵⁸ What would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a ehain, had the ehain, or no.⁵⁹

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled master Slender of his ehain, cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? Let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not eoneal them, sir.⁶⁰

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest!

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 't is his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike;⁶¹ who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit SIMPLE.]

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit, than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.⁶²

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage.

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners:⁶³ for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three doctor Faustus.⁶⁴

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain; do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three couzin Germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs; and 't is not convenient you should be cozened: Fare you well.

[Exit.]

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine host *de Jarteere*?

Host. Here, master Doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jarmany: by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone: fly, run; hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

[*Exeunt* Host and BARDOLPH.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor⁶⁵ fishermen's boots with me. I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear.⁶⁶ I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero.⁶⁷ Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers,⁶⁸ I would repent.—

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? yes, I warrant; speciously one of them: mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit,⁶⁹ my counterfeiting the action of an old woman,⁷⁰ deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks,⁷¹ i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve Heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the Garter Inn.**Enter FENTON and HOST.*

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy; I will give over all.⁷²

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,— So far forth as herself might be her chooser,— Even to my wish: I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at! The mirth whereof⁷³ so larded with my matter, That neither, singly, can be manifested, Without the show of both,—wherein fat Falstaff⁷⁴ Hath a great scene: the image of the jest [*Showing a letter.* I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host: To-night, at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen: The purpose why is here:⁷⁵ in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot,⁷⁶ Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eton Immediately to marry: she hath consented: Now, sir, Her mother, even strong against that match,⁷⁷ And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away,— While other sports are tasking of their minds,— And at the deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her: to this, her mother's plot, She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath Made promise to the doctor.—Now thus it rests: Her father means she shall be all in white; And in that habit, when Slender sees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her go,

She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,⁷⁸ —
For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,—
That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribands pendant flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you 'll procure the Vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I 'll to the Vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I 'll make a present recompense.

[*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fourth Act.

¹ *Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.*

The Perkins MS. reads *get* for *let*; but surely the Evans who says,—with as great discreetly, I'll be judgement, &c.—might with propriety speak the original text as here given.

² *What is lapis, William?*

Lapis is one of the favorite examples of Latin substantives in several of the early Latin grammars. It is introduced also into a dialogue, similar to the present one, in Marston's *What you Will*, 1607. Another scene of a like character occurs in *How a Man may Chuse a good Wife from a Bad*, 1602. See also a jocose translation in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607.

³ *Accusativo, hunc.*

All editions read *hinc*, but the blunder could scarcely be intentional, especially as it is repeated by Evans. The boy forgot to add, *hanc, hoc*, which causes the latter to say, "I pray you, have your remembrance, child." Evans blunders in his English language, and in his pronunciation; but not in his Latinity. *Vocative is caret*, for *vocativo caret*. A few lines lower, the *genitive* of the old editions has been altered to *genitivo*. Latin is generally printed very incorrectly in old plays.

⁴ *Hang hog is Latin for bacon.*

Sir Nicholas Bacon being judge of the northern circuit, when he came to pass sentence upon the malefactors, was by one of them mightily importuned to save his life. When nothing he had said would avail, he at length desired his mercy on account of kindred. Prethee, said my Lord, how came that in? why, if it please you, my Lord, your name is Bacon, and mine is Hog, and in all ages Hog and Bacon are so near kindred, that they are not to be separated. Ay, but (replied the judge) you and I cannot be of kindred unless you be hang'd; for Hog is not Bacon, till it be well hang'd.—*Lord Bacon's Apophthegms*, No. 36, ap. Grey.

⁵ *Horum, harum, horum.*

Unto the newter I compare her can,
For she's for thee, or me, or any man.
In her declensions she so farre doth goe,
As to the common of two or three, or moe,
And come to horum, harum, whorum, then
She proves a great proficient amongst men.

Taylor's Workes, fol. Lond. 1630.

⁶ *He teaches him to hick and to hack.*

“Sir William Blackstone thought that this, in Dame Quickly’s language, signifies ‘to stammer or hesitate, as boys do in saying their lessons;’ but Steevens, with more probability, supposes that it signifies, in her dialect, *to do mischief*.”—*Malone*. Literally, to fight with swords.

⁷ *It is qui, quæ, quod.*

Qui, which man; *quæ*, which woman; *quod*, which thing; *cujus*, of which man, of which woman, of which thing; like as you may say, *hic*, this man; *hæc*, this woman; *hoc*, this thing, &c., or *hic*, this masculine, &c.—*Brinsley’s Ludus Literarius*, 1612.

To construe plainly, she is seldome curious,
The two hard words of *durus* and of *durius*;
Though she’s not past the whip, she’s past the rods,
And knowes to joyne her *qui*’s, her *quæ*’s, and *quod*’s.

Taylor’s Workes, fol. Lond. 1630.

⁸ *You must be preeches.*

You must be preeches, i. e. you must be breeched, or flogged. “Cry like a breech’d boy,” Beaumont and Fletcher.

⁹ *He is a good sprag memory.*

Sprack, mispronounced by Evans *sprag*, is still in use in the West of England in the sense of *quick*, *active*, *lively*. Lord Chedworth says he has often heard in Wiltshire, “He has a good *sprack* wit;” and a sharp boy is termed *a sprack ’un*. Ray has, “A *sprack* lad or wench, apt to learn, ingenious,” *North Countrey Words*, 1674, p. 44, no doubt another form of the same word.

This word is used by Tony Aston, the comedian, in his supplement to Colley Cibber’s *Life*; “Mr. Dogget,” he tells us, “was a little lively *sprack* man.”—*Malone*.

¹⁰ *Your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance.*

My sufferings, and the inconveniences to which I have been put, are dissipated at the sight of your regret.

¹¹ *I profess requital to a hair’s breadth.*

At a hair’s breadth, lady, I warrant you.—*Poetaster*.

¹² *Your husband is in his old lunes again.*

Lines, ed. 1623, cr, as it is elsewhere spelt, *lunes*, is equivalent to, fancies. The quarto reads *rein*.

¹³ *Peer out! Peer out!*

Alluding to horns. Henley refers to the practice of children, when they invoke a snail to push forth its horns,—

Peer out, peer out, peer out of your hole,
Or else I’ll beat you black as a coal.

¹⁴ *And he’s but a dead man.*

Alas, alas, mistress, cried the maid, heer is my maister, and 100 men with him, with bills and staves. We are betraid, quoth Lionel, and I am but a dead man.—*Tarlton’s Newes out of Purgatorie*, 1590.

¹⁵ *Watch the door with pistols.*

Jackson ingeniously conjectures that we should read, “watch the door with Pistol,” thus getting rid of the anachronism; but the old text is undoubtedly as it came from Shakespeare’s pen.

¹⁶ *To discharge their birding-pieces.*

“The fabrication of a gun,” observes Sir S. Meyrick, “for the sole purpose of killing game, seems coeval with the commencement of the sixteenth century, and perhaps immediately consequent on the discovery of the wheel-lock.” The



above engraving (selected by Mr. Fairholt) represents a wheel-lock birding-piece of the time of James I., preserved at Goodrich Court.

¹⁷ *If you go out in your own semblance.*

“In the first folio, by the mistake of the compositor, the name of Mrs. Ford is prefixed to this speech and the next. For the correction now made I am answerable. The editor of the second folio put the two speeches together, and gave them both to Mrs. Ford. The threat of danger from *without* ascertains the first to belong to Mrs. Page. See her speech on Falstaff’s re-entrance.”—*Mulone*.

¹⁸ *There’s her thrumm’d hat, and her muffler too.*

A thrummed hat was, literally, a hat made of the thrums, or tufts, in weaving. The thrum is the extremity of a weaver’s warp, often about nine inches long, which cannot be woven. “Thrum of clothe or threade,” Palsgrave, 1530. The term *thrummed* appears to have been often applied to articles made of any very coarse kind of cloth. “*Bardo cucullus*, a thrummed hatte,” Elyot’s *Dictionarie*, 1559. “*Bernasso*, a thrumbed hat,” Florio’s *Worlde of Wordes*, 1598. “A thrummed hat, *une cappe de biar*,” Minsheu. Thrummed caps are mentioned by Quarles, and thrummed stockings are also alluded to. In the sixteenth century, thrummed hats were chiefly manufactured at Norwich, and at the other corporation and market-towns of Norfolk; Anderson’s *Origin of Commerce*, i. 383. Respecting the muffler, see the notes to the third act of Henry V.

¹⁹ *We cannot misuse him enough.*

Him omitted in ed. 1623 and ed. 1630; corrected in ed. 1632.

²⁰ *Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.*

There is an old song, probably written soon after the appearance of the *Comical Gallant*, founded upon the present line. It commences as follows:—

We Merry Wives of Windsor, whereof you make your play;
And act us on your stages, in London day by day;
Alas! it doth not hurt us, we care not what you do;—
For all you scoff, we’ll sing and laugh, and yet be honest too.

²¹ *Still swine eat all the draff.*

“A proverbe olde in Englande here, the still sowe eates the draffe,” Yates’ *Castell of Courtesie*, 1582. “A still sow eats all the draff,” *Scottish Proverbs in Ray*, ed. 1678, p. 358. “Still sew eats all the draffe,” *Praise of Yorkshire Ale*, Svo. Lond. 1697.

The still sowe eath all the draffe; my soowe eath none;
The devill stilth not my soowe, til her groyne be gone.

Heywood’s Epigrammes uppon Proverbes, 1577.

But I, who best her humorous pleasance know,
 Say that this mad wench, when she jesteth so,
 Is honester then many a sullen one,
 Which, being more silent, thinks worse, being alone,
 Then my quick-sprighted lasse can speake: for who
 Knowes not the old said saw of the *Still Sow*.

Skialetheia, or a Shadowe of Truth, 1598.

Still sowes eat all the draffe; but some sowes still
 With better things would faine their bellyes fill.

Davies's Scourge of Folly, 1611, p. 153.

The colt does play, while Bayard eates the chaffe,
 The sow that's silent eates up all the draffe.

Mill's Night Search, 8vo. Lond. 1640.

²² *It be not full of knight again.*

The omission of the article is of common occurrence, but the passage in the text here appears to be so written for the sake of a ludicrous effect.

"I am inclined to adopt the reading of the first folio—'full of knight:—there seems to me to be a degree of humour in the suppression of the article, which perhaps can be more easily conceived than explained; had the basket been made heavy with an inanimate substance, as lead, the article would of course have been omitted in this wish; and by the omission of the article, the knight appears to be considered merely as a ponderous body. There is an instance of the contemptuous suppression of the article in *Otway*, where Pierre, who was displeased at *Aqualina's* admission of *Antonio's* visits, says to her,—There's fool,—there's fool about thee."—*Lord Chedworth*.

²³ *Youth in a basket!*

"Youth in a basket" appears to have been a sort of proverbial phrase. It is given as the title of some lines in *A Swarme of Sectaries and Schismatiques*, 4to. Lond. 1641. *Falstaff*, it is almost needless to remark, was not a youth.

²⁴ *There's a knot, a ging.*

The first folio has *gin*, corrected in ed. 1632. *Ging* is an old English word, meaning a company of people; A.-S. *genge*, a flock. "Alisaundre quik hath armed al his *gyng*," *Kyng Alisaunder*, 922. "Hou he cam to batayle with hys *gyng*," *Richard Coer de Lion*, 4978. "I could not finde in my heart to swinge the whole *ging* of 'hem," *Every Man in his Humour*, fol. ed. p. 22. "I would not willingly see, or be seen, to any of this *ging*," *Jonson's New Inn*, 1631. *Steevens* also quotes examples from the *Alchemist*, and *Milton's Smectymnuus*. "Welcome, poet, to our *ging*," *Spanish Gipsie*, sig. E. v°, which is quoted, with the same form of the word, in *Poor Robin's Almanack* for the year 1709.

And all the *ging* goes on his side,
 Their minion him they make;
 To him themselves they all apply,
 And all his partie take.

Drayton's Muses Elizium, 4to. Lond. 1630, p. 57.

²⁵ *If you suspect me in any dishonesty.*

Dishonesty is here used in a wanton sense. The term implied lewdness of any kind, as appears from *Haydocke's* translation of *Lomatius*, 1598.

Two corrivals to a maid's *dishonestie* drew and fought under her windowe, and she, looking out, said: Sirres, you mistake; your quarrell is not to be ended with steele, but with golde and silver.—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

²⁶ *Let the clothes alone.*

They came at last to the heap of linnen which was still remaining in the fair one's chamber, where Camillus had been concealed the night before. The Doctor made no question but to find his wives gallant in the heap of linnen, *takes out the linnen piece by piece*, but found not the person he lookt for.—*The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers*, 1632.

²⁷ *As I am an honest man.*

“As I am a man,” ed. 1623. The reading here adopted is taken from the early quarto edition of 1602.

²⁸ *It is my maid's aunt of Brentford.*

Her name, as appears shortly afterwards, was Prat; and reasons are given, in the Local Illustrations, for believing the character was taken from life. In the quarto, in two instances, she is termed Gillian of Brentford, being there confused with a personage whose name was familiar to the public from a popular tract, entitled, “Jyl of Braintford's Testament,” printed at London by William Copland about the middle of the sixteenth century. “Jyl of Brentford's Testament” was in the curious list of books given by Laneham as constituting the library of Captain Cox, and two copies, I believe, and no more, have descended to modern times—one in the Bodleian Library, and another which passed through the hands of Ritson and Heber. Dame Gillian's legacies, although dispensed with the utmost liberality, and in some respects with judgment, were not, however, very acceptable. According to the black-letter tract, she was hostess of a respectable inn at Brentford, and, therefore, we may presume, suitable company for Mistress Ford:—

At Brentford, on the west of London,
Nygh to a place that called is Syon,
There dwelt a widow of a homly sort,
Honest in substaunce and full of sport:
Dally she cowd with pastim and jestes,
Among her neyghbours and her gestes;
She kept an inne, of ryght good lodgyng,
For all estates that thyder was comyng.

