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## T H E

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

Vol. III.

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## THE

## P L A Y S

## WILLIAMSHAKESPEARE.

## VOLUME the THIRD,

CONTAINING,
The TAMING of the SHREW.
The COMEDY of ERRORS.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
ALL's WELL, THAT ENDS WELL。
The LIFE and DEATH of KING JOHN.

## L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. Tonson, C. Corbet, H. Woobpall,
J. Rivington, R. Baldifin, L. Hates, Clark and

Collins, W. Johnston, T. Caslon, T. Lownds, and the Executors of B. Dodd. M,DCC,LXV.
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## THE

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# S H R E W. 

Vol. III.
B

## Characters in the Induction.

ALord, before whom the Play is fuppos'd to be play'd. Chriftopher Sly, a drunken Tinker.
Hoftefs.
Page, Players, Huntfmen, and otber Servants attending on the Lord.

## Dramatis Perfonæ.

Baptifta, Fatber to Catharina and Bianca; very rich. Vincentio, an old Gentleman of Pifa.
Lucentio, Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.
Petruchio, $a$ Gentleman of Verona, a Suitor to Catharina.
$\left.\begin{array}{l}\text { Gremio, } \\ \text { Hortenfio, }\end{array}\right\}$ Pretenders to Bianca.
$\left.\begin{array}{l}\text { Tranio, } \\ \text { Biondello, }\end{array}\right\}$ Servants to Lucentio.
Grumio, Servant to Petruchio.
Pedant, an old fellow fet up to perfonate Vincentio.
Catharina, the Shrewo.
Bianca, ber Sifter.
Widoro.
Taylor, Haberdafbers; with Servants attending ons Baptifta and Petruchio.

SCENE, fometimes in Padua; and fometimes in Petruchio's Houfe in the Country.

## TAMING of the SHREW.

## $\begin{array}{lllllllll}I & \mathrm{~N} & \mathrm{D} & \mathrm{U} & \mathrm{C} & \mathrm{T} & \mathrm{I} & \mathrm{O} & \mathrm{N} .\end{array}$

## SC EN E I.

Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hoftefs and Sly.

$$
S_{\mathrm{L} Y} \mathrm{y}
$$

${ }^{1}$L. L where you ' , in faith. Hoff. A pair of flocks, you rogue! Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Sties are no * rogues. Look in the Chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror ; therefore, paucus pallabris ${ }^{2}$; let the world glide : Sofa.


* no rogues.] That is, no vagrants, no mean fellows, but Gentlemen.
${ }^{2}$ - paucus pallabris;] Shy, as $2 n$ ignorant Fellow, is parpofely made to aim at Languages out of his knowledge, and knock the Words out of Joint. The Spaniards fay, pocas palabras, i. e. few words : as they do likewife, Cella, i. e. be quiet. Theob. 2 Hoff.

Hoft. You will not pay for the glaffes you have burft?
Sly. No, not a denier: go by, feronimo - go to thy cold bed, and warm thee ${ }^{3}$.

Hoft. I know my remedy; I mutt go fetch the Thirdborough ${ }^{4}$.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll anfwer him by law; I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.
[Falls afleep.
${ }^{3}$ Go by S. Jeronimy, go to thy cold Bed, and warm thee.] All the Editions have coined a Saint here, for Sly to fwear by. But the Poet had no fuch Intentions. The Paffage has particular Humour in it, and muft have been very pleafing at that time of day. But I muft clear up a Piece of Stage hiftory, to make it underftood. There is a fuftian old Play, call'd, Hieronymo; Or, The Spaniß Tragedy: which, I find, was the common Butt of Rallery to all the Poets of ShakeSpeare's Time: and a Paffage, that fappear'd very ridiculous in that' Play, is here humoroufly alluded to. Hieronymo, thinking himfelf injur'd, applies to the King for Juftice ; but the Courtiers, who did not defire his Wrongs fhould be fet in a true Light, attempt to hinder him from an Audience.

Hiero. Fuftice, ob! juftice to Hieronymo.
Lor. Back; - fee'f thou not, the King is bufy?
Hiero. Ob, is be fo?
King. Who is He , that interrupts our Bufinefs?
Hiero. Not I: - Hierony mo, berware; go by, go by. So Sly here, not caring to be dun'd by the $H_{0} f_{\text {tefs, }}$ cries to her in Effect. "Don't be trouble-
"fom, don't interrupt me, gos "by;" and, to fix the Satire in his Allufion, pleafantly calls her Jeronyino.

Theobald.
4 - I muft go fetch the Headborough.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth Borough, \&c.] This corrapt reading had pafs'd down through all the Copies, and none of the Editors pretended to guefs at the Poet's Conceit. What an infipid, unmeaning Reply does Sly make to his Hoftefs? How do third, or fourth, or fifth Borough relate to Headborough? The Author intended but a poor Witticifm, and even That is loft. The Hofefs would fay, that fhe'll fetch a Conftable: and this Officer the calls by his other Name, a Thirdborough: and upon this Term Sly founds the Conundrum in his Anfwer to her. Who does not perceive, at a fingle glance, fome Conceit farted by this certain Correction ? There is an Attempt at Wit, tolerable enough for a Tinker, and one drunk too, Third-borough is a Saxon-Term fufficiently explain'd by the $G l_{0}$ Saries: and in our Statute books, no farther back than the 28 th Year of Henry VIIIth, we find it ufed to fignify a Conftable.

Theobald.

$$
\mathrm{S} C \mathrm{E} N \mathrm{E}
$$

Wind borns. Enter a Lord from bunting, woith a Train.
Lord. Huntfman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds,
Brach, Merriman, the poor cur is imbofts;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd Brach. Saw'f thou not, boy, how Silver made it good At the hedge-corner in the coldeft fault? I would not lofe the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my Lord; He cried upon it at the meereft lofs, And twice to day pick'd out the dulleft fcent: Truft me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Eccho were as fleet, I would efteem him worth a dozen fuch. But fup them well, and look unto them all, To morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my Lord.
Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk ? fee, doth he breathe?
2 Hun. He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold, to fleep fo foundly.
Lord. O monftrous beaft ! how like a fwine he lies! -Grim death, how foul and loathfomelis thy image!Sirs, I will practife on this drunken man. What think you, if he were convey'd to bed, Wrapt in fweet cloaths; rings put upon his fingers; A moft delicious banquet by his bed,

[^0]I believe the common practice of huntfmen, but the prefent reading may fand
-tender well ny hounds, Brach ... Merriman .--the poor cur is imbof.

And brave attendants near him, when he wakes;
Would not the beggar then forget himfelf?
I Hun. Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chufe.
2 Hun. It would feem ftrange unto him, when he wak'd.
Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthlefs fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jeft:
Carry him gently to my faireft chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head with warm diftilled waters,
And burn fweet wood to make the lodging fweet.
Procure me mufic ready, when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heav'nly found;
And if he chance to fpeak, be ready ftraight,
And with a low fubmifive reverence
Say, what is it your Honour will command?
Let one attend him with a filver bafon
Full of rofe water, and beftrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer ; a chird a diaper; And fay, will't pleafe your Lordhip cool your hands? Some one be ready with a coftly fuit, And afk him what apparel he will wear; Another teli him of his hounds and horfe, And that his Lady mourns at his difeafe; Perfuade him, that he hath been lunatick. And when he fays he is, - fay, that he dreams; For he is nothing but a mighty Lord. This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs: It will be pattime paffing excellent, If it be hurbanded with modefty ${ }^{\circ}$.

I Hun. Miy Lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he fhall think, by our true diligence, He is no lefs than what we fay he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;

[^1]
## OF THESHREW.

And each one to his Office, when he wakes.
[Some bear out Sly. Sound Trumpets. Sirrah, go fee what trumpet is that founds. Belike, fome noble gentleman that means, $[$ Ex. Scrvant. Travelling fome journey, to repofe him here.

## S C E N E III.

Re-enter a Servant.
How now? who is it?
Ser. An't pleafe your Honour, Players
That offer Service to your lordfhip.
Lord. Bid them come near :

## Enter Players.

Now, Fellows, you are welcome.
Play. We thank your Honour.
Lord. Do you intend to flay with me to-night? ${ }_{2}$ Play. So pleafe your Lordfhip to accept our duty*.
Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember, Since once he play'd a farmer's eldeft fon :
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman fo well:
1 have forgot your name; but, fure, that part Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sim. I think, 'twas Soto that your Honour means ${ }^{7}$.
I.ord. 'Tis very true; thou didft it excellent:

Well, you are come to me in happy time, The rather for I have fome fport in hand, Wherein your cunning can affift me much.
> * It was in thofe times the cuftom of players to travel in companies, and offer their fervice at great houfes.
> ; Itbink, 'twas Soto] I take cur Author here to be paying a Compliment to Deaumont and Fletcher's Women pleas'd, in which Comedy there is the Character of Soto, who is a Farmer's Son,
and a very facetious Servingman. Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope prefix the Name of Sim to the Line here fpoken ; but the firft folio has it Sinck.'o; which, no doubt, was the Name of cne of the Players here introduc'd, and who had play'd the Part of Soto with Applaufe.

There is a Lord will hear you play to-night;
But I am doubtful of your nodefties, Left, over-eying of his odd Behaviour, (For yet his honour never heard a Play)
You break into fome merry Paffion, And fo offend him; for I tell you, Sirs, If you fhould finile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my lord, we can contain ourfelves; Were he the verieft antick in the world.
2 Play. [to the other.] Go get a Difhclout to make clean your fhoes; and I'll fpeak for the properties ${ }^{8}$. [Exit Player.
My lord, we muft have a fhoulder of mutton for a property, and a little Vinegar to make our devil roar ${ }^{9}$.

Lord. Go, firrah, take them to the buttery, And give them friendly welcome, every one: Let them want nothing that the houfe affords.
[Exit one with the Players.
Sirrah, go you to Bartbolomerw my page, And fee him dreft in all fuits like a lady. That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber, And call him Madam, do him all obeifance. Tell him from me (as he will win my love) He bear himfelf with honourable action,

[^2]And the Paffion being that, of all the myferies, which was moft frequently reprefented, vinegar became at length the flanding implement to torment the Devil: And ufed for this purpofe even after the my/feries ceafed, and the moralities came in vogue; where the Devil continued to have a confiderable part. The mention of it here was to ridicule fo abfurd a circumftance in thefe old farces.

Warburton.
Such

## OF THESHREW.

Such as he hath obferv'd in noble ladies Unto their lords, by them accomplifh'd; Such duty to the drunkard let him do, With foft low tongue, and lowly courtefy; And fay; what is't your Honour will command, Wherein your lady and your humble wife, May fhew her duty, and make known her love ? And then with kind embracements, tempting kifes, And with declining head into his bofom, Bid him fhed tears, as being over-joy'd To fee her noble lord reftor'd to health, Who for twice feven years hath efteem'd himfelf ${ }^{x}$ No better than a poor and loathfome beggar: And if the boy have not a woman's gift To rain a hower of commanded tears, An * onion will do well for fuch a fhift ; Which in a Napkin being clofe convey'd, Shall in defpight enforce a wat'ry eye. See this difpatch'd, with all the hafte thou canft; Anon I'll give thee more inftructions. [Exit Servant. I know the boy will well ufurp the grace, Voice, gate, and action of a gentlewoman. I long to hear him call the drunkard, hufband; And how my men will ftay themfelves for laughter, When they do homage to this' fimple peafant. I'll in to counfel them : haply, my prefence May well abate the over-merry fpleen; Which otherwife will go into extreams. [Exit Lord.

I In former editions, Who for thefe feven Yerons bath efieem'd himfelf
No better than a poor and loathfome Beggar.]
I have ventur'd to alter a Word here, againft the Authority of the printed Copies ; and hope, I mall be juftified in it by two fubfequent Paffages. That the

Poet defign'd, the Tinker's fuppos'd Lunacy fhould be of fourteen Years flanding at leaft, is evident upon two parallel Paffages in the Play to that Purpofe.

Theobald.

* It is not unlikely that the onion was an expedient ufed by the actors of interludes.


## SCENEIV.

## Cbanges to a Bedchamber in the Lord's Houfe.

Enter Sly with Attendants, fome with apparel, bafon and eveer, and other appuritenances. Re-enter Lord.

FO R God's fake, a pot of fmall ale.

I Serv. Wilt pleafe your Lordfhip drink a cup of fack?
2 Serv. Will't pleafe your Honour tafte of thefe Conferves?
3 Scre. What raiment will your Honour wear today?
Sly. I am Cbriftopbero Sly, call not me Honour, nor Lordfhip: I ne'er drank fack in my life : and if you give me any Conferves, give me Conferves of beef. Ne'er afk me what raiment I'il wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more ftockings than legs, nor no more fhoes than feet; nay, fometimes, more feet than fhoes; or fuch fhoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heav'n ceafe this iclle humour in your Honour!
Oh, that a mighty man of fuch defcent, Of fuch poffeffions, and fo high efteem, Should be infufed with fo foul a fpirit! -

Sly. What would you make me mad? am not I Cbriftopbero Sly, old S'ly's Son of Burton-beath, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by tranfmutation a bearherd, and now by prefent poffeffion a tinker? ank Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if the know me not; if fhe fay, I am not fourteen pence on the fcore for fheer ale, fcore me up for the lying'ft knave in Chriftendom. What, I am not beftraught: here's
i Mon. Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn.
${ }_{2}$ Man. Oh, this it is that makes your fervants droop.
Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred fhun your houfe,
As beaten hence by your ftrange lunacy.
Oh, noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banifhment, And banifh hence thefe abject lowly dreams. Look, how thy fervants do attend on thee ; Each in his office ready at thy beck. Wilt thou have mufick? hark, Apollo plays; [Mufck. And twenty caged nightingales do fing.
Or wilt thou fleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and fweeter than the lutful bed
On purpofe trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk, we will beftrow the ground :
Or wilt thou ride? thy horfes fhall be trapp'd,
Their harnefs ftudded all with gold and pearl.
Doft thou love hawking? thou haft hawks, will foar Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt ?
Thy hounds fhall make the welkin anfwer them, And fetch fhrill echoes from the hollow earth.

I Man. Say, thou wilt courfe, thy greyhounds are as fwift
As breathed ftags ; ay, fleeter than the roe.
2 Man. Doft thou love pictures? we will fetch thee Atrait
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Citherea all in fedges hid;
Which feem to move and wanton with her breath, Ev'n as the waving fedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll fhew thee $I O$, as fhe was a maid,
And how fhe was beguiled and furpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.
3 Man. Or Dapbne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one fhall fwear fhe bleeds:

And at that fight fhall fad Apollo weep:
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou haft a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age.
I Man. And 'till the tears, that fhe hath fhed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the faireft creature in the world,
And yet the is inferior to none.
Sly. Am I a Lord, and have I fuch a Lady ?
Or do I dream? or have I dreamt 'till now?
I do not fleep; I fee, I hear, I fpeak ;
I fmell fweet favours, and I feel foft things:
Upon my life, I am a Lord, indeed; And not a Tinker, nor Chrifoppero Sly.
Well, bring our Lady hither to our fight, And once again, a pot o'th' fmalleft ale.

2 Mair. Wilt pleafe your Mightinefs to wafh your hands?
Oh, how we joy to fee your wits reftor'd!
Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!
Thefe fifteen years you have been in a dream, Or, when you wak'd, fo wak'd as if you nept.

Sly. Thefe fifteen years ! by my fay, a goodly nap: But did I never fpeak of all that time?

I Man. Oh, yes, my Lord, but very idle words. For tho' you lay here in this goodly chamber, Yet would you fay, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail'd upon the Hoftefs of the houfe;
And fay, you would prefent her at the * Leet, Becaufe fhe bought ftone-jugs, and not feal'd quarts; Sometimes, you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the houfe.
3 Man. Why, Sir, you know no houfe; nor no fuch maid;
Nor no fuch men, as you have reckon'd up;

* Leet,] At the Court leet, or courts of the manor.

As Stepben Sly, and old John Naps of Greece, And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell, And twenty more fuch names and men as thefe, Which never were, nor no man ever faw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends! All. Amen.
Sly. By th'Mafs, I think I am a Lord indeed. What is thy name?

Man. Sim, an't pleafe your Honour.
Sly. Sim? that's as much as to fay, Simeon or Simen, put forth thy hand and fill the pot.

The fervant gives bim drink.]

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$$

Enter Lady, witb attendants.
I thank thee; thou fhalt not lofe by it:
Lady. How fares my noble Lord?
Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough. Where's my wife ?

Lady. Here noble Lord, what is thy will with her?
Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me hufband?
My men fhould call me Lord, I am your good man.
Lady. My hufband and my Lord, my Lord and hufband;
I am your wife in all obedience.
Sly. I know it well : what muft I call her?
Lord. Madam.
Sly. Alce madam, or foan madam?
Lord: Madam, and nothing elfe, fo Lords call La[dies.
Sly. Come, fit down on my knee. Sim, drink to her. Madam wife, they fay, that I have dream'd, and llept above fome fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time feems thirty unto me, Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much.--Servants, leave me and her alone.Madan, undrefs you, and come now to bed.-Sim, drink to her.

Lady. Thrice noble Lord, let me entreat of you, To pardon me yet for a night or two. Or, if not fo, until the fun be fet; For your Phyficians have exprefly charg'd, In peril to incur your former malady,
That I fhotild yet abfent me from your bed.
1 hope, this reafon ftands for my excufe.
Siy. Ay, it fands fo, that 1 may hardly tarry fo long; but I would be loath to fall into my dream again: I will therefore tarry in defpight of the flefh and the blood.

## S C E N E VI.

## Enter a Meffenger.

Meff. Your Honour's Players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleafant comedy ; For fo your Doctors hold it very meet, Seeing too much fadnefs hath congeal'd your blood; And melancholy is the nurfe of frenzy.
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play, And frame your mind to mirth and merriment; Which bars a thoufand harms, and lengthens life.

Shy. Marry, I will; let them play; is it not a Commodity? a Chriftmas gambol, or a tumbling trick ?

Ledy. No, my good Lord, it is more pleafing ftuff.
Sly. What, houfhold ftuff?
Lady. It is a kind of hiftory.
Sly. Well, we'll fee't: come, Madam wife, fit by my fide, and let the world flip, we fhall ne'er be younger.

## TAMING of the SHREW.

## A C T I. S CENE I.

A Street in PADUA .

Flouribs. Enter Lucentio and Tranio.

Lucentro.
RANIO, fince for the great defire I had To fee fair Padua, nurfery of arts, I am arriv'd from fruitful Lomberdy ', The pleafant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd With his good-will, and thy good company : Moft trufty fervant, well approv'd in all, Here let us breathe, and haply inftitute A courfe of learning, and *ingenious ftudies. Pifa, renowned for grave citizens, Gave me my Being: and my father firf, A merchant of great traffick through the world: Vincentio's come of the Bentivoli,

- from fruitful Lombardy.] So Mr. Theobald. The former editions, inftead of from, had for.
*_ingenious.] I rather
think it was written injenuous Audies, but of this and a thoufand fuch obfervations there is little certainty.

Iucentio his fon, brought up in Florence, It fhall become, to ferve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his forcune with his virtuous deeds : And therefore, Tranio, for the time I ftudy, Virtue and that part of philofophy ${ }^{2}$
Will I apply, that treats of happinefs
By virtue fpecially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy mind, for I have Pifa left,
And am to Paduc come, as he that leaves A fhallow plafh to plunge him in the deep, And with fatiety feeks to quench his thirft.

Tro. Me pardonato, gentle mafter mine, 1 am in all affected as yourfelf :
Glad, that you thus continue your refolve,
To fuck the fweets of fweet philofophy :
Only, good mafter, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral difcipline,
Let's be no Stoicks, nor no ftocks, I pray;
Or, fo devote to Arijfotle's checks,
As Orid be an outcaft quite abjur'd.
Talk Logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practice Rhetorick in your common talk;
Mufick and Poefy ufe to quicken you;
The Mathematicks, and the Metaphyficks, Fall to them, as you find your fomach ferves you: No profit grows, where is no pleafure ta'en:
In brief, Sir, ftudy what you moft affect.
Luc. Gramercies, Ircmio, well doft thou advife;
If, Biondello, thou wert come ahore,
We could at once put us in readinefs ;
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in Padua fhall beget. But flay a while, what company is this?

Tra. Ivafter, fome fhew to welcome us to town.

[^3]S C E N E

## S C E N E II.

Enter Baptifta weith Catharina and Bianca, Gremio and Hortenfio. Lucentio and Tranio ftand by.

Bap. Gentlemen both, importune me no farther, For how I firmly am refolv'd, you know;
That is, not to beftow my youngeft daughter, Before I have a hufband for the elder;
If either of you both love Catbarina,
Becaufe I know you well, and love you well, Leave fhall you have to court her at your pleafure.

Gre. To cart her rather. - She's too rough for me.
There, there, Hortenfio, will you any wife?
Calb. I pray you, Sir, is it your will
To make a Stale of me amongft thefe mates ?
Hor. Mates, maid, how mean you that? no mates for you;
Unlefs you were of gentler, milder, mould. Cath. l'faith, Sir, you fhall never need to fear, I wis, it is not half way to her heart :
But if it were, doubt not, her care flall be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd ftool, And paint your face, and ufe you like a fool.

Hor. From all fuch devils, good Lord, deliver us.
Gre. And me too, good Lord.
Tra. Hufh, mafter, here's fome good paftime) toward;
That wench is ftark mad, or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's filence I do fee Maid's mild behaviour and fobriety.
Peace, Tranio.
Tra. Well faid, mafter; mum! and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may foon make good
What I have faid, Bianca, get you in ;
Vol. III.
C
And

And let it not difpleafe thee, good Bianca; For I will love thee ne'er the left, my girl.

Cath. A pretty Peat ${ }^{3!}$ it is bet put finger in the eye, and The knew why.

Brian. Sifter, content you in my difcontent.
-Sir, to your pleafure humbly I fublcribe:
My books and inftruments hall be my company,
On them to look, and practife by myfelf.
Luc. Hark, Tranio, thou may'ft hear Minerva freak.
[afide.
Hor. Signor Baplifta, will you be fo * Arrange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.
Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptifta, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?
Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am refolv'd.
Go in, Bianca -
[Exit Bianca.
And for I know, the taketh mot delight
In mufick, inftruments, and poetry;
School-mafters will I keep within my house,
Fit to inftruct her youth. If you, Hortenfio,
Or Signior Gremio, you know any fuchs,
Prefer them hither: for to cunning men $\dagger$
I will be very kind; and liberal
To mine own children, in good bringing up;
And fo farewel: Catbarina, you may flay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.
Cath. Why, and, I truft, I may go too, may I not? what, Shall I be appointed hours, as tho', belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave? ha!
[Exit.
3. A pretty Peat.] Peat or $P_{e t}$ is a word of endearment from petit, little, as if it meant pretty little thing.

* So grange.] That is, fo odd, fo different from others in your
conduct.
$\dagger$ Cunning men.] Chinking had not yet loot its original fignificaion of knowing, learned, as may be observed in the tranllation of the Billie.


## S C E N E III.

Gre. You may go to the devill's dam. Your gifts are fo good, here is none will hold you. Our love is not fo great, Horterfio, but we may blow our wails together, and faft it fairly out. Our cake's dough on both fides. Farewel; yet for the love I bear my fweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her That whterein fie delights, I will wifh him to her Father.

Hor So will I, Signior Gremio; but a word, I pray; tho' the niture of our quarfel never yet brook'd Parle, kno nov, upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have accefs to our fair Miftrefs, and be halpy rivals in Bianca's love, to labour and effect one thirg 'ipecially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?
Hor. Milarry, Sir, to get a hufband for her fifter.
Gre. A bu!band! a devil.
Hor. I fay a hufband.
Gre. I fay, a devil Think'ft thou, Hortenfio, tho ${ }^{\circ}$ her father be very rich, any man is fo very a fool to be married to hell ?
Hor. Tulh, Gremio; tho' it pals your parience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why; man, there be good fellows in the world, an' a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whip'd at the high crofs every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you fay, there's a fmall choice in rotten apples. But, come, fince this bar in law makes us friends, it fhall be fo far forth friéndly maintain'd, 'till by helping Baptifa's eldeft daughter to a huifband, we fet his youngett free for a hufband, and then have

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\mathrm{C}_{2}
$$

10'
to't afrefh. Sweet Bianca! happy man be his dole! he that runs fafteft gets the ring ; how fay you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the beft horfe in Padua to begin his wooing, that would throughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the houfe of her. Come on.
[Exeunt Gremio and Hortenfio.
S C E N E IV.

## Manent Tranio and Lucentio.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell, me, is it poffible That love floould on a fudden take fuch hold ?
Luc. Oh Tranio, 'till I found it to be true, I never thought it poffible or likely. But fee, while idly Iftood looking on,

- I found th' effect of Love in idlenefs :

A nd now in plainnefs do confers to thee,
(That art to me as fecret, and as dear,
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was;)
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perifh Tranio.
If I atchieve not this young modeft girl:
Counfel me, Tranio, for, I know, thou canft; Affift me, Tranio, for, I know, thou wilt.

Tra. Mafter, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart.
If leve hath touch'd you, nought remains but fo, 4

* Redime te captum quàm queas minimó.

Luc. Gramercy, lad; go forward, this contents;
The reft will comfort, for thy counfel's found.
Tra. Mafter, you look'd fo longly on the maid,

[^4][^5]Perhaps, you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
Luc. O yes, I faw fweet Beaury in her face;
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great fove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kifs'd the Cretan ftrand.
Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her filter
Began to fcold, and raife up fuch a ftorm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Luc. Tranio, I faw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath the did perfume the air ; Sacred and fweet was all I faw in her.

Tra. Nay, then it is time to ftir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, Sir; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wit t'atchieve her. Thus it ftands;
Her eldeit fifter is fo curft and fhrewd,
That till the Father rids his hands ' of her,
Mafter, your love muft live a Maid at home;
And therefore has he clofely mew'd her up,
Becaufe fhe fhall not be annoy'd with fuitors.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel Father's he!
But art not thou advis'd he took fome care
To get her cunning fchool-mafters $t$ ' inftruct her ?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, Sir ; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Tra. Mafter, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine firt.
Tra. You will be fchool-mafter,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is : may it be done?
Ira. Not poffible: for who fhall bear your part, And be in Padua here Vincentio's fon, Keep houfe, and ply his book, welcome his friends, Vifit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Bafta;-content thee; for I have it full. We have not yet been feen in any houfe,

## 2. $\quad$ THETAMING

Nor can we be diftinguifh'd by our faces, For man or mafter : then it follows thus.
Thou fhalt be matter, Tranio, in my ftead;
Keep houfe, and * port, and fervants, as I thould.
I will fome other be, fome Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pifa.
'Tis harch'd, and thall be fo: Tranio, at once;
Uncafe thes: take my colour'd hat and cloak.
When Eiordelio comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him firt to keep his tongue.
Tra. So hal you need. [They exchange bakits.
In britf, good Sir, fith it your pleafure is,
And 1 ant tied to be obedient,
For fo your Father charg'd me at our parting;
(Be fervice ble to my Son, quoth he),
Altho', I think, 'iwas in another fenfe;
I am content to be Lucentio,
Becaufe fo well I love Lucentio.
Luc. Tranio, be fo; becaule Lucentio loves;
And let me be a nave t'atchieve that Maid, Whofe fudden fight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

## Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?
Bion. Where have I been? nay, how now, where are you? mafter, has my fellow Tranio ftoll'n your cloaths, or you foll'n his, or both ? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither : 'tis no time to jeft ; And therefore frame your manners to the time. Your fellow Tranio here, to fave my life, J'uts my apparel and my count'nance on, And I lor my efcape have put on his: F.or in a quarrel, fince I came afhore, 1 kill'd a man, and, fear, I am defcry'd : Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes ; Whiie I make way from hence to fave my life. *Port, is figure, flow, appearance.

You underftand me?
Bin. Av, Sir, ne'er a whit.
Luce. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.
Dion. The better for him : 'Would, I were fo too.
Ira. So would I, i'faith, boy, to have the next with after; that Lucentio, indeed, had Baptijata's youngest daughter. But firrah, not for my fake, but your matter's, I advice you, use your manners dircreetly in all kind of companies : when I am alone, why, then I am $\tau_{\text {ranio ; but in all places elfe, your }}$ matter Lucentio.

Luce. Tranio, let's go : one thing more rets, that thyself execute, to make one among there wooers; if thou aft me why, fufficeth, my reafons are both good and weighty,
[Exeunt:

## S C E NE V.

Before Hortenfio's House, in Padua.
Enter Petruchio, and Grumio.:
Pet. TE rona, for a while I take my leave,
To fee my friends in Padua; but of all My bet beloved and approved friend, Hortenfio; and, I trow, this is the houfe; Here, firrah, Grumio, knock, I fay.

Cru. Knock, Sir? whom fhould I knock ? is there any man has rebus'd your Worship?

Pet. Villain, I fay, knock me here foundry.
Grus. Knock you here, Sir ? why, Sir, what am I Sir,
That I fhould knock you here, Sir.
Pet. Villain, I fay, knock me at this gate, And rap me well; or l'll knock your knave's pate.

Grus. My matter is grown quarrelfome : 1 fhould knock you firth,
And then I know after, who comes by the wort.
C 4
Pet.

Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, firrah, an you'll not knock, l'll ring it,
I'll try how you can Sol, Fa , and fing it
[He wrings bim by tbe ears.
Gru. Help, mafters, help; my matter is mad.
Pet. Now knock, when I bid you : Sirrah! Villain!

## Enter Hortenfio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend Grumio, and my good friend Petrucbio! how do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortenfio, come you to part the fray? Con tutto il Core, ben trovato, may I fay.

Hor. silla noftra Cafa ben venuto, molto bonorato Signor mio Petruchio. Rife, Grumio, rife; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'ris no matter, what he, leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful caufe for me to leave his fervice, look you, Sir: he bid me knock him, and rap him foundly, Sir. Well, was it fit for a fervant to ufe his mafter fo, being, perhaps, for aught I fee, two and thirty, a pip out?
Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at firt, Then had not Grumio come by the worft.