This is on the supposition that Robert Copland, the writer of this tract, did not invent the circumstances. “Gyllian of Braynford's will” is mentioned in Summers Last Will and Testament, by T. Nash, 1600. The joke of Gillian's legacy continued to a late period, it being alluded to in Harry White his Humour, 12mo. Lond. printed about 1660:—

The author in a reeompence, to them that angry be,
Bequeaths a gift that's eald, Old Gillian's legacie.

It appears from Henslowe's Diary, p. 144, that a play entitled “Fryer Fox and Gyllen of Branforde” was composed in 1598-9; and there may have been in this some attribution of witchcraft to the latter character. There is certainly nothing of the kind in the tract above mentioned. “I doubt that olde hag, Gillian of Braineфорд, has bewicht me,” Westward Hoe, 1607. Some of the above particulars will be found in Webster's Works, ed. Dyce, iii. 107-8, where, however, it may be observed that the play, mentioned as being acted in 1592, has no relation to the present subject.

The “tale of Joane of Braineфорд's will” is mentioned in an epistle prefixed to Greene's Menaphon, 1587, as a very favorite work with the illiterate.

“As the second stratagem, by which Falstaff escapes, is much the grosser of the two, I wish it had been practised first. It is very unlikely that Ford, having

been so deceived before, and knowing that he had been deceived, would suffer him to escape in so slight a disguise.”—*Johnson*. Does not the Doctor, in this criticism, somewhat overlook the impetuosity which forms so prominent a feature in the character of Ford, and which would naturally lead him, in his anger, to be enraged at any obstacle that impeded his search, rather than induce him seriously to consider the probability of his being again deceived? Either stratagem would be palpable in the eyes of an audience, but Ford is rendered far too confident by the means through the aid of which he has obtained his information, to receive readily any suspicion of his wife being prepared for the contingency of a surprise.

²⁹ *And such daubery as this is.*

“Perhaps rather—such *gross falsehood*, and *imposition*. In our author’s time a *dauber* and a *plasterer* were synonymous. See *Minsheu’s Dict.* in v. *To lay it on with a trowel* was a phrase of that time, applied to one who uttered a gross lie. It may however mean, superficial external appearances. So, in *King Richard III* :—So smooth he *daub’d* his vice with shew of virtue.”—*Malone*.

³⁰ *Let him not strike the old woman.*

The word *not* is omitted in ed. 1623, but inserted in ed. 1630, and by all the modern editors. Douce is of opinion that “the incident in the present scene, of Falstaff’s threshing in the habit of a woman, might have been suggested by the story of the beaten and contented cuckold in *Boccaccio’s Decameron*, day 7, ver. 7.” In this tale, the husband goes out disguised in his wife’s dress, to meet her gallant, who, previously warned by her, beats him well, and speaking as if to the lady, reviles her for her want of chastity. The resemblance to the scene in the present comedy is of a very trifling kind.

³¹ *You rag,—you ronyon!*

Both these are terms of great contempt. The first occurs again in *Timon of Athens*, the second in *Macbeth*. The ed. 1630 reads *hagge*.

³² *You baggage, you polecat.*

Tra. The Lady Aurelia Mammon?—*Mas.* That very *polcat*; but I must tell you, sir, they are not married yet; if you have now a dainty devill to forbid the banes.—*Honorio and Mammon*, 1659.

³³ *Under her muffler.*

The early editions read, by mistake, *his muffler*.

³⁴ *If I cry out thus upon no trail.*

“The expression is taken from the hunters. *Trail* is the scent left by the passage of the game. *To cry out*, is to *open* or *bark*.”—*Johnson*.

³⁵ *He beat him most pitifully.*

Ingeram in eum multa mala, I will doe him many mischiefes, I will give him many knavish words; I will raile upon him *pitifully*; I will lay many things to his charge; I shall give him many checkes.—*Terence in English*, 1614.

³⁶ *In the way of waste.*

The meaning of the passage is that, if the devil have him not as an estate in fee simple, secured firmly by fine and recovery, and, therefore, possess him as an absolute property, he will not attempt again to ruin us by corrupting our virtue.

³⁷ *No period to the jest.*

That is, no conclusion or end. “Let me make the period to my curse,” *Richard III*.

³⁸ *Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.*

Call him, ed. 1623. Corrected in the third and fourth folios.

³⁹ *I'll sauce them.*

Sauce means apparently, to pay out, to trounce. "To *sawce*, rustic: pro *sowce*, box the ears," Thoresby's Yorkshire Words, 1703. "Yet swore, if a man might beleve him, that though he sunke into hell for it, he would, at one time or other, *sawce* her,"—Dekker's Strange Horse Race, 1613.

⁴⁰ *They must come off.*

Come off, i.e. pay; a common phrase in early plays. We still say *come down with the money*, a similar expression. Cf. Dodsley, viii. 433. The following notes on the phrase are entirely taken from Steevens, Farmer, and Tyrwhitt:—

"*To come off* is, *to pay*. In this sense it is used by Massinger, in the Unnatural Combat, where a wench, demanding money of the father to keep his bastard, says:—'Will you *come off*, sir?' Again, in Decker's If This be Not a Good Play, the Devil is in It, 1612:—'Do not your gallants *come off* roundly then?' Again, in Heywood's If you Know not Me you Know Nobody, 1633, p. 2: '—and then if he will not *come off*, carry him to the compter.' In A Trick to Catch the Old One, 1608: 'Hark in thine ear:—will he *come off*, think'st thou, and pay my debts?' Again, in the Return from Parnassus, 1606:—'It is his meaning I should *come off*.' Again, in the Widow, by Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton, 1652:—'I am forty dollars better for that: an 'twould *come off* quicker, 'twere nere a whit the worse for me.' Again, in A Merye Jest of a Man called Howleglas, bl. l. no date: 'Therefore *come of* lightly, and geve me my mony.'"—*Steevens*.

"They must *come off*, says mine host, I'll sauce them. This passage has exercised the criticks. It is altered by Dr. Warburton; but there is no corruption, and Steevens has rightly interpreted it. The quotation, however, from Massinger scarcely satisfied Heath, and still less Capell, who gives us, 'They must *not* come off.' It is strange that any one, conversant in old language, should hesitate at this phrase. Take another quotation or two, that the difficulty may be effectually removed for the future. In John Heywood's play of the Four P's, the *pedlar* says:—'If you be willing to buy, lay down money, *come off* quickly.' In the Widow, ut supra, '—if he will *come off* roundly, he'll set him free too.' And again, in Fennor's Compter's Commonwealth: '—except I would *come off* roundly, I should be bar'd of that priviledge,' &c."—*Farmer*.

The phrase is used by Chaucer, in the Friar's Tale,—

Come off, and let me riden hastily;
Give me twelve pence; I may no longer tarie.—*Tyrwhitt*.

⁴¹ *I rather will suspect the sun with cold.*

The folio reads *gold*, corrected by Rowe.

You know my meaning, sir: construe my words as you please: excuse me, gentlemen, if I be uncivill: I answere in the behalfe of one, who is as free from disloyaltie, as the sunne from darknes, or the fire from cold.—*Westward for Smelts*, 1620.

⁴² *You say, he has been thrown into the rivers.*

The discussion respecting the tricks played upon Falstaff had taken place *before* this scene commences. Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page had related an account of the adventures of the buck-basket and the disguise, when the party appear on the stage, Evans remarking,—"'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as

ever I did look upon." That this note is necessary, clearly appears from the fact of Mr. Collier recommending us to read, *you see*, because "the other persons engaged in the scene had *said* nothing of the kind, and Evans referred merely to the known sufferings of Falstaff, as a reason why he would not again be entrapped."

⁴³ *The superstitious idle-headed eld.*

Eld, old people. So in Dubartas, ap. Sylvester—

The massacre of infants and of eld,
And's royall self with thousand weapons queld.

⁴⁴ *Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.*

"This line, which is not in the folio, was properly restored from the old quarto by Theobald. He, at the same time, introduced another: 'We'll send him word to meet us in the field;' which is clearly unnecessary, and, indeed, improper: for the word *field* relates to two preceding lines of the quarto, which have not been introduced."—*Malone*.

⁴⁵ *With some diffused song.*

Diffused, wild, irregular. See the notes to King Lear.

⁴⁶ *To-pinch the unclean knight.*

See vol. i. p. 271; and further observations on the use of this prefix *to*, in the notes to King John.

⁴⁷ *Pinch him sound.*

Sound for *soundly*. Some editors read *round*. It is, as Stevens observes, the adjective used as an adverb.

⁴⁸ *I will be like a jack-an-apes also.*

"The idea of this stratagem, &c., might have been adopted from part of the entertainment prepared by Thomas Churchyard for Queen Elizabeth at Norwich: 'And these boyes, &c., were to play by a devise and degrees the *phayries*, and to daunce (as neere as could be ymagined) like the *phayries*. Their attire, and comming so strangely out, I know made the Queenes highnesse smyle and laugh withall, &c. *I ledde the yong foolishe phayries a daunce*, &c., and, as I heard said, it was well taken.'"—*Stevens*.

⁴⁹ *And in that tire.*

The original reads *time*, but the emendation, which belongs to Theobald, is so reasonable, I cannot bring myself to reject it, notwithstanding Warburton's defence of the old text.

"Surely Page never designed Slender should steal his daughter, whilst he went to buy the silk for her: it was not yet night; and Mrs. Anne was to be at the head of the fairies, and from thence stolen. In short, I am persuaded that Page, hearing how his wife designed their daughter should be dressed, meaning to take advantage thereof to bring about his own plot, would say, 'and in that *tire* shall Mr. Slender,' &c., i. e. attire, dress, habit."—*Theobald's Letters*.

"Theobald, referring *that time* to the time of buying the silk, alters it to *tire*. But there is no need of any change; *that time* evidently relating to the time of the mask with which Falstaff was to be entertained, and which makes the whole subject of this dialogue. Therefore the common reading is right."—*Warburton*.

⁵⁰ *In name of Brook.*

The ed. 1630 reads,—"*in the name of Broome*." The rhyme here appears to suit the name of Broom, also found in the folios.

⁵¹ *Get us properties and tricking.*

Properties are and were little incidental accessories to a theatre, exclusive of scenes and dresses. *Tricking*, i. e. dress. "*Attifets*, attires or tires, dressings, trickings, attirals," Cotgrave. *Trick*, to dress out,—Milton.

⁵² *Send quickly to Sir John.*

Although Quickly is the person sent, the reading of the first folio seems good. Capell well observes that Mrs. Quickly is seldom spoken of without the prefix to her name.

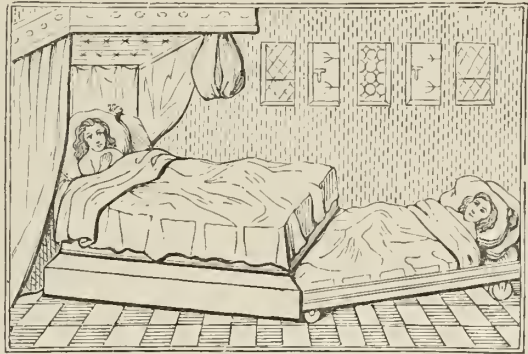
⁵³ *There's his chamber, his house, his castle.*

Note also, although no man may forcibly keep his house against the King's officers in the cases aforesaid, yet everie mans house is (to himselfe, his family, and his goods) *as his castle*, as well for his defence against injury and violence, as also for his repose and rest.—*Dalton's Countrey Justice*, 1620.

⁵⁴ *His standing-bed, and truckle-bed.*

The standing-bed was the principal fixed bedstead, or any large one not moving on castors. The truckle-bed was a smaller one, running upon truckles or castors, and so low as to be thrust under the standing-bed during the day-time; a contrivance adopted for the purpose of saving room.

"Item, one standinge bed," Inventory of Sir W. Fairfax, 1558. "Shew these gentlemen into a close room with a standing-bed in't, and a truckle too," Heywood's *Royal King and the Loyal Subject*, 1637. "All our Persian quilts, imbroyder'd couches, and our standing-beds," Davenant's *Works*, ed. 1673, p. 387. The annexed engraving, representing a nobleman in a canopied bed, his valet occupying the truckle-bed, is copied from an illuminated MS. of the fifteenth century. See further observations on the subject in the notes to *Romeo and Juliet*. The quarto reads, *trundle-bed*.



See further observations on the subject in the notes to *Romeo and Juliet*. The quarto reads, *trundle-bed*.

⁵⁵ *He'll speak like an Anthropophaginian.*

That is, like a cannibal. "It is here used," observes Steevens, "as a sounding word to astonish Simple." Decker makes a verb of it. Thus, in the *Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603,— "arme my trembling hand, that I may boldly rip up and anatomize the ulcerous body of this *Anthropophagized* plague."

Not without great wisdom did that old serpent, the *Anthropophagizide* satyr, cloath his hellish brood of his in humane shapes.—*Dekker's Strange Horse Race*, 4to. Lond. 1613.

⁵⁶ *Here's a Bohemian-Tartar.*

"The French call a *Bohemian* what we call a *gypsey*; but I believe the Host means nothing more than, by a wild appellation, to insinuate that Simple makes a strange appearance."—*Johnson*. "In Germany there were several companies of vagabonds, &c. called *Tartars* and *Zigens*. 'These were the same, in my opinion,' says Mezeray, 'as those the French call *Bohemians*, and the English *gypsies*,'—Bulteel's translation of Mezeray's *History of France*, under the year 1417,"—*Tollet*.

In a provincial council held at Tarragona in the year 1591, ap. Brand, there was the following decree against them: "Curandum etiam est ut publici Magistratus eos coereant qui se Ægyptiacos vel Bohemianos vocant, quos vix constat esse Christianos, nisi ex eorum relatione; cum tamen sint mendaces, fures, et deceptores, et aliis sceleribus multi eorum assueti."

⁵⁷ *Was't not the wise woman of Brentford?*

"In our author's time, female dealers in palmistry and fortune-telling were usually denominated *wise women*. So the person from whom Heywood's play of the *Wise Woman of Hogsden*, 1638, takes its title, is employed in answering many such questions as are the objects of Simple's enquiry."—*Reed*. Cotta, in the *Tryall of Witchcraft*, ap. Brand, says: "This kinde is not obscure, at this day swarming in this kingdom, whereof no man can be ignorant who lusteth to observe the uncontroled liberty and licence of open and ordinary resort in all places unto wise men and *wise women*, so vulgarly termed for their reputed knowledge concerning such deceased persons as are supposed to be bewitched."