Pet. A fenfelefs villain!-Good Hortenfio,
I bid the rafcal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heavens! fpake you not thefe words plain? firrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me foundly: and come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advife you. Hor. Petrucbic, patience; I am Grumio's pledge. Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you, Your ancient, trufty, pleafant fervant Grumio; And tell me now, fweet friend, what happy Gale Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as fcatters young men through the world,
To feek their fortunes farther than at home, s. Where fmall experience grows. But, in a few, Signior Hortenfio, thus it flands with me, Antonio my father is deceas'd; And I have thruft myfelf into this maze, Happly to wive and thrive, as beft I may: Crowns in my purfe I have, and goods at home, And fo am come abroad to fee the world.
Hor. Petrucbio, fhall I then come roundly to thee, And wifh thee to a fhrew'd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dft thank me but a little for my counfel,
And yet, l'll promife thee, fhe fhall be rich,
And very rich : but thou'rt too much my friend, And I'll not wifh thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortenfio, 'twixt fuch friends as us
Few words fuffice; and therefore if you know
One rich enough to be Petrucbio's wife;
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance ${ }^{6}$ )
Be fhe as foul as was 'Tlorentius' love ${ }^{7}$,
As old as Sibyl, and as curft and fhrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worfe,
She moves me not; or not removes, at leaft, ${ }^{8}$ Affection's edge in me. Were fhe as rough
${ }^{5}$ Where Small experience grows but in a FEW.] This nonfenfe fhould be read thus:

Where fmall experience grows but in a MEW,
i. e. a confinement at home. And the meaning is that no improvement is to be expected of thofe who never look out of doors.

Warburton.
Why this flould feem nonfenfe, I cannot perceive. In a feru means the fame as in 乃oort, in ferw words.

- The burtben of a dance is an
expreffion which I have never heard; the burthen of his wooing fong had been more proper.

7 Be bee as foul as was Florentius' love.] This I fuppofe relates to a circumftance in fome Italian novel, and fhould be read, Florentio's. Warburton.
${ }^{8}$ Affection's edge in me.] This man is a frange talker. He tells you he wants money only. And, as to affection, he thinks fo little of the matter, that give him but a rich miftrefs, and he will tnke her though incrufted all

Gru. Catbarine the curft?
A tirle for a maid of all titles the worft
Hor. Now fhall my Friend Petrucbio do me grace,
And offer me difguis'd in fober robes
To old Baptifta as a fchool-mafter,
Well feen in mufick, to inftruct Bianca;
That fo I may by this device, at leaft,
Have leave and leifure to make love to her;
And, unfufpected, court her by herfelf.

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S C E N E V I
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Enter Gremio, and Lucentio difguis'd.
Gru. Here's no knavery! fee, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together. Mafter, look about you: who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio, 'tis the Rival of my love. Petrucbio, ftand by a while.

Gru. A proper Stripling, and an amorous -
Gre. O very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, Sir, I'll have them very fairly bound, All books of love; fee That, at any hand; And fee, you read no other lectures to her: You underftand me - Over and befide Signior Baptifta's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largefs. Take your papers too, And let me have them very well perfum'd; For fhe is fweeter than perfume itfelf,
To whom they go;' what will you read to her?
Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you, As for my Patron, ftand you fo affured; As firmly as yourfelf were ftill in place; Yea, and, perhaps, with more fuccefsful words
Than you, unlefs you were a fcholar, Sir.
Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is !
Gru. O this woodcock, what an afs it is! Pit. Peace, Sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum! God fave you. Signior Gremio.
Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortenfio. Trow you, whither I am going? to Baptifta Minola; I promis'd to enquire carefully about a fchool-mafter for the fair Bianca; and by good fortune I have lighted well on this young man, for Learning and Behaviour fit for her turn, well read in Poetry, and other books; good ones, 1 warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman, Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine mufician to inftruet our miltrefs;
So fhall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, fo belov'd of me.
Gre. Belov'd of me,-and tharmy deeds fhall prove.
Gru. And that his bags fhall prove.
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love. Liften to me ; and, if you fpeak me fair, I'll tell you news indifferent good for either. Here is a Gentleman whom by chance I met, Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curft Catharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry pleare.
Gre. So faid, fo done, is well ;-
Hortenfio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know, fhe is an irkfome brawling foold;
If that be all, mafters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, fayeft me fo, friend? what Countryman?
Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's Son;
My father's dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope good days and long to fee.
Gre. Oh, Sir, fuch a life with fuch a wife were ftrange;
But if you have a ftomach, to't, $o^{\prime}$ God's name ;
You muft have me affifting you in all.
But will you wooe this wild cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he wooe her? ay, of I'll hang her.
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt my ears?

## Gru. Catbarine the curft ?

A title for a maid of all titles the worft !
Hor. Now fhall my Friend Petrucbio do me grace,
And offer me difguis'd in fober robes
To old Baptifta as a fchool-mafter,
Well feen in mufick, to inftruct Bianca;
That fo I may by this device, at leaft,
Have leave and leifure to make love to her;
And, unfufpected, court her by herfelf.

## S C E N E VI.

Enter Gremio, and Lucentio difguis'd.
Gru. Here's no knavery! fee, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together. Mafter, look about you: who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio, 'tis the Rival of my love.
Petruchio, ftand by a while.
Gru. A proper Stripling, and an amorous -
Gre. O very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, Sir, I'll have them very fairly bound, All books of love; fee That, at any hand; And fee, you read no other lectures to her: You underftand me - Over and befide Signior Baptifta's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largefs. Take your papers too, And let me have them very well perfum'd; For fhe is fweeter than perfume itfelf, To whom they go;' what will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you, As for my Patron, ftand you fo affured; As firmly as yourfelf were ftill in place; Yea, and, perhaps, with more fuccefsful words Than you, unlefs you were a fcholar, Sir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is!
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Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortenfio. Trow you, whither 1 am going? to Baptiffa Minola; I pramis'd to enquire carefully about a fchool-mafter for the fair Bianca; and by good fortune I have lighted well on this young man, for Learning and Behaviour fit for her turn, well read in Poetry, and other books; good ones, I warrant ye.

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Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine mufician to inftruet our miltrefs;
So fhall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, fo belov'd of me.
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Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.
Liften to me; and, if you fpeak me fair, I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a Gentleman whom by chance I met, Upon agreement from us to his liking,
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Gre. So faid, fo done, is well ;-
Hortenfio, have you told him all her faults?
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And I do hope good days and long to fee.
Gre. Oh, Sir, fuch a life with fuch a wife were ftrange;
But if you have a fomach, to't, o' God's name ;
You mult have me affifting you in all.
But will you wooe this wild cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he wooe her? ay, or I'll hang her.
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt my ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the fea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with fweat?
Have I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heav'n's artillery thunder in the fkies?
Have I not in a pitched battel heard
Loud larums, neighing fteeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half fo great a blow to th' ear
As will a chefnut in a farmer's fire?
Tufh, tufh, fear boys with bugs.
Gru. For he fears none.
Gre. Hortenfio, hark :
This Gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind prefumes, for his own good, and ours.
Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors;
And bear his charge of wooing whatfoe'er.
Gre. And fo we will, provided that he win her.
Gru. I would, I were as fure of a good dinner.

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To them Tranio bravely appareli'd, and Biondello.
Tra. Gentlemen, God fave you. If I may be bold, tell me, I befeech you, which is the readieft way to the houle of Signior Baptifta Minola?

Bion. He, that has the two fair daughters? is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.
Gre. Hark you, Sir, you meañ not her, to -
Tra. Perhaps, him and her; what have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.

[^6]Tra. I love no chiders, Sir : Biondello, let's away. Luc. Well begun, Tranio.
Hor. Sir, a word, ere you go:
Are you a.fuitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?
Tra. An if I be, Sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No ; if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, Sir, I pray, are not the ftreets as free For me, as for you?

Gre. But fo is not fhe.
Tra. For what reafon, I befeech you?
Gre. For this reafon, if you'll know :
That's fhe's the choice love of Signior Gremio.
Hor. That fhe's the chofen of Signior Hortenfo.
Tra. Softly, my mafters; if you be gentlemen
Do me this right; hear me with patience.
Baptifta is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all unknown;
And, were his Daughter fairer than the is,
She may more fuitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thoufand wooers;
Then well One more may fair Bianca have, And fo fhe fhall. Lucentio fhall make one, Tho' Paris came, in hope to fpeed alone.
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talk us all!
Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.
Pet. Hortenfio, to what end are all thefe words?
Hor. Sir, let me be fo bold as to afk you,
Did you yet ever fee Baptifta's daughter?
Tra. No, Sir; but hear I do, that he hath two:
The one as famous for a fcolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modefty.
Pet. Sir, Sir, the firft's for me; let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcidis' twelve.
Pet. Sir, underftand you this of me, infooth:
The youngeft Daughter, whom you hearken for,
Hièr father keeps from all accefs of fuitors,

And will not promife her to any man,
Until the eldeft Sifter firft be wed;
The younger then is free, and not before.
Tra. If it be fo, Sir, that you are the man Muft fteed us all, and me amongft the reft; And if you break the ice, and do this feat, Atchieve the elder, fet the younger free For our accefs; whofe hap fhall be to have her, Will not fo gracelefs be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you fay well, and well you do conceive ; And fince you do profefs to be a fuitor, You mult, as we do, gratify this Gentleman,
To whom we all reft generally beholden.
Tra. Sir, I fhall not be flack; in fign whereof,
Pleafe ye, we may conitrve this afternoon ${ }^{4}$,
And quaff caroufes to our Miftrels' health, And do as adverfaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! fellows, let's be gone.
Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it fo, Petrucbio, I fhall be your ben venuto. [Exeunt. [Tbe Preferters, above, jpeak bere. 1 Man. My Lord, you nod; you do not mind the Play.
Sly. Yea, by St. Ann, do I. A good matter, furely!

- comes there amy more of it?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.
Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madans Lady. 'Would, 'twere done!

4 Pleafe ye, rize may contrive this afiernoon,] Mr. Theobald afks rulat they wevere to contive? and then fays, a foolifb corraption poffefes the place, and fo alters it to convive ; in which he is followed, as he pretty conflantly is, when wrong, by the Oxford Editor. But the com. mon reading is right, and the Critic was only ignorant of the

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

Baptifta's Houfe in Padua.
Enter Catharina and Bianca.

## Bianca.

$G$OOD Sifter, wrong me not, nor wrong yourfelf,
To make a bond-maid and a flave of me;
That I difdain ; ${ }^{5}$ but for thefe other Gawds,
Unbind my hands, l'll pull them off myfelf;
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat,
Or, what you will command me, will I do;
So well I know my duty to my elders.
Cath. Of all thy Suitors here, I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov't beft : fee, thou diffemble not.
Bian. Believe me, Sifter, of all men alive
I never yet beheld that fpecial face, Which I could fancy more than any other.

Cath. Minion, thou lieft; is't not Hortenfo?
Bian. If you affeet him, fitter, here I fwear, I'll plead for you myfelf, but you fhall have him.

Catb. Oh, then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio, to keep you fair ${ }^{6}$.
Bian: Is it for him you do fo envy me?
Nay, then you jeft; and now, I well perceive, You have but jefled with me all this while;
S. Gut for the fe other Goods, ] This is fo trifling and unexpreffive a Word, that, I am fatisfied our Author wrote, Gawds (i. e. Toys, trifling Ornamenss) ; 2 Term that he fre-
quently ufes and feems fond of.
Theobald.
to keep you fair.] I
Should with to read, To keep you
fine. But either word may ferve. Vol. III.

D

I pr'ythee, fifter Kate, untie my hands,
Cath. If that be jeft, then all the reft was fo.

## Enter Baptifta.

Bap. Why; how now, dame, whence grows this infolence?
Eianca, ftand afide; poor girl, fhe weeps; Go ply thy needle, meddle not with her.
For fhame, thou hilding ${ }^{7}$ of a devilifh fpirit, Why doft thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did fhe crofs thee with a bitter word?
Cath. Her filence flouts me; and I'll be reveng'd. [Flies after Bianca.
Bap. What, in my fight?-Bianca, get thee in.
[Exit Bianca.
Cath. Will you not fuffer me? nay, now I fee,
She is your treafure; fhe muft have a hufband;
I muft dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell:
Talk not to me, I will go fit and weep,
${ }^{\prime}$ Till I can find occafion of revenge. [Exit Cath.
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd, as I ?
But who comes here?

## S C E N E II.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the babit of a mean man; Petruchio with Hortenfio, like a mufician; Tranio and Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptifta.
Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio: God fave you, Gentlemen.

[^7] low wretch; it is applied tọ Ca-

Pet. And you, good Sir; pray, have you not a daughter call'd Catharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, Sir, call'd Catbarina.
Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.
Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio, give me leave. I am a gentleman of Verona, Sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bafhful modefty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour, Am bold to thew myfelf a forward gueft Within your houfe, to make mine eye the witnefs Of that Report, which I fo oft have heard. And, tor an entrance to my entertainment,
[Prefenting Hortenfio.
I do prefent you with a man of mine,
Cunning in mufick, and the mathematicks,
To inftruct her fully in thofe fciences,
Whereof, I know, fhe is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or elfe you do me wrong,
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.
Bap You're welcome, Sir, and he for your good fake.
But for my daughter Catbarina, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more's my grief.
Pet. I lee you do not mean to part with her;
Or elfe you like not of my company.
Bap. Miftake me not, I fpeak but what I find. Whence are you, Sir? what may I call your narme?

Pet. Petrucbio is my name, Antonio's fon,
A man well known throughout all Italy.
Bap. Iknow him well: youare welcome for his fake.
Gre. Saving your tale, Petrucbio, I pray, let us, that are poor petitioners, Speak too. Baccalare!you are marvellous forward ${ }^{5}$.
8 - Baccare, you are marvellous forzward.] We muft read, feornfully, upen any one that Baccalare; by which the ltalians would affume a port of grandeur. mean, thou arrogant, prefump-

Warburton.

Pet. Oh, pardon me, Signior Gremio, I would fain be doing.
Gre. ${ }^{9}$ I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curfe your wooing.
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am fure of it. To exprefs the like kindnefs myfelf, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, free leave give to this young fcholar, that hath been long ftudying at Reims, [Prefenting Lucentio.] as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in mufick and mathematicks; his name is Cambio; pray, accept his fervice.

Bap. A thoufand thanks, Signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio. Bur, gentle Sir, methinks, you walk like a ftranger; [To Tranio] may I be fo bold to know the caufe of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the boldnefs is mine own, That, being a ftranger in this city here, Do make myfelf a fuitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous:
Nor is your firm refolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldeft fifter.
This liberty is all that I requeft;
That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongtt the reft that wooe, And free accefs and favour as the reft, And, toward the education of your daughters, 1 here beftow a fimple Inftrument, And this fmall packet of Greek and Latin books. If you accept them, then their worth is great.
[Tbey greet privately.

[^8]Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray? Tra. Of Pifa, Sir, fon to Vincentio.
Bap. A mighty man of PiJa; by Report
I know him well; you are very welcome, Sir, Take You the lute, and You the Set of books, [To Hortenfio and Lucentio.
You fhall go fee your pupils prefently. Holla, within!-

Enter a Servant.
Sirrah, lead thefe gentlemen
To my two daughters; and then tell them Both, Thefe are their tutors, bid them ufe them well.
[Exit. Serv. with Hortenfio and Lucentio.
We will go walk a little in the orchard, And then to dinner. You are paffing welcome, And fo, I pray you all, to think yourfelves.

Pet. Signior Baptifta, my bufinefs afketh hafte, And every day I cannot come to wooe. You knew my father well, and in him me, Left folely heir to all his lands and goods, Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd; Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, What dowry thall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands: And, in poffeflion, twenty thoufand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll affure her of Her widowhood, be it that fhe furvive me, In all my lands and leafes whatfoever; Let fpecialties be therefore drawn between us, That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the fpecial thing is well obtain'd, That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pєt. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father, I am as peremptory as fhe proud-minded. And where two raging fires meet together, They do confume the thing that feeds their fury :

Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extream gults will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and fo the yields to me,
For I am rough, and wooe not like a babe.
Bap. Well may'ft thou wooe, and happy be thy fpeed!
But be thou arm'd for fome unhappy words.
Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,
That fhake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

## Enter Hortenfio with bis bead broke.

Bap. How now, my friend, why doft thou look to pale?
Hor. For fear, I promife you, if I look pale. Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good mufician?
Hor. I think, fhe'll fooner prove a foldier; Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

- Bap. Why, then thou canit not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no ; for fhe hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her fhe miftook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a moft impatient devilifh fpirit,
Frets call you them? quoth fhe : I'll fume with them. And with that word fhe ftruck me on the head,
And through the inftrument my Pate made way, And there I ftood amazed for a while, As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While fhe did' call me rafcal, fidler,
And twangling $7 a c k$, with twenty fuch vile terms, As fhe had ftudied to mifure me lo.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lufty wench; I love her ten times more than e'er I did;
Oh, how I long to have fome chat with her!
Bap. Well, go with me, and be not fodifcomfited, Proceed in Practice with my younger daughter, She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns;

Signior Petrucbio, will you go with us, Or fhall I fend my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you, do. I will attend her here,
[Exit. Bap. with Grem. Horten. and Tranio.
And wooe her with fome firit when the comes.
Say, that fhe rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She fings as fweetly as a nightingale :
Say, that fhe frowns; I'll fay, the looks as clear As morning rofes newly wafh'd with dew; Say, fhe be mute, and will not fpeak a word; Then I'll commend her volubility;
And fay, fhe uttereth piercing eloquence:
If the do bid me pack, l'll give her thanks,
As tho' fhe bid me ftay by her a week;
Jf the deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I fhall afk the banns, and when be married? But here fhe comes," and now, Petruchio, fpeak.
S C E E N E IV.

Good morrow, Kate ; for that's your name, I hear. Cath. Well have you heard, but fomething hard of hearing.
They call me Catbarine, that do talk of me.
Pet. You lye, in faith, for you are call'd plain Kate.
And bonny Kate, and fometimes Kate the curft :
But Kate, the prettieft Kate in chriftendom, Kate of Kate-ball, my fuper-dainty Kate, (For dainties are all Cates) and therefore Kate; Take this of me, Kate of my confolation! Hearing thy mildnefs prais'd in every Town, Thy virtues fpoke of, and thy beauty founded, Yet not fo deeply as to thee belongs : Myfelf am mov'd to wooe thee for my wife.

Cath. Mov'd ? - in good time-let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence; I knew you at the firft You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?
Cath. A join'd ftool.
Pet. Thou haft hit it ; come, fit on me. Cath. Affes are made to bear, and fo are you. Pet. Women are made to bear, and fo are you. Cath. No fuch jade, Sir, as you-; if me you mean. Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee;

- For knowing thee to be but young and light -

Cath. Too light for fuch a fwain as yourto catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight fhould be.
Pet. Should bee; —hould buz.
Catb. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
Pet. Oh, now-wing'd turtle, fhall a buzzard take thee ?
Cath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.*
Pet. Come, come, you wafp, i’faith, you are too angry.
Cath. If I be wafpifh, beft beware my fting.
Pet. My Remedy is then to pluck it out.
Cath. Ah, if the fool could find it, where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not, where a wafp doth wear his fting?
In his tail.
Cath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whofe tongue?
Cath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and fo farewel.
Pet. What with my tongue in your tail ? may, come again,
Good Kate, I am a gentleman.
Cath. That I'll try.
[Sbe Jrikes bim.
Pet. I fwear, I'll cuff you, if you frike again.
Cath. So may you lofe your arms;
If you ftrike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then, no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? oh, put me in thy books.
Catb. What is youtr crelt, a coxcomb?

* Ay, for a turtle, as be tales buzzard.
a buzzard.] Perhaps "we That is, he may take me for a may read better, turtle, and he fhall find me a 4.a'. for a turtle, and le takes a hawk.

Pet. A comblefs cock, fo Kate will be my hen.
Catb. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay, come, Kate; come, you mult not look fo fower.
Catb. It is my fafthion when 1 fee a crab.
Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not fo fower:
Catb. There is, there is.
Pet. Then, hew it me,
Cath. Had I a glafs, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Catb. Well aim'd of fuch a young one.
Pet. Now by St. George, 1 am too young for you.
Catb. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with Cares.
Catb. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate; in footh, you 'fcape not fo.
Cath. I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit ; 1 find you palfing gencle:
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy and fullen, And now I find Report a very liar;
For thou art pleafant, gamefom, paffing courteous, But flow in fpeech, yer fweet as fpring-time flowers. Thou canft not frown, thou canit not look afcance, Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will, Nor haft thou pleafure to be crofs in talk: But thou with mildnefs entertain'ft thy wooers, With gentle conf'rence, foft and affable.
Why doth the world report, that Kate doth limp?
Oh flanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is ftrait and flender; and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and fweeter than the kernels.
O , let me fee thee walk ; thou doft not halt.
Cath. Go, tool, and whom thou keep'ft command.
Pet. Did ever Dian fo become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gaite? O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,

And then let ISate be chaft, and Dian fportful! Cath. Where did you ftudy all this goodly fpeech?

- Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit. Cath. A witty mother, witlefs elfe her fon. Fet. Am I not wife?
Cath. Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. Why fo I mean, fweet Catbarine, in thy bed: And therefore fetting all this chat afide, Thus in plain terms : your father bath confented, That you fhall be my wife ; your dow'ry 'greed on ; And, will you, nill you, I will marry you. Now, Kate, I am a hufband for your turn, For by this light, whereby I fee thy beauty, (Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well;) Thou muft be married to no man but me. For 1 am he, am born to tame you, Kate; And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate, Conformable as other houfhold Kates; Here comes your father, never make denial, I muft and will have Catbarine to my Wife.
SCENEV.

Enter Baptifta, Gremio, and Tranio.
Bap. Now, Signior Petrucbio, how fpeed you with my daughter?
Pet. How but well, Sir? how but well?
It were impofible, 1 fhould fpeed arnifs.

- Bap. Why, how now daughter Catharine, in your dumps?
Cat', Call you me daughter? now, I promife you, You've flew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To with me wed to one half lunatick;
A inadcap ruffian, and a fwearing fack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Put. Father, 'tis thus'; yourfelf and all the World,
That taik'd of her, have talk'd amifs of her;
If fhe be curlt, it is for policy;
For She's rot froward, but modeft as the dowe:

She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience, the will prove a fecond Griffel;
And Roman Lucrece for her chattity.
And, to conclude, we've 'greed fo well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.
Cath. I'll fee thee hang'd on Sunday firft.
Gre. Hark: Petrucbio! the fays, the'll fee thee hang'd firft.
Tra. Is this your fpeeding? nay, then, good night, our part!
Pet. Be patient, Sirs, I chufe her for myfelf;
If the and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That fhe fhall ftill be curft in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much fhe loves me; oh, the kindeft Kate! -
She hung about my neck, and kifs on kifs *
She vy'd fo faft, protefting oath on oath,
That in a twink fhe won me to her love.
Oh, you are novices; 'tis a world to fee,
How tame, (when men and women are alone)
A meacock wretch can make the curfteft fhrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate, I will unto.Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainft the wedding-day;
Father, provide the feaft, and bid the guefts ;
I will be fure, my Catharine fhall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to fay, but give your hands;
God fend you joy, Petrucbio! 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen, fay we; we will be witneffes.
Pet. Father, and Wife, and Gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace,
We will have rings and things, and fine array ; And kifs me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday. [Ex. Petruchio, and Catharine feverally.

## * kifs on ki/s

She ry'd So faft, —— I know not that the word wie has any conftruction that will fuit this
place ; we may eafily read,
Kifs on kifs
She ply'd So fayt.
SCENE

## SCENEVI.

Gre. Was ever match clapt up fo fuddenly?
Bap. Faith, gentlemen, 1 play a merchant's part, And venture madly on a defperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you; ${ }^{3}$ Twill bring you gain, or perifh on the feas.

Bap. The gain I feek is quiet in the match.
Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now, Baptiffa, to your younger daughter;
Now is the day we long have look'd for:
I am your neighbour, and was fuitor firft.
Ira. And Iam one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witnefs, or your thoughts can guels.
Gre. Youngling! thou canft not love fo dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry ${ }^{\text {. }}$
Skipper, ftand back; 'ii agre that nourifheth.
Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourifheth.
Bap. Content you, Gentlemen, I will compound this ftrife;
'T is deeds muft win the prize; and he, of both,
Ih t can affure my daughter greatelt dower,
Shall have Bienca's love.
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you affure her ?
Gre. Firft, as you know, my houfe within the city
Is richly furnifhed with plate and gold,
Palons and ewers to lave her dainty hands:
My hangings all of Tyrian tapeftry;

| - Old Gremio's notions are confirmed by Shadweil. The fare" of love in youtbful blood, L:ke zwhat is kindled in $6 \mathrm{ru} / \mathrm{b}$. | It glowus, and uitb a fullen |
| :---: | :---: |
|  |  |
|  | Likc fire in liggs, it burns, and |
|  | arms us long; |
| But jor a moment burns- |  |
| uxiben creft into aged veins, | Yet is the beat as fro |
| Juruly burns, and iong remains, |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |

In ivory coffers I have ftuft my crowns;
In cyprefs chefts my arras, counterpoints,
Coftly apparel, tents and canopies,
Fine linen, 'Turkey cufhions' bofs'd with pearl;
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work;
Pewter and brafś, and all things that belong
To houfe, or houfe-keeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixfcore fat oxen ftanding in my ftalls;
And all things anfwerable to this portion.
Myfelf am ftruck in years, I mutt confels,
And if I die to morrow, this is hers;
If, whilft I live, fhe will be only mine.
Tra. That only come well in Sir, lift to me;
I am my father's heir, and only fon;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houfes three or four as good,
Within rich Pifa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Befides two thoufand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land; all which fhall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?
Gre. Two thoufand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts to but fo much in all:
That fhe fhall have, befides an Argofe
${ }^{2}$ Gre. Two thoufand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to fo mucb in all:
That ye ball harve, and -]
Tho' all the copies concur in this reading, furely, if we examine the reafoning, fomething will be found wrong. Gremio is fartled at the high fettlement Tranio propofes; fays, his whole eftate in land can't match it, yet he'll fettle fo much a year upon her, $\sigma^{\circ}$ c. This is playing at crofspurpofes. The change of the
negrtite in the fecond line falves the abfurdity, and fets the par. fage right. Gremio and Tranio are vyeing in their offers to carry Bianca: The latter boldly, propofes to fettle land to the amount of two thoufand ducats per annum. My whole effate, fays the other, in land, amounts but to that value; yet fhe fhall have that: I'll endow her with the rubole; and configna rich veffel to her ufe, over and above. Thus all is intelligible, and he goes on to outbid his rival. Warburt. That

## THETAMING

That now is lying in Marfeilles's road.
What, have I choak'd you with an Argofie?
Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no lefs
Than three great Argofies, befides two galliaffes
And twelve tight gallies; thefe I will affure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'f next.
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;
And the can have no more than all I have;
If you like me, the fhall have me and mine.
Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world, By your firm promife; Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I muft confefs, your offer is the beft; And let your father make her the affurance, She is your own, elfe you muft pardon me: If you fhould die before him, where's her dower?

Ira. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?
Bap. Well, Gentlemen, then I am thus refolv'd:
On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Catharine is to be married :
Now on the Sunday following fhall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this affurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And fo I take my leave, and thank you both. [Exit.
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. - Now I fear thee not: Sirrah, young gamefter, your father were a fool To give thee all; and in his waining age Set foot under thy table: tut! a toy! An old Italian fox is not fo kind, my boy. [Exit.
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten ${ }^{3}$ :
${ }^{3}$. Yet I bave fac'd it with a And So outface bim with a card card of ten:] That is, of ten.
with the higheft card, in the old And Ben Fobnjon in his SadSbepfimple games of our anceftors. So that this became a proverbial expreffion. So Skelton,
berd, a Hart of ten
Fyyfe tyche a quarrel, and fall, i.e. an extraordinary good one. out with bim then,
'Wis in my head to do my matter good:
I fee no reafon, but fuppos'd Lucentio
May get a father, call'd fuppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children ; but in this cafe of wooing,
A child shall get a fire, if I fail not of my cunning. ]Exit. [The Prefenters, above, fpeali here. Sly. Sim, when will the fool come again? Sim, Anon, my Lord.
Sly. Give's Some more drink bere-where's the tapper? here, Sim, eat forme of thee things.
Sim. So I do, my Lord.
Sly. Here, Sim, I drink to thee.

# AC T. III. S CE NE I. <br> Baptifta's House. 

Enter Lucentio, Hortenfio, and Bianca.
LUCENTIO.

FIdler, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir :
Have you fo foo forgot the entertainment.
Her filter Catharine welcom'd you withal?
Hor. Wrangling Pedant, this is
The patronefs of heavenly harmony;
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in mufick we have fpent an hour, Your lecture foal have leifure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous ais! that never read fo far

If the word bart be right, I do not fee any use of the latter quotation.

* When swill the fool come again?] The character of the fool has not been introduced in this drama, therefore I believe
that the word again fhould be omitted, and that Sly afks, When will the fool come? the fool, being the favourite of the vulgar, or, as we now phrafe it, of the upper gallery, was naturally exprated in every interlude.

To know the caufe why mufic was ordain'd:
Was it not to refrefh the mind of man
After his ftudies, or his ufual pain?
Then give me leave to read philofophy,
And, while I paufe, ferve in your harmony.
Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear thefe Braves of thine.
Bian. Why, Gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To ftrive for that which refteth in my choice :
I am no breeching fcholar in the fchools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my leffons as I pleafe myfelf;
And to cut off all ftrife, here fit we down, Take you your inftrument, play you the while;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.
Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune? [Horienfio retires.
Luc. That will be never; tune your inftrument.
Bian. Where left we laft ?
Luc. Here, Madam :
Hac ibat Simois, bic ef Sigcia tellus, Hic Aleterat Priami regia cella Senis.
Bian. Conftrue them.
Luic. Hac ibat, as I told you before, Simois, I am Lucentio, bic eft, fon unto Lucentio of Pifa, Sigeia tellus, difguifed thus to get your love, bic Reterat, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, Priami, is my man Tranio, regia, bearing my port, celfa Jenis, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon ${ }^{4}$.

Hor. Madam, my infrument's in tune. [Returning. Bian. Let's hear. O fie, the treble jars.
Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.
Bian. Now let me fee, if I can conitrue it: Hac ibat Simois, I know you not, bic efl Siscia tellus, I truft you not, bic feterat Priami, take heed he hear us not, regia, prefume not, celfa fenis, defpair not.
Hor. Madan, 'tis now in tune.

[^9]Luc. All but the bafe.
Hor. The bafe is right, 'ris the bafe knave that jars. How fiery and how froward is our Pedant! Now, for my life, that knave doth court my love; Pedafcule, I'll warch you better yets.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mittruft ${ }^{6}$.
Luc. Miftruft it not, - for, fure KEacides
Was Ajax, call'd fo from his grandfather.
Bian. I muft believe my mafter, elfe I promife you, I fhould be arguing itill upon that doubt;
But let it reft. Now, Licio, to you : Good mafters, take it not unkindly, pray, That I have been thus pleafant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave awhile;
My leffons make no mufick in three parts.
I.uc. Are you fo formal, Sir? well I muft wait, And watch withal ; for, but I be deceived, Our fine mufician groweth amorous. [Afide.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the inftrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I muft begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you Gamut in a briefer fort, More pleafant, pithy, and effectual, Than hath been taught by any of my trade; And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am paft my Gamut long ago.
Hor. Yet read the Gamut of Hortenfio.
Bian. [reading.] Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,
Are, to plead Hortenfio's paffion;
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,
Cfaut, that loves with all affection;

[^10]D folre, one cliff, but two notes have I. Elami, fhow pity, or I die.
Call you this Gamut? tut, I like it not ; Old fafhions pleafe me beft; I'm not fo nice? To change true rules for odd inventions.

## Enter a Servant.

Serv. Miftrefs, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to drefs your fifter's chamber up; You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.
Bian. Farewel, fweet mafters, both; I muft be gone. [Exit.
Luc. Faith, miftrefs, then I have no caufe to flay.
[Exit.
Hor. But I have caufe to pry into this pedant, Methinks, he looks as tho' he was in love: Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be fo humble, To caft thy wandring eyes on every Stale; Seize thee, who lift; if once I find thee ranging, Hortenfo will be quit with thee by changing. [Exit.

> S C E N E II.

Enter Baptifta, Gremio, Tranio, Catharina, Lucentio, Bianca, and attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day That Catb'rine and Petrucbio fould be married; And yet we hear not of our fon-in-law. What will be faid? what mockery will it be,


OF THE SHREW.
To want the Bridegroom, when the Prieft attends
To rpeak the ceremonial rites of marriage ?
What fays Lucentio to this fhame of ours ?
Cath. No fhame, but mine; I muft, forfooth, be forc'd
To give my hand oppos'd againft my heart, Unto a mad-brain Ruderby, full of fpleen ${ }^{8}$; Who woo'd in hafte, and means to wed at leifure. I told you, I, he was a frantick fool, Hiding his bitter jefts in blunt behaviour : And to be noted for a merry man, He'll woo a thoufand, 'point the day of marriage, Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns; Yet never means to wed, where he hath woo'd.
Now muft the world point at poor Catbarine, And fay, lo! there is mad Petruchio's wife, If it would pleafe him come and marry her.
Tra. Patience, good Catbarine, and Baptijta too;
Upon my life, Petrucbio means but well;
Whatever fortune flays him from his word.
Tho' he be blunt, I know him paffing wife:
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honeft.
Catb. Would Catbarine had never feen him tho'!
[Exit. weeping.
Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep; For fuch an injury would vex a Saint, Much more a Shrew of thy impatient humour.

## S C E E N E III.

Enter Biondello.
Bion. Mafter, Mafter; old news, and fuch news as you never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?
${ }^{8}$ Full of Spleen.] That is, full of hunnour, caprice, and inconftancy.

$$
\mathrm{E}_{2} \quad \text { Bion。 }
$$

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming ?

Bap. Is he come?
Bion. Why, no, Sir.
Bap. What then?
Bion. He is coming.
Bap. When will he be here ?
Bion. When he ftands where I am, and fees you there.
Ira. But, fay, what to thine old news?
Bion. Why, Petrucbio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; ${ }^{9}$ a pair of boots that have been candle-cafes, one buckled, another lac'd: an old rufly fiword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelefs, with two broken points; his horfe hipp'd with an old mothy faddle, the ftirrups of no kindred; befides, poffeft with the glanders, and like to mofe in the chine, troubled with the lampaffe, if ected with the fafhions, full of windgails, fped with fpavins, raied with the yellows, paft cure of the fives, ftark fpoiled with the ftaggers, begnawn with the bots, waid in the back and fhoulder-fhotten, near-legg'd before, and with a halfcheck't bit, and a headttall of fheep's leather, which being reftrain'd, to keep him from ftumbling, hath been often burft, and now repair'd with krots; one girt fix times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly fet down in ftuds, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?
Bion. Oh, Sir, his lackey, for all the world capari-

[^11]fon'd
fon'd like the horfe, with a linnen ftock on one leg, and a kerfey boot-hofe on the other, garter'd with a red and blue lift, ' an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prickt up in't for a feather: a monfter, a very monfter in apparel, and not like a chriftian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.
Tra. 'Tis fome odd humour pricks him to this fahhion;
Yet fometimes he goes but mean apparell'd.
Bap. I am.glad he is come, howfoever he comes.
Bian. Why, Sir, he comes not.
Bap. Didft thou not fay, he comes ?
Bion. Who? that Petrucbio came not.
Bap. Ay, that Petrucbio came.
Bion. No, Sir; I fay, his horfe comes with him on his back.
Bap. Why, that's all one.
Bion. Nay, by St. Famy, I hold you a penny, A horfe and a man is more than one, and yet not many.


#### Abstract

An old bat, and the humour of forty fancies prickt up in't for a featber:] This was fome ballad or drollery of that time, which the Poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot-boy's old hat for a feather. His fpeakers are perpetually quoting fcraps and ftanzas of old Ballads, and often very obfcurely; for, fo well are they acapted to the occafion, that they feem of a piece with the reft. In Sbckefpear's time, the kingdom was over-run with there doggrel compofitions. And he feems to have born them a very particular grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and their makers with exquifite humour. In Mucb ads about nothing, he makes Benedict fay, Prove that ever I lofe more blood with love than $I$ get again with drinking, prick out my eyes ruith a ballad maker's pen. As the bluntnefs of it would make the execution of it extremely painful. And again in Troilus and Crellida, Pandarus in his diftrefs, having repeated a very flupid flanza from an old ballad, fays, with the higheft humour, There never was a truer rbyme; let us.caf away nothing, for we may lize to bave need of fuch a verfe. We Sce it, we jee it.

Warburton.


## SCENE IV.

## Enter Petruchio and Grumio fantafically babited.

Pct. Come, where be there gallants? who is at home?
Bap. You're welcome, Sir.
Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not fo well 'parell'd, as I wifh you were.
Pet. Were it better, I fhould rufh in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride ?
How does my Father? Gentles, methinks, you frown :
And wherefore gaze this goodly company, As if they faw fome wondrous monument, Some comet, or unufual prodigy ?

Bap. Why, Sir, you know this is your weddingday:
Firft, were we fad, fearing you would not come; Now, fadder, that you come fo unprovided. Fy, doff this habit, fhame to your eftate, An eye-fore to our folemn fertival.

Tra. And tell us what occafion of import Hath all fo long detain'd you from your wife, And fent you hither fo unlike yourfelf?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harth to hear: Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word, 'Tho' in fome part enforced to digrefs ${ }^{2}$, Which at more leifure I will fo excufe, As you fhall well be fatisfied withal. But, where is Kate? I ftay too long from her; The morning wears ; 'tis time, we were at church.

Tra See not your bride in thefe unreverent robes; Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

[^12]$P_{e t}$. Not I ; believe me, thus Ill vifit her. Bap. But thus, I truft, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good froth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;
To me the's married, not unto my cloaths : Could I repair what the will wear in me, As I could change the fe poor accoutrements, 'Twee well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I Could bid good-morrow to my Bride,
And feal the title with a lovely kips?
[Exit.
Ira. He hath forme meaning in his mad attire :
We will perfuade him, be it poffible,
To put on better ere he go to church.
Bap. I'll after him, and fee the event of this. [Exit.

## SC EN E V.

Ira. But, Sir, our love concerneth us to add
Her Father's liking ; which to bring to pals, As I before imparted to your Worfhip,
I am to get a man (whate'er he be,
It fills not much; we'll fit him to our turn);
And he fall be Vincentio of Pifa,
And make affurance here in Padua
Of greater fums than I have promifed:
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry feet Bianca with confent.
Luc. Were it not, that my fellow fchool-mafter
Doth watch Bianca's fteps fo narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to feal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world fay, no,
I'll keep my own, defpight of all the world.
Fra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this bufinefs:
Well over-reach the grey-beard Gremio,
The narrow-prying Father Minola,
E 4
The

## S C E N E VI.

## Enter Gremio.

Now, Signior Gremio, came you from the church ?
Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from fchool.
Tra. And is the Bride and Bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A Bridegroom, fay you? 'tis a groom, indeed ${ }_{2}$
A grumbling groom, and that the girl Phail find.
Ira. Curfter than fhe'? why, 'tis impoffible.
Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Ira. Why, fhe's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut, fhe's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him :
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio; when the Prieft
Did afk, if Catbarine fhould be his wife?
Ay, by gogs-woons, quoth he: and fwore fo loud, That, all amaz'd, the Prieft let fall the book;
And as he ftoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd Bridegroom took him fuch a cuff,
That down fell prieft and book, and book and prieft.
Now take them up, quoth he, if any litt.
Tra. What faid the wench, when he rofe up again?
Gre. Trembled and fhook? for why, he ftamp'd and fwore,
As if the Vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: a health, quoth he; as if
H'ad been aboard carowfing to his Mates After a ftorm ; quafft off the mufcadel, And threw the fops all in the fexton's face; Havnig no other caufe, but that his beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and feem'd to afk His fops as he was drinking. This done, he took
The Bride about the neck, and kift her lips

With fuch a clamorous fmack, that at the parting All the church echo'd; and I feeing this, Came thence for very thame; and after me, I know, the rout is coming: Such a mad marriage Ne'er was before.-Hark, hark, I hear the minftrels. [Mufick plays.

## S C E N E VII.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Bianca, Hortenfio, and Baptifta.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains;
I know, you think to dine with me to day,
And have prepar'd great ftore of wedding cheer ;
But fo it is, my hafte doth call me hence; And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
Bap. Is't poffible, you will away to night?
Pet. I muft away to day, before night come.
Make it no wonder; if yout knew my bufinefs,
You would entreat me rather go than ftay.
And, honeft Company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myfelf
To this moft patient, fweet and virtuous wife.
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I muit hence, and farewel to you all.
Tra. Let us entreat you ftay 'till after dinner.
Pet, It may not be.
Gre. Let me entreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Catb. Let me entreat you.
Pet. I am content -
Cath. Are you content to ftay?
Pet. I am content, you fhall entreat me, ftay;
But yet not ftay, entreat me how you can.
Cath. Now if you love me', ftay.
Pet. Grumio, my horfes.

Gru. Ay, Sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horfes.

Catb. Nay, then,
Do what thou canft, I will not go to-day ;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I pleafe mylelf:
The door is open, Sir , there lies your way,
You may be jogging, while your boots are green ;
For me, I'll not go, 'till I pleafe myfelf:
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly furly groom,
That take it on you at the firft fo roundly.
$P_{\text {et }}$. O Kate, content thee, pry'thee, be not angry.
Cath. I will be angry; what haft thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he fhall ftay my leifure.
Gre. Ay, marry, Sir; now it begins to work.
Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I fee, a woman may be made a fool,
If the had not a fpirit to refif.
Pet. They fhall go forward, Kate, at thy command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feaft, revel and domineer ;
Carowfe full meafure to her maiden-head;
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourfelves;
But for my bonny Kate, the mutt with me.
Nay, look not big, nor ftamp, nor ftare, nor fret.
I will be mafter of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels, fhe is my houfe,
My houfhold-ftuff, my field, my barn,
My horfe, my ox, my afs, my any thing;
And here fhe ftands, touch her who ever dare.
l'll bring my action on the proudeft he,
That ftops my way in Padua: Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon; we're befet with thieves;
Refcue thy miftrefs, if thou be a man:
Fear not, fweet wench, they fhall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee againit a million.
[Exeunt Pet. and Cath.
Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I fhould die with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like.
Luc. Miftrefs, what's your opinion of your Sifter? Bian. That, being mad herfelf, fhe's madly mated. Gre. I warrant him, Petrucbio is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, tho' Bride and Bridegroom want
For to fupply the places at the table;
You know, there wants no junkets at the feaft; Lucentio, you fupply the Bride-groom's place; And let Bianca take her Sifter's room.

Tra. Shall fweet Bianca practife how to bride it?

- Bap. She fhall, Lucentio: Gentlemen, let's go.
[Excunt.


## ACTIV. SCENEI.

Petruchio's Country Houfe.
Enter Grumio.

## Grumio.

FY, fy on all tired jades, and all mad mafters, and all foul ways! was ever man fo beaten? ${ }^{3}$ was ever man fo ray'd? was ever man fo weary? I am fent before, to make a fire ; and they are coming after, to warm them : now were not I a little pot, and foon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I fhould come by a fire to thaw me; but I with blow-

[^13]ing the flre fhall warm myfelf; for, confidering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold: holla, hoa, Curtis!

## Enter Curtis,

Curt. Who is it that calls fo coldly ?
Gru. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'f nide from my fhoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my mafter and his wife coming, Grumio?
Gru. Oh, ay, Curtis, ay ; and therefore fire, fire; calt on no water.

Curt. Is the fo hot a Shrew, as The's reported?
Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this froft; but thou know'ft, ${ }^{4}$ winter tames man, woman, and beaft ; for it hath tam'd my old mafter, and my new miftrefs, and thyfelf, fellow Curtio.

Curt. ' A way, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beaft.

Gru. Am I but three inches? ${ }^{6}$ why, my horn is a foot, and fo long am I at the leaft. But wilt thou make a fire, or fhall I complain on thee to our mif-

4 Gra. quinter tames man, roman, and beopt; for it bath tam'd my old mafier, and my nerv miftrefs, and MY felf, foliow Curtis.

Curt. Awvay, you tbree.incl'd fool; I am no beaf.] Why had Grumio called him one? to give his refentment any colour. We muft read as, without queftion, Stakeffeare wrote,
-and $\mathbf{T H Y}$ Self, fellerv Curtis.
Why Grumio faid that winter had tamed Curtis was for his flownefs in hewving Grumio to a good fire. Befices, all the jole confits in
the fenfe of this alteration.
Warburton.
5 Away, you three-incb'd fool;] i. e. with a fcull three inches thick, a phrafe tak en from the thicker fort of planks.

Warburton.
6 Why thy born is a foot, and So long am I at leaf.] Tho' all the copties agree in this reading, Mr. Theobald fays, yet be cannot, find rybat born Curtis bad; therefore he alters it to my horn. But the common reading is right, and the meaning is that he had made Curtis a cuckold.

Warburton.
trefs,
trefs, whofe hand, fhe being now at hand, thoul fhate foon feel to thy cold 'comfort,' for being flow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Gromio, tell me, how goes the world?
Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore, fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my mafter and miftrefs are almoff frozen to death.
Curt. There's fire ready ; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.
Gru. Why, ${ }^{7}$ Fack boy, ho boy, and as much news as thou wilt.
Curt. Come, you are fo full of conycatching.
Gru. Why therefore, fire: for I have caught extream cold. Where's the cook? is fupper ready, the houfe trimm'd', rufhes ftrew'd, cobwebs fwept, the fervingmen in their new fuftian, their white ftockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? ${ }^{8}$ be the Facks fair within, the fills fair withour, carpets laid, and every thing in order ?

Curt. All ready: and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Gru. Firft, know my horle is tired, my mafter and miftrefs fall'n out.

Curt. How ?
Gru. Out of their faddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.
Gru. Lend thine ear.
Curt. Here.
Gru. There.
${ }^{7}$ Jack boy, \&c.] fragment of fome old ballad.] Warb.
${ }^{8}$ Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair witbout ?] i. e. Are the drinking veffels clean, and the maid fervants drefs'd? But
the Oxford Editor alters it thus, Are the Jacks fair without, the Jills fair awitbin?

What his conceit is in this, I confefs I know not.

Warburtoñ.
Curt.

Cirt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.
Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a fenfible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and befeech liftning. Now I begin : imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my matter riding behind my miftrefs.

Curt. Both on one horfe?
Gru. What's that to thee ?
Curt. Why, a horfe.
Gru. Tell thou the tale. $\qquad$ But hadit thou not croft me, thou fhould't have heard how her horfe fell, and fhe under her horfe: thou fhould'ft have heard in how miry a place, how fhe was bemoil' d , how he left her with the horfe upon her, how he beat me becaufe her horle fumbled, how fhe waded through the diri to pluck him off me; how he fwore, how fhe pray'd that never pray'd before; how I cry'd; how the horfes ran away; how her bridle was burft: how I loft my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now fhall die in oblivion, and thou recurn unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more fhrew than fhe.
Gru. Ay, and that you and the proudeft of you all fhall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth Nathanael, Fofeph, Nicbolas, Pbilip, Walter, Sugarfop, and the relt: let their heads be fleekly comb'd, their blue coats brufh'd, and their ${ }^{9}$ garters of an indifferent knit; let them curt'fy with their left legs, and not prefume to touch a hair of my mafter's horfe tail, 'till they kifs their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt They are.
Gru. Call them fortli.
Curt. Do you hear, ho ? you muft meet my mafter to countenance my miftrefs.

[^14]Gru. Why, fhe hath a face of her own.
Curt. Who knows not that ?
Gru. Thou, it feems, that call'd for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.
Enter four or five Serving. men.
Gru. Why, fhe comes to borrow nothing of them.
Natb. Welcome home, Grumio.
Pbil. How now, Grumio?
Gof. What, Grumio!
Nich. Fellow Grumio!
Nath. How now, old lad?
Gru. Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you; fellow, you; and thus nuuch for greeting. Now, my fpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things are ready; how near is our mafter ?
Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not cock's paffion, filence!_-I hear my mafter.

## S C E N E II.

## $E_{n t e r}$ Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be thefe knaves? what, no man at door to hold my ftirrup, nor to take my horfe? where is Natbanael, Gregory, Pbilip?

All Serv. Here, here, Sir? here, Sir.
Pet. Here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir?
You loggerheaded and unpolifh'd grooms:
What? no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolifh knave I fent before ?
Gru. Here, Sir, as foolifh as I was before.
Pet. You peafant fiwains you whorefon, malt-horfe drudge,
Did not I bid thee meet me in the park, And bring along thefe rafcal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathanael's coat, Sir, was not fully made: And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i'th'heel: There was no link to colour Peter's hat ${ }^{1}$, And Walter's dagger was not come from fheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The reft were ragged, old and beggarly,
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.
Pet. Go, rafcals, go, and fetch my fupper in.
[Exeunt Servants.
Where is the life tbat late I led?
Where are thofe -fit down, Kate
And welcome. Soud, foud, foud, foud ${ }^{2}$ !

## Enter Servonts woith Supper.

Why, when, I fay? nay, good fweet Kate, be merry. Off with my boots, you rogue : you villains, when?

$$
\text { It was the Friar of Orders grey, } \quad[\text { Sings. }
$$ As be forth walked on bis way.

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.
Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.
[Strikes bim.
Be merry, Kate: fome water here ; what hoa !
Enter one with water.
Where's my fpaniel $\mathcal{T}$ roilus? firrah, get you hence, And bid my coufin Ferdinand come hither: One, Kate, that you muft kifs, and be acquainted with. Where are my nippers ; fhall I have fome water? Come, Kate, and wafh, and welcome heartily : You, whorefon villain, will you let it fall?

Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling. Pet. A whorefon, beatle-headed, flap-ear'd knave:


Come, Kate, fit down; I know, you have a ftomach. Will you give thanks, fweet Kate, or elfe fhall I ? What's this, mutton?

I Ser. Yes.
Pet. Who brought it ?
Ser.I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and fo is all the meat :
What dogs are thefe? where is the rafcal cook?
How durf you, villains, bring it from the dreffer, And ferve it thus to me that love it not ?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all :
[Tbrows the meat, \&tc. about the Stage.
You heedlefs jolt-heads, and unmanner'd naves!
What, do you grumble? l'll be with you fraight.
Cath. I pray you, hufband, be not fo difquiet;
The meat was well, if you were fo contented.
Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
And I exprefly am forbid to touch it:
For it ingenders choler, planteth anger ;
And better 'twere, that both of us did faft, Since of ourfelves, ourfelves are cholerick,
Than feed it with fuch over-rofted flefh :
Be patient, for to-morrow't fhall be mended, And for this night we'll faft for company. Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [Exeunt.

Enter Servants Severally.
Nath. Peter, didft ever fee the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour. Gru. Where is he?

Enter Curtis, a Servant.
Curt. In her chamber, making a fermon of continency to her,
And rails and fwears, and rates; that fhe, poor foul, Knows not which way to ftand, to look, to fpeak,

Vol. III.

And fits as one new-rifen from a dream, Away, away, for he is coming hither.

## S C E N E III.

Enter Petruchio.
Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign, And 'tis my hope to end fuccefffully: My faulcon now is fharp, and paffing empty, And till fhe ftoop, fhe muft not be full-gorger ${ }^{2}$, For then the never looks upon her lure. Another way I have to man my haggard ${ }^{3}$, To make her come, and know her mafter's Call: That is, to watch her, as we watch thefe kites, That bait and beat, and will not be obedient. She ate no meat to-day, nor none fhall eat. Laft night fhe flept not, nor to-night fhall not: As with the meat, fome undeferved fault I'll find about the making of the bed. And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bollter ${ }_{2}$ This way the coverlet, that way the fheets; Ay; and, amid this hurly, l'll pretend That all is done in reverend care of her, And, in conclufion, fhe fhall watch all night: Ard, if fhe chance to nod, l'll rail and brawl, And with the clamour keep her ftill awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindnefs; - And thus I'll curb her mad and headftrong humour. He that knows better how to tame a Shrew, Now let him fpeak, 'tis charity to fhew.

[^15]SCENE

## SCENEIV.

Before Baptifta's Houfe.
Enter Tranio and Hortenfio.

> Tranio.

IS't pofible, friend Licio, that Bianca ${ }^{4}$ Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, Sir, fhe bears me fair in hand. Hor. To fatisfy you, Sir, in what I faid, Stand by , and mark the manner of his teaching. [They fand by.

## Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, miftrefs, profit you in what you read?


#### Abstract

${ }^{4}$ Is'tpoofible, friend Licio, \&c.] This Scene, Mr. Pope, upon what Authority I can's pretend to guefs, has in his Editions made the Fir/t of the Fifth Act: in doing which, he has fhewn the very Power and Force of Criticifm. The Confequence of this judicious Regulation is, that two unpardonable Abfurdities are fix'd upon the Author, which he could not poffibly have committed. For, in the firft Place, by thus fhuffing the Scenes out of their true Pofition, we find Hortenfo, in the fourth Act, already gone from Baptifa's to Petruchio's Country-houfe; and afterwards in the beginning of the fifth ACt we find him firt torming the Refolution of quitting Bianca; and Tranio immediately informs us, he is gone to the Taming.School to Petruchio. There is a Figure, indeed, in Rhetorick, call'd, ïsegon weórepon: But this is an Abufe of it, which the Rhetoricians will never adopt upon Mr , Pope's Authority. Again, by this Mifplacing, the Pedant makes his firt Entrance, and quits the Stage with Tranio in order to go and drefs himfelf like Vincentio, whom he was to perfonate: but his fecond Entrance is upon the very Heels of his Exit; and without any Interval of an $A \varepsilon$, or one Word intervening, he comes out again equipp'd like Vincentio. If fuch a Critick be fit to publifh a Stage-Writer, I fhall not envy Mr. Pope's Admirers, if they fhould think fit to applaud his Sagacity. I have replac'd the Scenes in that Order, in which 1 found them in the old Books. Theobald.


Bion. What, mafter, read you? firft, refolve me that.
Luc. I read That I profefs the art of Love.
Bian. And may you prove, Sir, mafter of your art!
Luc. While you, fweet dear, prove miftrefs of my heart. [They retire backward.
Hor. Quick proceeders! marry! now, tell me, I pray, you that durft fwear that your miftrefs Bianca lov'd none in the world fo well as Lucentio.

Tra. Defpightful love, unconftant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
Hor. Miftake no more, I am not Licio,
Nor a mufician, as I feem to be;
But One that foorns to live in this difguife,
For fuch a One as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a God of fuch a cullion;
Know, Sir, that I am call'd Hortenfio.
Tra. Signior Hortenfio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And fince mine eyes are witnefs of her lightriefs, I will with you, if you be fo contented, Forfwear Bionca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kifs and court! ——Signior Iucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow Never to woo her more, ; but to forfwear her, As one unworthy all the former favours, That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath, Never to marry her, tho' The intreat.
Fy on her! fee, how beafly fhe doth court him.
Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite forfworn her!
For me; that I may furely keep mine oath, I will be married to a wealthy widow, Ere three days pafs, which has as long lov'd me, As I have lov'd this proud difdainful haggard. And fo farewel, Signor Lacientio.

Kindnefs in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and fo I take my leave, In refolution as I fore before.
Ira. Miftrefs Bianca, blefs you with fuch grace,
As longeth to a lover's blefled cafe :
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle Love,
And have forworn you with Hortenfio.
Lucentio and Bianca come forward.]
Ban. Tranio, you jet: but have you both forfworn me?
Ira. Miftrefs, we have.
Lac. Then we are rid of Licio.
Fra. I'faith, hell have a lofty widow now,
That fall be wood and wedded in a day.
Ban. God give him joy !
Ira. Ay, and hell tame her.
Ban. He fays fo, Irani.
Ira. 'Faith, he's gone unto the Taming fchool.
Dian. The Taming fchool? what, is there fuck a place?
Ira. Av, mitres, and Petrucbio is the matter; That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a Shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

> SCR NE V.

Enter Biondello, running.
Sion. Oh matter, matter, 'I have watch'd fo long, That I'm dog-weary; but at lat I fried ${ }^{5}$ An ancient angel going down the hill, Will ferve the turn.
Tran. What is he, Biondello?
Sion. Matter, a mercantant, or elfe a pedant; I know not what; but formal in apparel;

[^16]In gaice and countenance furly like a father ${ }^{\circ}$.
Luc. And what of him, I'ranio?
Tra. If he be credulous, and truft my tale,
I'll make him glad to feem Vincentio,
And give him affurance to Baptifta Minola,
As it he were the right $V$ incentio:
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[Excunt Lucentio and Bianca.

## Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God fave you, Sir.
Tra. And you, Sir; you are welcome:
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthen ?
Ped. Sir, at the fartheft for a week or two;
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And fo to Tripoly, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua, Sir? God forbid!
And come to Padua, carelefs of your life?
Ped. My life, Sir! how, I pray ? for that goes hard.
Ira. 'Tis death for any one in Montua
To come to Padua; know you not the caufe?
Your fhips are ftaid at'Venice, and the Duke (For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,) Hath publifh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it elfe proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas, Sir; it is worfe for me than fo;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and muft here deliver them.
Tra. Well, Sir, to do you courtefy,
This will I do, and this will I advife you;
Firft, tell me, have you ever been at Pifa?

[^17]Pcd. Ay, Sir, in Pifa have I often been; $P_{i j a}$ renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?
Ped. I know him not; but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father, Sir; and, footh to fay,
In count'nance fomewhat doth refemble you.
Bion. As much as an apple doch an oytter, and all one.
Tra. To fave your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his fake;
And think it not the wort of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio:
His name and credit fhall you undertake, And in my houfe you fhall be friendly lodg'd:
Look that you take upon you as you fhould.
You undertand me, Sir: fo fhall you ftay,
'Till you have done your bufinefs in the city.
If this be court'fy, Sir, accept of it.
Ped. Oh, Sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The Patron of my life and liberty.
Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good:
This by the way I ler you undertand,
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pafs affurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptiffa's daughter here:
In all thefe circumftances I'll inftruct you:
Go with me, Sir, to cloath you as becomes you.
[Eveunt.

## S C E N E VI.

Enter Catharina and Grumio.
Gru. No, no, forfooth, I dare not for my life.
Catb. The more my wrong, the more his fpite appears:
What, did he marry me to familh me?
F 4 Beggars,

Beggars, that come unto my father's doors Upon intreaty, have a prefent alms;
If not, elfewhere they meet with charity :
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor never needed that I fhould intreat,
Am ftarv'd for mear, giddy for lack of fleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;
And that, which fpites me more than all thefe wants,
He does it under name of perfect love:
As who would fay, If I fhould neep or eat
'Twere deadly fickneis, or elfe prefent death :
I pry'thee go, and get me fome repalt;
I care not what, fo it be wholefome food.
Gru. What fay you to a neat's foot?
Cath. 'Tis paffing good; I pry'thee, let me have it.
Gru. I fear, it is too flegmatick a meat :
How fay you to a fat tripe finely broil'd ?
Cath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell;-I fear, it's cholerick:
What fay you to a piece of beef and muftard ?
Cath. A difh, that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the muttard is too hot a little.
Cath. Why, then the beef, and let the muftard reft.
Gru. Nay, then I will not; you fhall have the multard,
Or elfe you get no beef of Grumio.
Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why, then the muftard without the beef.
Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou falfe deluding flave,
That feeds me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my mifery!
Go, get thee gone, I fay.