⁵⁸ *Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell.*

He calls poor Simple *muscle-shell*, observes Dr. Johnson, because he stands with his mouth open.

⁵⁹ *Whether one Nym had the chain, or no.*

"By your leave, M. Fortune-teller, I had a glimps on you at home at my sister's, the widdowes; there you provised of the losse of a chaine; simply tho' I stand here, I was he that lost it," Puritainc, or the *Widdow of Watling-stræte*, 4to. Lond. 1607.

⁶⁰ *I may not conceal them, sir.*

This speech is wrongly given to Falstaff in the first folio.

I may not conceal them. Simple here by mistake uses *conceal* for *reveal*, and the Host amuses himself by repeating the blunder,—"*Conceal them, or thou diest.*" Hanmer, not understanding the text, reads,—"*Conceal them, and thou diest.*"

⁶¹ *Ay, sir Tike.*

The first folio reads, "Ay, sir, like," which is evidently a corruption. The quarto reads *Tike*, a base dog, and generally a term of contempt. Howell mentions "Yorkshire tikes," *Prov.* p. 21. "Base tike," Henry V. "Yo' are a dissembling tyke," *Staple of Newes*, fol. ed., p. 71.

⁶² *But was paid for my learning.*

"He alludes to the beating which he had just received. The same play on words occurs in *Cymbeline*, Act v.: '—sorry you have *paid* too much, and sorry that you are *paid* too much.'"—*Steevens*. To *pay*, in our author's time, as Malone observes, often signified, to *beat*.

⁶³ *Run away with the cozeners.*

The particle *by* is here adopted from the Perkins MS., as in Collier's *Notes and Emendations*, 1853, p. 38. I insert it with some hesitation, all particles being frequently understood in works of the Shakespearian period; but no instance has occurred to me to confirm the original text in the present instance.

[Since writing the above, I observe in the *Winter's Tale* a passage of a similar construction,—"*I am appointed him to murder you,*" for, *appointed by*. The text may therefore remain as in the first folio; but the above note may be preserved as one instance, amongst many, of the danger which is incurred by accepting alterations of the ancient readings.]

⁶⁴ *Like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.*

The simile was familiar to the audience, not only from Marlowe's play on the subject of Doctor Faustus, but from the popular history of the same tale, both of which were formerly much read. The annexed engraving of Dr. Faustus conjuring up a devil is copied from the title-page of a metrical version of the story, 12mo. 1664. The history, in its prose form, was frequently entitled, "The History of the Damnable Life and deserved Death of Dr. John Faustus," as on a title-page of the work now before me, which was "printed by C. Brown for M. Hotham at the Black Boy on London-bridge," and in which there is an enlarged copy of the wood-engraving here given. As early as the year 1588, there was licensed a ballad on the story of Dr. Faustus.



⁶⁵ *And liquor fishermen's boots with me.*

Liquor, to grease with oil, or other liquid. "Well *liquor'd* were his boots, and wonderous wide," Musarum Deliciae, 1656. "They are people who will not put on a boot which is not as well *liquored* as themselves," Walk Knaves Walk, 1659. "For your boots lickquoring, 0. 1. 0.," MS. accounts, 1683.

Give 'em fresh litt'r, and rub their heeles ;
You wagoners, *liquor* your wheelles,
That all the day long we may fight,
Till we be parted by dark night.—*Homer à la Mode*, 1665.

That vessel consecrated oyl contains,
Which some profaner hereticks would use
For *liquoring* wheelles of jacks, of boots, and shooes.

Oldham's Satyrs, Svo. Lond. 1685, p. 80.

Doctor, said Tom, standing at the stair foot, will you have one or both dressed? He, supposing he meant the *liquoring of the boots*, cried out in a passion,—You rascal, let them both be done, for what should I do with one? The cook, hearing what he said, immediately set on the great pot, and boiled the boots till they were tender.—*The Mad Pranks of Tom Tram*, n. d.

⁶⁶ *Till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear.*

"To ascertain the propriety of this similitude, it may be observed that *pears*, when they are *dried*, become flat, and lose the erect and oblong form that, in their natural state, distinguishes them from apples."—*Stevens*.

⁶⁷ *Since I forswore myself at primero.*

See an account of this game in the notes to Henry VIII.

⁶⁸ *To say my prayers.*

These words, omitted in the folio, are taken from the early quarto. As Malone observes, they were probably left out of the former on account of the Statute, 3 Jac. I. ch. 21.

⁶⁹ *My admirable dexterity of wit.*

“This so sodaine dexterity of wit in Isabella was not onely admired by all the company, but likewise passed with as generall approbation,” Decameron, ed. 1620.

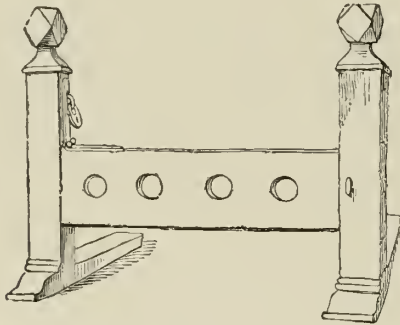
⁷⁰ *Counterfeiting the action of an old woman.*

Theobald unnecessarily proposes to read *wood woman*. “I am not certain that this change is necessary. Falstaff, by counterfeiting such weakness and infirmity as would naturally be pitied in an old woman, averted the punishment to which he would otherwise have been subjected, on the supposition that he was a witch.”—*Steerens*.

“The reading of the old copy is fully supported by what Falstaff says afterwards to Ford: ‘I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor *old* woman.’”—*Malone*.

“Theobald should have considered that all old women were not suspected of being witches, at the time this play was written, nor set in the stocks as such; unfortunately, Sir John was taken dressed in the very cloaths of the wise woman of Brainford, a generally reputed witch, and from this appearance believed to be herself in person, till, by dexterously managing his disguise, he persuaded the constable and mob that he was a quite different woman, and not the witch they had taken him for, and that without being himself detected.”—*Heath*.

⁷¹ *The knave constable had set me i' the stocks.*



The stocks here engraved by Mr. Fairholt represent an old pair of stocks of the Elizabethan period, which stood, so late as the year 1833, in the cloisters adjoining St. George's Chapel in Windsor Castle. They are now removed, and the present drawing is, in all probability, the only record of them at this time remaining.

⁷² *I will give over all.*

I will have no more to do with the business. My mind is so heavy, I cannot attend to anything.

⁷³ *The mirth whereof.*

“Thus the old copy. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—The mirth *whereof's* so larded, &c. but the old reading is the true one, and the phraseology that of Shakespeare's age. *Whereof* was formerly used as we now use *thereof*; ‘—the mirth *thereof* being so larded,’ &c. So, in *Mount Tabor, or Private Exercises of a Penitent Sinner*, 8vo. 1639: ‘In the mean time [they] closely conveyed under the cloathis wherewithal he was covered, a vizard, like a swine's snout, upon his face, with three wire chains fastened thereunto, the other end *whereof* being holden severally by those three ladies; who fall to singing again,’ &c.”—*Malone*.

⁷⁴ *Wherein fat Falstaff.*

The word *wherein*, omitted in ed. 1623, is taken from the quarto edition. The

editor of the second folio, arbitrarily reads, says Malone, to supply the metre,—“fat Sir John Falstaff.” Instead of *a great scene*, the quarto reads, *a mighty scare*, i. e. share. *Scene* here would bear very much the same interpretation.

⁷⁵ *The purpose why is here.*

That is, as Steevens observes, in the letter.

⁷⁶ *While other jests are something rank on foot.*

That is, while other jests are numerous and being eagerly followed. “Trees shoote out branches over rankely, *luxuriantur arbores*,” Baret, 1580.

⁷⁷ *Even strong against that match.*

The quarto reads, *Now her mother, still against*. In the text, the word *even* must be construed *equally* (the adjective used for the adverb), a far better meaning than that suggested by the substitution *ever*.

⁷⁸ *The better to denote her to the doctor.*

The first folio reads *denote*. The present emendation, which was suggested by Steevens, is fully supported by a subsequent passage, quoted by him: “—the white will *decipher* her well enough.”—*Malone*.

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and MRS. QUICKLY.

Fal. Prithee, no more prattling:—go. I'll hold:¹ This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say there is divinity in odd numbers,² either in nativity, chance, or death.³—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain: and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince.⁴ [*Exit MRS. QUICKLY.*

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you:—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliah with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle.⁵ I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all,

master Brook. Since I plucked geese,⁶ played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what 't was to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged; and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Windsor Little Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll eouch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.⁷

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and ery *mum*; she eries *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*?⁸ the white will deeipher her well enough.—It hath struek ten o'elock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil,⁹ and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me.¹⁰ [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A Street in Windsor.*

Enter MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, *and* DR. CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master doetor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanery, and dispatch it quickly: Go before into the Park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do: Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [Exit CAIUS.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 't is no matter; better a little eliding than a great deal of heartbreak.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil, Hugh?¹¹

Mrs. Page. They are all eouched in a pit hard by Herne's oak,

with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We 'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Little Park.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, *and* Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you; Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Park near Herne's Oak.

Enter FALSTAFF, *disguised, with a buck's head on.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; Love set on thy horns. O powerful Love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda:—O, omnipotent Love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on 't, Jove; a foul fault. When gods have hot¹² backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?¹³ Who comes here? my doe?

Enter MRS. FORD, *and* MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black seut!¹⁴—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves;¹⁵ hail kissing-

comfits,¹⁶ and snow eringoes;¹⁷ let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*]

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a brib'd-buck,¹⁸ each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk,¹⁹ and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

[*There is a murmuring noise heard, which gradually increases.*]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise!

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away!

Mrs. Page. } [*They run off.*]

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, like a satyr; MRS. QUICKLY, and PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.

Anne. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,²⁰
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,²¹
Attend your office and your quality.²²
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.²³

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd,²⁴ and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:²⁵
Our radiant Queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:²⁶
I'll wink and cough: no man their works must eye.

[*Lies down upon his face.*]

Eva. Where's Pead?²⁷—Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,²⁸
Sleep she as sound as careless infaney;

But those as sleep,²⁹ and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Anne. About, about!

Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out :
Strew good luck, outhes, on every sacred room ;³⁰
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome,³¹ as in state 't is fit,—
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.³²
The several ehairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm,³³ and every precious flower :
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon evermore be bless'd !
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring :
Th' expresse that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see ;
And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write,³⁴
In emerald tuffs,³⁵ flowers purple, blue, and white :³⁶
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee :—
Fairies use flowers for their eharactery.³⁷
Away; disperse: But till 't is one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, loek hand in hand; yourselves in order set:
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay: I smell a man of middle-earth.³⁸

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy,
Lest he transform me to a peece of cheese!

Pist. Vild worm, thou wast o'erlook'd³⁹ even in thy birth.

Anne. With trial-fire touch me his finger end.
If he be chaste, the flame will back dseend,
And turn him to no pain;⁴⁰ but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*]

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Anne. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme,
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.⁴¹

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!⁴²
 Fie on lust and luxury!
 Lust is but a bloody fire,⁴³
 Kindled with unchaste desire,
 Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
 As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
 Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
 Pinch him for his villainy;
 Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
 Till candles, and starlight, and moonshine be out.

During this song the fairies pinch FALSTAFF.⁴⁴ DOCTOR CAIUS comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green; SLENDER another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and FENTON comes, and steals away ANNE PAGE. A noise of hunting is heard from within. All the fairies run away. FALSTAFF pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

*Enter PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, and MRS. FORD.
 They take hold of Falstaff.*

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we have watch'd you now:
 Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher:
 Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
 See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes⁴⁵
 Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his eudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master Ford;⁴⁶ his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.⁴⁷

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See, now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent,⁴⁸ when 't is upon ill employment.

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxeomb of frize?⁴⁹ 'Tis time I were ehoked with a peece of toasted eheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English?⁵⁰ This is enough to be the deecay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without seruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding?⁵¹ a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, eold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wieked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and saek, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected;⁵² I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel:⁵³ ignoranee itself is a plunnet o'er me;⁵⁴ use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we 'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have eozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.⁵⁵

Page. Yet be eheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doetors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doetor Caius' wife. [*Aside.*

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

Slen. Despatched!—I 'll make the best in Glo'stershire know on 't; would I were hanged, la, else.⁵⁶

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she 's a great lubberly boy! If it had not been i' the church, I would have swunged him, or he should have swunged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and—'t is a postmaster's boy!

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white,⁵⁷ and eried *mum*, and she eried *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Page. O, I am vexed at heart:⁵⁸ What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctour at the Deanery, and there married.

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am eozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am eozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 't is a boy; be gar, I 'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit* CAIUS.]

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress? how chauce you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctour, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it.
 You would have married her most shamefully,
 Where there was no proportion held in love.
 The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
 Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
 Th' offence is holy that she hath committed:
 And this deceit loses the name of craft,
 Of disobedience, or unduteous title;⁵⁹
 Since therein she doth evitate and shun
 A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
 Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:
 In love, the Heavens themselves do guide the state;
 Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to
 strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy?⁶⁰ Fenton, Heaven give thee joy!
 What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.⁶¹

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of decr are chas'd.⁶²

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further: master Fenton,
 Heaven give you many, many merry days!
 Good husband, let us every one go home,
 And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;⁶³
 Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John,
 To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
 For he, to-night, shall lie with mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fifth Act.

¹ *I'll hold.*

That is, I will keep to my agreement. "I holde it, as we saye whan we make bargaen, *je le tiens*; lay downe your monaye, I holde it, *sus boutez vostre argent, je le tiens*," Palsgrave, 1530.

² *There is a divinity in odd numbers.*

"Numero Deus impare gaudet," Virg. Eclog. viii. Compare the commentary of Servius on this passage, which is quoted, with a like application to that in the text, in Ravenscroft's *Mamamouchi*, 1675. In setting a hen, says Grose, the good women hold it an indispensable rule to put an odd number of eggs: all sorts of remedies are directed to be taken three, seven, or nine times.

Her instauration was somewhat strange,
Led by nine vestals, for *th' odde number* was
Highly esteemed in their sacred range,
As by the poet in his quaffing glasse.

. *Whiting's Albino and Bellama*, 1638, p. 30.

³ *Either in nativity, chance, or death.*

Chance, matters of chance. Theobald suggested to read, *chains*.

⁴ *Hold up your head, and mince.*

Mince, to walk affectedly, with short steps. The term is here equivalent to *trip*—time goes, so trip along. "Two mincing steps," *Merch. Ven.* So, in Stubbes's *Anatomy of Abuses*,—"And not onlie upon these things do they spend their goods, or rather the goods of the poore, but also in pride, their *summum gaudium*; and upon their dansing minions, that *minse* it full gingerlie, God wot, tripping like gotes, that an egge wold not brek under their feet."—*Malone*.

⁵ *Life is a shuttle.*

An allusion to the sixth verse of the seventh chapter of the Book of Job: "My days are swifter than a weaver's *shuttle*," &c.—*Stevens*.

⁶ *Since I plucked geese.*

"The allusion is to the school-boys' custom of plucking quills out of the wings of geese, not only on the commons where they graze, but in the markets, as they hang by the neck, from the hands of the farmers who are selling them. There are not many boyish diversions preferable to the chase of a flock of geese on a wide

common, for this purpose. ‘Scholars law—pull a goose, and let her go!’ is a distich, which, if the boys in the North be not degenerated from what they were sixty years ago, may be heard there almost every day in the year: and may be seen practised on every waste common.”—Sherwen MSS., c. 1810.

⁷ *Remember, son Slender, my daughter.*

“The word *daughter* was inadvertently omitted in the first folio. The emendation was made by the editor of the second.”—*Malone*.

⁸ *What needs either your mum, or her budget?*

Mum-budget was a cant word, implying silence. “But, *mumbouget*, for Carisophilus I espie,” Damon and Pithias, 1571. “For no other reason in the earth, but because I would not let him go beyond me, or be won to put my finger in my mouth, and erie *mumbudget*,” Nash’s Have with You to Saffron Walden, 1596. “Ay, to mum withal; but he plays *mum-budget* with me,” Untrussing of the Humorous Poet. “So Master Woodeock, like a woodeock, bit his lip, and, *mumbudget*, was silent,” Tarlton’s Jests, 1611. “If a man call them to accomptes, and aske the cause of al these their tragical and cruel doings, he shall have a short answer with *mum-budget*,” Oration against the unlawful Insurrections of the Protestants, 1615, cited by Reed. “*Avoir le bec gelé*, to play mumbudget, to be tongue-tyed, to say never a word,” Cotgrave. “To play at mumbudget, *demurer court ne sonner mot*,” Howell. “Then I twirl his hat thrice round his head, and give him not a word but *Mum Budget*,” Win her and Take her, 1691, p. 48; another instance at p. 49, *ibid*.

Mum budget, not a word. In an inventory of such household stuff, it is ill falling to particulars; such universal propositions or prepositions require no instance.—*Ulysses upon Ajax*, 1596.

For she is the maine storehouse of seeresie, the maggazin of taciturnity, the elozet of connivence, the *mumbudget* of silence, the cloathbagge of counsell, and the eapease, fardle, packe, male (or female), of friendly toleration.—*Taylor’s Workes*, fol. Lond. 1630.

⁹ *No man means evil but the devil.*

Warburton reads unnecessarily, *no one*. It was usual to term spiritual beings, *men*; although here, as Malone observes, Page may indirectly allude to Falstaff, who was to be disguised like Herne the hunter, with horns on his head.

¹⁰ *Let’s away; follow me.*

The old MS. previously cited reads,—“Let’s away; come, son Slender, follow me.” This is of no authority.

¹¹ *And the Welsh devil, Hugh.*

The folio reads *Herne*, instead of *Hugh*. The obvious blunder, which probably arose from the name in the original manuscript having been indicated by the initial only, was corrected by Dr. Thirlby and Theobald. Theobald reads, *Evans*.

¹² *When gods have hot backs.*

“I wonder what I have eaten and drunk at the marchant’s house, I find myself so hot,” Taylor’s Workes, 1630. An argument similar to that in the text is used in Terence’s *Eunuchi*, iii. 5, where a youth defends his loving propensities from observing a picture of Jupiter and Danae, and by commenting upon it. The same thought, says Malone, is found in Lyly’s *Euphues*, 1580:—“I think in those days love was well ratified on earth, when lust was so full authorized by the gods in heaven.”

¹³ *Who can blame me to piss my tallow?*

So, in Turberville's Booke of Hunting, 1575, ap. Farmer, "During the time of their rut, the rats live with small sustenance:—the red mushroome helpeth well to make them *pysse their greace*, they are then in so vehement heate," &c. In Ray's Collection of Proverbs, the phrase is yet further explained:—"He has *piss'd his tallow*. This is spoken of bucks who grow lean after rutting-time, and may be applied to men." The phrase, however, is of French extraction. Jacques de Fouillou, in his quarto volume entitled *La Venerie*, also tells us that stags in rutting time live chiefly on large red mushrooms, "qui aident fort à leur faire *pisser le suif*."—*Stevens*.

¹⁴ *My doe with the black scut?*

Scut, a hunting term, is here improperly applied, being used only for the tail of a hare or rabbit. "Of the hare and conie, the scut," is amongst the "tearmes of the tayle" in *Manwood*. "Between my knees and mounting scut," *Musarum Deliciæ*, 1656.

¹⁵ *Let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves.*

The ballad of *Green Sleeves*, also referred to previously at p. 328, was printed in 1580, being licensed to Richard Jones in that year, on September 3d, as "A new northen dittye of the Laly grene sleeves." It rapidly attained great popularity, and an answer to it soon appeared, entitled, "the Ladie Greene Sleeves answere to Donkyn his frende," licensed in 1580, *Collier's Extr. Stat. Reg.*, ii. 121. Several other interesting entries respecting it appear in the same volume, viz., "a ballad intituled Greene Slevs and Countenaunce, in Countenaunce is Greensleves," 1580; "Greene Slevs moralised to the Scripture, declaringe the manifold benefites and blessinges of God bestowed on sinfull man," 1580; "a ballad intituled a merry newe Northen songe of greene slevs, begynninge, the boniest lasse in all the land," 1580: "a ballad intituled a Reprehension againste greene slevs, by William Elderton," 1581; "a ballad intituled, Greene sleeves is worne awaie, Yellowe slevs comme to decaie, Blacke sleeves I holde in despite, But white sleeves is my delighte," 1581. There is an adaptation of the original ballad of *Green Sleeves* in *Robinson's Handful of Pleasant Delites*, 1584, entitled, "A new courtly Sonet of the Lady Greensleeves, to the new tune of Greensleves," which commences as follows,—

Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight;
Greensleeves was my hart of gold,
And who but Lady Greensleeves.

There can be but little doubt that the first ballad of *Lady Greensleeves* was a much looser production than the one printed by *Robinson*. See *Beaumont and Fletcher*, ed. *Dyce*, vi. 55; vii. 170. It appears also that a woman of ill character was popularly termed a *Lady Green-sleeves*.

Such another device it is as the godly ballet of *John Carelesse*, or the song of *Greene sleeves* moralized.—*Nash's Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596.

Ale will make a man sing *Selengers Round* to the tune of *Greene Sleeves*, or *Trenchmore* to the tune of *Laugh and lye down*.—*Ale Ale-rated*, 1651.

Breeding, yes; could I not play, I am the Duke of Norfolk, *Green Sleeves*, and the fourth Psalm upon the virginals; and did I not learn, and could play six lessons upon the *Viol de Gambo* before I went to that nasty, stinking, wicked town; out on't?—*Epsom Wells*, 1673.

Spr. Nay, nay, never minde him, man, but on with your Song.—*Trup.* Cuds

bud, it's the finest song you e're heard in your life. The elerk of our parish sings it rarely *to the tune of the Sixteenth Psalm, and it will go to Green sleeves*; but that's all one.—I'll sing it as well as I can.—*The Woman turu'd Bully*, 1675.

Uniformity and coherence was *Green Sleeves and pudding-pyes*, and that irregularity and nonsense were the chief perfections of the drama.—*Brown's Letters from the Dead to the Living*, ed. 1707, p. 61.

The number of these is almost infinite, but I stay only for a new edition of the voluminous Eustathius upon Homer, and then I will proceed to make their parallel with *Green Sleeves*, Health to Betty, Parson upon Dorothy, Cold and Raw, and many others, for which I hope to have the learned world's assistanee.—*Useful Transactions in Philosophy*, 1709.

There was a dance called *Green Sleeves*, thus described in the Newest and Compleat Academy of Complements, 1714:—"Green Sleeves.—Change sides; first man and second woman side to one another, and go right hands round, first woman and second man do the same; then the first couple cross over behind the second couple, and turn round; then they lead up, and casting off, turn round again; so it ends. *The Second Part*.—Keep your side, then back to back with the contrary partner; then the other do the same, then round hands all four, and fall back, then cross over, and lead up and east off, and lead down and cast off again; and so on." The dance-tune is mentioned in Prior's *Alma*, 2nd canto. Green-sleeves is also noticed as a danee-tune in another passage in the work of Nash, above quoted, 1596.

The tune of Green-sleeves, observes Mr. Chappell, is the same as, *Which Nobody can deny*, and *Christmas comes but once a year*. It was also called 'Green Sleeves and Pudding Pies' (mentioned in Bold's *Poems*, 1685), as well as, 'Green Sleeves and yellow Lace;' and numerous songs were arranged to it, but the former is said by Nares to be merely the first line of a political parody. According to Douce, ed. 1839, p. 484, the tune is still used in the *Beggar's Opera*, in the song of, 'Since laws were made for every degree.' The tune itself is given in Chappell's *National Airs*, 1838.

¹⁶ *Hail kissing-comfits.*

"*Kissing-comfits* were sugar-plums, perfumed to make the breath sweet. Monsieur Le Grand D'Aussi, in his *Histoire de la Vie privée des Français*, vol. ii. p. 273, observes—'Il y avait aussi de petits drageoirs qu'on portait en poche pour avoir, dans le jour, de quoi se *parfumer la bouche*.' So also in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623:—'Sure your pistol holds nothing but perfumes or *kissing-comfits*.' In Swetnan *Arraign'd*, 1620, these confections are called *kissing-causes*;—'Their very breath is sophisticated with amber-pellets, and *kissing-causes*.' Again, in *A Very Woman*, by Massinger:—'*Comfits* of ambergris to help our *kisses*.' For eating these, Queen Mab may be said, in *Romeo and Juliet*, to *plagne their lips with blisters*,"—*Steevens*.

They thought they should never get the taste out of their mouths, yet they took immediately fifty pipes of tobacco between five of them, and an ounce or two of *kissing-comfits*.—*Harriugton's Apology*, 1596.

With him he staves half a yere, rubbing his toes, and following him with his sprinkling-glasse and his box of *kissing-comfits* from place to place.—*Nash's Have with You to Saffron Walden*, 1596.

Noe haile of comfits, showers of water swete,
Noe angels servitours as had bin meete.

The Newe Metamorphosis, MS. written e. 1600.

To make *Muskedines*, called *Rising-Comfits* or *Kissing-Comfits*.—Take half a pound of refined sugar, being beaten and searched, put into it two grains of musk, a grain of civet, two grains of ambergreese, and a thimble-full of white orris powder; beat all these with gum-dragon steeped in rose-water; then roul it as thin as you can, and cut it into little lozenges with your iging [qu. iron?], and stow them in some warm oven or stove; then box them and keep them all the year. *May's Accomplished Cook*, 1671, p. 271, ap. Nares.

“Shakespeare, very probably, had the following artificial *tempest* in his thoughts, when he put the words on which this note is founded into the mouth of Falstaff. Holinshed informs us that, in the year 1583, for the entertainment of Prince Alasco, was performed ‘a verie statelic tragedie named Dido, wherein the queen’s banket (with Æneas’ narration of the destruction of Troie) was lively described in a marchpaine patterne,—*the tempest wherein it hailed small confects, rained rose-water, and snow an artificial kind of snow*, all strange, marvellous and abundant.’ Brantome also, describing an earlier feast given by the Vidam of Chartres, says,—‘Au dessert, il y eut un *orage artificiel* qui, pendant une demie heure entiere, fit tomber une *pluie* d’eaux odorantes, et un *grêle de dragées*.’ Though I will not undertake to prove that all the culinary pantomimes exhibited in France and Italy were known and imitated in this kingdom, I may observe that flying, rising, and descending services were to be found at entertainments given by the Duke of Burgundy, &c. in 1453, and by the Grand Duke of Tuscany in 1600, &c. See M. Le Grand D’Aussi’s *Histoire de la Vie privée des François*, vol. iii. p. 294, &c.”—*Steevens*.

¹⁷ *And snow eringoes.*

“Payde so much for *eringoes* to provoke,” Taylor’s Motto, 1622. “Whose root th’ *eringo* is, the reines that doth inflame,” Drayton. “The roots, condited or preserved with sugar, do exceedingly refresh and comfort the body, and restore the naturall moysture; they are very greatly availeable for old and aged people, and for such as are weak by nature, refreshing and restoring the one, and amending the defects of nature in the other; they excite and give an ability to embracements,” Venner’s *Via Recta ad Vitam Longam*, 1637. “Sure he has eat *eringoes*, he’s as hot,” Mayne’s *Citye Match*, fol. 1639, p. 47. “Master Mixum, an apothecary, at whose shop I use to eate *eringo* roots,” Glapthorne’s *Hollander*, 1640. “Potent *eringos*,” Cartwright’s *Siedge or Love’s Convert*, 1651, p. 107. They are classed with “lascivious meats” in Burton’s *Anatomy of Melancholy*, ed. 1652, p. 547; and with other provocatives, in the *Poor Man’s Comfort*, 1655; in the play of *Lover’s Luck*, 1696, p. 37; and, even as late as 1783, they are mentioned in a similar way in the *New Crazy Tales*, p. 28. Numerous receipts for preserving and candying eringo roots, as they were eaten for this object, are given in old works on cookery and confectionary.

¹⁸ *Divide me like a brib’d buck.*

So the old copies. *Brib’d*, i. e. stolen. “Bribed signetts” are mentioned in Rot. Parl., as quoted by Tyrwhitt; and Palsgrave has, “I bribe, I pull, I pyll.”