## OF THE SHREW.

## S C E N VII.

Enter Petruchio and Hortenfio, with meat.
Pet. How fares my Kate? what, Sweeting, all à-mort ?
Hor. Mittrefs, what cheer?
Cath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me;
Here, love; thou feet how diligent I am,
To drefs thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
I'm fare, fleet Kate, this kindnefs merits thanks:
What, not a word? nay then, thou lov'ft it not:
And all my pains is forted to no proof?
Here, take away the diff.
Cath. I pray you let it fang.
Pet. The pooreff fervice is repaid with thanks,
And fo hall mine, before you touch the meat.
Cath. I thank you, Sir.
Hor. Signior Petruchio, fy, you are to blame:
Come, miftrefs Kate, Ill bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all, Hortenfio, if thou loved me; -
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart ;
Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey-love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the bet,
With filken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and * fardingals, and things :
With fcarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry.
What, haft thou din'd? the taylor fays thy leifure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treafure.
${ }^{7}$ And all my pains is Sorted to Though things is a poor word, no proof.] And all my la- yet I have no better, and perbour has ended in nothing, or taps the author had not another proved nothing. We tried an that would rhyme. Ionce thought experiment, but if footed not. to tranfpofe the words rings and Bacon. things, but it would make little
*-fardingalt, and things:] improvement.
SCENE

Enter Taylor.
Come, taylor, let us fee thefe ornaments.
Enter Haberdafber.
Lay forth the gown. What news with you, Sir?
Hab. Here is the cap your worfhip did befpeak. Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet difh; fy, fy, 'tis lewd and filthy :
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-fhell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
A way with it, come, let me have a bigger.
Cath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time ;
And gentlewomen wear fuch caps as thefe.
$P \in t$. When you are gentle, you fhall have one too,
And not 'till then.
Hor. That will not be in hafte.
Cath. ${ }^{8}$ Why, Sir, I truft, I may have leave to fpeak.
And fpeak I will. I am no child, no babe ;
Your betters have endur'd me fay my mind;
And, if you cannot, beft you fop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or, elfe my heart, concealing it, will break :
And rather than it fhall, I will be free
Even to the utmoft as I pleafe in words.
Pet. 'Why, thou fay'ft true, it is a paltry cap:
A cuftard-coffin, a bauble, a filken pie;
I love thee 'well, in that thou lik'ft it not.
Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And I will have it, or I will have none.
Pet. Thy gown? why, ay..-Come, taylor, let us fee't.

8 Why, Sir, I truft, I may have leave to Jpeak, \&c.] Sbakefrear has here copied nature with great ikill. Petruchio, by frightening, ftarving and overwatching his wife, had tamed her into gentlenefs and fubmifion. And the audience expects to hear
no more of the Shrerw: When on her being croffed, in the article of fathion and finery, the moft inveterate folly of the fexs the flies out again, though for the laft time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature.

Warburton.

O mercy, heav'n, what mafking ftuff is here ?
What? this a neeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon; What, up and down carv'd like an apple tart?
Here's fnip, and nip, and nifh, and nlafh,
Like to a * cenfer in a barber's fhop:
Why, what a devil's name, taylor, call'ft thou this?
Hor. I fee, the's like to've neither cap nor gown.
Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well, According to the fafhion of the time,

Pet. Marry, and did: but if you be remembred, I did not bid you mar it to the time, Go, hop me over every kennel home, For you fhall hop without my cuftom, Sir: I'll none of it ; hence, make you beft of it.

Cath. I never faw a better-fafhion'd gown, More quaint, more pleafing, nor more commendable: Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true, he means to make a puppet of thee.
Tay. She fays, your Worhip means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh moft monftrous arrogance!
Thou lyef, thou thread, thou thimble $\uparrow$,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket, thou!
Brav'd in mine own houle with a Nkein of thread;
Away, thourag, thou quantity, thou semnant,
Or 1 thall fo be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou fhalt think on prating whilft thou liv'ft: I tell thee, I, that thou haft marr'd her gown,

Tay. Your Worfhip is deceiv'd, the gown is made Juft as my mafter had direction.
Grumio gave order how it fhould be done.

* Cenfers, in barbers fhops, are now difufed, but they may eafily be imagined to have been veffels which, for the emiffion of the fmoke, were cut with great number and varieties of
interftices.
+ The taylor's trade having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been, ameng the rugged Englifo, liable to farcafms and contempt.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the fluff.
Tay. But how did you defire it fhould be made?
Gru. Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.
Tray. But did you not requeft to have it cut?
Gru. Thou haft fac'd many things.
Tay. I have.
Gru. Face not me: thou haft brav'd many men, brave not me; I will neither be fac'd, nor brav'd. I fay unto thee, I bid thy mafter cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. Ergo, thou lief.

Tay. Why, here is the note of the faflion to teftify.
Pet. Read it.
Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he fay I faid fo.
Tay. Imprimis, a loofe-bodied gown.
Gru. Matter, if ever I faid loofe-bodied gown, fow me up in the fkirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I faid a gown.
Pet. Proceed.
Tay. With a fmall compaft cape.
Gru. I confers the cape.
Tay. With a trunk-fleeve.
Gru. I confefs two neeves.
Tay. The feeves curiounly cut.
Pet. Ay, there's the villany.
Gru. Error i' th' bill, Sir, error i' th' bill: I commanded, the fleeves fhould be cut out, and fow'd up again ; and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tay. This is true, that I fay; an I had thee in place where, thou fhou'dft know it.

Gru. I am for thee ftraight: take thou the bill, give me thy meet-yard, and fpare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio, then he flall have no odds.
Pet. Well, Sir, in brief the gown is hot for me.
Gru. You are i' th' right, Sir, 'tis for my miftrefs.
Poc. Go take it up unto thy mafter's ufe.

Grus. Villain, not for thy life : take un my mitres's gown for thy mafter's-ufe!

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your conceit in that?
Cru. Oh, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for;
Take up my miftrefs's gown unto his matter's ufe ; Oh, fy, fy, fy!

Pet. Hortenfio, fay, thou wilt fee the taylor paid.
Go take it hence, be gone, and fay no more.
Hor. Taylor, l'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow,
Take no unkindness of his hafty words :
Away, I fay; commend me to thy matter. [Exit Fay.
Pet. Well, come, my Kate, we will unto your fathen's,
Even in there horieft mean habiliments :
Our purees hall be proud, our garments poor; For 'ti the mind, that makes the body rich : And as the fun breaks through the darkeft clouds, So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Becaufe his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Becaufe his painted fin contents the eye?
Oh, no, good Kate; neither att thou the wore For this poor furniture, and mean array. If thou account'ft it flame, lay it on me; And therefore frolick; we will hence forthwith, To feat and fort us at thy father's house.
Go call my men, and let us ftraight to him, And bring our horfes unto Long-lane end, There will we mount, and thither walk on foot. Let's fee, I think, 'ti now forme even o'clock, And well we may come there by dinner time. Cath. I dare affure you, Sir, 'tic almoft two; And 'twill be fupper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It hall be leven, ere I go to horde.

# $7^{8}$ THE TAMING 

Look, what I ipeak, or do, or think to do, You are ftill croffing it; Sirs, let's alone,
I will not go to day, and ere I do,
It thall be what o'clock I fay it is.
Hor. Why, fo; this Gallant will command the Sun. [Exeunt Pet. Cath, and Hor. 4. [The Prefenters above, fpeak here.]. Lord. Who's within there?
[Sly Jeeps.
Enter Servants.
Aleep again! go take bime eafly up, and put bim in bis
won apparel again. But fee, you woke bim not in any
Enter Servants.
Alleep again! go take bim eafly up, and put bim in bis
own apparel again. But fee, you wake bim not in any
Enter Servants.
Alleep again! go take bim eafily up, and put bim in bis
own apparel again. But fee, you woke bim not in any cafe.

Serv. It Juall be done, my Lord; come belp to bear bim bence. $\quad$ [They bear off Sly. bim bence. [T hey bear off Sly.

## - S C ENE IX.

Before Baptifta's Houfe.
Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dreft like Vincentio.
Tra. AIR, this is the houfe; pleafe it you, that I call ?
Ped. Ay, what elfe! and (but I be deceived) Signior Baptifta may remember me Near twenty years ago in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers, at the Pegafus ${ }^{\text {I }}$.

${ }^{1}$ Tra. Where we were Lodgers at the Pegafus.] This Line has in all the Editions hitherto been given to Tranio. But Tranio could with no Propriety fpeak
this, either in his affum'd or real Character. Lucentio was 100 young to know any thing of lodging with his Father, twenty years before at Genoa: and Tranio mult be as much too young, or very unfit to reprefent and perfonate Lucentio. I have ventured to place the Line to the Pe dant, to whom it muft certainly belong, and is a Sequel of what he was before faying.

Theobald.
Tra.

Tra. 'Tis well, and hold your own in any cafe With fuch aufterity as longeth to a father.

## Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but, Sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were fchool'd.
Tra. Fear you not him; firrah, Biondello, Now do your duty thoroughly, I advife you: Imagine, 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.
Tra. But haft thou done thy errand to Baptifta?
Bion. Bion. I told him, that your father was in Venice; And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink; Here comes Baptifta; fet your countenance, Sir.

## S C E N E X.

## Enter Bapcifta and Lucentio.

Tra. Signior Baptifa, you are happily met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you ftand, good Father, to me now, Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, fon. Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua,
To gather in fome debts, my fon Lucentio Made me acquainted with a weighty caufe Of love between your daughter and himfelf: And for the good report I hear of you, And for the love he beareth to your daughter, A nd fhe to him ; to ftay him not too long, 1 am content in a good father's care
To have him match'd; and if you pleafe to like
No worfe than I, Sir, upon fome agreement,
Me fhall you find mooft ready and moft willing
With one confent to have her fo beftow'd:

## So

For curious I cannot be with you, Signior Baptifta, of whom I hear to well. Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to fay :
Your plainnefs and your fhortnefs pleafe me well.
Right true it is, your fon Lucentio here
Doth dove my daughter, and fhe loveth him, Or both diffemble deeply their affections; And therefore if you fay no more than this, That like a father you will deal with him, And pais my daughter a fufficient dowry, The match is made, and all is done,
Your fon fhall have my daughter with confent.
Tra, I thank you, Sir. * Where then do you know beft,
Be we affied; and fuch affurance ta'en,
As floll with either part's agreement fland.
Eap. Not in my houfe, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pi:chers have ears, and I have many fervants;
D fides, old Gremio is hearkning ftill;
And, haply, then we might be interrupted.
Tro. Then at my lodging, an it like you, Sir,
There doth my Father lie; and there this night
We'll pafs the bufinefs privately and well :
Send for your daughter by your fervant here,
My boy fhall fetch the fcrivener prefently.
The werft is this, that at fo flender warning
You're like to have a thin and nender pittanice.
Bap. It likes me well. Go, Caimbio, hie you home,
And bid Bianco make her ready ftraight :
And if you will, tell what hath happen'd here:
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how fhe's like to be Eucentio's wife.
Luc. I pray the Gods fhe may, with all my heart !

* Whbere then do you know -Where then you do knuw beft, bef,
Be rve affed; ——] This feems to be wrong. We may read more commodioufly,

Tra. Dally not, with the Gods, but get thee goneSignior Baptifta, fhall I lead the way ?
Welcome! one mefs is like to be your cheer.
Come, Sir, we will better it in Pija.
Bap. I'll follow you.
[Exeunt.
S C E N E XI.

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.
Bion. Cambio.
Luc. What fay'ft thou, Biondello?
Bion. You faw my mafter wink and laugh upon you.
Luc. Biondello, what of that?
Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but he's left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his figns and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.
Bion. Then thus. Baptifta is fafe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful fon.

Luc. And what of him?
Bion. His Daughter is to be brought by you to the fupper.

Luc. And then?
Bion. The old Prieft at St. Luke's Church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?
Bion. I cannot tell; expect, they are bufied about a counterfeit affurance; take you affurance of her, Cum privilegio ad imprimendimn folim; ;o th' Church take the Prieft, Clark, and fome fufficient honeft witneffes: If this be not that you look for, I have no more to fay, But bid Bianca farewel for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'ft thou, Biondello?
Bion. I cannot tarry; I knew a wench married in an afternoon as the went to the garden for parlly to ftuff Vol. HII.
a rabbet; and fo may you, Sir, and fo adieu, Sir ; my mafter hath appointed me to go to St. Luke's, to bid the Prieft be ready to come againft you come with your Appendix.
[Exit.
Luc. I may and will, if the be fo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore fhould I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her: It fhall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [Exit.

> S C E N E XII.

> A green Lane.

Enter Petruchio, Catharine, and Hortenfio.
Pet. Ome on, o'God's name, once more tow'rds our Father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly fhines the Moon! Cath. The Moon! the Sun : it is not Moon-light now.
Pet. I fay, it is the Moon that fhines fo bright.
Cath. I know, it is the Sun that thines fo bright.
Pet. Now by my mother's fon, and that's myfelf, It fhall be Moon, or Star, or what I lift,
Or ere I journey to your father's houfe :
Goon, and fetch our horfes back again.
Evermore croft and croft, nothing but croft !
Hor. Say, as he fays, or we fhall never go.
Cath. Forward I pray, fince we are come fo far,
And be it Noon, or Sun, or what you pleafe:
And if you pleafe to call it a rufh candle,
Henceforth I vow it fhall be fo for me.
Pet. I fay, it is the Moon.
Cath. I know, it is the Moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lye; it is the blefied Sun.
Cath. Then, God be bleft, it is the bleffed Sun.
But Sun it is not, when you fay it is not;
And the Moon changes, even as your mind.

What you will have it named, even that it is,
And fo it fhall be fo for Catbarine.
Hor. Petrucbio, go thy way, the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl fhould run;
And not unluckily againft the bias: But foft, fome company is coming here.

## $S \quad C \quad E \quad N \quad E \quad$ XIII.

## Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow, gentle miftrefs, where away ?
[To Vincentio.
${ }^{2}$ Tell me, fweet Kate, and tell me truly too, Haft thou beheld a frefher Gentlewoman? Such war of white and red within her cheeks ! What ftars do fpangle heaven with fuch beauty, As thofe two eyes become that heav'nly face ? Fair lovely Maid, once more good day to thee : Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beaury's fake.
> ${ }^{2}$ In the firt fketch of this play, printed in 1607, we find two fpeeches in this place worth preferving, and fceming to be
of the hand of Shakefpear, tho. the reft of that play is far inferior. Pope.

Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious fardoryx, or purple rocks
Of a methifts, or gliftering hyacinth $\qquad$
-Sweet Catharine, this lovely woman
Cath. Fair lovely lady, bright and chryftalline,
Beauteous and ftately as the eye-train'd bird;
As glorious as the morning wafh'd with dew,
Within whofe eyes fhe takes her dawning beams,
And golden fummer fleeps upon thy cheeks.
Wrap up thy radiations in fome cloud,
Left that thy beauty make this fately town
Uninhabitable as the burning zone,
With fweet reflections of thy fovely face.

Hor. He will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.
Catk. Young budding Virgin, fair, and frefh, and fweet,
Whither away, or where is thy aboad?
Happy the Parents of fo fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable ftars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!
Pet. Why, how now, Kate, I hope thou art not mad!
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as, thou fay'ft he is.
Cath. Pardon, old Father, my miltaken eyes;
That have been fo bedazled with the fun,
That every thing I look on feemeth green.
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend Father :
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miftaking.
Pet. Do, good old Grandfire, and withal make known
Which way thou travelleft : if along with us,
We fhall be joyful of thy company.
Vin. Fair Sir, and you my merry Miftrefs,
That with your frange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pifa;
And bound I am to Padua, there to vifit
A fon of mine, which long $I$ have not feen.
Pet. What is his name?
Vin. Lucentio, gentle Sir.
Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy fon;
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving Father:
The Sifter of my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Son by this hath married. Wonder not, Nor be not griev'd, fhe is of good efteem, Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Befide, fo qualified, as may befeem
The Spoufe of any noble Gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,

And wander we to fee thy honeft Son, Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it elfe your pleafure,
Like pleafant travellers, to break a jeft Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do affure thee, Father, fo it is.
Pet. Come, go along, and fee the truth hereof: For our firft merriment hath made thee jealous.
[Exeunt Pet. Cath. and Vin.
Hor. Well, Petrucbio, this hath put me in heart. Have to my widow; and if fhe be froward, Then haft thou taught Hortenfio to be untoward. [Exit.

## ACTV. SCENEI.

## Before Lucentio's Houfe.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio walking on one fide.

Biondello.
लOFTLY and fwiftly, Sir, for the Prieft is ready: D Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll fee the church o' your back, ${ }^{3}$ and then come back to my maiter as foon as I can. [Exeunt.
Gre. I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.
3 And then come back to my Miftrefs as foon as $I_{\text {can. }}$ ] The Editions all agree in this reading; but what Miltrefs was Biondell, to come ba̧ck to? He muft certainly mean ; "Nay, faith, Sir, "I muff fee you in the Church;
" and then for fear I fhould be
" wanted, I'll run back to wait
"on Tranio, who at prefent per-
"fonates you, and whom there-
"fore I at prefent acknowledge
"for my Mafer." Theob.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's houre, My Father's bears more towards the market-place; Thither muft I, and here I leave you, Sir.

Vin. You fhall not chufe but drink before you go; I think, I thall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood fome cheer is toward. [Knocks.
Gre. They're bufy within, you were beft knock louder. [Pedant looks out of the rwindow.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, Sir?
Ped. He's within, Sir, but not to be fpoken withal.
Vin. What, if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal ?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourfelf, he fhall need none as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your fon was belov'd in Padua. Do you hear, sir? to leave frivolous circumftances, I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his Father is come from Pifa, and is here at the door to fpeak with him.

Ped Thou lieft; his father is come to Padua, and here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?
Ped. Ay, Sir, fo his mother fays, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, Gentleman! why, this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe, he means to cozen fomebody in this city under my countenance.

## S C E N E 11 .

## Enter Biondello.

Bion. I have feen them in the church together. God fend 'em good hipping! but who is here? mine old Mafter Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin ${ }^{\circ}$ Come hither, crackhemp. [Seeing Biondello.
Bion 1 hope, I may chufe, Sir.
Vin. Come hither, you rogue; what, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, Sir: I could not forget you, for I never faw you before in all my life.

Vin What, you notorious villain, didft thou never fee thy Mafter's Father Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old worfhipful old mafter? yes, marry, Sir, fee where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't fo indeed?
[He beats Biondello.
Bion. Help, help, help, here's a madman will murder me.

Pcd. Help, fon; help, Signior Baptija.
Pet. Pry'thee, Kate, let's fland afide, and fee the end of this controverfy.
[They retire.

## Enter Pedant woitb Servants, Baptifta and Tranio:

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my fervant?

Vin. What am I, Sir; nay, what are you, Sir? oh, immortal Gods ! oh, fine villain! a filken doublet, a velvet hofe, a fcarlet cloak and a ${ }^{4}$ copatain hat : oh, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good hufband at home, my fon and my fervants fpend all at the Univerfity.

[^18]Tra. How now, what's the matter ?
Bap. What, is this man lunatick?
Tra. Sir, you feem a fober ancient Gentleman by your habit, but your words hew a mad-man; why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! oh villain, he is a fail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You miftake, Sir, you miftake, Sir; pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever fince he was three years old, and his name is Iranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad afs! his name is Lucentio: and he is mine only fon, and heir to the lands of me Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! oh, he hath murdered his mafter; lay hold of him, I charge you, in the Duke's name; oh, my fon, my fon, tell me, thou villain, where is my fon Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer; carry this mad knave to the jail; Father Baptiffa, I charge you, fee, that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to jail?
Gre. Stay, Officer, he fhall not go to prifon.
Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremsio: I fay, he fhall go to prifon.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptifta, left you be conycatch'd in this bufinefs; I dare fwear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'ft.
Gre. Nay, I dare not fwear it.
Tra. Then thou wert beft fay, that I am not $L u$ centio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.
Bas. Away with the dotard, to the jail with him!

## Enter Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus ftrangers may be hal'd and abus'd ; oh, monfrous villain!
Bion. Oh, we are fpoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forfwear him?, or elfe we are all undone.
[Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant.

## S C E N E III.

Luc. Pardon, fweet Father.
[Kneeling.
Vin. Lives my fweet fon?
Bian. Pardon, dear Father.
Bap. How haft thou offended? where is Lucentio?
Luc. Here's Lucentio, right fon to the right Vincentio,
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine, While counterfeit fuppofers bleer'd thine eyne.
Gre. Hete's packing with a witnefs to deceive us all.
Vin. Where is that damn'd villain Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter fo?
Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?
Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.
Luc. Love wrought thefe miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my ftate with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town :
And happily I have arriv'd at laft
Unto the wifhed haven of my blifs;
What Tranio did, myfelf enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, fweet Father, for my fake.
Vin. I'll lit the villain's nofe, that would have fent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, Sir, have you married my
Daughter withour afking my good will?
Vin. Fear not, Baptijfa, we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenged on this villain. [Exit.

Bap.

Bap. And I, to found the depth of this knavery.
Luc. Look not pale, Bianca, thy Father will not frown.
[Exeunt.
Gre. My cake is dough, but I'll in among the reft, Out of hope of all, but my fhare of the feaft. [Exit.
[Petruchio and Catharina advancing.
Cath. Hurband, let's follow, to fee the end of this ado.
Pet. Firt kifs me, Kate, and we will.
Cath. What, in the midft of the ftreet?
Pet. What, art thou afham'd of me ?
Cath. No, Sir, God forbid; but afham'd to kifs.
Pet. Why, then let's home again : come, firrah, let's away.
Cath. Nay, I will give thee a kifs; now pray thee, love, ftay.
Pet. Is not this well ? come, my fweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [Exeunt.

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S \quad C \quad E \quad N \quad E \quad I V .
$$

Cbanges to Lucentio's Apartments.
Enter Baptifta, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Catharina, Grumio, Hortenfio, and Widow. Tranio's Servants bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At laft, tho' long, our jarring notes agree : And time it is, when raging war is done, To fmile at 'fcapes, and perils over-blown. My fair Bianca, bid my Father welcome, While I with telf-fame kindnefs welcome thine; Brother Peirucbio, Silter Catbarine, And thou, Hortenfio, with thy loving Widow; Feaft with the beft, and welcome to my houfe : My banquet is to clofe our ftomachs up

After our great good cheer : pray you, fit down; For now we fit to chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but fit and fit, and eat and eat!
Bap. Padua affords this kindnefs, Son Petrucbio.
Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our fakes, I would that word were true.
Pet. Now, for my life, Hortenfio fears his Widow.
Wid. Then never truft me, if I be afeard.
Pet. You are very fenfible, and yet you mifs my fenfe: I mean, Hortenfio is afeard of you.

Wid. He, that is giddy, thinks, the world turns round.
Pet. Roundly replied.
Cath. Miftreis, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me, how likes Hortenfio that?
Hor. My whidow fays, thus fhe conceives her tale.
Pet. Very well mended; kifs him for that, good Widow.
Cath. He, that is giddy thinks, the world turns round -
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your hufband, being troubled with a Shrew, Meafures my hufband's forrow by his woe ; And now you know my meaning.

Cath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Cath. And I am mean, indeed, refpecting you.
Pet. To her, Kate.
Hor. To her, Widow.
Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down. Hor. That's my Office.
Pet. Spoke like an Officer; ha' to thee, lad.
[Drinks to Hortenfio.
Bap. How likes Gremio thefe quick-witted folks? Gre. Believe me, Sir, they butt heads together well. fion. Head and butt? an hafty-witted body

Would

Would fay, your head and butt were head and horn. Din. Ay, mittrefs Bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Sian. Ag, but not frighted me, therefore I'll Dep again.
Pet. Nay, that thou Shalt not, fence you have begun: Have at you for a better jeff or $t$ wo.

Sian. Am I your bird? I mean to Shift my buff: And then purfue me, as you draw your bow. You are welcome all.

I Exeunt Bianca, Catharine, and Widow. Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio, This bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not;

Fra. Oh, Sir, Lucentio nlip'd me like his grey-hound, Which runs himfelf, and catches for his matter.

Pet. A good ${ }^{5}$ swift Simile, but something currifh.
Fra. 'Ti well, Sir, that you hunted for yourfelf:
'This thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. Oh, oh, Petruchio, Iranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
For. Confefs, confess, hath he not hit you there?
Pet. He has a little galled me, I confers.
And as the jeff did glance away from me,
' This ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good fadnefs, fo Petrucbio,
I think, thou haft the verieft Shrew of all.
Pet. Well, 1 lay, no; and therefore for affurance, Let's each one fend unto his wife, and he Whole wife is molt obedient to come firft, When he doth fend for her, fall win the wager.
flor. Content; - what wager?
Luce. Twenty crowns.
Pct. Twenty crowns!

[^19]I'll venture fo much on my hawk or hound, But twenty times fo much upon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match, 'tis done.
Hor. Who fhall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your Miftrefs come to me.
Bion. 1 go.
Bap. Son, l'll be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves : I'll bear it all myfelf.
Re-enter Biondello.
How now, what news?
Bion. Sir, my Miftrefs fends you word
That fhe is bufy, and cannot come.
Pet. How? fhe's buly and cannot come, is that an anfwer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray, God, Sir, your wife fend you not a worfe.
Pet. I hope better.
Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go and intreat my wife to come to me forthwith. [Exit Biondello.
Pet. Oh, ho! intreat her! nay, then fhe needs mult come.
Hor. I am afraid, Sir, do you what you can,
Enter Biondello.
Yours will not be intreated : now, where's my wife?
Bion. She fays, you have fome goodly jeft in hand;
She will not come: fhe bids you come to her.
Pet. Worfe and worfe, he will not come!
Oh vile, intolerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your miftrefs,
Say, I command her to come to me. [Exit Grumio.
Hor. I know her anfwer,

## Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

## S C E N E V.

## Enter Catharina.

Bap. Now, by my hollidan, here comes Catbarine! Cath. What is your will, Sir, that you fend for me?
Pet. Where is your Sifter, and Hortenfio's Wife? Cath. They fit conferring by the parlour fire. Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come, Swinge me them foundly forth unto their hufbands: Away, I fay, and bring them hither ftraight.

Exit Catharina.
Iuc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder:
Hor. And fo it is: I wonder, what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right fupremacy :
And, to be fhort, what not, that's fweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befal thee, good Petrucbio!
The wager thou haft won; and I will add
Unto their loffes twenty thoufand crowns,
Another dowry to another Daughter;
For fhe is chang'd, as the had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And fhow more fign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
Enter Catharina, Bianca, and widow.
See, where fhe comes, and brings your froward wives As prifoners to her womanly perfuafion:
Catbarine, that Cap of yours becomes you not; Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[Sbe pulls off ber cap, and throws it doren.

## OF THESHREW.

Wid. Lord, let me never have a caufe to figh, 'Till I be brought to fuch a filly pafs.
Bian. Fy, what a foolifh duty call you this?
Luc. I would, your duty were as foolifh too!
The wifdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Coft me an hundred crowns fince fupper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, forlaying on my duty.
Pet. Catbarine, I charge thee, tell thefe headftrong Women,
What duty they owe to their Lords and Hufbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I fay, and firft begin with her.
Wid. She fhall not.
Pet. I fay, fhe fhall ; and firt begin with her.
Cotb. Fy! fy! unknit that threatning unkind brow, And dart not fcornful glances from thofe eyes, To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governor. It blots thy beauty, as frofts bite the meads; Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds fhake fair buds; And in no fenfe is meet or amiable.
A Woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-feeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is fo, none fo dry or thirty
Will dain to fip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy Hufband is thy Lord, thy Life, thy Keeper,
Thy Head, thy Sovereign ; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance : commits his body
To painful labour, both by fea and land;
To watch the night in forms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'ft warm at home, fecure and fafe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for fo great a debt.
Such duty as the Subject owes the Prince,
Even fuch a woman oweth to her hurband:
And when fhe's froward, peevih, fullen, fower,
And not obedient to his honeft will;

What is me but a foul contending Rebel, And gracelefs Traitor to her loving Lord? I am afham'd, that Women are fo fimple
To offer war where they fhould kneel for peace;
Or feek for rule, fupremacy, and fway,
When they are bound to ferve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies foft, and weak and finooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our foft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts
Come, come, you froward and unable worms, My mind hath been as big as one of yours, Miy heart as great, my reafon haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But, now Ifee, our launces are but ftraws,
Our ftrength as weak, our weaknefs paft compare ;
That feeming to be moft, which we indeed leaft are.
Then vale your ftomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your hufband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he pleafe,
My hand is ready, may it do him eafe.
Pet. Why, there's a wench : come on, and kifs me, Kate.
Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou fhalt ha'r. Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward. Luc. But a harfh hearing, when women are froward. Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed;
We two are married, but you two are fped.
${ }^{5}$ Twas I won the wager, tho' you hit the ${ }^{6}$ white; And being a winner, God give you gaod night.
[Exeunt Petruchio and Carharine.
Hor. Now go thy ways, thou haft tam'd a curft Shrew.

[^20]Lug. 'Ti a wonder, by your leave, the will be tamed fo.

Enter two Servants bearing Sly in bis own apparel, and leaving bim on the Stage. Then enter a Tapper.

Sly awaking,] Sim, give's forme more wine-what, all the Players gone? am not I a Lord?

Tap. A Lord, with a murrain! come, art thou drank fill?

Sly. Who's this? Tapfter! oh, I have bad the braveft dream that ever thou beardft in all thy life.

Tap. Yea, marry, but thou badft befs get thee home, for your wife oil curse you for dreaming here all night.

Sly. Will Be? I know bore to tame a Shrew. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou haft wak'd me cit of the beft dream that ever I bad. But I'll to my Wife, and tame bet too, if flo anger me **.
> * From this play the Tater formed a flory, Vol. IV. ${ }^{\circ}{ }^{\circ} \mathrm{I} 3 \mathrm{I}$.