¹⁹ *My shoulders for the fellow of this walk.*

A *walk* was a particular keeper’s district. Windsor forest was parcelled out into walks, as appears from Norden’s map, 1607. “Tell me, forester, under whom maintainest thou thy *walke*,” Lodge’s *Rosalynde*, 1592, ap. Malone; and again, “Thus, for two or three days he walked up and down with his brother, to shew him all the commodities that belonged to his *walke*,” *ibid*.

“To which purpose it happened well that the well itsclfe falleth within the limits of a *walke in the forrest*, which hath long time been kept and watched by

one John Frodsham, *the keeper of that walke*, who was a very fit and meete person," *Newes out of Cheshire*, 1600. "To Mr. Harris for his trouble about selling your worship's *walk* in the forrest, per order, l. 1. 6," MS. *Accomts*, dated 1688.

Norden, as above quoted, after giving an alphabetical table of the places marked on the Map, says,—“Other places of note and name there are within everie walke, no doubt, wherof, either of meere ignorance, or wilfull negligence, the keepers coulde not informe more than in this table is observed. There is contention betwene everie neighbor keeper, for the moste parte, for usurpation and intruding one into anothers walkes, for not one of them trulie knoweth his owne boundes; which controversies will hardlie be justlie determined, untill the verderers of the Foreste, and the regarders of everie walke, ayded by the antient inhabitants, doe perambulate, view, and order the same.”—Notes to his Plans, 1607.

“To the keeper the *shoulders* and *humbles* belong as a perquisite,” *Grey*. So, in Friar Bacon, and Friar Bungay, 1599:

Butter and cheese, and *humbles* of a deer,
Such as poor keepers have within their lodge.

Again, in *Holinshed*, 1586, vol. i. p. 204: “The keeper, by a custom——hath the skin, head, *umbles*, chine and *shoulders*.”—*Steevens*.

²⁰ *Fairies black, grey, green, and white.*

The prefixes to this and other speeches spoken by the Fairy Queen are in the quarto and folio, *Quic*, *Qui*, and *Qu*, supposed by Mr. Harness to be an error, in all cases, for *Qu*, meaning *Queen*. The words certainly are not in keeping with Mrs. Quickly's ordinary conversation, but it may be presumed they were supposed to have been learned by rote, and it is to be observed that none of these fairy speeches are in character. The stage-direction in the quarto distinctly states that Mrs. Quickly was to be attired like the Queen of Fairies; but as Anne Page, in the perfect play, is to be the sovereign of the mimic band, Mr. Harness's correction may probably be accepted.

²¹ *You orphan heirs of fixed destiny.*

Warburton proposes *ouphen heirs*, and Heath, *harbingers*. The original text is no doubt correct, though the line is, perhaps, one of the most obscure to be found in any of the plays. More than one explanation may be given:—You, who are heirs, or children inheriting the powers, of Fate, created preternaturally, and therefore without parents. Or, if there be an allusion to changelings,—you, who are separated entirely from your parents, and are become the children of Fate. Or, you who are children of fixed destiny, of Fate's unchangeable decree, born without parents. The last interpretation is likely to be correct.

“But why *orphan-heirs*? Destiny, whom they succeeded, was yet in being. Doubtless the poet wrote:—‘You *ouphen* heirs of fixed destiny,’ i. e. you *elves*, who minister and succeed in some of the works of destiny. They are called in this play, both before and afterwards, *ouphes*; here *ouphen*; *en* being the plural termination of Saxon nouns; for the word is from the Saxon *Alfenne*, *lamia*, *demon*. Or it may be understood to be an adjective, as *wooden*, *woollen*, *golden*, &c.”—*Warburton*.

“Dr. Warburton corrects *orphan* to *ouphen*; and not without plausibility, as the word *ouphes* occurs both before and afterwards. But, I fancy, in acquiescence to the vulgar doctrine, the address in this line is to a part of the *troop*, as mortals by birth, but adopted by the fairies: *orphans* in respect of their real parents, and now only dependent on *destiny* herself. A few lines from Spenser will sufficiently illustrate this passage:

“The man whom *heavens* have *ordaynd* to bee
 The spouse of Britomart is Arthegall.
 He wonneth in the land of *Fayeree*,
 Yet is no *Fary* borne, ne sib at all
 To elves, but sprong of seed terrestriall,
 And whilome by false *Faries* stolen away,
 Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall,” &c.—*Farmer*.

“Dr. Warburton objects to their being *heirs* to Destiny, who was still in being. But Shakespeare, I believe, uses *heirs*, with his usual laxity, for *children*. So, to *inherit* is used in the sense of to *possess*.”—*Malone*.

²² *Attend your office, and your quality.*

Attend, attend to. “Attend my doctrine, then,” Seot’s *Philomythie*, 1616.

²³ *Make the fairy o-yes.*

“These two lines were certainly intended to rhyme together, as the preceding and subsequent couplets do; and accordingly, in the old editions, the final words of each line are printed, *Oyes* and *toyes*.”—*Tyrwhitt*.

²⁴ *Where fires thou find’st unrak’d.*

“That is, unmade up, by covering them with fuel, so that they may be found alight in the morning. This phrase is still current in several of our midland counties. So, in Chapman’s version of the sixteenth book of Homer’s *Odyssey*: ‘—still *rake* up all thy fire in fair cool words.’”—*Steevens*.

²⁵ *As blue as bilberry.*

“Whortle berries are called in England, whortes, whortle berries, blackberries, bill-berries, and, bull-berries, and in some places, winberries,” Gerard’s *Herball*, 1231. “What *bilberries* are, whether like a black cherry, or not, as I heard some affirme,” Ward’s MS. *Diary*, 1662. It is scarcely necessary to observe that fairies ever had an objection to sluttery. See most of the old fairy ballads.

²⁶ *He that speaks to them, shall die.*

The notion of death being the punishment of speaking to fairies is alluded to in the English translation of *Huon of Bourdeaux*, 4to. 1601, ch. 21.

²⁷ *Where’s Pead?*

Evans’s pronunciation of *Bead*; but his peculiar Welch speech is dropped almost entirely in these fairy speeches, though the accent in which he spoke must be supposed to have been sufficient for Falstaff to detect the speaker’s country. Two fairies, Pcan and Pead, for Bean and Bead, are mentioned by Sir Hugh in the quarto edition.

²⁸ *Raise up the organs of her fantasy.*

Raise up, rouse or stir up. “They shall not awake, nor be *raised* out of their sleep,” Job, xiv. 12. The meaning of the speech in the text is this,—Go you, and wherever you find a maid who has attended to her devotions before she retired to sleep, stir up the organs of her imagination (cause her to dream deliciously), and let her sleep as soundly as an infant: but as to those who have gone to rest without remembering to beg pardon for their sins, pinch them, &c. *Malone* would read the next line as if it meant, *though* she sleep, &c., but the construction is explained more naturally as referring to the fairy who is addressed. Warburton suggests to read *rein up*, which is certainly unnecessary.

²⁹ *But those as sleep.*

“But those *that* sleep,” ed. 1685. This is merely a modernization of the ancient phraseology.

³⁰ *Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room.*

Ouphes, clves. Compare Chaucer’s *Miller’s Tale*, 3482, &c.

³¹ *In state as wholesome.*

“*Wholesome* here signifies *integer*. He wishes the castle may stand in its present state of perfection, which the following words plainly show:—‘as in state ’tis fit.’”—*Warburton*.

³² *Worthy the owner, and the owner it.*

She desires the castle may stand till the end of time, worthy of the royal owner, and the owner worthy of it. Dr. Warburton proposes to read,—*as* the owner it.

³³ *Look you scour with juice of balm.*

“It was an article of our ancient luxury, to rub tables, &c. with aromatic herbs. Thus, in the *Story of Baucis and Philemon*, Ovid. *Met.* viii.:—‘*mensam—æquatam Mentha abstersere virenti.*’ Pliny informs us that the Romans did the same, to drive away evil spirits.”—*Steevens*.

³⁴ *And, Honi soit qui mal y pense, write.*

“Shakespeare understood French well enough to have known that in reading verse, the *e* final, occasionally, by poetic license, makes a syllable which is lost in prose; and I suspect that this little vindicating circumstance was unknown to the objector, who reads *y-write*. The letter *e* in *pense* being followed by the letter *r* in the word *write*, would, in the most correct French reading, be slightly sounded as a distinct syllable, coalescing with the liquid letter *r*, for the *w* is totally lost,” *Sherwen’s MSS.*

³⁵ *In emerald tuffs.*

Tuffs, the old and authentic form of *tufts*. Florio translates *affioccare*, “to betassle, to *tuffe*, or hang with locks.”

³⁶ *Flowers purple, blue, and white.*

Warburton would read *purpled* for *purple*, and, in the next line, *in rich*; surely, in both cases, unnecessarily.

³⁷ *Fairies use flowers for their charactery.*

For the matter with which they make letters.—*Johnson*.

³⁸ *I smell a man of middle-earth.*

Middle-earth, an old English term for the world (A. S. *middan-eard*), but nearly obsolete in Shakespeare’s time. It is found in the *Coventry Mysteries*, p. 30,—“*Tyl a maydon in medyl-erth be borne.*” A man of middle-earth is, therefore, merely a mortal. The term is probably derived from the ancient opinion that the earth stood in the centre of the universe. “*Now is non mysprowd squier in al this mydil-;erd,*” *Poem on the Times of Edward II.*, p. 24. “*God that madest man, and all middel-erthe,*” *William and the Werwolf*. “*The feyrest orchard that was yn alle thys myddyll-erd,*” *MS. Cantab. Ff. ii. 38, fol. 129.* “*More he is then any mon upon myddelerde,*” *Syr Gawayn and the Grene Knyzt.* “*And yett I shall make thee as feard, as ever was man in middlearth,*” *Turke and Gowin.* “*And win the fayrest mayde of middle erde,*” *Guy of Warwick.* “*Adam, for pride, lost his price in mydell erth,*” *Gower.* The

term seems to be used in a more literal sense by Heywood, "the middle-earth-sea that parts Europe from Africa" being mentioned in a marginal note to the *Troia Britanica*, 1609. Ruddiman, in his glossary to Gawin Douglas's translation of the *Æneid*, quoted by Steevens, affords the following illustration of this contested phrase: "It is yet in use in the North of Scotland among old people, by which we understand *this earth in which we live, in opposition to the grave*: Thus they say, *There's no man in middle erd is able to do it, i. e. no man alive or on this earth.*"

³⁹ *Thou wast o'erlook'd.*

That is, overlooked by a witch. The term is still in use in the sense of *bewitched* in the West of England. "To be overlook'd, to be bewitched or blasted by some hag," Palmer's *Devonshire Glossary*, p. 69. So the old proverb,—the devil looks over Lincoln.

What disease hath she tane?—*Cal.* You need not marvell at this, for I believe some envious eye hath *overlook'd* her.—*Gough's Strange Discovery*, 1640.

⁴⁰ *And turn him to no pain.*

"The *teen* that I have *turn'd* you to," *Tempest*. "All the *trouble* thou hast *turn'd* me to," *Henry VI.*

In this flame his finger thrust,
Which will burn him, if he lust;
But if not, away will turn,
As loth unspotted flesh to burn.—*Faithful Shepherdess.*

⁴¹ *Still pinch him to your time.*

Theobald here inserts a line from the quarto—"it is right, &c."—which is certainly not at all in keeping with the rest. Compare this line, and others, with passages in the *Faithful Shepherdess*.

⁴² *Fie on sinful fantasy!*

It is barely possible that the author had in his recollection Lamilia's song,—*"Fy, fy on blind Fancy"*—in Greene's *Groatworth of Wit*, published first in 1592. See Collier's ed. of Shakespeare, i. 270.

⁴³ *Lust is but a bloody fire.*

"A *bloody fire*, means a *fire in the blood*. [Cf. *Tempest*, where that expression occurs.] In the Second Part of *Henry IV.* act iv. the same expression occurs:—"Led on by *bloody youth*, &c. i. e. sanguine youth," *Steevens*. In *Sonnets* by H. C. [Henry Constable], 1594, as Malone observes, there is the same image:

Lust is a fire, that for an hour or twaine
Giveth a scorching blaze, and then he dies;
Love a continual furnace doth maintaine, &c.

⁴⁴ *During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff.*

This stage-direction is adapted from one in the quarto edition, nothing of the kind being inserted in the folio. So, as Steevens observes, in Lilly's *Endymion*, 1591:—"The fayries daunce, and, with a song, *pinch* him;" and, in his *Maydes Metamorphosis*, 1600, they threaten the same punishment.

Dare you haunt our hallowed greene?
None but fayries heere are scene.
Downe and sleepe,
Wake and weepe,

Pinch him blacke, and pinch him blew,
 That seekes to steale a lover true.
 When you come to hear us sing,
 Or to tread our fayrie ring,
 Pinch him blacke, and pinch him blew,
 O thus our nayles shall handle you!

Ravenscroft's Briefe Discourse, 4to. Lond. 1614.

⁴⁵ *Do not these fair yokes.*

Mrs. Page is unquestionably here alluding to the horns on Falstaff's head, which may be supposed to have been fastened with a substantial bandage, passing over the head, and tied beneath the chin, thus forming a resemblance to the yokes of oxen; or the high-standing extremities of the *yoke* may be alluded to. Are not the yokes of horns on his head much more suitable to the forest, than to the town where our husbands reside? The second and later folios read, *fair oaks*; and *fairy oaks* has also been suggested as the correct reading.

⁴⁶ *Which must be paid to master Ford.*

So the quarto, as noticed by Malone, and, I think, rightly, as it avoids ambiguity. One editor reads,—paid *too*, master Brook.

⁴⁷ *But I will always count you my deer.*

A similar play upon words occurs in Taylor's *Workes*, fol. 1630,—“A deere friend (whom I love decre) did promise mee a deere foure yeeres since, and foure decre journeyes I made for my deere, and still with delayes and demurres I was put off from my deere, with promises that at such and such a time I should have my deere, but now I am in despaire of my deere, and I meane to take no more care for my deere; And so adue, my deere; but, indeed, hee that had the bounty to promise me this deere, hath the grace to blush whensoever he sees me, and therefore I doe love him for his modesty and shamefastnesse, and had it not beene for that, and that I doe love him indeed, I would long before this time have sung him a Kerry-Elison, that should have made him beene glad to have promist me a brace of bucks more, to have stop'd my mouth withall, although in performance my deere had beene *non est inventus*.”