THERE are very many ill Habits that might with much Eafe have been prevented, which, after we have indulged ourselves in them, become ir corrisible. Tie have a fort of Proverbial Expreffion, of taking a Woman down in her. Wedding Shies, if you would bring her to Reafon. An early Behaviour of this Sort, had a very remarkable good Effect in a Family wherein I was several Years an intimate Acquaintance.
A Gentleman in Lincoliffoire had four Daughters, three of which were early married very happily ; but the fourth, though no Way inferior to any of her S:Ifers, either in Perron or Accomplifhments, had from her In-

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fancy difcovered fo imperious a Temper (ufually called a high Spirit) =hat it continually made great Uneafinefs in the Family, became her known Character in the Neighbourhood, and deterred all her Lovers from deciaring themselves. However, in Procefs of Time, a Gentleman of a plentiful Fortune and long Acquaintance, having obferved that Quickncfs of Spirit to be her only Fault, made his Addreffes, and obtained her Confent in due Form. The Lawyers finifhed the Writings (in which, by the Way, there was no Pin-Money) and they were married. After a decent lime fpent in the Father's House, the Bridegroom went to prepare hisSeat for her Reception. During the whole Courfe of his Courthip, though a Man of the molt equal Temper, he had artifiH
cially
cially lamented to her, that he was the moft paffionate Creature breathing. By this one Intimation, he at once made her underftand Warmth of Temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her againft that Conflitution in him. felf. She at the fame Time thought herfelf highly obliged by the compofedBehaviour which he maintained in her Prefence. Thus far he with great fuccefs foothed her from being guilty of Violences, and fill refolved to give her fuch a terrible Apprehenfion of his fiery Spirit, that fhe fhould never dream of giving Way to her own. He return'd on the day appointed for carrying her home ; but inftead of a Coach and fix Horfes, together with the gay Equipage fuitable to the Occafion, he appeared without a Servant, mounted on the Skeleton of a Horse, which his Huntfman had the Day before brought in to feaft his Dogs on the Arrival of his new Miftrefs, with a Pillion fixed behind, and a Cafe of Piftols before him, attended only by a favourite Hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging (but fomewhat pofitive) Manner, defired his Lady to feat herfelf on the Cufhion; which done, away they crawled. The Road being obdtructed by a Gate, the Dog was commanded to open it : 'The poor Cur looked up and wagged h:s Tail ; but the Mafter, to thew the Impatience of his Temper, drew a Piftol and thot him dead. He had no fooner done it, but he fell into a thoufand Apologies for his unhappy Rafhnefs, and begg'd as many Pardons for his

Exseffes before one for whom he had fo profound a Refpect. Soon after their Steed fumbled, but with fome Difficulty recovered: However, the Bridegroom tcols Occafion to fwear, if he frightened his Wife fo again, he would run him through! And alas! the poor Animal being now almoft tired, macie a fecond Trip; immediately on which the careful Hubband alights, ard with great Cetemony, firft takes off his Lady, thien the Acoutrements, draws his Sword, and faves the Huntiman the Trouble of killing him: Then fays to. his Wile, Child, prithee take up the Saddle; which the readily did, and tugged it home, where they found all Things in the greateft Order fuitable to their Fortune and the prefent Occafion. Some Time after, the Father of the Lady gave an Entertainment to all his Daughters and their Hubbands, where, when the Wives were retired, and the Gentlemen paffing a Toaft about, our laft married Man took Occafion to obferve to the reft of his Brethren, how much, to his great Satistaction, he found the World miftaken as to the Temper of his Lady, for that the was the molt meek and humble Woman breathing. The Applaufe was received with a loud Laugh : But as a Trial which of them would arpear the moft Mafler at home, he propofed they fhould all by Turns fend for their Wives down to them. A Servant was difpatched, and Anfwer was made by one, Tell him I will come by and by ; and another, That the would come when the Cards were

## OF THESHREW.

out of her Hand, and fo on. But no fooner was her Hufband's Defire whifpered in the Ear of our laft married Lady, but the Cards were clapp'd on the Table, and down fhe comes with, My Dear, would you fpeak with me? He received her in his Arms, and after repeated Careffes tells her the Experiment, confeffes his Good Nature, and affures her, that fince fhe could now command her Temper, he would no longer difguife his own.

It cannot but feem frange that Sbake/peare fhould be fo little known to the author of the Tatler, that he fhould fuffer this Story to be obtruded upon him, or fo little known to the Publick, that he could hope to makeitpafs upon his readers as a novel nar-
rative of a tranfaction in LincolnBire ; yet it is apparent, that he was deceived, or intended to deceive ; that he knew not himfelf whence the fory was taken, or hoped that he might rob fo obfcure a writer without detection.

Of this play the two plots are fo well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not diftracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Catharine and Petruchio is eminently fpritely and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca, the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleafure. The whole play is very popular and diverting.

## 

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(2)




13
$\qquad$
$11+12$

## 

THE

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O F

E R R O R

## Dramatis Perfonæ.

S A L I N U S, Duke of Ephefus. Egeon, a Merchant of Syracufe.
Antipholis of Ephefus, $\}$ Trin-Brothers, and Sons to Antipholis of Syracufe, $\}$ Ægeon and Æmilia, but

Dromio of Ephefus, 7 Trwin-Brothers and Slaves to the
Dromio of Syracufe, $\}$ two Antipholis's. Balthazar, a Merchant.
Angelo, a Goldfmith:
A Merchant, a Friend to Antipholis of Syracufe.
Dr. Pinch, a Schoo!-mafter, and a Conjurer.
Æmilia, Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephefus. Adriana, Wife to Antipholis of Ephefus. Luciana, Sifer to Adriana. Luce, Servant to Adriana.

Failor, Officers, and other Attendants.
S C E N E, Ephefus.
This Play is taken from the Menachmi of Plautus.

THE

## THE

## COMEDY of ERRORS.

## ACTI. SCENEI.

> The Duke's Palace.

Enter the Duke of Ephefus, Ægeon, Failor, and other Attendants.
ÆGEON.

PROCEED, Salinus, to procure my fall, And by the doom of death end woes and all. Duke. Merchant of Syracufa, plead no more; I am not partial to infringe our laws :
The enmity, and difcord, which of late Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your Duke, To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen, (Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives, Have feal'd his rigorous ftatutes with their bloods) Excludes all pity from our threatning looks. For, fince the mortal and inteftine jars
'Twixt thy feditious contrymen and us, It hath in folemn fynods been decreed, Both by the Syracujans and ourfelves.

T' admit no traffick to our adverfe towns.
Nay, more; if any born at Ephefus
Be feen at Syracufan marts and fairs, Again, if any Syracufan born
Come to the bay of Ephefus, he dies:
His goods confifcate to the Duke's difpofe,
Unlefs a thoufand marks be levied
To quit the penalty, and ranfom him.
Thy fubftance, valu'd at the higheft rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.
Egeon. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewife with the evening fun.
Duke. Well, Syraculan, fay, in brief, the calufe,
Why thou departedf: from thy native home;
And for what caufe thou cam'ft to Ephefus.
Ageon. A heavier tafk could not have been impos'd,
Than I to fpeak my grief unfpeakable :
Yet that the world may witnefs, that my end Was wrought by nature, ${ }^{x}$ not by vile offence, l'll utter what my forrow gives me leave.
In Syracufa was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy, but for me ; And by me too, had not our hap been bad :
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd, By prôperous voytges I often made
${ }^{1}$ Was cwrought by nature, not by vile affence,] All his hearers underftord that the punifhment he was about to undergo was in confequence of no private crime, but of the public enmity between two flates, to one of which he belonged: But it was a general fuperftition amongtt the ancients, that every great and fudden misforture was the vengeance of heaven purfuing men for their fecret of
fences. Hence the rentiment here put into the mouth of the fpeaker was proper. By my palt life (fays he) which I am going to relate, the world may underfland that my prefent death is accorcing to the ordinary courfe of providence, [rurcugbt by nature] and not the effects of divine vergeance overtaking me for my crimes [not by vile offence.]

Wardurton.

To Epidamnum; 'till my factor's death, And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my fpoufe;
From whom my abfence was not fix months old,
Before herfelf, almoft at fainting under
The pleafing punifhment that women bear,
Had made provifion for her following me,
And foon, and fafe, arrived where I was.
There fhe had not been long, but fhe became
A joyful mother of two goodly fons ;
And, which was ftrange, the one fo like the other,
As could not be diftinguifh'd but by names.
T hat very hour, and in the felf-fame inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of fuch a burden, male-twins both alike :
Thofe, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my fons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two fuch boys,
Made daily motions for our home-return :
Unwilling, I agreed; alas, too foon,
We came aboard.
A league from Epidommum had we fail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic inftance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope:
For what obfcured light the heav'ns did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, tho' myfelf would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the inceffant weeping of my wife,
Weeping before, for what fhe faw muft come;
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fahion, ign'rant what to fear,
Forc'd me to feek delays for them and me:
And this it was; for other means were none.
The failors fought for fafety by our boat, And left the Chip, then finking-ripe, to us; My wife, more careful for the elder-born,

## 106

 THE COMEDYHad faften'd him unto a fma!l fpare maft, Such as fea-faring men provide for fornis;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whillt I had been like heedful of the other.
The children this difpos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Faften'd ourfelves at either end the malt ; And floating ftraight, obedient to the ftream,
Were carry'd towards Corintb, as we thought:
At length the fun, gazing upon the earth;
Difpers'd thofe vapours that ofiended us;
And, by the benefit of his wifh'd light,
The feas waxt calm ; and we difcovered
Two fhips from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this;
But ere they came - oh, let me fay no more !
Gather the fequel by that went before.
Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off fo; For we inay pity, tho' not pardon thee.

Egeon. Oh, had the Gods done fo, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercilefs to us;
For ere the fhips could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helplefs thip was fplitted in the midft :
So that, in this unjuft divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to forrow for.
Her part, poor foul! feeming as burdened With leffer weight, but not with leffer woe;
Was carry'd with more fpeed before the wind; And in our fight they three were taken up By fifhermen of Corintb; as we thought.
At length, another hhip had feiz'd on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to fave, Gave helpful welcome to their fhipwreckt guefts ;
And would have reft the fifhers of their prey, Had not their bark been very flow of fail;

And therefore homeward did they bend their courfe. -
Thus have you heard me fever'd from my blifs !
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell fad ftories of my own mifhaps.
Duke. And, for the fakes of them thou forrow'ft for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, 'till now.
Egeon. My youngeft boy, and yet nyy eldelt care;
At eighteen years became inquifitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his cafe was like, Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name, )
Might bear him company in queft of him:
Whom whilft I labour'd of a love to fee,
I hazarded the lofs of whom I lov'd.
Five fummers have I feent in fartheft Greece;
Roaming clean through the bounds of $A f a$, And coafting homeward, came to Ephefus:
Hopelefs to find, yet loth to leave unfought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here muft end the ftory of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.
Duke. Haplefs Egeon, whom the fates have markt
To bear th' extremity of dire mifhap;
Now, truft me, were it not againtt our laws,
(Which Princes, would they, may not difannul;)
Againft my crown, my oath, my dignity,
My foul thould fue as advocate for thee.
But, tho' thou art adjudged to the death,
And paffed fentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great difparagement;
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
I therefore, merchant, limit thee this day,
To feek thy life by beneficial help :
Try all the friends thou haft in Epbefus,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the fum,

And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die. Jailor, take him to thy cuftody.
[Exeunt Duke, and Train.
Fail. I will, my L.ord.
Eteon. Hopelefs and helplefs doth Egeon wend, But to procraftinate his livelefs end.
[Exeunt IEgeon, and Jailor.

## SCENE II.

Cbanges to the Strect.
Enter Antipholis of Syracufe, a Mercbant, and Dromio.
Mer. $T$ Herefore give out, you are of Epidamnum, Left that your goods too foon be confifcate.
This very day, a Syracufan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the flatute of the town,
Dies ere the weary fun fet in the weft :
There is your mony, that 1 had to keep.
Ant. Go bear it to the Centour, where we hoft, And flay there, Dromio, 'till I come to thee:
Within this hour it will be dinner-time;
'Till that I'll view the manners of the town, Perafe the traders, gaze upon the buildings, And then return and fleep within mine inn; For with long travel I am ftiff and weary. Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word, A nd go indeed, having fo good a means.
[Exit Dromio.
fint. A trufty villain, Sir, that very oft, When I am dull with care and melancholy, Lightens my hunsour with his merry jefts. What, will you walk with me about the town,

OF ERRORS.
And then go to the inn, and dine with me?
Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock, Pleafe you, I'll meet with you upon the mart, And afterward confort with you 'till bed-time:
My prefent bufinefs calls me from you now.
Ant. Farewel 'till then ; I will go lofe myfelf, And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[Exit Merchont.

## S C E N E III.

Ant. He that commends me to my own content, Commends me to the thing I cannot get. I to the world am like a drop of water, That in the ocean feeks another drop, Who falling there to find his fellow forth, Unfeen, inquifitive, confounds himfelf: So I, to find a mother and a brother, In queft of them, unhappy, lofe myfelf.

## Enter Dromio of Ephefus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.
What now? how chance, thou art return'd fo foon?
E. Dro. Return'd fo foon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns; the pig falls from the fpit;
The clock has ftrucken twelve upon the bell; My miftrefs made ic one upon my cheek; She is folhor, becaule the mieat is cold;
The meat is cold, becaule you come not home;
You come not home, becaufe you have no flomach;
You have no ftomach, having broke your fart;
But we, that know what 'tis to faft and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, Sir; tell me this, I pray, Where you have left the mony that I gave you? E. Dro. Oh,-fix-pence, that I had a Wednefday laft, To pay the fadler for my miftrefs' crupper ?
The fadler had it, Sir; I kept it not.
Ant. I am not in a fportive humour now;
Tell me and dally not, where is the mony?
We being ftrangers here, how dar'ft thou truft So great a charge from thine own cuftody?
E. Dro. I pray you, jeft, Sir, as you fit at dinner:

I from my miftrefs come to you in poft;
If I return, I fhall be poft indeed;
For fhe will fcore your fault upon my pate:
Methinks, your maw, like mine, fhould be your clock;
And trike you home without a meffenger.
Ain. Come, Dromio, come, thefe jefts are out of feafon:
Referve them'till a merrier hour than this :
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
E. Dro. To me, Sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, Sir knave, have done your foolifhnefs;
And tell me, how thou haft difpos'd thy charge?
E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your houfe, the Pbanix, Sir, to dinner;
My miftrefs and her fifter ftay for you.
Ant. Now, as I am a chriftian, anfwer me,
In what fafe place you have beftow'd my mony;
Or I fhall break that merry fconce of yours,
That fands on tricks when I ain undifpos'd :
Where are the thoufand marks thou hadft of me?
E. Dro. I have fome marks of yours upon my pate;

Some of my miftrefs' marks upon my fhoulders;
But not a thoufand marks between you both.
If I fhould pay your worfhip thofe again,
I'erhaps, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy miftrefs' marks? what miftrefs, flave, haft thou?
E. Dro. Your worfhip's wife, my miffrefs at the Pbenix;
She, that doth faft, 'till you come home to dinner ; And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.
Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face, Being forbid ? there take you that, Sir knave.
E. Dro. What mean you, Sir? for God's fake, hoid your hands;
Nay, an you will not, Sir, I'll take my heels. [Exit Dromio.
Ant. Upon my life, by fome device or other, The villain is * o'er-raught of all my money.
They fay, this town is full of couzenage ${ }^{2}$;
As nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye ${ }^{3}$;
Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind; Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;

* That is, over-reached.

2. They Say, this toren is full of couzenage; ]. This was the character the ancients give of
 was proverbial amongft them. Thus Menander ufes it, and'E 'écora


Warburton.
3 As nimble Fugglers, that deceive the eye;
Dark working Sorcerers, that change the mind;
Soul-killing Witches, that deform the Body;] Thofe, who attentively conider thefe three Lines, muft confider, that the Poet intended, the Epithet given to each of thefe mifcreants, Diould declare the power by which they perform their feats, and which would therefore be a juft Characteriftick of each of them,

Thus, by nimble Jugglers, we are taught that they perform their Tricks by Slight of Hand: and by Soul.killing Witches, we are informed, the mifchief they do is by the affiftance of the Devil, to whom they have given their Souls: But then, by dark-working Sorcerers, we are not inftructed in the means by which they perform their Ends. Befides, this Epithet agrees as well to Witches, as to them; and therefore, certainly, our Author could not defign This in their Characteriftick. We fhould read;

Drug.working Sorcerers, that
change the mind;
And we know by the Hiftory of ancient and modern Superfition, that thefe kind of Jugglers `always pretended to work

## THE COMEDY

Difguifed cheaters, prating mountebanks, And many fuch like liberties of fin ${ }^{+}$:
If it prove fo, I will be gone the fooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go feek this nave;
I greatly fear, my money is not fafe.

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

## The Houfe of Antipholis of Ephefus.

## Enter Adriana and Luciana.

A, DRIANA.

NEITHER my hufband, nor the ीlave return'd, That in fuch hafte I fent to feek his mafter! Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Lac. Perhaps, fome merchant hath invited him, And from the mart he's fomewhere gone to dinner: Good filter, let us dine, and never fret. A man is mafter of his liberty :
Time is their mafter; and when they fee time, They'll go or come; If fo, be patient, filter.
work Changes of the Mind by there Applications.

Warburton.
The learned commentator has endeavoured with much earneftnefs to recommend his alteration; but, if I may judge of other apprehenfions by my own, without great fuccefs. This interp eiation of foulkiling, is fórced and harfh. Sir T. Honmer reads, Soul-felling, agreeably enough to the common opinion, but without fuch improvement as may jultify the change. Perhaps the epithets have been only mifplaced, and the lines
fhould be read thus,
Soul-killing forcerers, that change the mind;
Dark-working witches, that deform the body.
This change feems to remove all difficu'ties.

By foul-killing I underfand delroying the rational faculties by fuch means as make men fancy themiclves beafts.

4 liberties of fin:] Sir T. Hanmer reads, Liberiines, which, as the author has been enumerating not acts but perfons, feems right.

Adr. Why fhould their liberey than ours be more?
Luc. Becaufe their bufinefs ftill lies out a-door.
Adr. Look, when I ferve him fo, he takes it ill.
Luc. Oh know, he is the bridle of your will. Adr. There's none but affes, will be bridled fo.
Luc. Why, head-ftrong liberty is lafnt with woe.
There's nothing fituate under heaven's eye,
But hath its bound in earth, in fea, in fky:
The beafts, the fifhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' fubjects, and at their controuls :
Man, more divine, the mafter of all thefe,
Lord of the wide world, and wide wat'ry feas, Indu'd with intellectual fenfe and foul,
Of more preheminence than fifh and fowl, Are mafters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
Adr. This fervitude makes you to keep unwed.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.
$A d r$. But were you wedded, you would bear fome fway.
Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practife to obey. $A d r$. How if your hufband ftart fome other where s?
Luc. 'Till he come home again, I would forbear.
Adr. Patience unmov'd! - no marvel tho' fhe paufe ${ }^{6}$;
They can be meek, that have no other caufe:
A wretched foul, bruis'd with adverfity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we fhould ourfelves complain.
So thou, that haft no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helplefs patience wouldft relieve me:
But if thou live to fee like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left. -
${ }^{5}$ - flart fome other where? ]
I cannot but think that our author wrote,
So fart Some otber hare.
So in Mucb ado about nothing, Cu-
pid is faid to be a good bare-finder. - To paufe is to reft, to be in quiet.

7 -fool-begg'd] "She feems to mean by fool-begg'd patience,

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try: Here comes your man, now is your hufband nigh.

## SCENE II.

## Enter Dromio of Ephefus.

$A d r$. Say, is your tardy mafter now at hand ?
E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witnefs.

Adr. Say, did'ft thou Speak with him? know'f thou his mind?

- E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear. Befhrew his hand, I fcarce could underftand it.

Luc. Spake he fo doubtfully, thou couldft not feel. his meaning?
E. Dro. Nay, he ftruck fo plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal fo doubifully, that I could fcarce undertand them.

Adr. But fay, I pry'thee, is he coming home?
It feems, he hath great care to pleafe his wife.
E. Dro. Why, miftrefs, fure, my mafter is hornmad.
Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?
E. Dro. I mean not, cuckold-mad; but, fure, he's ftark mad:
When I defired him to come home to dinner, He afk'd me for a thoufand marks in gold: 'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; my gold, quoth he: Your meat doth burn, quoth I; my gold, quoth he: Will you come home, quoth I? my gold, quoth he: Where is the thofand marks I gave thee, villain? The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; my gold, quoth he. My miftrefs, Sir, quoth I; hang up thy miltrefs; I know not thy miftrefs; out on thy miftrefs!

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { that fatience which is fo near to from it to reprefent you as a fool } \\
& \text { idiotical fimplicity, that your next and beg the guardianfhip of your } \\
& \text { relation would take advantage fortune. }
\end{aligned}
$$

Luc. Quoth who?
E. Dro. Quoth my mafter:

I know, quoth he, no houfe, no wife, no miftrefs;
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my fhoulders :
For, in conclufion, he did beat me there.
Adr. Go back again thou nave, and fetch him home.
E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home? For God's fake, fend fome other meffenger.

Adr. Back, flave, or I will break thy pate acrofs.
$E$. Dro. And he will blefs that crofs with other beating:
Between you I fhall have a holy head.
Adr. Hence, prating peafant, fetch thy mafter home.
E. Dro. Am I fo round with you as you with me ${ }^{8}$,

That like a foot-ball you do fpurn me thus?
You fpurn me hence, and he will fpurn me hither:
If I laft in this fervice, you muft cafe me in leather.
[Exit.

$$
S C E N E \text { III. }
$$

Luc. Fy, how impatience lowreth in your face!
Ard. His company mult do his minions grace,
Whilft I at home ftarve for a merry look:
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek ? then, he hath wafted it.
Are my difcourfes dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and fharp difcourfe be mar'd,
Unkindnefs blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay veftments his affections bait?
That's not my fault : he's matter of my ftate.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then, is he the ground
${ }^{8}$ Am I fo round with you as you with me,] He plays upon the word round, which fig-
nifieth /pherical applied to him-
felf, and unreftrained, or free in fpeech or action, fpoken of his miftrefs. - So the king in Hamlet bids I 2

Of my defeatures. My decayed fair A funny look of his would food repair. But, too unruly* deer, he breaks the pale, And feeds from home; poor I am but his tale?

Luc. Self-harming jealoufy ! -fy, bear it hence.
$A d r$. Unfeeling fools can with fuch wrongs difpenfe:
I know, his eye doth homage other-where;
Or elf what lets it, but he would be here?
Sifter you know he promis'd me a chain ;
Would that alone, alone, he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.
I fee, the jewel, belt enamelled',
Will lore his beauty ; and the gold 'bides fill,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold : and fo no man, that hath a name,
But falfhood, and corruption, doth it Shame.
Since that my beauty cannot pleafe his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools ferve mad jealoufy! $\}$

* The ambiguity of deer and dear is borrowed, poor as it is, by Waller in his poem on the Ladies Girdle.
This was my beav'n's extoemeft Sphere,
The pale that held my lovely deer, 9.-pror I am but bis Rale.]

The word face, in our authour. ufed as a Subflantive, means, not fomething offered to allure or attract, but fomething vitiated with use, something of which the bet part has been enjoyed and confumed.

II fee, the jewel, belt namilled,
Will lose bis beauty; Yet the gold bides fill.
That others touch, AND often touching rill:
Where gold and no man, that bait h a name,

By falhood and corruption doth it Jame.] In this miserable condition is this paffage given us. It fhould be read thus,
Ire, the jewel, befit enamelled. Will lose bis beauty; and the gold bides still,
That others touch; yet often touch. ing rail
Wear gold: and so no math, that bath a name,
But fallsood, and corruption, doth it Jame.
The fence is this, "Gold, in" deed, will long bear the hand-
" ling; however, often touching, " will wear even gold ; jut fo " the greateft character, tho' as " pure as gold itself, may, in " time, be injured, by the re" prated attacks of fallhond and
"corruption." Warburton.
SCENE
SCENE VI.

Changes to the street.

## Enter Antipholis of Syracufe.

Ant. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur ; and the heedful have
Is wander'd forth in care to feek me out.
By computation, and mine hoft's report, I could not fpeak with Dromio, fince at firft
I fent him from the mart. See, here he comes.
Enter Dromio of Syracufe.
How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd? - As you love ftrokes, fo jeft with me again.

You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold? Your miftrefs fent to have me home to dinner? My houfe was at the Pbonix? waft thou mad, That thus fo madly thou didft anfwer me?
S. Dro. What anfwer, Sir? when fpake I fuch a word?
Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour fince.
S. Dro. I did not fee you fince you fent me hence Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me. Ant. Villain, thou didft deny the gold's receipt; And told'tt me of a miftrefs, and a dinner; For which, I hope, thou felt'ft I was difpleas'd.
S. Dro. I'm glad to fee you in this merry vein: What means chis jeft, I pray you, matter, tell me? Ant. Yea, doft thou jeer and flout me in the teeth? Think'ft thou, I jeft? hold, take thou that, and that.
[Beats Dro.
S. Dro. Hold, Sir, for God's fake, now your jeft is earneft;
Upon what bargain do you give it me ?
Ant. Becaufe that I familiarly fometimes

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 THECOMEDYDo ufe you for my fool, and chat with you, Your fawcinefs will jeft upon my love,
And make a common of my ferinus hours.
When the fun thines, let foolifh gnats make fport;
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams:
If you will jeft with me, know my afpeet,
And fafion your demeanor to my looks;
Or I will beat this method in your fconce.
S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? fo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head; an y iu fe thefe blows long, I muft get a fconce for my head, and infconce it too, or elfe 1 thall feek my wit in my fhoulders: but, I pray, Sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Doft thou not know?
S. Dro. Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?
S. Dro. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for, they fay, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, firft, for flouting me; and then wherefore, for urging it the fecond time to me.
S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of feafon,
When, in the why, and wherefore, is neither rhime nor reafon?
Well, Sir, I thank you.
Ant. Thank me, Sir, for what?
S. Dro. Marry, Sir, for this fomething that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for fomething. But fay, Sir, is it dinner-time?
S. Dro. No, Sir, I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, Sir; what's that?
S. Dro. Bafting.

Ant. Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.
S. Dro. If it be, Sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reafon?
S. Dro. Left it make you cholerick, and purchafe me another dry-bafting.
OFERRORS.

Ant. Well, Sir, learn to jeft in good time; there's a time for all things.
S. Dro. I durft have deny'd that, before you were fo cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, Sir?
S. Dro. Marry, Sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himfelf.
Ant. Let's hear it.
S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?
S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the loft hair of another man.
${ }^{2}$ Ant. Why is Time fuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, fo plentiful an excrement?
S. Dro. Becaufe it is a bleffing that he beftows on beafts; and what he hath fcanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.
S. Dro. Not a man of thofe, but he hath the wit to lofe his hair.

Ant. Why, thou didft conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.
S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the fooner loft ; yet he lofeth it in a kind of jollity.
${ }^{2}$ In former Editions :
Ant. Why is Time Such a Niggard of Hair, biing, as it is, So plentiful an Excrement?
S. Dro. Becaufe it is a Blefling that be lefiows on Beafts, and what be bath fcanted them in bair, be bath given them in Wit.] Surely, this is Mock-reafoning, and a Contradiction in Senfe. Can Hair be fuppos'd a Bleffing, which Time betlows on Beafts peculiarly ; and yet that he hath Scanted them of it too? Men and

Them, I obferve, are very frequently miftaken vice verla for each other, in the old Impreffions of our Author. Theobald. ${ }^{3}$ Not a man of thofe, but be bath the wit to lofe bis bair.] That is, Thofe who bave more hair than wit, are eafily entrapped by loofe women, and fuffer the confequences of lewdnefs, one ofjwhich, in the firtt appearance of the difeafe in Europe, was the lofs of hair.

Ant. For what reafon?
S. Dro. For two, and found ones too.

Ant. Nay, not found, I pray you.
S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not fure in a thing falfing.
S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.
$S$. Dro. The one to fave the mony that he fpends in tyring; the other, that at dinner they fhould not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no tine for all things.
S. Dro. Marry, and did, Sir; camely, no time to recover hair loft by nature.

Ant. But your reafon was not fubftantial, why there is no time to recover.
S. Dro. Thus I mend it : Time himfelf is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers,

Ant. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclufion : but, foft! who wafts us yonder?

## S C E N E V.

Enter Adriana, and Luciana.
Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholis, look frange and frown, Some other miftrefs hath thy fweet afpects : I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldft vow,
That never words were mufick to thine ear,
That never object pleafing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat fweet-favour'd in thy tafte,
Unlefs I fpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd. How comes it now, my hufband, oh, how comes it, That thou art thus eftranged from thy felf? Thyfelf I call it, being frange to me:
That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear felf's better part. Ah, do not tear away thyfelf from me: For know, my Love, as eafy may'ft thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminifhing,
As take from me thyfelf, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick, Shouldft thou but hear, I were licentious?
And that this body, confecrate to thee, By ruffian luft fhould be contaminate?
Wouldft thou not fpit at me, and fpurn at me,
And huri the name of hufband in my face,
And tear the ftain'd fkin of my harlot-brow,
And from my falfe hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou can'ft; and therefore, fee thou do it.
I am poffefs'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of luft ${ }^{4}$ :
For if we two be one, and thou play falfe,
I do digeft the poifon of thy flefh,
Being ftrumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league, and truce with thy true bed;
I live dif-ftain'd, thou undifhoured s.
Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephefus I am but two hours old,
As ftrange unto your town as to your talk.
${ }^{4}$ I am pofers'd with an adulterate blut;
My blood is mingled with the crime of luft] Both the integrity of the metaphor, and the word $b l_{i}$, in the preceding line, fhow that we hould read; -with the Grime of luf: i. e. the ftain, fmut. So again in this play, - A man may go over乃ooes in the GRIME of it.

Wardurtón.

51 live diftain'd, thou undifhonoured.] To difaine (from the French Word, deffaindre) fignifies, to fain, defile, pollute. But the Context requires a Senfe quite oppofite. We muft either read, unfain'd; or, by adding an Hy phen, and giving the Prepofition a privative Force, read dif-ftain'd; and then it will mean, unfain'd, undefiled.

Theobald. Who,

## THE COMEDY

Who, every word by all my wit being fcann'd, Wants wit in all one word to underltand.

Luc. Fy, brother! how the world is chang'd with you ;
When were you wont to ufe my fifter thus?
She fent for you by Dromio home to dinner. Ant. By Dromio?
S. Dro. By me?
$A d r$. By thee ; and thus thou didft return from him,
That he did buffet thee; and in his blows
Deny'd my houfe for his, me for his wife.
Ant. Did you converfe, Sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the courfe and drift of your compact?
S. Dro. I, Sir? I never faw her 'till this time.

Aint. Villain, thou lieft; for even her very words
Didlt thou deliver to me on the mart.
S. Dro. I never fpoke with her in all my life. Ant. How can fhe thus then call us by our names,
Unlels it be by infpiration?
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grony with your nave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt ${ }^{6}$,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will faften on this neeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my hufband, I a vine:
Whofe weaknefs, marry'd to thy ftronger ftate,
Makes me with thy ftrength to communicate;
If aught poffers thee from me, it is drofs,
Ufurping ivy, brier, or idle mofs;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrufion
lnfeet thy fap, and live on thy confufion.
Ant. To me fhe fpeaks; fhe moves me for her theam :
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?

[^21]Or fleep I now, and think I hear all this?

## What error drives our eyes and ears amifs?

Until I know this fure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.
Luc. Dromio, go bid the fervant fpread for dinner. S. Dro. Oh, for my beads! I crofs me for a finner.

This is the Fairy land : oh, fpight of fpights!.
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvifh fprights ${ }^{7}$;
If we obey them not, this will enfue,
They'll fuck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'ft thou to thyfelf, and anfwer'ft not ${ }^{8}$ ?
Dromio, thou drone, thou fnail, thou flug, thou fot!
S. Dro.

7 We talk with goblins, owls, and elvifh Sprights;] Here
Mr. Theobald calls out in the name of Nonjenfe, the firft time he had formally invoked her, to tell him how Owls could fuck their breath, and pinch them black and blue. He, therefore, alters Owls to Ouphs, and dares Say, that his readers will acquiefce in the juftne/s of his emendation. But, for all this, we muft not part with the old reading. He did not know it to be an old popular fuperftition, that the feretchowl fucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the Italians called Witches, who were fuppofed to be in like manner mifchievounly bent againft children, Strega, from Strix, the Scretchorwl. This fuperftition they had derived from their Pagan anceftors, as appears from this palfage of Ovid,
Sunt avider volucres; non quce Pbineïa menfis
Guttura fraudabant : fed genus
inde trahunt.
Grande caput: fantes oculi: rofra apta rapince:
Canities pennis, unguibus bamus ineft.
Nocte volant, PUBROSQUE PETUNT nutricis egentes;
Et vitiant CUNIS corpora rap. ta fuis.
Carpere dicuntur lactentia vijcera roftris;
Et plenum poto fanguine guttur babent.
Eft illis ftigibus nomen:
Lib. 6. Feft.
Warburton.
8 Why prat'ft thou to thyjelf? Dromio, thou Dromio, fnail, thou Jlug, thou fot !] In the firt of thefe Lines Mr. Rowe and Mr . Pope have both, for what Reafon I cannot tell, curtail'd the Meafure, and difmounted the doggrel Rhyme, which I have replac'd from the firft Folio. The fecond Verfe is there likewife read;

Dromio, thou Dromio, thois frail, thou flug, thou fot.

The
S. Dro. I am transformed, mafter, am not I ? Ant. I think, thou art in mind, and fo ani I. S. Dro. Nay, mafter, both in mind and in my fhape. Anit. Thou haft thine own form.
S. Dro. No; I am an ape.

Lut. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an afs. $S$. Dro. 'Tis true; fhe rides me, and I long forgrafs. ${ }^{\text {' }}$ Tis fo, I am an afs; elfe it could never be, But I fhould know her, as well as the knows me. Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool, To put the finger in the Eye and weep, Whiltt man and mafter laugh my woes to fcorn.
Come, Sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate;
Hufband, I'll dine above with you to day, And Mrive you ${ }^{9}$ of a thoufand idle pranks; Sirrah, if any afk you for you mafter, Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter: Come, fifter; Dromio, play the porter well. Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell ?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well advis'd ?
Known unto thefe, and to myfelf difguis'd ?
I'll fay as they fay, and perfevere fo;

- And in this mift at all adventures go.
S. Dro. Mafter, fhall I porter at the gate? Adr. Ay, let none enter, left I break your pate. Luc. Come, come, Antipbolis, we dine too late.

The Verfe is thus half a Foot too long; my Correction cures that Fault:, befides Drone correfponds with the other Appella-
tions of Reproach. Theobald. - And Brive you-] That is, I will call you to confefion, and make you tell your tricks.

## A C T III. S C E NEI.

The Street before Antipholis's Houfe.
Enter Antipholis of Ephefus, Dromio of Ephefus, Angelo, and Balthazar.
E. Antipholis.

YOOD Signior Angelo, you muft excufe us;
My wife is Threwifh, when I keep not hours;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your fhop
To fee the making of her carkanet ${ }^{\text { }}$;
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him ;
And charg'd him with a thoufand marks in gold ;
And that I did deny my wife and houfe :
Thou drunkard, thou, what didft thou mean by this?
E. Dro. Say what you will, Sir; but I know what 1 know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to fhow;
If the fkin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.
E. Ant. I think, thou art an als.
E. Dro. Marry, fo it doth appear ${ }^{2}$

By the wrongs I fuffer, and the blows I bear;
I hould

[^22]tainly, This is Crofs-purpofes in Reafoning. It appears, Dromio is an Afs by his making no Refiftance: becaule an Afs, being kick'd, kicks again. Our Author never argues at this wild Rate, where his Text is genuine:
'Гhbobald.
I do not think this emendation

I hould kick; being kickt; and, being at that pass; You would keep from iny heels, and beware of an afs. E. Ant. Y'are fad, Signior Baltbazar. Pray God, our cheer
May anfwer my good.will, and your good welcome here:
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome dear.
E. Ant. Ah, Signior Bolthazar, either at flefh or fihh,

A table-full of welcome makes farce one dainty difh.
Bal. Good meat, Sir, is common : that every churl affords.
E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feaft.
E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly hoft, and more fparing gueft:
But tho' my cates be mean, take them in good part; Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart. But, foft ; my door is lockt; go bid them let us in.
E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!
S. Dro. (witbin) Mome, malt-horfe, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or fit down at the hatch: Doft thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'ft for fuch ftore,
When one is one too many? go, get thee from the door.
E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my mafter flays in the ftreet.
S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, left he catch cold on's feet.
tion neceffary. He firt fays, that his rurongs and blows prove him an afs; but immediately, with a correction of his former fentiment, fuch as may be hour-
ly obferved in converfation, he oblerves, that, if he had been an afs, he fhould, when he was kicked, have kicked again.
E. Ant.
E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the door. S. Dro. Right, Sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.
E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to day.
S. Dro. Nor to-day here you mult not: come again, when you may.
E. Ant. What art thou, that keep'f me out from the houfe I owe?
S. Dro. The porter for this time, Sir, and my name is Dromio.
E. Dro. O villain, thou haft foll'n both mine office and my name:
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'ft been Dromio to day in my place,
Thou would't have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an afs.
Luce. (within) What a coil is there, Dromio? who are thofe at the gate?
E. Dro. Let my malter in, Luce.

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late;
And fo tell your mafter.
E. Dro. O Lord, I muft laugh;

Have at you with a Proverb. - Shall I fet in my flaff?
Luce. Have at you with another; that's, when can you tell?
S. Dro. If thy name be call'd Luce, Luce, thou haft anfwer'd him well.
E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion, you'll let us in, I trow?
Luce. I thought to have afkt you.
S. Dro. And you faid, no.
E. Dro. So, come, help, well ftruck; there was blow for blow.
E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whofe fake?
E. Dro. Matter, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock, till it ake.
E. Ant.
E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.
Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of ftocks in the town?
Adr. (witbin) Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noife?
S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.
E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.
$A d r$. Your wife, Sir knave! go, get you from the door.
E. Dro. If you went in pain, mafter, this knave would go fore.
Ang. Here is neither cheer, Sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.
Bal. In debating which was beft, we fhall have part with neither ${ }^{3}$.
E. Dro. They ftand at the door, mafter; bid them welcome hither.
E. Ant. There's fomething in the wind, that we cannot get in.
E. Dro. You would fay fo, mafter, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within: you ftand here in the cold :
It would make a man mad as a buck to be fo bought and fold.
E. Ant. Go fetch me fomething, and I'll break ope the gate.
S. Dro. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.
${ }_{3}$ The reading was thus:
quires us to read, -we fiall have part with neither.

Warburton.
E. Dro.
E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, Sir; aud words are but wind:
Ay, and break it in your face, fo he break it not behind.
S. Dro. It feems, thoul wanteft breaking; out upon thee, bind!
E. Dro. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.
S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fifh have no fin.
E. Ant. Well, l'll break in ; go borrow me a crow.
E. Dro. A crow without feather, mafter, mean you fo?

For a fih without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather; If a crow help us in, firrah, we'll pluck a crow together.
E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow. Bal. Have patience, Sir: oh, let it not be fo.
Herein you war againft your reputation, And draw within the compals of fufpect
Th'unviolated honour of your wife.
Once, this; - your long experiencc of her wifdom, Her fober virtue, years, and modefty,
Plead on her part fome caufe to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but fhe will well excufe,
Why at this time the doors are barr'd againf yous.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner";
And about evening come yourfelf alone,
To know the reafon of this Itrange reftraint.
If by ftrong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the ftirring paffage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that fuppofed by the common rout *, Againft your yet ungalled eftimation,
That may with foul intrufion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:

[^23]For flander lives upon fucceffion*;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets poffeffion.
E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet, And, in defpight of mirth ${ }^{4}$, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent difcourfe,
Pretty and witty, wild, and, yet too, gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I proteft, without defert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made;
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the houfe : that chain will I beftow
(Be it for nothing but to fpight my wife)
Upon mine hoftefs there. Good Sir, make haite :
Since my own doors refufe to entertain me,
I'll knock elfewhere, to fee if they'll difdain me.
Ang. I'll meet you at that place, fome hour, Sir, hence.
E. Ant. Do fo; this jeft fhall coft me fome expence.
[Exeunt.

## S C E N E II.

## The Houfe of Antipholis of Ephefus.

Enter Luciana, with Antipholis of Syracufe.
Luc. And may it be, that you have quite forgot? Ahufband's office? fhall, Antipbolis, hate,

* For fander lives upon fucceffoon.] The line apparently wants two fyllables: what they were cannot now be known. The line may be filled up according to the reader's fancy, as thus:

For laming fander lives upon fucce $\sqrt{\text { ron }}$
4 And, in defpight of mirth, -] Mr. Theobald does not know what ro make of this; and, therefore,
has put ruratb inftead of mirth into the text, in which he is followed by the Oxford Editor. But the old reading is right; and the meaning is, 1 will be merry, even out of fpite to mirth, which is, now, of all things, the moft unpleafing to me. Warburt.
${ }^{5}$ In former copies,
And may it be, that you bave quite forgot

Even in the fpring of love, thy love-fprings rot?
Shall love, in building, grow fo ruinate, If you did wed my fifter for her wealeh,

Then, for her wealth's fake, ufe her with more kindnefs;
Or if you like elfewhere, do it by ftealth;
Muffe your falfe love with fome fhew of blindnefs :
Let not my fifter read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own fhame's orator;
Look fweet, fpeak fair; become difloyalty: Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger ;
Bear a fair prefence, tho' your heart be tainted;
Teach fin the carriage of a holy faint;
Be fecret falle: what need the be acquainted?
What fimple thief brags of his own attaint?
' T is double wrong, to truant with your bed, And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a baftard fame, well managed; Ill deeds are double with an evil word:
Alas, poor women! make us but believe ${ }^{6}$, Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Tho' ochers have the arm, fhew us the fleeve:
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

## Then,

An Hubband's Office? Shall, Antipholis,
Ev'n in the Spring of Love, thy love-fprings rot?
Shall love in Buildings growu so ruinate?] This Palfage has
hitherto labour'd under a double Corruption, What Conceitcould our Editors have of Lave in Buildings growing ruinate? Onr Poet meant no more thạn this. Shall thy Love-fprings rot, even in the Spring of Love? and fiall thy Love grow ruinous, ev'n while 'tis but building up? The next Corruption is by an acci-
dent at Prefs, as I take it ; This Scene for Fifty two Lines fucceffively is frictly in alternate Rhimes: and this Meafure is never broken, but in the Second and Fourth Lines of thefe two Couplets, 'Tis certain, I think, a Monofyllable dropt from the Tail of the Second Verfe; and I have ventur'd to fupply it by, I hope, a probable Conjecture.

## Theobald.

- Alas, poor Women! make us not believe, \&ec.] From the whole Tenour of the Context it is evident that this Negative


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 THE COMEDYThen, gentle brother, get you in again; Comfort my fifter, chear her, call her wife ;
'Tis holy fport to be a little * vain,
When the fweet breath of flattery conquers ffrife.'
S. Ant. Sweet miftrefs, (what your name is elfe, I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine :)
Lefs in your knowledge and your grace you fhow not Than our earth's wonder, more than earth, divine. Teach me, dear creature, how to think and fpeak; Lay open to my earthy grofs conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, fhallow, weak, The folding meaning of your words' deceit; Againft my foul's pure truth why labour you, To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a God? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your pow'r l'll yield.
But if that I am I, then, well I know,
Your weeping fifter is no wife of mine ;
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
Oh, train me not, fweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy fifter's flood of tears;
Sing, Siren, for thyfelf, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the filver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed l'll take thee, and there lie: Ard in that glorious fuppofition think,
He gains by death, that hath fuch means to die; Let love, being light, be drowned if fhe fink. Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reafon fo?
S. Ant. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know. Luc. It is a fault that fpringeth from your eye. S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, faik fun, being by.
(not,) got Place in the firft Copies initend of but. And thefe two Munoyllabies have by Mirtake reciprocally difpoffefs'd one
another in many other Paffages of our Author's Works. Theo. * Vain is light of tongue, not veracious.

Luc. Gaze where you fhould, and that will clear your fight.
S. Ant. As good to wink, fweet love, as look on night.
Luc. Why call you me, love? call my fifter fo. S. Ant. Thy fifter's fifter.

Luc. That's my fifter.
S. Ant. No;

It is thyfelf, mine own felf's better part:
Mine eye's clear eye, iny dear heart's dearer heart, My food, my fortune, and my fweet hope's aim, My fole earth's heav'n, and my heaven's claim *.

Luc. All this my fifter is, or elfe Mould be.
S. Ant. Call thyfelf fifter, fweet; for I mean thee : Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life; Thou haft no hufband yet, nor I no wife. Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, foft, Sir, hold you fill; I'll fetch my fifter, to get her good will. [Ex. Luciana.
S C EN E III.

## Enter Dromio of Syracufe.

S. Ant. Why, how now, Dromio, where run'ft thou fo falt ?
S. Dro. Do you know me, Sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myfelf?
S. Ant. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyfelf.
S. Dro. I am an afs, I am a woman's man, and befides myfelf.
S. Ant. What woman's man? and how befides thyfelf?
S. Dro Marry, Sir, befides myfelf, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.
> * My Sole earth's beav'n, and my beaven's claim.] When he calls the girl his only beaven on earth, he utters the common
cant of lovers. When he calls her bis beaven's claim, I cannot underftand him. Perhaps he means that which he afks of heaven. K 3
S. Ant.
S. Ant. What claim lays the to thee?
S. Dro. Marry, Sir, fuch a claim as you would lay to your horfe; and fhe would have me as a bealt : not that, I being a beaft, fhe would have me; but that fhe, being a very beaftly creature, lays claim to me. S. Ant. What is fhe?
S. Dro. A very reverent body; ay, fuch a one as a man may not fpeak of, without he lay, Sir reverence: I have but lean lucis in the match; and yet is fhe a wond'rous fat marriage.
S. Ant. How doft thou mean, a fat marriage ?
S. Dro. Miarry, Sir, The's the kitchen wench, and all greafe; and I know not what ufe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Lapland winter : if the lives 'till doomfday, fhe'll burn a week longer than the whole world.
S. Ant. What complexion is the of ?
S. Dro. Swart, like my thoe, but her face nothing like fo clean kept; for why? The fweats, a man may go over floes in the grime of it.
S. Ant. That's a fault, that water will mend.
S. Dro. No, Sir, 'tis in grain; Noab's flood could not do it.
S. Ant. , What's her name?
S. Dro. Nell, Sir;-but her name and three quarters (that is, an ell and three quarters) will not meafure her from hip to hip.

[^24]our Author, and Ben Gobnfon, to countenance that current Vice of the Times when this Play appear'd. Nor is Mr. Pope, in the Cbaffity of his Tafte, to brifte up at me for the Revival of this Witticifm, fince I owe the Correction to the Sagacity of the ingenious $\mathrm{Dr}_{\mathrm{r}}$ Thirlby.

Theobald.
S. Ant. Then fhe bears fome breadth?
S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip ; fhe is fpherical, like a globe: I could find out countries in her.
S. Ant. In what part of her body ftànds Ireland?
S. Dro. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks, I found it out by the bogs.
S. Ant. Where Scotland?
S. Dro. I found it out by the barrennefs, hard in the palm of her hand.
S. Ant. ${ }^{8}$ Where Irance?

> S. Dro.
${ }^{8}$ S. Ant. Wbere France?
S. Dro. In ber forebead: arm'd and reverted, making War againft ber Hair.] All the other Countries, mention'd in this Defcription, are in Dromio's Replies fatirically characteriz'd : but here, as the Editors have order'd it, no Remark is made upon France; nor any Reafon given, why it fould be in her Forehead: but only the Kitchin-wench's high Forehead is rallied, as pufhing back her Hair. Thus all the modern Editions; but the firf Folio reads makingWar againft ber Heir ——And I am very apt to think, this laft is the true Reading; and that an Equivoque, as the French call it, a double Meaning, is defign'd in the Poet's Allufion: and therefore I have replaced it in the Text. In 1589 , Henry III. of France being ftab'd, and dying of his Wound, was fucceeded by Henry IV. of Navarre, whom he appointed his Succeffor; but whole Claim the States of France refifted, on accont of his being a Proteftant. This, I take it, is
what he means, by France making War againft her Heir. Now as, in 1591 , Queen Elizabeth fent over 4000 Men, under the Conduct of the Earl of EDex, to the Affiftance of this Henry of Navarre; it feems to me very probable, that during this Fxpedition being on foot, this Comedy made its Appearance. And it it was the fineft Addrefs imaginable in the Poet to throw fuch an oblique Sneer at France, for oppofing the Succeffion of that Heir, whofe Claim his Royal Miftrefs, the Queen, had fent over a Ferce to eftabiif, and oblige them to acknowledge.

Theobald.
With this correction and explication Dr. Warburion concurs, and Sir T. Hanmer thinks an equivocation intended, though he retains bair in the text. Yet furely. they all have loft the fenfe by looking beyond it. Our authour, in my opinion, only fports with an allufion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his miftrefs had the French difeafe. The ideas are rather too offenfive,
S. Dro. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, mak. ing war againft her hair.

1. Ant. Where England?
S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whitenefs in them; but I guefs it ftood in her chin, by the falt rheum that ran between France and it.
S. Ant. Where Spain?
S. Dro. Faith, I faw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath.
S. Ant. Where America, the Indies?
S. Dro. Oh, Sir, upon her nofe, all o'er embellifh'd with rubies, carbuncles, fapphires; declining their rich afpect to the hot breath of Spain, who fent whole armadoes of carracts to be ballaft at her nofe.
S. Ant. Where ftood Belgia, the Netkerlands?
S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look fo low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me Dromio, fwore I was affur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my fhoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch. + And, I think, if my breaft had not been made of faith,
be dilated. By a forehead armed, he means covered with incrufted eruptions; by rezicrted, he means having the hair turning backward. An equivocal word mufthave fenfes applicable toboth the fubjects to which it is applied. Both Forebead and France might in fome fort make war againft their bair, but how did the forebead make war againt its beir? The fenfe which I have given immediately occurred to me, and will, I believe, arife to every reader, who is contented with the meaning that lies before him, witiout fending our conje?ure in fearcil of refinements.

[^25]faith, and my heart of feel, the had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me turn i'th' wheel.
S. Ant. Go, hie thee prefently ; poft to the road:

And if the wind blow any way from thore,
I will not harbour in this town to night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart;
Where I will walk, 'till thou return to me:
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, 1 think, to trudge, pack and be gone.
$S$. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife.

## S C E N E IV.

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here ;

And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence :
She, that doth call me hufband, even my foul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair fitter,
Poffeft with fuch a gentle fovereign grace, Of fuch inchanting prefence and difcourfe,
Hath almoft made me traitor to myfelf:
But left myfelf be guilty of felf-wrong,
l'll fop mine ears againft the mermaid's fong.

## Enter Angelo, with a Cbain.

Ang. Mafter Antipholis,
S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. 1 know it well, Sir; lo, here is the chain;
I thought t' have ta'en you at the Forcupine;
The chain, unfinifh'd, made me ftay thus long.
S. Ant. What is your will, that I fhall do with this?

Ang. What pleafe yourfelf, Sir; I have made it for you.
St. Ant. Made it for me, Sir! I befpoke it not.
however the Oxford Editor thinks curity, and has therefore put it a lreaft made of fint, better fe- in. Warburton.

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Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and pleafe your wife withal; And foon at fupper-time l'll vifit you, And then' receive hiy mony for the chain.
S. Ant. I pray you, Sir, receive the mony now ;

For fear you ne'er fee chain, nor mony, more.
Ang. You are a merry man, Sir; fare you well.
S. Ant. What I fhould think of this, I cannot tell; But this I think, there's no man is fo vain, That would refufe fo fair an offer'd chain. I fee, a man here needs not live by Mifts. When in the freets he meets fuch golden gifts: I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio ftay; If any fhip put out, then frait awaay.

## ACTIV. SCENEI.

(1) Thur The SIREET.
(13) torcasw

Enter a: Mitrcbant, Angelo, and an Officer.
inomen Merchant.

V O U know, fince Pentecoof the fum is due;
And fince I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Perfia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make prefent-fatisfaction;
Or I'll attach you by this officer.
Ang. Ev'n juft the fum, that I do owe to you, Is growing to me by Antipholis;
And, in the inftant that I met with you, He had of me a chain : at five o'clock,

I fhall receive the mony for the fame:
Pleafe you but walk with me down to his houfe, I will difcharge ny bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholis. of Ephefus, and Dromio of Ephefus, as from tbe Courtezan's.

Off. That labour you may fave: fee where he comes :
E. Ant. While I go to the goldfmith's houfe, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that I will beftow A mong my wife and her confederates, For locking me out of my doors by day. But, foft; I fee the goldfmith : get thee gone, Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
E. Dro. I buy a thoufand pound a year! I buya rope! [Exit Dromio.
E. Ant. A man is well holp up, that trufts to you:

I promifed your prefence, and the chain :
But neither chain, nor goldfmith, came to me : Belike, you thought, our love would laft toolong If it were chain'd together; therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note, How much your chain weighs to the utmoft carrat ; The finenefs of the gold, the chargeful fafhion; Which do amount to three odd ducats more, Than I ftand debted to this gentleman; I pray you, fee him prefently difcharg'd; For he is bound to fea, and Itays but for it.
E. Ant. I am not furnih'd with the prefent mony; Befides, I have fome bufinefs in the town; Good Signior, take the franger to my houre, And with you take the chain, and bid nky wife Difburfe the fum on the receipt thereof; Perchance, I will be there as foon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourfelf?
E. Ant. No; bear it with you, left I come not time enough.

## THE COMEDY

Ang. Well, Sir, I will : have you the chain abous you?
E. Ant. An if I have not, Sir, I hope, you have :

Or effe you may return without your mony.
Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, Sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide fay for this genileman ; And I, to blame, have heid him here too long.
E. Ant. Good Lord, you ufe this daliance to excufe Your breach of pronife to the Porcupine: 1 fhould have chid you for not bringing it;
Bur, like a flrew, you firf begin to brawl.
Mer. The hour fteals on; I pray you, Sir, difpatch. Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain-
E. Ant. Why, give it my wife, and fetch your mony.
Ang. Come, come you know, I gave it you ev'n now.
Or fend the chain, or fend me by fome token.
E. Ang. Fy, now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where's the chain ? I pray you, let me fee it. Mer. My bufinefs cannot brook this dalliance :
Good Sir, fay, whe'r you'll anfwer me or no:
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
E. Ant. I anfwer you? why fhould I anfwer you? Ang. The mony, that you owe me for the chain. Ang. I owe you none, 'ill I receive the chain.
Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour fince. E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to fay fo.
Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it;
Confider, how it ftands upon my credit.
Mer. Well, officer, arreft him at my fuit.
Offl. I do, and charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either confent to pay the fum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.
E. Ant. Confent to pay for that I never had! Arreft me, foolinh fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arreft him, officer; I would not fpare my brother in this cafe, If he fhould forn me fo apparently.

Off. I do arreft you, Sir; you hear the fuit.
E. Ant. I do obey thee, 'till I give thee bail. Bur, Sirrah, you fhall buy this fport as dear As all the metal in your hop will anfwer.

Ang. Sir, Sir, I hall have law in Ephefus, To your notorious thame, I doube it not.

$$
S C E N E I .
$$

Enter Dromio of Syracule, from the Bay.
S. Dro. Mafter, there is a bark of Epidammme

That ftays but till her owner comes aboard;
Then, Sir, fhe bears away. Our fraughtage, Sity
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The Oil, the Balfamum, and Aqua-vite.
The fhip is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they ftay for nought at all.
But for their owner, mafter, and yourfelf.
E. Ant. How now ! a mad man! why, thou peevifa fheep,
What fhip of Epidamnum flays for me?
S. Dro. A fhip you fent me to, to hire waftage.
E. Ant. Thou drunken flave, I fent thee for a rope;

And told thee to what purpofe, and what end.
S. Dro. You fent me for a rope's-end as foon:

You fent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.
E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leifure

And teach your ears to lift me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee ftrait,
Give her this key, and tell her, in the derk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkibh tapeftry,
There

There is a purfe of ducats, let her fendit:
Tell her, I am arrefted in the ftreet,
And that fhall bail me; hie thee, flave; be gone :
On, officer, to prifon 'till it come. I Exeuns.
S. Dre. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,

Where Dowfabel did claim me for her hufband;
She is too big, I hope, for me to compals.
Thither I muft, altho' againft my will,
For fervants muft their mafter's minds fulfil. [Exit.

## S C E N E III.

## Cbanges to E. Antipholis's Houfe.

 Enter Adriana and Luciana.Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee fo? Might'ft thou perceive aufterely in his eye That he did plead in earneft, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or fad or merrily?
What obfervation mad'ft thou in this cafe,
Of his heart's meteors'tilting in his face ${ }^{2}$ ?
Luc. Firtt he deny'd. - You had in him no right. $A d r$. He meant, he did me none, the more my fpight.
Luc. Then fwore he, that he was a ftranger here.
Adr. And true he fwore, though yet forfworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what faid he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, tie begg'd of me. $A d r$. With what perfuafion did he tempt thy love? Luc. With words, that in an honeft fuit might move.

> face ? Allading to thiting in the metecris in the finy which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the fock. To this appearance he compares civil arar in another place. Which, thike the meteors of a a
troubled beav'n,
All of one nature of one fubfitice bred, Did lately meet in the inteffine Bock
And furious clofe of civil butcbery.
Warburton.
Firt,

Firt, he did praife my beauty, then my fpeech. Adr. Did'tt fpeak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I befeech. Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me ftill;
My tongue, though not my heart, fhall have its will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and * fere,
Ill-fac'd, worle-body'd, thapelefs every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolifh, blunt, unkind,

+ Stigmatical in making, worfe in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of fuch a one?
No evil loft is wail'd, when it is gone.
Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I fay,
And yet, would herein others' eyes were worfe :
For from her neft the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curfe.

> S C E N E IV.

Enter Dromio of Syracufe.
S. Dro. Here, go : the defk, the purfe; fweet now make hafte.
Luc. How haft thou loft thy breath?
S. Dro. By running faft.

Adr. Where is thy mafter, Dromio? is he well?
S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar Limbo, worfe than hell;

A devil in an everlafting garment hath him,
One, whofe hard heart is button'd up with fteel :
A fiend, a fairy, pitilefs and rough ${ }^{3}$,
A wolf, nay, worfe, a fellow all in buff;

* Sere, that is, diy, withered. a Creature, fuch as, a Dervil, a
+ Stigmatical in making -] Fiend, a Wolf, \&c. But how That is, marked or figmatized by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious difpofition.
${ }^{3}$ A Fiend, a Fairy, pitilefs and rough,] Dromio here bringing word in hafte that his Matter is arrefted, defcribes the Bailiff by Names proper to raife Horror and Deteftation of fuch
does Fairy come up to thefe terrible Ideas? We fhould read a Fiend, a Fury, Eo'c. Theob. Mr. Tbeobald feems to have forgotten that there were fairies like bobgoblins, pitiless and rough, and defcribed as malevolent and mifchievous. His emendation is, however, plaufible.

A back-ffiend, a fhoulder-clapper, one that cornmands The paffages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that * runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One, that before the judgment carries poor fouls to heil. Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?
S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is 'refted on the cafe.
Adr. What, is he arrefted? tell me, at whofe fuit? S. Dro. I know not at whofe fuit he is arrefted, well; but he's in a fuit of buff, which 'refted him, that I can tell. Will you fend him, miftrefs, redemption, the mony in his defk ?
Adr. Go fetch it, fifter. This I wonder at. [Exit Luciana.
That he, unknown to me, fhould be in debt! Tell me, was he arrefted on a bond ?
S. Dro. Not on a bond, but on a ftronger thing; A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring ?

Adr. What, the chain?
S. Dro. No, no, the bell ; 'tis time that I were gone', It, was two ere I left him, and now the clock ftrikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that I did never hear:
S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a ferjeant, a' turns back for very fear.
Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly doft thou reafon?
S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to feafon.
Nay, he's a thief too; have you not heard men fay, That time comes ftealing on by night and day ?

* A bound that runs counter, The jeft confifts in the ambiguity and yeet drawe dry-foot well ;] To run counter, is to run backward, by miftaking the courfe of the animal purfued; to draw dry foot is, I believe, to parfite by the track or prick of the foot; to run counter and draw dry foot woll are, therefore, inconfiftent. of the word counter; which means the rwoong way in ibe chafe, and a prifon in London. The officer that arrefted him was a ferjeant of the counter. For the congruity of this jeft with the Scene of action, let our author anfwer.

If Time be in debt and theft, and a ferjeant in the way, Hath he not reafon to turn back an hour in the day ?

Enter Luciana.
Adr. Go, Dromio ; there's the mony, bear it ftrait,
And bring thy mafter home immediately.
Come, fifter, 1 am preft down with conceit ;
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [Exeunt.