⁴⁸ *See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent.*

A Jack-a-Lent was a stuffed puppet, or almost any oddity, thrown at by the the boys in Lent. The term is often used in contempt or playfulness, for a scarecrow, a diminutive or thin person, &c. See previously at p. 380. “Then Jake à Lent comes justlynge in, with the hedpeece of a herynge,” early ballad. This is in allusion to the composition of a Jack o' Lent, which frequently merely consisted of a red herring and an onion. Originally, Jack o' Lent was a character in some Lenten game or pageant, as appears from an exceedingly curious notice in Machyn's *Diary of a London entertainment in the year 1553*,—“and then cam the dullo and a sawden, and then a priest shreyffynge Jake-of-Lent on horss-bake, and a doctor ys fezyssyoun, and then Jake-of-lent's wyff browght him ys fessy-snyons, and bad save ys lyff, and he shuld give him a thousand li. for ys labour.” “When that to the wakes he went, He was drest up like Jack a Lent,” Churchyard's *Chippes*, 1578. “*Que voulez vous tuer quaremeaux?* what, will you kill Jacke-a-Lent,” Eliot's *Fruits for the French*, 1593. “He is such another pretie Jacke a Lent, as boyes throw at in the streete,” Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596. “A mere anatomy, a Jack of Lent,” *Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1600; which is repeated, in nearly the same words, in *How a Man may chuse a Good Wife from a Bad*, p. 39, repr. “And ever, upon Easter-day, All Jack-a-

Lents were cast away," Friar Bacon's Prophesie, 1604. "How small i' the wast, how sparing in the bombe, what Jacke a Lents they are," Strappado for the Divell, 1615. "Now you old Jack of Lent, six weeks and upwards," Four Prentices of London, 1615. "A boy throwing at his Jack o' Lent," Greenc's Tu Quoque. "Call me a Jack a de Lent!," Shirley's Ball, p. 39. "The Jacke of Jackes, great Jacke a Lent," Taylor, 1630. "If I forfeit, make me a Jacke o' Lent, and break my shins for untagg'd points and counters," Tamer Tamed. "Thin-chapt Jack-a-Lent," Lambeth Faire, 1641. "How like a Jack a Lent he stands, for boys to spend their Shrove-tide throws," Quarles' Shepherd's Oracles, 1646. "Finding me in such a Jack of Lent like posture," Comical History of Francion, 1655. "Throwing cudgels at Jack-a-Lents or Shrove-cocks," Lady Alimony, 4to. 1659. "Thou shalt make Jack of Lents and babies first," Cleaveland Revived, 1660; Works, ed. 1687, p. 329. "No Jack-a-Lent danc'd such a way," Wit at a Venture, or Clio's Privy Garden, 1674. "I am not to be perswaded to lye still, like a Jack a-Lent, to be cast at," Sir R. Howard's Committee. "That sceliton buffoon, that ape of man, that Jack of Lent, that very top," Emperor of the Moon, 1687, p. 51. "I take you for a Jack-a-Lent, and my pen shall make use of you accordingly, three throws for a penny," Cleaveland's Works, 1687. "To make yourselves a very scorn, your king but Jack-a-Lent," Nedham's Rebellion. Scarecrows for birds are termed Jack-a-Lents in the prologue to the Old Mode and the New, 1709.

Thou can'st but halfe a thing into the world,
 And wast made up of patches, parings, shreds :
 Thou, that when last thou wert put out of service,
 Travail'dst to Hamsted Heath on an Ash-we'nsday,
 Where thou didst stand sixe weekes the Jack of Lent,
 For boyes to hoorle, three throwes a penny, at thee,
 To make thee a purse : Seest thou this bold bright blade ?

Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub, fol. ed.

Te little vig and te grand mustach, be var fine tings for te Spanish commodity. Begar, var me in London in tis garb on St. Taffies day, mc should be hang on te signe-post for te *Jack-a-Lent*.—*The French Conjuror*, 1678.

⁴⁹ *Shall I have a coxcomb of frize?*

That is, a fool's cap made out of Welch materials. In other words, shall a Welchman make a fool of me? Wales was famous for this cloth. So, in King Edward I., 1599: "Enter Lluellin, alias Prince of Wales, &c. with swords and bucklers, and *frieze* jerkins." Again: "Enter Sussex, &c. with a mantle of *frieze*.—my boy shall weare a mantle of this country's weaving, to keep him warm."—*Steevens*. Is it possible that *frieze*, in this speech, is intended to rhyme with *cheese*?

⁵⁰ *The taunt of one that makes fritters of English.*

Peat, peat, peat! What a plague can any one above the degree of a kitchin, love a fellow that makes fritters of English, as Falstaffe says? A Welch beau with a head as barren as the mountains in his own country. Ha, ha, ha, I'll ne'er believe it; I'm resolv'd to abuse these puppeys for dear Frederick's sake, whom I know they hate.—*D'Urfey's Richmond Heiress, or a Woman once in the Right*, 4to. Lond. 1693.

⁵¹ *What, a hodge-pudding?*

I have not met with this term elsewhere. Is it connected with hog-pudding, or haggas-pudding, or is it another form of hodge-podge? Most probably the latter, *podge* being an old word for pudding or porridge.

⁵² *I am dejected.*

Dejected, thrown down, beaten. The word is not here used in the modern sense. So, in Taylor's *Workes*, fol. 1630,—

And from the time it was at first crected,
Till by the Romanes it was last *dejected*,
It stood (as it in histories appeares)
Twenty one hundred, seventy and nine yeeres.

⁵³ *I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel.*

“The very word is derived from a *Welch* one, so that it is almost unnecessary to add that *flannel* was originally the manufacture of Wales. In the old play of K. Edward I., 1599: ‘Enter Hugh ap David, Guenthian his wench in *flannel*, and Jack his novice.’ Again: ‘Here’s a wholesome Welch wench, lapt in her *flannel*, as warm as wool.’”—*Stevens*.

⁵⁴ *Iguorance itself is a plummet o’er me.*

That is, even ignorance is a weight or plummet over me, which I cannot shake off; or, the sounding-lead or plumb-line, when let down into the water, will be found higher than I am. Either interpretation makes sense; but I think the first is what was intended. Any lump of lead was formerly termed a *plummet*, as well as a plumb-line. Johnson proposes to read,—ignorance itself *has a plume o’me*; and Farmer would read *plauet* in the place of *plummet*.

“The use of a plummet is to correct errors. Falstaff complains that ignorance itself is a plummet over him, and capable of correcting and discovering his faults. This is offered with some confidence, on the supposition that the allusion is to the plummet of the bricklayer; but if to the mariner’s plummet, then the meaning will be,—Ignorance itself is capable of sounding my depth,” MS. Com.

⁵⁵ *To repay that money will be a biting affliction.*

Theobald here introduces two short and poor speeches from the quarto, in which Ford forgives the debt at the intercession of his wife. The insertion seems not only to be inconsistent with Page’s remark,—*yet* be cheerful—but to be no improvement of the spirit of the scene.

⁵⁶ *Would I were hanged, la, else.*

“Q. Do you spend your time better?—A. Or ’tis pity but I were hang’d,”—Country Farmer’s Catechism, 1703.

⁵⁷ *I went to her in white.*

“The old copy, by the inadvertence of either the author or transcriber, reads—in *green*; and in the two subsequent speeches of Mrs. Page, instead of *green* we find *white*. The corrections, which are fully justified by what has preceded, were made by Pope.”—*Malone*.

⁵⁸ *O, I am vexed at heart.*

This speech is taken from the quarto, and seems necessary to the full meaning of the following one. A previous speech by Evans is also inserted by some editors from the same source.

⁵⁹ *Of disobedience, or unduteous title.*

“For *title* we are asked to read *guile*. The iteration of *deceit* and *craft* is enough, without a third word of identically the same sense. *Unduteous title* sums up all specially, implying that, in the circumstances, the deceit lost wholly the title of unduteousness.”—Mr. Smibert.

⁶⁰ *Well, what remedy?*

Dr. Johnson here speaks in commendation of a dialogue in the quarto edition, beginning, "Come, Mistress Page, I'll be bold with you." See p. 234.

⁶¹ *What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.*

"This is either a proverbial saying now lost, or borrowed from one of the following, What cannot be altered must be borne not blamed; What cannot be cured must be endured," *Douce*. The latter is found in Horace.

⁶² *All sorts of deer are chas'd.*

"Young and old, does as well as bucks: he alludes to Fenton's having just run down Anne Page," *Malone*. A line spoken by Evans,—I will dance &c. (p. 234)—is here generally inserted from the quarto; but the dialogue being there differently constructed, the addition of the speech is of doubtful propriety.

⁶³ *And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire.*

So when our Don at his long home is anchor'd,

His memory in a Manchegan tankard:

By the old wives will be kept up, that's all,

Counted the merriest, tosseth up the same.

(John Falstaff's Windsor Dames memoriall)

A goddard or an anniversary spice-bowle,

Drank off by th' gossips, e'r you can have thrice told.

Gayton's Festivous Notes on the History of Don Quixot, 1654.

A prologue and epilogue to the Merry Wives of Windsor, "acted by the young gentlemen of Bury School, 1723," are printed in Pack's New Collection of Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, 8vo. Lond. 1725. They are not worth a quotation.

The principal various readings in the early editions of this play are mentioned in the notes; but the greater portion of the variations in the later folios are exceedingly trifling, and for the most part clearly erroneous; while the readings of the various annotated copies, and of the MS. of the Merry Wives of *Old* Windsor, are of no perceptible value. The only real authority for the text of the present comedy, is the copy contained in the first folio. On the supposition, however, that the early quarto edition, instead of being an author's sketch, is a surreptitious copy of the acting play, this may also be referred to for the formation of the text, though necessarily with great caution.

Local Illustrations.

THE *Merry Wives of Windsor* is not only to be considered as a comedy which reflects the manners and language of the Elizabethan era, and to be disassociated entirely from the period suggested by the few historical names which are mentioned in it; but it is to be regarded, in all essential particulars, as a purely English local drama, in which the actors and incidents, though spiritually belonging to all time, are really founded and engrafted upon living characters, amidst scenes existing, in a provincial town of England and its neighbourhood, in the life-time of the poet. This being the case, it is excusable for Englishmen, especially for those who are acquainted with Windsor, to disregard for a time the universality which undoubtedly belongs to all the dramatic works of Shakespeare, and to dwell with interest and pleasure on the material scenes he has embodied in the present comedy. It is something, in the nineteenth century, to be enabled to traverse Windsor, and to indicate, not with the fancy of romance but with the finger of certain truth, most of the localities that are mentioned by the great dramatist.

One of the first objects that meet the sight upon entering Windsor from the terminus of the Great Western Railway, is the sign of an inn, the *Star and Garter*. Whether this house of entertainment was existing in any form, in Shakespeare's time, may be uncertain; but it is curious that it should stand in the immediate locality of the ancient *Garter Inn*, the back-windows of the present *White Hart*, which adjoined the latter, now looking upon the modern *Star and Garter Inn*, which may possibly have derived its name from the older hostelry, when the latter was pulled down in the seventeenth century. The exact locality of the old *Garter Inn* has been satisfactorily ascertained by J. E.

Davis, Esq., of the Oxford Circuit, to whom I am indebted for the following very curious and important extracts on the subject, which prove beyond a doubt that the inn mentioned by Shakespeare adjoined the White Hart Hotel in High Street, nearly facing the Castle Hill. "On referring," observes Mr. Davis, "to Norden's bird's-eye view of the castle, made in 1607,



WINDSOR IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, FROM A PAINTING AT GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

it will be seen that two inns are represented by the sign-posts and cross-beams in the precise position that we should expect to find them from the following entries: it is clear that they denote the Garter and White Hart Inns, and that the former is the identical house known to Shakespeare: the Garter was that nearest Peascod Street, and the furthest from the spectator looking at Norden's view: it had a massive porch, and was probably one of those Elizabethan structures of which there is scarcely a trace now remaining in Windsor." The following are the extracts above alluded to:—

In a table or schedule of the rents, &c., belonging to the Corporation of Windsor, paid out of the lands and tenements in the said borough, dated 1561, the following entries occur,—“Et de Ricardo Galys pro uno mess: sive hospic: vocat: *le Garter*, j. s.; et pro le sygne et stulpis ibidem, ij. d.”—Ashmolean MSS. 1126.—“Paid for wyne and beere with Dr. Tucker *at the Garter* twyce, 5s.” Churchwardens' Accounts, 1633. “Paid for a breakfast for Doctor Tucker *at the Garter*, Mr. Maior and others of the company beinge there about busines concerninge the Church, 0. 10. 0,” *ibid.* 1636.—“Paid for 12 quarts of Renish wyne and a sugar loafe given to the Lord Maior of London, and paid *at the Garter*, 1. 3. 0: Paid for 12 bottells of sacke and 12 bottells of Renish wyne, and a sugar loafe wayng 6 pound, given to Sir Ric: Braham, 2. 6. 0,” Chamberlains' Accounts, 1662-1663. “Paid *at the Garter* upon Mr. Mayor's return from London, 00. 08. 00,” *ibid.* 1674. “Of Mrs. Starkey one half year's rent for three tenements over against the old Garter, 001. 06. 00: of Mr. Isaac Clerke two years and a halfe rent for the White Hart Inn, 002. 10. 00: of Mr. Isaac

Clerk the fine of his lease *for those two houses where the old Garter Inn stood*, the summe of two pounds, and one year's rent for the said houses, one pound, in all, 003. 00. 00," *ibid.* 1687-1688: "of Mr. Isaac Clark one year's rent for the White Hart Inn, and likewise one year's rent for those 2 houses where the old Garter stood, 002. 00. 00," *ibid.* 1688-9, thus divided in the next year's accounts,—"Clarke (Isaac) for the front of the White Harte, 01. 00. 00; more for the ffront of the two next houses, anciently the Garter Inne, 01. 00. 00."