> S C E N E V.
> Cbanges to the Street.

Enter Antipholis of Sỳracufe.
S. Ant. There's not a man I meet, but doth falute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend; And every one doth call me by my name. Some tender mony to me, fome invite me; Some other give me thanks for kindueffes; Some offer me commodities to buy.
Even now a taylor call'd me in his fhop,
And fhow'd me filks that he had bought for me, And therewithal took meafure of my body. Sure, thefe are but imaginary wiles, And Lapland forcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracufe.
S. Dro. Mafter, here's the gold you fent me for ; * what, have you got the pieture of old Adam new apparell'd?
S. Ant.

[^26]Servant home for Mony to redeem him: He running back with the Mony meets the Twin Antipholis, whom he miftakes for his Mafter, and feeing him clear of the Officer before the Mony was come, he cries in a Surprize;

[^27]
## THE COMEDY

S. Ant. What gold is this? what Adam doft thou mean?
S. Dro. Not that Adam, that keeps the paradife; but that Adam, that keeps the prifon; he that goes in the calves-fkin, that was kill'd for the prodigal ; he that came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forfake your liberty.
S. Ant. I underitand thee not.
S..Dro. No ? why, 'tis a plain cafe. He that went like a bafe-viol in a cafe of leather; the man, Sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'refts them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives 'em fuits of durance; ${ }^{5}$ he, that fets up his

## W'bat, bave you got rid of the Piciure of cld Adam new afpareil'd?

For fo have I ventur'd to fupply, by Conjecture. 'But why is the Officer call'd old Adam new apfarell'd? The Allufion is to Adam in his State of Innocence going naked; and immediately after the Fall, being cloath'd in a Frock of Skins. Thus he was new apparell'd: and, in like manner, the Sergeants of the Counter were formerly clad in Buff, or Calves-hin, as the Author humoroufly a little lower calls it.

Theobald.
The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to be amended.
${ }^{s}$ be, that Sets up bis reft to do more exploits with bis mace, than a MORRIS-pike.] Sets up bis Reft, is a phrale taken from military exercife. When gunpowder was firft invented, its force was very weat compared to that in prefent ufe. This neceffarily requirea fire-arms to be of an ex-
traordinary length. As the artifts improved the frength of their powder, the foldiers proportionably fhortned their arms and artillery ; fothat the cannon which Froiffart tells us was once fifty foot long, was contracted to lefs than ten. This proportion likewife held in their mufkets ; fo that, till the middle of the laft century, the mufketeers always fupported their pieces when they gave fire, with a $R_{e f t}$ fuck before them intothe ground, which they called Setting up tbeir Reft, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling allufion too to the ferjeant's office of arrefting. But what moft wants animadverfion is the mor-ris-pike, which is without meaning, impertinent to the fenfe, and falfe in the allufion; no pike being ufed amongt the dancers fo called, or at leaft not fam'd for much execution. In a word, Shokrjpeare wrote,
a MAURICE-Pike,
i.e. a Pikeman of Prince Maz-
reft to do more exploits with his mace, than a morrispike.
S. Ant. What! thou mean't an oficer?
S. Dro. Ay, Sir, the ferjeant of the band; he, that brings any man to anfwer it, that breaks his bond; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and faith,
God give you good reft !
3. Ant. Well, Sir, there reft in your foolery.

Is there any fhip puts forth to night, may we be gone?
S. Dro. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hout fince, that the bark Expedition puts forth to-night, and then were you hindered by the ferjeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay; here are the angels that you fent for, to deliver you.
S. Ant. The fellow is diftract, and fo am I, And here we wander in illufions;
Some bleffed power deliver us from hence!

> S C E N E VI.

## Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, mafter Antipbolis:
I fee, Sir, you have found the goldfmith now :
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?
rice's army. He was the greateft general of that age, and the conductor of the Lown-country wars againt Spain, under whom all the Englifh Gentry and Nobility were bred to the fervice. Being frequently overborn with numbers, he became famous for his fine Retreats, in which a ftand of Pikes is of great fervice. Hence the Pikes of his army became farrous for their military exploits.

WARBURTON.
This conjecture is very ingenious, yet the commentator talks
unneceflarily of the reft of a mkSiet, by which he makes the he ro of the fpeech fet up the refs of a niufket, to do exploits with a pike. The reft of a pike was a common term, and frgnified, I belicve, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the ruth of the enemy. A zapiris pike was a pike ufed in a morris or a military dance, and with which great exploits were done, that is, great feats of dextcrity were fhewn. There is no need of change.
S. Ant. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.
S. Dro. Mafter, is this miftrefs Satan?
S. Ant. It is the devil.
S. Dro. Nay, fhe is worfe, fhe's the devil's dam ; and here's fhe comes in the habit of a light wench, and therefore comes, that the wenches fay, God dam me, that's as much as to fay, God make me a light wench. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light; light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn ; ergo, light wenches will burn; come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir. Will you go with me, we'll mend our dinner here?
S. Dro. Mafter, if you do expect fpoon-meat, befpeak a long fpoon.
S. Ant. Why, Dromio?
S. Dro. Marry, he muft have a long fpoon, that muft eat with the devil.
S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'ft thou me of fupping?
Thou art, as you are all, a forcerefs : I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine, you had at dinner, Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd, And l'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.
$S$. Dro. Sume devils afk but the parings of one's nail, a rufh, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-ftone : but fhe, more covetous, would have a chain. Mafter, be wife; an' if you give it her, the devil will fhake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, Sir, my ring, or elfe the chain; I hope, you do not mean to cheat me fo?
S. Ant. Avaunt, thou witch $b$ come, Dromio, let us go.
S. Dro. Fly pride, fays the peacock; miftrefs, that you know.

## S C E N-E VII.

## Manet Courtezan.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipbolis is mad; Elfe would he never fo demean himfelf.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats, And for the fame he promis'd me a chain; Both one, and other, he denies me now. The reafon, that I gather, he is mad, Befides this prefent inftance of his rage, Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner, Of his own door being fhut againft his entrance, Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits, On purpofe fhut the doors againft his way. My way is now to hie home to his houfe, And tell his wife, that, being lunatick, He rufh'd into my houfe, and took perforce My ring away. This courfe I fitteft chufe; For forty ducats is too much to lofe.

## S C E N E VIII.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis of Ephefus, with a Failor.
E. Ant. Fear me not, man; I will not break away;

I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, fo much mony,
To warrant thee, as I am 'relted for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to day,
And will not lightly truft the meffenger,
That I fhould be attach'd in Ephefus,
I tell you, 'twill found harhly in her ears. -

## Enter Dromio of Ephefus, with a Rope's end.

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the mony. How now, Sir, have you that I fent you for?
E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all,
$E$. Ant. But where's the mony?
E. Dro. Why, Sir, I gave the mony for the rope.
E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?
E. Dro. I'll ferve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.
E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?
E. Dro. To a rope's-end, Sir ; and to that end am $I$ return'd.
E. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you. [Beats Dromio.
Off. Good Sir, be patient.
E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adverfity.

Offi. Good now, hold thy tongue.
E. Dro. Nay, rather perfuade him to hold his hands. E. Ant. Thou whorfon, fenfelefs villain!
E. Dro. I would, I were fenfelefs, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.
E. Ant. Thou art fenfible in nothing but blows, and $f o$ is an afs.
E. Dro. I am an afs, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have ferv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this inftant, and have nothing at his hands for my fervice but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it, when I fleep; rais'd with it, when I fit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcom'd home with it, when I return; nay, I bear it on my fhoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I thall beg with it from door to door.

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\mathrm{S} \quad \mathrm{C} \quad \mathrm{~N} \quad \mathrm{E} \text { IX. }
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## Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and Pinch.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.
E. Dro. ${ }^{6}$ Miftrefs, refpice finem, refpect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, beware the rope's-end.
E. Ant. Wilt thou ftill talk ? [Beats Dromio.

Cour. How fay you now? is not your hufband mad? Adr. His incivility confirms no lefs.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a Conjurer.
Eftablifh him in his true fenfe again,
And I will pleafe you what you will demand.
Luc. Alas, how fiery and how fharp he looks!
Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecftacy!
Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulfe.
E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your car. Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man, To yield poffeffion to my holy prayers;
And to thy fate of darknefs hie thee ftrait,



L 4
with which, when any paffenger was offended, it was the ftanding joke of the wife owner to fay, Take beed, Sir, my parrot propbefies. To this Butler hints, where, fpeaking of Ralpha's fkil! in augury, he fays,

Could tell whbat jubtlef? parrots mean,
Tbat Speak and tbink contrary clean;
What member'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry ROPE, and walk, knave, walk.

Warburton.

I conjure thee by all the Saints in heav'n.
E. Ant. Peace, doating wizard, peace; I am not mad.
Adr. Oh; that thou wert not, poor diftreffed foul! E. Ant You minion, you, are thefe your cuftomers?

Did this companion with the faffron face
Revel and feaft it at my houfe to day,
Whilft upon me the guilty doors were fhut,
And I deny'd to enter in my my houfe ?
Adr. Oh, hufband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where, 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from thefe flanders and this open Chame!
E. Ant. Din'd I at home? thou villain, what fay'ft thou?
E. Dro. Sir, footh to fay, you did not dine at home.
E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I fhut out?
E. Dro. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you fhut out.
E. Ant. And did not the herfelf revile me there?
E. Dro. Sans fable, the herfelf revil'd you there.
E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and fcorn me ?
E. Droे. Certes, fhe did, the ${ }^{7}$ kitchen-veftal fcorn'd you.
E. Aant. And did I not in rage depart from thence?
E. Dro. In verity, you did; my bones bear witnefs,

That fince have felt the vigour of your rage.
Adr. Is't good to footh him in thefe contraries ?
Pinch. It is no hame; the fellow finds his vein,
And; yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
E. Ant. Thou haft fuborn'd the goldfmith to arreft me.
Air. Alas, I fent you mony to redeem you,

[^28]By Dromio here, who came in hafte for it.
E. Dro. Mony by me? heart and good will you might,
But, furely, malter, not a rag of mony.
E. Ant. Went'f thou to her for a purfe of ducats? Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witnefs with her, that fhe did.
E. Dro. Godand the rope-maker do bear me witnefs,

That I was fent for nothing but a rope.
Pinch. Miftrefs, both man and mafter are poffeft;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They muft be bound, and laid in fome dark room.
E. Ant. Say, wherefore didft thou lock me forth to day,
And why doft thou deny the bag of gold ?
Adr. I did not, gentle hurband, lock thee forth.
E. Dro. And, gentle mafter, I receiv'd no gold,

But I confefs, Sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Diffembling villain, thou fpeak'ft falfe in both.
E. Ant. Diffembling harlot, thou art falfe in all;

And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathfome abject forn of me:
But with thefe nails I'll pluck out thefe falfe eyes,
That would behold in me this fhameful fport.
Enter tbree or four, and offer to bind bim: be Arives.
Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company; - the fiend is frong within him.
Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
E. Ant. What, will you murder me? thou jailor, thou,
1 am thy prifoner, wilt thou fuffer them
To make a refcue?
Off. Maiters; let him go:
He is my prifoner, and you fhall not have him.
Pinch.

154 THE COMEDY
Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too. Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevifh officer? Haft thou delight to fee a wretched man Do outrage and difpleafure to himfelf ?

Off. He is my prifoner; if I let him go,
The debr, he owes, will be requir'd of me.
$A d r$. I will difcharge thee, ere I go from thee; Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
[Tbey bind Antipholis and Dromio.
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it Good mafter Doctor, fee him fafe convey'd
Home to my houfe. Oh, moft unhappy day !
E. Ant. Oh, mof unhappy ftrumpet!
E. Dro. Mafter, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.
E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore doft thou mad me?
E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good mafter; cry, the devil.

Iuc. God help, poor fouls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go bear him hence ; fifter, ftay you with me.
[Exeunt Pinch, Antipholis and Dromı.
Say now, whofe fuit is he arrefted at?

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$$

## Manent Officer, Adriana, Luciana, and Courtezan.

Off. One Angelo, a goldfmith; do you know him? Aidr. I know the man; what is the fum he owes?
Offi. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Offi. Due for a chain, your hufband had of him.
Aidr. He did befpeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your hufband all in rage to day
Came to my houfe, and took away my ring,
(The ring I law upon his finger now)
Sirait after, did I meet him with a chain.
$A d r$. It may be fo, but I did never fee it.

Come, jailor, bring me where the goldfnith is, I long to know the truth hereof at large.

## S CENEXI.

Enter Antipholis of Syracufe, with bis rapier drawn, and Dromio of Syracufe.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loofe again. $A d r$. And come with naked fwords; Let's call more help to have them bound again.

## Off. Away, they'll kill us: <br> Manent Antipholis and Dromio.

[Tbey run out.
S. Ant. I fee thefe witches are afraid of fwords.
S. Dro. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.
S. Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our ftuff from thence:
I long, that we were fafe and found aboard.
S. Dro. Faith, ftay here this night; they will furely do us no harm; you faw, they fpake us fair, gave us gold; methinks, they are fuch a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flefh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to ftay here ftill, and turn witch.
S. Ant. I will not fay to night for all the town; Therefore away, to get our fuff aboadr. [Exeunt.

## A C T. V. S CENEI.

A Street, before a Priory.
Enter tbe Mercbant, and Angelo.
ANGELO.

IA M forry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you; But, I proteft, he had the chain of me, Tho' moft difhoneftly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man efteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverent reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city; His word might bear my wealth at any time. Mer. Speak foftly : yonder, as I think, he walks,

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Syracufe.
Ang. 'Tis fo; ant that felf chain about his neck, Which he forfwore moft monftrouny to have. Good Sir, draw near to me, I'll fpeak to him. Signior Antipbolis, I wonder much
That you would put me to this thame and trouble; And not without fome fcandal to yourfelf, With circumftance and oaths fo to deny This chain, which now you wear fo openly; Befides the charge, the fhame, imprifonment, You have done wrong to this my honeft friend; Who, but for ftaying on our controverfy, Had hoilted fail, and put to fea to day : This chain you had of me, can you deny it?
S. Ant. I think, I had; I never did deny it. Mer. Yes, that you did, Sir; and forfwore it too, S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forfwear it?

Mer. Thefe ears of mine, thou knowent, did hear thee;
Fy on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv't
To walk where any honeft men refort.
S. Ant. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus.

I'll prove mine honour and my honefty
Againft thee prefently, if thou dar'ft ftand.
Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[Tbey drazu.

## SCENE II.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and otbers.
Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's fake ; he is mad;
Some get within him, take his fword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear then to my houfe.
S. Dro. Run, matter, run ; for God's fake, take a houfe.
This is fome Priory -In, or we are fpoil'd.
[Exeunt to the Priory.
Enter Lady Abbefs.
$A b b$. Bequiet, people; wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor diftracted hurband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him faft, And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfeet wits.
Mer. I'm forry now, tha I did draw on him.
$A b b$. How long hath this poffeffion held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, fower, fad,
And much, much different from the man he was:
But, till this afternoon, his paffion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
$A b b$. Hath he not loft much wealch by wreck at fea?
Bury'd fome dear friend? hath not elfe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A fin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of thefe forrows is he fubject to?
$A d r$. To none of thefe, except it be the laft;
Namely, fome love, that drew him oft from home.
$A b b$. You fhould for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, fo I did.
$A b l$. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly, as my modefty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in affemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
$A d r$. It was the copy of our conference.
In bed, he flept not for my urging it ;
At board, he fed not for my urging it ;
Alone, it was the fubject of my theam;
In company, I often glanc'd at it ;
Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad.
$A b b$. And therefore came it, that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poifon more deadly, than a mad dog's tooth.
It feems, his fleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;
And therefore comes it, that his head is light.
Thou fay'ft, his meat was fauc'd with thy upbraidings\%:
Unquiet meals make ill digeftions;
Therefore the raging fire of fever bred; And what's a fever, but a fit of madnefs?
Thou fay'ft, his fports were hinder'd by thy brawls. Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enfue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
${ }^{8}$ Kinfman to grim and comfortlefs defpair ?
And at her heels a huge infectiolis troop Of pale diftemperatures, and foes to life.
In food, in foort, and life-preferving reft,

[^29]To be difturb'd, would mad or man or beaft :
The confequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have fcared thy hufband from the ufe of wits. Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himfelf rough, rude and wildly.
-Why bear you thefe rebukes, and aniwer not?
$A d r$. She did betray me to my own reproof.
-Good people, enter, and lay hold on him. $A b b$. No, not a creature enter in my houfe. $A d r$. Then, let your fervants bring my hufband forth. Abb. Neither; he took this place for fanctuary,
And it fhall privilege him from your hands,
'Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lofe my labour in affaying it.
Adr. I will attend my hufband, be his nurfe,
Diet his ficknefs, for it is my office ;
And will have no attorney but myfelf;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
$A b b$. Be patient, for I will not let him ftir,
'Till I have us'd th' approved means I have,
With wholfome firups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again;
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my huiband here;
And ill it doth befeem your holinefs
To feparate the hufband and the wife.
$A b b$. Be quiet and depart, thou fhalt not have him.
Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.
[Exit Abbefs.
Adr. Come, go; I will fall proftrate at his feet, And never rife, until my tears and and prayers Have won his Grace to come in perfon hither; And take perforce my hufband from the Abbefs.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm fure, the Duke himfelf in perfon
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;

The place of death and forry execution, Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what caufe?
Mer. To fee a reverend Syracufan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Againt the laws and ftatutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.
Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the Duke, before he pafs the abbey:
S C E N E III.

Enter the Duke, and Ægeon bare-beaded; with the Headjman, and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the fum for him,
He fhall not die, fo much we tender him.
Adr. Juftice, moft facred Duke, againft the Abbefs.
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend Lady;
It cannot be, that fhe hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it pleafe your Grace, Antipbolis my hufband,
(Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters) this ill day
A moft cutrageous fit of madnefs took him;
That defp'rately he hurry'd through the ftreet,
With him his bondman all as mad as he,
Doing difpleafure to the citizens,
By rufhing in their houfes; bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once 'did I get him bound, and fent him home;
Whilft to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed:
Anon, I wot not by what Atrong efcape,
He broke from thofe that had the guard of him :

And, with his mad attendant 9 mad himfelf,
Each one with ireful paffion, with drawn fwords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away ; 'till, raifing of more aid,
We came again to bind them ; then they fled
Into this abbey, whither'we purfu'd them; And here the Abbefs fhuts the gates on us,
And will not fuffer us to fetch him out,
Nor fend him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, moft gracious Duke, with thy command, Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long fince thy hufband ferv'd me in my wars.
And I to thee engag'd a Prince's word,
(When thou didft make him matter of thy bed,)
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Ga , fome of you, knock at the abbey-gate ;
And bid the lady Abbefs come to me.
1 will determine this, before I ftir.

## S C E N E IV.

Enter a Meffenger.
Meff. O miftrefs, miftrefs, flift and fave yourfelf; My mafter and his man are both broke loofe,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whofe beard they have fing'd of with brands of fire ;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair;
My mafter preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with fciffars nicks him like a fool:
And, fure, unlefs you fend fome prefent help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.
Adr. Peace, fool, thy mafter and his man are here, And that is falfe, thou doft report to us.

[^30]Meff. Miftrefs, upon my life, I tell you true; I have not breath'd almolt, fince I did fee it. He cries for you, and vows if he can take you, * To fcorch your face, and to disfigure you.
[Cry witbin.
Hark, hark, I hear him, miftrefs; Aly be gone.
Duke. Come, itand by me, fear nothing: guard with halberds
Adr. Ay me, it is my hufband; witnefs you,
That he is borne about invifible!
Ev'n now we hous'd him in the abbey here, And now he's there, paft thought of human reafon.
SCENEV.

Enter Antipholis, and Dromio of Ephefus.
E. Ant. Juftice, moft gracious Duke, oh, grant me juftice.
Even for the fervice that long fince I did thee, When I beftrid thee in the wars, and took Deep fars to fave thy life; even for the blood That then I loft for thee, now grant me juftice.

Egeon. Unlefs the fear of death doth make me dote, I fee my fon Antipbolis, and Dromio.
E. Ant. Juftice, fweet Prince, againft that woman there:
She whom thou gav'f to me to be my wife;
That hath abufed and difhonour'd me,
Ev'n in the ftrength and height of injury.
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That fhe this day hath fhamelels thrown on me.
Duke. Difcover how, and thou fhalt find me juft.
E: Ant. This day, great Duke, fhe fhut the doors upon me;

[^31]Whiltt fhe with harlors feafted in my houre.
Duke. A grievous fautt ; fay, woman, didft thou fo? Adr. No, my good Lord-myfelf, he, and my fifter,
To-day did dine together: fo befal my foul,
As this is falfe, he burdens me withal !
Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor neep on night, But fhe tells to your highnefs fimple truth!
Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forfworn.
In this the mad-man juftly chargeth them.
E. Ant. My Liege, I am adviled, what I fay.

Neither difturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor, heady-rafh, provok'd with raging ire ;
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wifer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That goldfmith there, were he not pack'd with her, Could witnefs it ; for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promifing to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Baltbazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to feek him; in the ftreet I met him,
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldfnith fwear me down,
That I this day from him receiv'd the chain;
Which, God he knows, I faw not ; for the which,
He did arreft me with an officer.
I did obey, and fent my peafant home
For certain ducats ; he with none return'd.
Then fairly I befpoke the officer,
To go in perfon with me to my houre.
By th' way we met my wife, her fifter, and
A rabble more of vile confederates;
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, Marp-looking wretch.
A living dead man. This pernicious nave,
Forfooth, took on him as a conjurer;

And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulfe, And with no-face, as it were, out-facing me, Cries out, I was poffert. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence; And in a dark and dankifh vault at home
They left me and my man, both bound together; 'Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds afunder, I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace; whom I befeech
To give me ample fatisfaction
For thefe deep fhames and great indignities. Ang. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnefs with him; That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But he had fuch a chain of thee, or no ? Ang. He had, my Lord; and when he ran in here, Thefe people faw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Befides, I will be fworn, thefe ears of mine Heard you confefs, you had the chain of him After you firt forfwore it on the mart ; And thereupon I drew my fword on you; And then you fled into this abbey here, From whence, I think, you're come by miracle.
E. Ant. I never came within thefe abbey-wali*

Nor ever didft thou draw thy fword on me;
I never faw the chain, fo help me heav'n!
And this is falfe, you burden me withal.
Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this?
I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup:
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead fo coldly:
You fay, he din'd at home ; the goldfimith here
Denies that faying. Sirrah, what fay you ?
E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porcupine.
Cour. He did, and from my finger fnatced that ring. $E$. Ant. 'Tis true, my Liege, this ring I had of her. Duke. Saw'ft thou him enter at the abbey here?
Cour. As fure, my Liege, as I do fee your Grace.

OF ERRORS.
Duke. Why, this is ftrange; go call the Abbefs hither;
I think, you are all mated, or fark mad.
[Exit one to the Abbefs.

## SCENEVI.

Egeon. Moft mighty Duke, vouchfafe me fpeak a word:
Haply, 1 fee a friend, will fave my life; And pay the fum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracufan, what thou wilt. Egeon. Is not your name, Sir, call'd Antipbolis? And is not that your bond-man Dromio?
E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man, Sir, But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.
Egeon. I am fure, you borh of you remember me.
E. Dro. Ourfelves we do remember, Sir, by you;

For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pincb's satient; are you, Sir ?
Egeon. Why look you ftrange on me? you know me well.
E. Ant. I never faw you in my life, 'till now.

Egeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, fince you faw me laft;
And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written ${ }^{2}$ ftrange defeatures in my face;
But tell me yet, doft thou not know my voice?
E. Ant. Neither.

Fgeon. Dromio, nor thou?
E. Dro. No, truft me, Sir, nor I.
,Egeon. I am fure, thou doft.
E. Dro. I, Sir ? but I am fure, I do not: and whatfoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

[^32]Egcon. Not know my voice! oh, time's extremity! Haft thou fo crack'd and iplitted my poor tongue In feven thort years, that here my only fon Knows not my feeble key untun'd care?
Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid In fap-confuming winter's drizled fnow, And all the conduits of my blood froze up; Yet hath my night of life fome memory; My wafting lamp fome fading glimmer left, My dull dzaf ears a little ufe to hear:
${ }^{3}$ All thefe old witneffes, I cannot err,
Tell me thou art my ton Antipbolis.
E. Ant. I never faw my father in my life.

Egeon. But feven years fince, in Syracufa bay, Thou know'ft, we parted; but, perhaps, my fon, Thou fham't t'acknowledge me in mifery.
E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the city, Can witnefs with me that it is not fo: I ne'er faw Syracufa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracufan, twenty years
Have I been Patron to Antipholis,
During which time he ne'er faw Syracufa: I fee, thy age and dangers make thee doat.

> SCENE VII.'

Enter the Abbefs, with Antipholis Syracufan, and Dromio Syracufan.

Abb. Moft mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[All gatber to fee bim. Adr. I fee two hurbands, or mine eyes deceive me. Duke. One of thefe men is Genius to the other;

[^33]And fo of thefe which is the natural man, And which the fpirit? who deciphers them ?
S. Dro. I, Sir, am Dromio; command hinı away.
E. Dro. I, Sir, am Dromio; pray let me ftay.
S. Ant. Ageon, art thou not? or elfe his ghoft?
S. Dro. Oh, my old mafter! who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loofe his bonds;
And gain a hufband by his liberty.
Speak, old Egeon, if thou be'f the man,
That hadft a wife once call'd Emilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair fons?
Oh, if thou be'tt the fame شgeon, fpeak; And fpeak unto the fame $\not$ ©milia.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning ftory right:
'Thefe two Antipbolis's, thefe two fo like,
And thofe two Dromio's, one in femblance; Befides her urging of her wreck at fea,
Thefe plainly are the parents of thefe children, Which accidentally are met together.
Egeon. If I dream not, thou art Emilia;
If thou art fhe, tell me where is that fon
That floated with thee on the fatal raft.
Abb. By men of Epidammum, he and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fifhermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my fon from them,
And me they left with thofe of Epidamnum.
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I , to this fortune that you fee me in.
Duke. Antipbolis, thou cam'ft from Corinth firlt. S. Ant. No, Sir, not I; I came from Syracufe.

Duk. Stay, ftand apart; I know not which is which. E. Ant. I came from Corinth, my moft gacious Lord.
E., Dro. And I with him.
E. Ant. Brought to this town by that moft famous warrior,

Duke Menapion, your moft renowned uncle. Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day? S. Ant. I, gentle miftrefs.

Adr. And are not you my hufband?
E. Ant. No, I fay nay to that.
S. Ant. And fo do I, yet fhe did call me fo:

And this fair gentlewoman, her fifter here,
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope, I thall have leifure to make good,
If this be not a dream, I fee and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.
S. Ant. I think it be, Sir, I deny it not.
E. Ant. And you, Sir, for this chain arrefted me. Ang. I think, I did, Sir, I deny it not.
Adr. I fent you mony, Sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but, I think, he brought it not.
E. Dro. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purfe of ducats I receiv'd from you,

And Dromio my man did bring them me;
I fee, we fill did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon thefe Errors all arofe.
E. Ant. Thefe Ducats pawn I for my father here. Duke. It fhall not need, thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I muft have that diamond from you.
E. Ant. There, take it ; and much thanks for my good cheer.
$A b b$. Renowned Duke, vouchfafe to take the pains To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large difcourfed all our fortunes:
And all that are afiembled in this place,
That by this fympathized one day's Error
Have fuffer'd wrong; go, keep us company,
And ye fhall have tull fatisfaction.

* Twenty-five years have I but gone in travel

[^34]Of you my dons; nor, "till chis prefent hour, My heavy burdens are delivered:
The Duke, my hufband, and my children both, And you the calendars of their nativity, Go to a goffip's feat and 'go with me: Ate fo long grief fuch nativity ${ }^{6}$ !

Duke. With all my heart, l'll goflip at this feat.

## SCENE VIII.

## Manent the two Antipholis's, and two Dromio's.

## S. Dro. Matter, hall I fetch your fluff from fliphoad?

E. Ant. Dromio, what fluff of mine haft thou imbark'd?
S. Bro. Your goods, that lay at hoff, Sir, in the Centaur.
S. Ant. He freaks to me; I am your matter,
Dromio.
ber here: and therefore I have ventur'd to alter it to twenty-five, upon a Proof, that, I think, amounts to demonftration. The Number, I prefume, was at firft wrote in figures, and, perhaps, blindly ; and thence the Mistake might arife. Agon, in the frt Scene of the frt Act, is precise as to the Time his Son left him, in Quell of his Brother:
My youngeft Boy, and yet my eldef Care,
At eighteen years became inquiAlive
After bis Brother, \&c.
And how long it was from the San's thus parting from his Father, to their meeting again at Ephesus, where $\mathscr{E}_{\text {gen }}$, miftakenly, recognizes the Twin bro-
then for him ; we as precisely learn from another Paffage in the fifth Act.

Age. But Seven years Since, in Syracufa bay, Thou know'ft we parted;
So that there two Numbers, put together, fettle the Date of their Birth beyond Difpute. Theor.

5 -and Go with me:] We Should read.
-and GAUDE ruth me:
ie. Rejoice, from the French Gaudir.

Warburton.
6 After fo long grief fuck nazivity.] We Should surely read,

After fol long grief fuck festivity. Nativity lying fo sear, and the termination being the fame of both words, the miftake was ea fy.

Come

Come, go with us, we'll look to that anon;
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.
S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your mafter's houfe,

That kitchen'd me for you to day at dinner;
She now fhall be my fifter, not my wife.
E. Dro. Methinks, you are my glafs, and not my brother:
I fee by you, I am a fweet-fac'd youth:
Will you walk in to fee ther gofliping?
S. Dro. Not I, Sir; you are my elder.
E. Dro. That's a queftion:

How fhall I try it?
S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the fenior:
' Till then, lead thou firtt.
E. Dro. Nay, then thus- [Embracing. We came into the world, like brother and brother: And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

## 


 Itho 8 vilomproa mex 5 ?


 Twana

## $M \cup C H \quad A D O$

Anemoly
ABOUT


N O T H I N G.