If the reader will refer to Norden's plan of Windsor and the Little Park, as they existed in 1607, he will observe that in the road proceeding upwards from the bridge towards the Town-hall, before the second turning on the right is reached, there are two large inns nearly opposite the Castle, the second of which, that which is furthest from the bridge and nearest Peascod Street (the second turning on the right), is the Garter Inn. In the annexed engraving, which is taken from the bird's-eye view of Windsor by Norden, and is larger in its proportions than the other plan,



WINDSOR IN 1507, SHOWING THE SITUATION OF THE GARTER INN.

the Garter Inn is more clearly exhibited; Ford's house, or rather that which is traditionally so called, being the detached house on the opposite side of the way between the two inns. In the woodcut, the street in the upper right hand corner is Peascod Street, and parts of the Town-hall and Castle walls are shown, as well as a portion of the Castle ditch. It appears, from the extracts given above, that Richard Gallis was the Host of the Garter in 1561; very slender ground, indeed, for conjecturing that the Host introduced by Shakespeare was alluding in jest to his own surname, in the well-known speech, addressing a Frenchman and Welchman, commencing,—“Peace, I say! Gallia and Guallia.”

There is a very curious tradition in Windsor, for the knowledge of which I am indebted to Mr. Davis, to the effect

that Ford's house was situated in Thames Street, in the row of houses which the reader will observe in Norden's view and plan as being on the Castle side, opposite the Garter Inn. "This tradition," observes Mr. Davis, "is given on the authority of Mr. Snowdon, one of the most respected inhabitants of Windsor; and I attach greater weight to it, because Mr. Snowdon correctly pointed out the precise situation of the Garter Inn, long before there was an opportunity of verifying his statement by more satisfactory evidence." The particular house is said to



MONUMENTAL EFFIGY OF CICELY PAGE.

have been opposite to the White Hart Inn, on the spot where, before the removal of the clump of houses near the Castle, was a chemist's shop occupied by a Mr. Woolridge. It is worthy of remark that there was a family of the name of Ford resident at Windsor in the reign of Elizabeth, several notices of the name occurring in the ancient parish register of that town, e. g., William Fourde, christened in 1574-5; Edward Fowrde, buried in 1576; Margaret Forde, christened in 1577-8; Elizabeth Forde, christened in 1580; K. Forde, buried in

1581; William Forde, buried in 1582-3; John Fourde, christened in 1595; Elizabeth Forde, christened and buried in 1597-8; Margaret Forde, christened in 1598-9; Henrye Forde, christened in 1600; and William Foord, married in 1606-7. The name also occurs at later periods; and the same register likewise contains notices of a family of the name of Page, one Thomas Page being mentioned as early as 1563. Mr. Davis informs me there is a note respecting one Richard Page, and another regarding Anne Ford, in the Churchwardens' accounts for the year 1623. The name of Page was also known in the neighbourhood of Windsor, the above engraving being a reduced copy of the effigy of Cicely Page, taken by Mr. Fairholt from the original in the church of Bray, co. Bucks. Cicely Page died in the

year 1598, so that, on the supposition that the *Merry Wives* is to be treated as an Elizabethan comedy, she may be considered in figure and costume a true prototype of sweet Anne. At the same time, it is to be observed that Page and Ford were very common names at that period in many parts of England. There was a John Ford buried at Brentford in 1593. Joan, the wife of John Page, was buried at Stratford-on-Avon in January, 1583-4; and the register of the same town exhibits the burial of Johanna filia Roberti Foord in March, 1562-3, and of Johanna filia Guy Ford in August, 1599. Dr. Johnson was descended, on his mother's side, from one branch of the Warwickshire family of Ford.

The Windsor register, however, presents other notices of names that add to the probability of Shakespeare having been well acquainted with the inhabitants of the town. Several persons of the name of Evans are mentioned. There was a Gryffyn Evans buried in 1564-5; Mathewe Evens christened in 1589-90; Jone Evans, married in 1590; Alike Evans, buried in 1591; Joane Evans, christened in 1591-2; and Edwarde Evans, christened in 1597-8. Richard Broke is mentioned in 1561, and J. Broke was buried in 1585. Gylles Hyrne was married at Windsor in 1569. There is no notice of Yead or Edward Miller, but mention is made several times of a family of that name. Thus Roberte Miller was married in 1588-9; Thomas Miller, christened in 1590-1; Annys Miller, buried in 1593; and Richard Miller, buried in 1596-7. It is also curious to notice that there was a Joan Hathaway, the name spelt Jone Hatheway, married at Windsor in 1573; but there is no further evidence, from which the branch to which she belonged can be ascertained. The registers offer little else of interest to the Shaksperian enquirer. There is the name of Kenton, but not of Fenton, which it may be well to notice, the former having been misread; and there is the name of Shorthose, a somewhat near approach to that of Shortcake. The Shaksperian names absolutely mentioned are, Page, Ford, Evans, Herne, Brook, and Miller; six in all, but only one of them which is of very unusual occurrence. That so many, however, should be found amongst the residents of Windsor, in the time of Shakespeare, is, at least, a remarkable and curious circumstance, even if no certain or

Gylles Hyrne }
Alike Hathaway, }

wide conclusion be extracted from it. The reader must not forget that the more familiar records of the town have perished, and that a barren register is the only source at present accessible for obtaining any information on the subject. Private diaries of the period, should any exist, would probably furnish particulars of a more decisive character.

Mr. and Mrs. Page are said, according to tradition, to have resided at some distance from the Fords. The papers of an inhabitant of Windsor, now deceased, but on the authenticity of which I have every reason to rely, state that, "the street which leads to Datchet Mead is still called Datchet Lane, by which you can pass all round to Frogmore: a short distance down this lane, opposite a public-house called the Royal Oak, was a corner very old house, which was always said to be Mrs. Page's." A statement of this kind must necessarily be taken with some degree of caution; but it enables us to assert that the old traditions of Windsor indicated the locality of the houses of Page and Ford, as well as that of Herne's Oak, and they are thus far of importance as adding, in the aggregate, no inconsiderable weight to the opinion that the play is formed on circumstances of a local character.

With respect to the other names introduced into the comedy, the probability is that some, at least, were suggested without reference to Windsor. Jack Rugby's appellation may have been derived from the well-known town in the author's own county. Simple was a generic name for a fool, as Jack Simple in Mill's *Night Search*, 1640. A *short-cake* is, to this day in the provinces, a rich sweet cake that breaks short, and is a common fairing present. That *Brook* should be the assumed name of *Ford*, is too obvious to require a remark, a brook being frequently, though perhaps erroneously, termed a ford. At all events, the reason for this metastasis of the name is clearly no object for antiquarian research; albeit there was, as Mr. Davis informs me, a Mr. Brook of Windsor in Shakespeare's time, who was one of the yeomen of the guard, and who died in the year 1593. There was also another Mr. Brook, as previously noticed. Why the folio should read *Broome* is rather a mystery, notwithstanding an instance of the rhyme agreeing with that substitution. Could the poet have been thinking of the "beggarly Broom," immortalized in the verses attributed to an early effort of his muse? The Perkins MS. notes, which are, at the best, of doubtful antiquity, suggest that *Bourn*, another name for a *brook*, was

Ford's assumed appellation. It is scarcely necessary to remark that this was likewise a surname in real use. There was a John Bourne living at Brentford in the time of Shakespeare, his burial being recorded in the register for the year 1614.

The reader's attention may now be directed to another subject that is usually, and justly so, considered the most curious question of all connected with the local character of the play—whether the legend of Herne the hunter be an invention of the poet, or whether it is adapted from a tale anciently current at Windsor. That the latter opinion is the true one may be gathered not merely from the suggestive circumstance of some of the other names and localities being real, but from the hitherto unnoticed fact that there was a family of the name of Herne, or, as it is spelt with the usual license of the period, Hyrne, living at Windsor in the sixteenth century; the proof of this existing in an indisputably authentic record, the marriage of Gylles Hyrne to Alice Laythwaye being recorded in the ancient parish register of Windsor under the year 1569, a fac-simile of the entry having been previously given. Shakespeare's own account, which in all probability embodied the legend as it was related in his own time, is that Herne the hunter was formerly a keeper in Windsor Forest, and that his spirit haunted an oak at midnight throughout the winter months. This spirit or ghost was distinguished by "great ragg'd horns," and by the hideous clanking of a chain; and its evil influence on the tree, and on the cattle, added to the terror of the fable. The quarto edition, which is of little authority as to this subject, says that Herne, or Horne, walked "in shape of a great stagge." The old tradition of Windsor, recorded by the elder Ireland in 1790, and published some time afterwards, was that Herne, one of the keepers in the Park, having committed an offence for which he feared he should be disgraced, hung himself upon an oak, which was ever afterwards haunted by his ghost. Whether this be the whole or a correct statement of the ancient tale may, perhaps, admit of some doubt; but there fortunately exists satisfactory evidence of a date as early as the year 1742, that the oak alluded to by Shakespeare was well known to the inhabitants of the locality, its exact position being indicated in a "Plan of the Town and Castle of Windsor, and Little Park," published by W. Collier at Eton in that year. In this extremely interesting map, Sir John Falstaff's Oak (see the following engraving of a portion of the map) is represented as being on the edge of a pit, Shakespeare's fairy-pit, just on the outside of an

avenue which was formed in the seventeenth century, and known as Queen Elizabeth's Walk. A hand indicates the particular



tree, which, with the pit, will be observed in the map itself to lie on the right hand side of the pathway which then led from Windsor to Datehet. In Norden's map of the Little Park, this avenue, not being then in existenee, of course does not appear, but Herne's oak would doubtlessly be one of the trees, or a tree, not far from "the lodge." The tree stood, in faet, a short distanee from what is now Queen Adelaide's Cottage, on the side furthest from Datehet. The foot-path from Datehet bridge to Windsor was across the lower park, formerly ealled Datchet Mead, over Dodd's Hill, the oak standing some distanee from the top of this hill behind the keeper's house. It may be worth while to mention that, until the year 1815, the path from Windsor to Datehet lay close to the Castle Walls, and between the Castle and the Lodge inhabited by George the Third, and led on in a North-East direction by Dodd's Hill. About the year 1780, the oak is descried as being twenty-seven feet in circumference, hollow, and as the only tree in the neighbourhood into which boys could contrive to get. It was a pollard, then in a rapid state of decay, but acorns were obtained from it at least as late as the year 1783. Its appearanee in the year 1790 is delineated by Ireland, as in the following engraving, the original print exhibiting Queen Elizabeth's Walk on the left, another proof, if any were necessary, that the oak mentioned by Shakespeare was outside the avenue. The other representation of Herne's Oak, afterwards given, is eopied from an original sketch by Paul Sandby in my own possession, and is taken from a different point of view. This drawing may be considered not

merely the earliest, but by far the most authentic and interesting yet engraved; Sandby, it is well known, having been intimately



HERNE'S OAK, IN THE YEAR 1790, FROM IRELAND'S ENGRAVING.

acquainted with Windsor localities. The testimony afforded by Collier's map appears to me to outweigh so greatly in importance all later traditional opinions, it has not been thought necessary to enter into the discussion as to whether the tree is now existing; because, accepting that plan as genuine, and its authenticity cannot fairly be questioned, the oak of Herne has undoubtedly long since disappeared. The general opinion is that it was accidentally destroyed in the year 1796, through an order of George III. to the bailiff Robinson that all the unsightly trees in the vicinity of the Castle should be removed; an opinion confirmed by a well-established fact that a person named Grantham, who contracted with the bailiff for the removal of the trees, fell into disgrace with the King for having included the oak in his gatherings. The tree in Windsor Park now shown as Herne's Oak is absolutely *in* the avenue, and it is therefore impossible that it is the genuine one. Mr. Jesse's statement that the direction of the avenue was diverged, so as to include the oak within it, is unsupported by any satisfactory evidence. The present tree said to be Herne's Oak was, till the year 1789, a flourishing and comparatively a young tree; but in or about that year, it was struck by lightning, and shortly afterwards, by the loss of a portion of its leaves and bark, it assumed its present venerable appearance. The destroyed oak, which was twenty-seven feet in girth in 1790, may well have been a large tree even

in Shakespeare's time. The other, measuring not much more than the half of this circumference, could scarcely have existed as a legendary tree in the sixteenth century. It may also be mentioned that all the drawings of Herne's Oak, made before the present century, agree in representing the same tree; a circumstance which proves that the traditional attribution of the locality long continued to confirm the map published by Collier in 1742.

According to Pye (Comments, 1807, p. 14), there was "an old saw-pit" near the original Herne's Oak. Shakespeare's knowledge of Windsor and the Park was clearly so intimate and accurate,



HERNE'S OAK, FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY PAUL SANDBY.

and the play was evidently written by the author with so minute an attention to locality, there is no critical impropriety in recording even such a coincidence as this. The saw-pit, in which Anne Page and the small fairies were concealed, was clearly near the oak, not near the Castle ditch, as I stated in a former work, an error obligingly pointed out to me by Mr. Davis. Page, Shallow, and Slender, couch in the Castle ditch, till they observe the light of the fairies, as they rise from the pit; the literal possibility of which is accounted for by the circumstance of the ground from the Castle inclining in the direction of the oak. The fairies, observe Mrs. Page, "are all couched in a pit hard by

Herne's oak." Their original destination to the saw-pit is now forgotten; and they may be presumed to have selected for themselves, the more obvious place of temporary concealment, the pit which is so clearly to be traced in Collier's map. "An oak which may be that alluded to by Shakespeare," says Steevens in the year 1778, "is still standing *close to a pit* in Windsor Forest; it is yet shown as the oak of Herne." This pit was partly filled up about the year 1790. Mr. Davis informs me that a recent examination of the spot has resulted in the conclusion that there was a chalk-pit at the locality indicated by Collier, which was unquestionably one of the chalk-pits in the Little Park that were in use in Shakespeare's time, satisfactory evidence of the latter circumstance being contained in some MS. collections in the possession of the same writer.

It may be mentioned as a slight corroborative circumstance in favour of the legend respecting Herne's Oak recorded by Ireland being authentic, that there is a similar tale accounting for the origin of the name of Dodd's Hill. Provincial legends not unfrequently may be paired together. A certain Mrs. Dodd, says the story, went from Datehet to Windsor Market to sell her butter and eggs, but the former article being short in weight, it was seized with her other goods by the clerk of the market, and forfeited for the use of the poor. In consequence of this misfortune, poor Mrs. Dodd hung herself on a tree on this hill, henceforward called after her. It is somewhat singular that two such legends should still be, or have lately been, familiar to the inhabitants of the locality.

The early quarto edition of this comedy, which is, as before mentioned, of very questionable authority in respect to its notices of Windsor localities, transforms the name of Herne into that of Horne:—"Oft have you heard since *Horne the hunter* died," &c. This alteration of name may be regarded as curious, rather than as being of any importance. It may be as well, however, to mention that in a manuscript of the time of Henry the Eighth, in the British Museum, MS. Bibl. Reg. 17 C. xvi, there occurs "Rycharde Horne, yeoman," among "the names of the *hunters* whiche be examyned, and have confessed," for hunting in his majesty's forests. The name of Horne was also known at Stratford-on-Avon, a William Horne being mentioned in a deed, dated 1633, which is preserved in the Corporation archives of that town.

A somewhat difficult question has been raised by Mr. Knight,

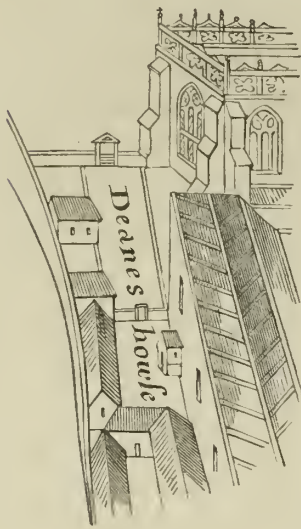
respecting the locality of the spot where Dr. Caius was directed by the Host of the Garter to wait for Hugh Evans. It is, indeed, impossible to ascertain, from the few notices in the play which bear upon this subject, the exact place intended by Shakespeare; but it may be concluded, with tolerable safety, that Caius and Rugby took up their position in a field to the North of Windsor Castle, near that bend in the river which would be the furthest spot from Frogmore that could be reached by them in that direction, without passing over the Thames. Such a situation fulfils every condition implied by the transactions mentioned in the comedy, and it may therefore be accepted without much hesitation. The shortest way to Frogmore from hence would be straight through the town of Windsor, while the longest, which was evidently the road taken by the Host "about by the fields," would probably be alongside the river, and so by a country path up to Frogmore, near which, on the side furthest from the Castle, Evans was waiting for the Doctor. The Host tells Page that Sir Hugh was really at Frogmore itself, but, as Mr. Davis observes, he must mean a field close by, for Simple says, on the approach of Page, Shallow, and Slender,—"there comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman, *from Frogmore*, over the stile, this way." The quarto affords no assistance in this enquiry, the directions there given to Evans respecting the method of going being the same to both parties, one being "all over the fields to Frogmore," and the other, "about by the fields." Mr. Davis has an interesting theory which deserves notice. "The Fields," he observes, "by which they were to arrive at Frogmore, seem to refer to fields in the vicinity of Windsor, over which, about this time, the inhabitants of Windsor exercised rights of common at certain periods of the year: these common fields were familiarly known as *the fields*, certain regulations respecting the depasturing of cattle on them, dated 1610-11, being entitled, *Orders and By Lawes concerning the fieldes*." The exact position of these common fields has not been ascertained with any precision; and I am rather disposed to believe that Shakespeare spoke generally of the fields in the direction taken by the Host and Caius, as above mentioned, and that he did not allude to any particular locality. The conclusion arrived at by Mr. Davis is that the contrary place appointed for the Doctor is "the Mill Common, or at least somewhere on the North side of the Castle, and that from there the Host of the Garter, instead of going through the

town, took him along Datchet Mead and the meadows lying between the Little Park and the river, and so reached Frogmore fields by almost as near a way as the road through the town taken by Page, Shallow, and Slender." There cannot be a doubt but that the locality was a field, or common ground, on the North side of Windsor Castle.

Datchet-Lane, mentioned in the third act, is the road which the reader will observe in Norden's plan as leading from Windsor, commencing a little above the bridge, to Datchet Ferry. This road passed North of the Castle, across the then Mill Commons (the present Home Park) to the ferry, and remained till the time of William III. "Datchet Mead," observes Mr. Davis, "was the tract of land occupying the low ground lying between Windsor Little Park and the river Thames, and consequently on the opposite side of the river to the village of Datchet;" and the same writer informs me that there was, in Shakespeare's time, a narrow ereck or ditch, called Hog Hole, situated in Datchet Mead close to the river side, about four hundred yards above Datchet Ferry,—the "muddy ditch, close by the Thames side." Mr. Davis also observes to me that it is an error to conclude that Datchet Mead occupied the whole of the flat ground lying under the North Terrace, for its limits were really narrowed to the portion of the open ground which was in the immediate vicinity of the ferry. The present Datchet Bridge is situated very near the ditch into which the buck-basket is supposed to have been emptied, but no vestige of Hog Hole now remains. The very interesting plate of Datchet Mead, which forms the frontispiece to this volume, is an exact copy of a drawing in the Bodleian Library, most liberally communicated to me by Mr. Davis, and faithfully reproduced by Mr. Fairholt. It is dated in 1686, and shows the mead on the Windsor side, and the ferry, including of course the site of the adventure of the buck-basket. The reader will observe in the engraving that the shore on the Datchet side was evidently "shelvy and shallow," and it was and is so in parts on the other bank. Datchet Ferry is mentioned by Decker, 1609, as a profitable source of income, in his *Knight's Conjuring* (repr. p. 39); and the Windsor register notes that a number of persons were "drowned at Datchett Ferrye" in 1594. The objection mentioned by Dennis in 1702, that Falstaff would not have suffered himself to be carried in the basket as far as Datchet

Mead, deserves little consideration. The ditch would have been reached before he had well recovered from his alarm.

The exact meaning implied by Pitty-ward is scarcely worth the discussion that has been bestowed upon it. *Pitty*, or *Pety*, in the sense of *little*, is of constant occurrence in the names of old English localities; and may possibly be intended to be applied to the Little Park. Old Windsor, at a considerable distance from the Castle and Town of Windsor, the latter being New Windsor, should be carefully distinguished as a separate locality. It is a small village situated on the banks of the Thames, about two miles from New Windsor. Eton, on the



side of the Thames opposite Windsor, scarcely requires a note; but it may be well to observe the name is misprinted *Catlen* in the early quarto edition. Another locality mentioned is the Deanery, where a priest was to attend for the purpose of marrying Dr. Caius and Anne Page. The annexed engraving representing the "Deane's howse" is taken from Norden's bird's-eye view of Windsor Castle, 1607, entitled, "an ample and trew description of your Majesties Castle of Windesor, the chapelles, and of all other materiall thinges thereof, as far as by a topo-

graphical deliniation can be expressed," no scale being marked. At the back of the Deanery, on the right, are the cloisters; above is part of St. George's Chapel; and the entry at top is from the outer court of the Castle. The place where sweet Anne was really married was at the old church of Windsor, now pulled down. Its exact locality will be observed in Norden's map, a little to the left of the Town Hall, directly opposite to the pillory; and the present parish church of Windsor is very nearly on the same site, the Free School being at one corner of the church-yard. In Kip's map of Windsor, which was published early in the last century, a better delineation of the old church, although then somewhat modernized, is given. There is, however, sufficient similarity to show that it is a representation of the same church which is seen in Norden. The accompanying

engraving is a copy of that portion of Kip's view which includes the church; and the reader will observe that it then retained many of its ancient characteristics. There is very little now remaining in the town of Windsor, which can be considered to belong to the Shakespearian era; but the very interesting engraving, at the commencement of the present chapter, exhibits an authentic representation of a portion of the town, as it existed towards the close of the seventeenth century, in which the buildings evidently belong to a much earlier period. This view represents part of Windsor, on the river, opposite to Eton, and is taken from an original painting, preserved at Greenwich Hospital, which was made in the year 1690. The picture itself includes the Castle, and other objects; but the reduced portion of it, here engraved, presents every feature of any importance in connexion with the present enquiry. It may be considered to be the only satisfactory delineation of any part of Shakespeare's Windsor yet discovered.



WINDSOR OLD CHURCH, c. 1700.

This account of the localities introduced into the foregoing comedy, would scarcely be complete without a notice of Brentford, a long straggling town, about ten miles from London, and at a not much greater distance from Windsor. It still possesses a few traces of its Elizabethan character, albeit its chief attraction to the dramatic antiquary, a low building called the Three Pigeons inn, has an exterior of modern date. This tavern is mentioned by Ben Jonson and by Middleton, and appears to have been a resort for rather wild characters. The first of the jests of George Peele, 1627, relates a discreditable adventure that took place at the Three Pigeons, in which that dramatist is described as taking a principal share. The inn was kept afterwards by the celebrated actor, John Lowin, who was one of the early performers of the character of Falstaff. Traces of its antiquity may yet be discovered in the interior, in its dark

closets and passages, narrow stair-cases, a long projecting gallery, and walls of enormous thickness; but it has long since lost all its ancient importance, and may now be regarded as not much superior to the commonest village hostelry. It is, however, of interest, as being, in all likelihood, one of the few haunts of Shakespeare now remaining; as being, indeed, the sole Elizabethan tavern existing in England, which, in the absence of direct evidence, may fairly be presumed to have been occasionally visited by him. That the great dramatist was well-acquainted with Brentford, and that “my maid’s aunt,”—

1624

*Rebecca Pratt the daughter of Corneblis & Rebecca
his wife buried the 9th of November.*

whose name, we are told by Mrs. Page, was Mother Prat—was a veritable old woman, living and being in his own time, and a personage excellently well-known by repute both at the Three Pigeons and at Windsor, I regard as all but certain. Convinced, indeed, of the prosaic truth, that Shakespeare, in this inimitable comedy, adopted many of his names at least from contemporaries of his own country, I felt persuaded that the name of Prat, by no means a common surname in the reign of Elizabeth, was not one invented by the poet; and a search in the ancient register of Brentford has resulted in the discovery of an entry, dated 1624, which is important as proving there was a family of the Pratts established there early in the seventeenth century,—“Rebecca Pratt, the daughter of Corneblis (?) and Rebecca his wife, buried the 9th of November.” The register, previously to this date, is unfortunately very imperfect; but the above notice is sufficient to indicate the probability that the name of Shakespeare’s witch is a genuine one, and that Mrs. Prat does, in fact, belong to truth as well as to fiction.

Taken in the aggregate, the evidence here brought together seems to lead irresistibly to the conclusion that the *Merry Wives of Windsor* was originally a provincial comedy, constructed with a reference to living characters, and, in some degree, to events that really occurred during the life-time of Shakespeare. There are some who affect a belief that discussions such as these detract somewhat from the honour of the poet, and that his works are so universal in their application, any evidences which

refer even the basis of his creations to materialities tend to deteriorate their influence. This opinion is surely founded on a misapprehension. The time may undoubtedly come—may, indeed, have already arrived—when the dramas of Shakespeare are fully appreciated in far distant lands by readers, to whom not only many of the localities that are introduced into them, but much even of the history, may be unknown, or regarded as fanciful. The pleasure and instruction derived from them will not thus be sensibly diminished. Yet it is surely something gained towards our fragmentary and defective knowledge of the poet himself, and of the materials he employed in the construction of his dramas, to be enabled to ascertain that he did not scruple to avail himself of external and local circumstances in the composition of one of his most pleasing comedies. The art by which these are incorporated into the play, and the means by which the latter was made to fulfil the condition of contemporary satire without in the least impairing its universality, belong exclusively to the dramatic works of Shakespeare; and, impartially considered, the knowledge of these facts increases rather than diminishes our appreciation of the author's genius.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

No preface to the present volume having been considered necessary, I may here take the opportunity of stating, in addition to previous acknowledgments, that I am indebted for the knowledge of the curious passage respecting Prospero in the Italian of Sansovino, to Mr. J. G. Waller. On a minute examination, I find that my thanks for any other memoranda, however brief, have been carefully acknowledged in the places where they are inserted, and I have only to express my regret that such kind of assistance is at present so sparingly contributed. It is also invariably stated, whenever the selection of Mr. Fairholt's engravings is derived from the results of his own reading. In a work like the present, mainly intended for the use of reference by students, it is impossible to attain too great a precision in matters of this kind, even to the right attribution of the earliest quoters of illustrative passages.

Since the greater portion of this volume was printed, I have procured a copy of the early German drama of *Julio und Hypolita*, alluded to at p. 4 of the introduction to the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Tieck's opinion that there is any very close connection between the two plays, appears to me to be somewhat a hasty one; although it must be admitted that there are one or two minor circumstances that favour his supposition. The clown in the German play is, like Speed, extremely eager after his perquisites; and there is an incident of the tearing of a letter, though not in a scene exactly analogous to that in Shakespeare. The story of the play may be briefly stated as follows. Romulus, a Roman, betrothed to Hypolita, leaves his beloved to the care of his brother Julius, whilst he travels to Rome to obtain the consent of his parents. Julius, a treacherous betrayer of his trust, intercepts the letters of Romulus, and substitutes others in their place, the latter being of a nature to infuriate Hypolita, and the Prince, her father. The lady, distracted by the conduct of which she presumes Romulus to have been guilty, eventually determines to accept her father's advice, and marry Julius; while Romulus, on his return, accidentally discovering the fragments of the spurious letter that Hypolita, when she received, had torn in pieces, of course ascertains the treachery by which his hopes had been defeated. But the discovery was made too late, Julius and his fair bride being now returning from the Church after their marriage, perfectly unconscious of the fate that awaited them; for Romulus, in disguise, joins in the wedding dance, then stabs his brother, and upbraids Hypolita with treachery. She in despair, kills herself, and Romulus follows her example; the Prince retiring from the world, overwhelmed by so unparalleled a calamity. It will readily be seen that there is, in this, little that may not have been derived from sources that have no relation to Shakespeare's comedy.

J. O. H.

January, 1854.