## Dramatis Perfonæ.

DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.
Leonato, Governor of Meffina.
Don John, Baftard Brother to Don Pedro.
Claudio, a young Lord of Florence, Farourite to Don Pedro.
Benedick, a young Lord of Padua, favour'd likerwife by Don Yedro.
Balthazar, Servant to Don Pedro. Antonio, Brother to Leonato.
Borachio, Confident to Don John.
Conrade, Friend to Borachio.
$\left.\begin{array}{l}\text { Dogberry, } \\ \text { Verges, }\end{array}\right\}$ two foolif Officers.
Hero, Daugbter to Leonato.
Beatrice, Niecc to Leonato.
$\left.\begin{array}{l}\text { Margaret, } \\ \text { Urfula, }\end{array}\right\}$ two Gentlecvomen, attending on Hero.
A Friar, Meffenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.

S C E N E, Meffina in Sicily.

The Sto ry is from Ariofo, Orl. Fur. B. v.
Pope.


## Much Ado About Nothing'.

## A C T I. SCENE I.

A Court before Leonato's Houfe.
Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beaarice, witb a MeSenger.
Leonato.

ILearn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Medina.

Meff. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lof in this action?

Meff. But few of any Sort, and none of Name.
Leon. A viftory is twice itfelf, when the atchiever

- Much Ado about Notbing.] Innogen, (the Mother of Hero) in the oldeft Quarto that I have feen of this Play, printed in 1600 , is "mention'd to enter in two feveral Scenes. The fucceeding Editions have all continued her Name in the Dramatis Perfone. But I have ventur'd to expunge it; there being no mention of ber through the Play,
no one Speech addrefs'd to her, nor one Syllable fpoken by her. Neither is there any one Paffage, from which we have any Reafon to determine that Hero's Mother was living. It feems, as if the Poet had in his firft Pian defign'd fuch a Character ; which, on a Survey of it, he found would befuperfluous; and therefore he left it out. Theobaid.
brings home full numbers; I find here, that Don $P_{e}$ dro hath beftowed much honour on a young Florentine, call'd Claudio.

Meff. Much deferved on his part, and equally remembred by Don Pedro: he hath borne himfelf beyond the promfe of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you muft expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Meffina will be very much glad of it.

MefJ. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him ; even fo much, that ${ }^{2}$ joy could not fhew itfelf modeft enough, without a badge of bitternefs.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?
Meff. In great meafure.
Leon. A kind overflow of kindnefs. There are no faces truer ${ }^{3}$ than thofe that are fo wafh'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, ${ }^{4}$ is Signior Montanto return'd from the wars or no?

Meff. I know none of that name, Lady ${ }^{5}$; there was none fiuch in the army of any Sort.

Leon. What is he that you afk for, Need!

is, none bonefler, none more fincere.
${ }^{4}$ - is Signior Montanto return'd.] Montante, in Spanijh, is a buge two-banded fword, given, with much humour, to one, the fpeaker would reprefent as a Boafter or Bravado. Warburt.
${ }^{5}$ - there was none fuch in the army of any fort.] Not meaning there was none fuch of any order or degxee rwbatever, but that there was none fuch of $a \cdot y$ quality above the comm.n.

Warburton.
Hers.

## ABOUTNOTHING. 175

Hero. My Coufin means Signior Benedick of Padua. Meff. O, he's return'd, and as pleafant as ever he was.

Beat. He fet up his bills here in Mefina, and challeng'd Cupid ${ }^{6}$ at the flight; and my Uncle's fool, reading the challenge, fubfcrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in thefe wars? but how many hath he kill'd ? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, Neice, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Meff. He hath done good fervice, Lady, in thefe wars.

Beat. You had mutty victuals, and he hath holp to eat it; he's a very valiant trenchet-man, he hath an excellent ftomach.

Meff. And a good foldier too, Lady.
Beat. And a good foldier to a lady? but what is he to a lord?

Meff. A lord to a lord, a man to a man, ftufft with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is fo, indeed: he is no lefs than a ftufft man: but for the ftuffing, - well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You muft not, Sir, miftake my Niece; there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her; they never meet, but there's a fikirmifh of Wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by That. In our laft
> challeng'd Cupid at the fight;] the difufe of the bow makes this paffage obfcure. Be$n$ dick is reprefented as challeng. ing Cufid at archery. To challenge at the flight is, I believe, to wager who hhall hoot the artow furtheft withou: any particular mark. To sballenge at the
bird-bolt, feems to mean the fame as to challenge at children's archery, with fmall arrows fuch as are difcharged at birds. In Truelfib Nigbt, Lady Olivia oppoles a bird-bo!t to a cannon buliet, the lighieft to the heavieft of miffive weapons.
conflict, four of his ${ }^{7}$ five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: So that if he have ${ }^{5}$ wit enough to keep himfelf warm, let him bear it for a difference between himfelf and his horfe; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reafonable creature. Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new fworn brother.

Meff. Is it poffible?
Beat. Very eafily poffible; ${ }^{9}$ he wears his faith but as the fafhion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mreff. I fee, Lady ${ }^{\text {r }}$, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my Study.


But, I pray you, who is his companion? is there no ${ }^{2}$ young fquarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mef. He is moft in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O lord, he will hang upon him like a difeafe; he is fooner caught than the peftilence, and the taker runs prefently mad. God help the noble Claudio, if he have caught the Benedick; it will coft him a thoirfand pounds ere he be cur'd.

Meff. I will hold friends with you, Lady.
Beat. Do, good friend.
Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, Neice.
Beat. No, not 'till a hot fanuary.
Mef. Don Pedro is approach'd.
S C E N E II.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and Don John.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble : the fafhion of the world is to avoid coff, and you encounter it.
Leon. Never came trouble to my houfe in the likenefs of your Grace; for trouble being gone, comfort fhould remain; but when you depart from me, forrow abides, and happinefs takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your ${ }^{3}$ charge too willingly : I think this is your daughter.
Leon. Her mother hath many times told me fo.


Voi.. III.
they fquare. So the fenfe may be, Is there no hot-blooded youtb tbat will keep bim company througb all bis mad pranks?
${ }_{3}$ You embrace your charge-] That is, your burtbin, your encumbrance.

N Bene.

Bene. Were you in doubt, Sir, that you afkt her?
Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child

Pedro. You have it full, Benedick; we may guefs by this what you are, being a man: truly the lady fathers herfelf; be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, the would not have his head on her froulders for all Mefina, as like him as the is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will ftill be talking, Signior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Difdain! are you yet living?

Beat, Is it poffible, Difdain fhould die, while fhe hath fuch meet food to feed it, as Signior Benedick? Courtefie itfelf mult convert to Difdain, if you come in her prefence.

Bene. Then is courtefie a turncoat; but it is certain, I am lov'd of ail ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat. A dear happinefs to women; they would elfe have-been troubled with a pernícious fuitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man fwear he loves me.
Bene. God keep your ladyfhip ftill in that mind! fo fome gentleman or orher fhall fcape a predeftinate fcratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worfe, an 'twere fuch a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.
Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beaft of yours.

Bene. I would, my horfe had the fpeed of your tongue, and fo good a continuer; but keep your way. o'God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the fum of all : 'Leonato,-Signior Claudio, and Signir Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all; I tell him, we fhall ftay here at the leaft a month; and he heartily prays, fome occafion may detain us longer: I dare fwear, he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.
Leon. If you fwear, my Lord, you thall not be forfworn.-Let me bid you welcome, my lord, being reconciled to the prince your brother; I owe you all duty.

Fobn. I thank you; I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Pleafe it your Grace lead on?
Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together: [Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.
S C E N E II.

Claud. Benedick, didft thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not, but I look'd on her.
Claud. Is the not a modeft young lady ?
Bene. Do you queftion me, as an honeft man fhould do, for my fimple true judgment? or would you have me fpeak after my cuftom, as being a profeffed tyrant to their fex ?

Claud. No, I pr'ythee, fpeak in fober judgment.
Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks, the is too low for an high praife, too brown for a fair praife; and too little for a great praife; only this commendation I can afford her, that were fhe other than the is, the were unhandfome; and being no other but as he is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'f, I am in fport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'f her.

Bene.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy fuch a jewel ?
Bene. Yea, and a cafe to put it into. But fpeak you this with a fad brow? or do you play the flouting Fack, to tell us Cupid is ${ }^{4}$ a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? come, in what key fhall a man take you to go in the Song?

Claud. In mine eye, The is the fweeteft lady that I ever look'd on.

Bene. I can fee yet without fpectacles, and I fee no fuch matter ; there's her Coufin, if fhe were not poffeft with fuch a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the firft of May doth the laft of December: but I hope, you have no intent to turn hurband, have you?

Cloud. I would fcarce truft myfelf, tho' I had fworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.
Bene. Is't come to this, in faith ? hath not the world one man, but he will wear ${ }^{5}$ his cap with fufpicion; fhall I never fee a batchelor of threefcore again? go to, i'faith, if thou wilt needs thruft thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and ${ }^{6}$ figh away Sundays : look, Don Pedro is return'd to feek you.

4 to iell us Cupid is a rare
bare-finder, \&c. J I know not
whether I conceive the jeft here
intended. Claudio hints his love
of Hero. Benedick afks whether
he is feriouns, or whether he only
means to jeft, and tell them
that Cupid is a good hare.-fnder,
and Vulcan a rarecarpenter. A
man praifing a pretty lady in jeft,
may hew the quick fight of Cu.
fid, hut what has it to do with the
carpentry of $V$ ulcan? Perhaps the (ar) pentry of Vulcan? Perhaps the
thought lies no deeper than this, Do you mean to tell us as nerw rwhat we all know already?
${ }^{5}$ - wear bis cap rwith fuf. picion ?] That is, fubject his head to the difquiet of jealoufy. 6 - Jigh arway Sundays:] A proverbial expreffion to fignify that a man has no reft at all; when Sunday, a day formerly of eafe and diverfion, was paffed fo uncomfortably. Warburton.

## S C E N E IV.

Re-enter Don Pedro and Don John.
Pedro. What fecret hath held you here, that you sollow'd not to Leonato's houfe?

Bene. I would, your Grace would conftrain me to tell. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.
Bene. You hear, Count Claudio, I can be fecret as a dumb man, I would have you think fo; but on my alliegiance,-mark you this,-on my allegiance.-He is in love. With whom? -now that is your Grace's part. -Mark how fhort his anfwer is-with Hero; Leonato's fhort daughter.

Claud. If this were fo, fo were it uttered ${ }^{7}$.
Bene. Like the old tale, my lord, it is not fo, nor 'twas not fo; but, indeed, God forbid it fhould be fo.

Claud. If my paffion change not fhortly, God forbid it hhould be otherwife.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You fpeak this to fetch me in, my Lord.
Pedro. By my troth, I fpeak my thought.
Claud. And, in faith, my Lord, I fpoke mine.
Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I fpeak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.
Pedro. That the is worthy, I know.
Bene. That I neither feel how fhe fhould be loved, nor know how the fhould be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the ftake.

[^35]it may be better thus,
Claud. If this were fo, fo were it.

Bene. Uttered like the old tale, \&c.
Cloudio gives a fullen anfwer, if it is $\int 0$, fo it is. Still there feems fomerhing omitted, which Cl.sudio and Pedro concur in wifhing.

Pedro. Thou waft ever an obftinate heretick in the defpight of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, ${ }^{8}$ but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her is that fhe brought me up, I likewife give her moft humble thanks; but that I will have a recheate winded in my forehead ', or hang my bugle in an invifible baldrick, all women thall pardon me; becaufe I will not do them the Wrong to miftruft any, I will do my felf the Right to truft none ; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a batchelor.

Pedro. I hall fee thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with ficknefs, or with hunger; my lord, not with love: prove, that ever I lofe more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a balladmaker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-houfe for the Sign of blind Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou doft fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument ${ }^{1}$.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and fhoot at me ; and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the fhoulder, and call'd ${ }^{2}$ Adam.

## Pedro.

${ }^{8}$-but in the force of his reill ] Alluding to the definition of a Heretick in the Schools.

Warburton. 9 - but that I will bave a recheate winded in my forebead,] That is, I worll wear a born on my forebsad wwich the bunt fnan may bloww. A recbeate is the found by which dogs are called back. Sbakefpeare had no mercy upon the poor cuckold, his horn is an inexhauftible fubject of merriment.

1 -notable argument.] An eminent fubject for fatire.
${ }^{2}$-and be that bits me, let bim be clap'd on the Shoulder, and call'd Adam.] But why flould he therefore be called Adam? Perhaps, by a Quotation or two, we may be able to trace the Poet's Allufion here. In LarwTricks, or, Who would bave thoug bt it, (a Comedy written by Tobn Dax, and printed in 1608) I find this Speech. Adam Bell, a fubfantial Outlarw, and a paling

Pedro. Well, as time fhall try; in time the favage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The favage bull may, but if ever the fenfible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's-horns, and fet them in ny forehead, and let me be vilely painted; and in fuch great letters as they write, Here is good Horfe to bire, let them fignifie under my Sign, Here you may fee Benedick the marry'd man.

Claud. If this fhould ever happen, thou would'ft be horn-mad.

Pedro. Nay ${ }^{3}$, if Cupid hath not fpent all his quiver in Venice; thou wilt quake for this Chortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.
Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours; in the mean time, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at fupper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almoft matter enough in me for fuch an embaffage, and fo I commit you
Claud. To the tuition of God; From my houre, if 1 had it,

Pedro. The fixth of $7 u l y$, your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not; the body of your
pafing good Archer, yet no Tobaconift. - By this it appears, that Adam Bell at that time of day was of Reputation for his Skill at the Bow. I find him again mentioned in a Burlefque Poem of Sir William Darvenan's's, called, The long Vacation in London.

Theobald.
Adam Bell was a companion of Robin Hood, as may be feen in Robin Hood's Garland; in which, if I do not miftake, are there lines,

For be brought Adam Bell, Chim of the Clough, And William of Cloudeflea, To hoot with ibis foreftre for forty marts,
And the forsfer heat them all tbree. ${ }^{1}$ - if Cupid batb not Jpent all bis quiver in Venice ] All modern writers agree in reprefenting Venice in the fame light that the Ancients did Cyprus. And 'tis the Character of the People that is here alluded to.

Warburton.
$\mathrm{N}_{4} \quad$ difcourfe
difcourfe is fometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but flightly bafted on neither: ere * you flout old ends any further, examine your confcience, and fo I leave you.
[Exit.
S C E N E V.

Claud. My Liege, your Highnefs now may do me good.
Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how ${ }_{8}$ And thou fhalt fee how apt it is to learn Any hard leffon that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any fon, my lord?
Pedro. No child but Hero, fhe's his only heir:
Doft thou affect her, Claudio?
Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action, 1 look'd upon her with a foldier's eye;
That lik'd, but had a rougher tafk in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love; But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughtss Have left their places vacant; in their rooms Come thronging foft and delicate Defires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is; Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover prefently, And tire the hearer with a book of words. If, thou dof love fair Hero, cherifh it, And I will break with her, and with her Father ; And Thou fhalt have her. Was't not to this end, That thou began'ft to twift fo fine a ftory ?

Claud. How fweetly do you minifter to love, That know love's grief by his complection! But left my liking might too fudden feem,

[^36]I would have falv'd it with a longer treatife.
Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
${ }_{5}$ The faireft grant is the neceffity ;
Look, what will ferve, is fit; 'tis once, thou lov'ft; A.nd I will fit thee with the remedy. I know, we fhall have revelling to-night; I will affume thy part in fome difguife, And tell fair Hero I am Claudio; And in her bofom I'll unclafp my heart, And take her hearing prifoner with the force And ftrong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break; And the conclufion is, fhe fhall be thine; In practice let us put it prefently.

## Re-enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leon. How now, Brother, where is my Coufin your fon? hath he provided this mufick?

Ant. He is very bufy about it; but, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?
Ant. As the event ftamps them, but they have a good cover; they fhow well outward. The Prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine : The Prince difcover'd to Claudio, that he lov'd my neice your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the prefent time by the top, and inftantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?
Ant. A good flarp fellow; I will fend for him, and queftion him yourfelf.

[^37]Leon. No, no ; we will hold it as a dream, ${ }^{2}$ till it appear itfelf. But I will acquaint my datighter withal, that the nay be the better prepared for aniwer, if peradventure this be true; go you and tell her of it. [Several írofs the Stage bere.] Coufin, you know what you have to do.-O, I cry you mercy, friend, go you with me and I will ufe your fkill. Good Coufin, have a care this bufy tine.

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\begin{array}{lllll}
\mathrm{S} & \mathrm{C} & \mathrm{~N} & \mathrm{E} & \text { VI. }
\end{array}
$$

## Clanges to an Apartment in Leonato's Houfe.

## Enter Don John and Conrade.

Conr. $T$ HA T the good-jer, my lord, why are you thus our of, meafure fad?
Fobn. There is no meafure in the occafion that breeds it, therefore the fadnefs is without limit.

Conr. You fhould hear reafon.
fobn. And when I have heard it, what Bleffng bringeth it ?

Conr. If not a prefent remedy, yet a patient fufferance.

Fobn. I wonder, that, thou (being, as thou fay'f thou art, born under Saturn) goeft about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mifchief : I cannot hide what I am : * I muft be fad when I have caufe, and fmile at no man's jefts; eat when I have ftomach, and wait for no man's leifure; fleep when I am drowfy, and tend on no man's bufinefs; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour ${ }^{6}$.

## Conr.

[^38]deavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itfelf, under the plainnefs of fimple honefty, or the dignity of haughty independence.
-claw no man in his bumour.]

Conr. Yea, but you muft not make the full fhow. of this, 'till you may do it without controlement; you have of late ftood out againft your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impoffible you fhould take root, but by the fair weather that you make yourfelf; it is needful that you frame the feafon for your own harveft.

Jobn. I had rather be a canker ${ }^{7}$ in a hedge, than a rofe in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be difdain'd of all, than to faflion a carriage to rob love from any : in this (though I cannot be faid to be a flattering honeft man) it muft not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain; I am trufted with a muzzel, and infranchifed with a clog, therefore I have decreed not to fing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite ; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time let me be that I am, and feek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no ufe of your difcontent? fobn. I will make all ufe of it, for I ufe it only, Who comes here? what news, Boracbio?

## Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great fupper; the


#### Abstract

mour.] To claw is to flatter, fo the pope's claw backs, in bithop ferwel, are the pope's flatterers. The fenfe is the fame in the proverb, Mulus mulum fcabit. - 7 had rather be a canker in a bedse, than a rofe in bis grace;] A canker is the canker rofe, dogrofe, cynofbatus, or bip. The fenfe is, I would ratherlive in obfcurity the wild life of nature, than owe dignity or eftimation to my brother. He ftill continues his wifh of gloony independence. But what is the meaning of the ex-


preffion, a rofe in bis grace? if he was a rofe of himfelf, his brother's grace or favour could not degrade him. I once read thus, 1 had rather be a canker in a bedge, than a ruse in bis garden; that is, I had rather be what nature makes me, however mean, than owe any exaltation or improvement to my brother's kindnefs or cultivation. But a lefs change will be fufficient : I think it fhould be read, $l$ had rather be a canker in a bedge, than a roje by bis grace.

Prince,

Prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.
Fobn. Will it ferve for any model to build mifchief on? what is he for a fool, that betroths himfelf to unquietnefs?

Bqra. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.
Jobn. Who, the moft exquifite Claudio?
Bora. Even he.
Fobn. A proper Squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

Jobm. A very forward March chick! How come you to know this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was fmoaking a mufty room, comes me the Prince and Claudio hand in hand in fad conference. I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince fhould woo Hero for himfelf; and having obtained her, give her to Count Cleudio.

Fobn. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my difpleafure. That young ftart-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can crofs him any way, I blefs my felf every way; you are both fure, and will affitt me.

Conr. To the death, my lord.
-Jobn. Let us to the great fupper; their Cheer is the greater, that I am fubdu'd; 'would the cook were of my mind! - Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordfip. [Exeunt.

## A C T II. S CE N E I.

> A Hall in Leonato's Houfe.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and Urfula.

Leónato.

MA S not Count Fobn here at Supper? Ant. I faw him not.
Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can fee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after ${ }^{8}$.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy difpofition.
Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made jult in the mid-way between him and Benedick; the one is too like an image, and fays nothing: and the other too like my lady's eldeft fon, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count Fobn's mouth, and half Count Jobn's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face-

Beat. With a good Leg, and a good foot, Uncle, and mony enough in his purfe, fuch a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, Niece, thou wilt never get thee a hufband, if thou be fo fhrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, fhe's too curft.
Beat. Too curft is more than curft; I thall leffen God's fending that way; for it is faic, God fends a curft Cow fhort horns; but to a Cow too curft he fends none.

[^39]Leon. So, by being too curft, God will fend you no horns.

Beat. Juft, if he fend me no Hufband; for the which Bleffing I am at hím upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a hurband with a beard on his face, I had rather lye in woollen.
Leon. You may light upon a hufband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What fhould I do with him? drefs him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? he that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is lefs than a man; and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is lefs than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take fix pence in earneft of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Ant. 'Well, Niece, I truft, you will be rul'd by your father. [To Hero.
Beat. Yes, faith, it is my Coufin's duty to make curtie, and fay, Faiber, as it pleafes you; but yet for all that, Coufin, let him be a handfome fellow, or elfe make another curtfie, and fay, Father, as it pleafes me.

Leon. Well, Niece, I hope to fee you one day fitted with a hufband.
$\because$ Beat. Not'till God make men of fome other metal than earth; would it not grieve a woman to be over-mafter'd with a piece of valiant duft? to make account of her life to a clod of way-ward marle? no, nncie, I'll none; Adam's fons are my brethren, and, truly, I hold it a fin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you; if Well then, \&c.- Of do not deferve indeed fohonour-
the two next fpeeches Mr. War- able a place yet I am afraid
burton fays, All this imficus non- they are too much in the man-
fenfe thrown to the bottom is the ner of our author, who is fome-
players, and foiffed in without times trifling to purchafe mer-
rbyme or reafon. He therefore riment at too dear a rate.
puts them in the margin. They
the
the Prince do follicit you in that kind, you know your anfwer.

Beat. The fault will be in the mufick, coufin, if you be not woo'd in good time; If the Prince be too * important, tell him, there is meafure in every thing, and fo dance out the Anfwer; for hear me, Hero; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a meafure, and a cinque-pace ; the firt fuit is hot and hafty, like a Scotch jig; and full as fantaftical; the wedding mannerly-modeft, as a meafure, full of ftate and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace fafter and fafter, 'till he finks into his grave.

Leon. Coufin, you apprehend paffing fhrewdly.
Beat. I have a good eye, uncle, I can fee a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entring, brother; make good room.

## S C E N E II.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and otbers, in Mafquerade.
Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend? Hero. So you walk foftly, and look fweetly, and fay nothing, I am yours for the walk, and efpecially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?
Hero. I may fay fo, when I pleafe.
Pedro. And when pleafe you to fay fo?
Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute fhould be like the cafe !

Pedro. My vifor is Pbilemson's roof; within the houfe is fove.

Hero.

[^40]the whele Stream of the Copies, from the firt downwards. Hero fays to Don Pedro. God forbid, the Lute fhould be like the Care!

Hero. Why, then your vifor fhould be thatch'd.
Pedro. Speak low, if you fpeak love.
Baltb. Well; I would, you did like me ${ }^{2}$.
Marg. So would not I for your own fake, for I have many ill qualities.

Ballh. Which is one?
Marg. I fay my Prayers aloud.
Balth. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!
Balth. Amen.
Marg. And God keep him out of my fight when the dance is done! Anfwer, Clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is anfwer'd.
i. c. that your Face flould be as homely and as coarfe as your Mafk. Upon this, Don Pedro compares his Vifor to Pbilemon's Rocf. 'Tis plain, the Poet alludes to the Story of Baucis and Pbilemon from Ovid: And this old Couple, as the Roman Poet defcribes it, liv'd in a thatch'd Cotrage ;

## - Stipulis हo canna tecta paluftri.

But why, Witbin the Houfe is Love? Though this old Pair lived in a Cottage, this Cottage received two ftraggling Gods, (Fupiter and Mercury,) under its Roof. So, Don Pedro is a Prince; and though his Vifor is but ordinary, he would infinuate to Hero, that he has fomething godlike within: alluding either to his Dignity, or the Qualities of his Perfon and Mind. By thefe Circumftances, I am fure, the Thought is mended: as, I think verily, the Text is too by the Change of a fingle Letter.
-rithin the Houfe is Jove.

Nor is this Emendation a little confirmed by another Paffage in our Author, in which he plainly alludes to the fame Story. As you like it.

Clown. I am bere with thee and thy Goats, as the moft capricious Poot, boncf Ovid, rvas amongf the Goths.

Jaq. O Krorvledge ill inhabited; werre than Jove in a thatch'd Houfe!

Theobald.
This emendation, thus impreffed with all the power of his eloquence and reafon, Theobald had in the 4 to edition of 1600 , which he profeffes to have feen.
${ }^{2}$ Balth. Well: I would, you did like me.] This and the two following little Speeches, which I have placed to Balthazar, are in all the printed Copies given to Benedick. But, 'tis clear, the Dialogue here ought to be betwixt Balthazar, and Margaret: Benedick, a little lower, converfes with Beatrice: and fo every Man talks with his Woman once round.

Theobald.
Urf.

Urf. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.
Urf. I know you by the wagling of your head.
Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.
Urf. You could never do him fo ill-well, unlefs you were the very man : here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.
Urf. Come, come, do you think, I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itfelf ? go to, mum, you are he ; graces will appear, and there's an end.
Beat. Will you not tell me, who told you fo?
Bene. No you fhall pardon me.
Beat. Nor will you not tell mê, who you are?
Bene. Not now.
Beat. That I was difdainful, and that I had my good Wit out of the Hundred nierry Tales ${ }^{3}$; well, this was Signior Benedick that faid fo.
Bene. What's he?
Beat. I am fure, you know him well enough.
Bene. Not I, believe me.
Beat. Did he never make you laugh ?
Bene. I pray you, what is he?
Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jefter; a very dull fool, only his gift is in devifing impoffible flanders ${ }^{4}$ : none but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany ${ }^{\text {s }}$; for he both pleafeth men and angers them, and then they

A book, I I nuppored merry $^{3}$ Tales; ] ford $\mathcal{F e f t}$.

4-bis gift is in derijing $I M$ POSSIBLE fanders:] We fhould read Impassible, i. e. flanders fo ill invented that they will pafs upon no body. Warb.

Impofible is better.
s-bis villany;] By which, fhe means his malite and impiety. By his impious jefts, fhe infinuates he pleafed libertines; and by his devifing flanders of them, he angered them.

Warburton.

Vol. III.

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## MUCHADO

laugh at him, and beat him; I am fure, he is in the fleet; I would, he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you fay.

Beat. Do, do, he'll but break a comparifon or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, Atrikes him into melancholy, and then there's a partridge wing fav'd, for the fool will eat no fupper that night. We mult follow the leaders.
[Mufick witbin.
Bene. In every good thing.
Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

## S C E N E III.

Manent John, Borachio, and Claudio.
Gobn. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one vifor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio; I know him by his Bearing.

7obn. Are you Signior Benedick?
Claud. You know me well, I am he.
Jobn. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love, he is enamour'd on Hero; I pray you diffuade him from her, fhe is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honeft man in it.

Claud. How know ye, he loves her?
Fobn. I hearel him fwear his affection.
Bora. So did I too, and he fwore he would marry her to night.

Fobn. Come, let us to the banquet.
[Exeunt John ard Bora.
Claud. Thus anfwer I in name of Benedick,
But hear this ill news with the ears of Cloudio.
'Tis certain fo-the Prince wooes for himfelf.

Friend hip is conftant in all other things, Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore all hearts in love ufe their own tongules,
Let every eye negotiate for itfelf,
And truft no agent ; beauty is a witch, Againft whofe charms faith meltech into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof, Which I miftrufted not. Farewel then, Hero!

> Enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?
Claud. Yea, the fame.
Berre. Come, will you go with me?
Claud. Whither?
Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own bufinefs, Count. What fathion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an Ufurer's chain ${ }^{6}$ ? or under your arm, like a Lieutenant's fcarf? you muft wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I winh him Joy of her.
Bene. Why, that's fpoken like an honeft drover; fo they fell bullocks: but did you think, the Prince would have ferved you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.
Bene. Ho! now you frike like the blind man ; 'twas the boy that ftole your meat, and you'll beat the Poft.

Cloud. If it will! not be, I'll leave you. [Exit.
Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into fedges.-But, that my Lady Beatrice fhould know me, and not know me! the Prince's fool!-ha? it may be, I go under that Title, becaufe I am merry-

[^41]yea,' but fo I am apt to do myfelf wrong: I am not fo reputed. ${ }^{7}$ It is the bafe (tho' bitter) difpofition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her perfon, and fo gives me out ; well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

## S C E N E IV.

## Enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. Now, Signior, where's the Count? did you, fee him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I bave play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren, I told him (and I think, told him true) that your Grace had got the Will of this young lady, and I offer'd him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forfaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! what's his fault?
Bene. The flat tranfgreffion of a School-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's neft, fhews it his companion, and he fteals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a truft, a tranfgrelfion ? the tranfgreffion is in the ftealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amifs, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himfelf, and the rod he might have beftow'd on you, who (as I take it) have ftol'n his bird's neft.

Pedro. I will but teach them to fing, and reftore them to the owner.

> 7 It is the bafe, tho bitter, difpofition of Beatrices, whbo puts the world into her perfon.] That is, it is the dijpofithon of Beatrice, ribo takes upon ber to perfonate the woold, and cherefore reprefents the world as faying rwbat Joe only fays

## berfelf.

Bafe tho' bitter. I do not underftand how bafe and bitter are inconfiftent, or why what is bitter fhould not be bafe. I believe we may fafely read, it is the bafe, the biller difpofition.

## ABOUTNOTHING.

Bene. If their finging anfwer your faying, by my fairh, you fay honeftly.
Pedro. the lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danc'd with her, told her fhe is much wrong'd by you.
Bene. O, the mifus'd me part the indurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have anfwer'd her; my very vifor began to affume life, and foold with her; fhe told me, not thinking I had been myrelf, that I was the Prince's jefter, and that I was duller than a great thaw; hudling jeft upon jeft, withs fuch impaffable conveyance upon me, that Iftood like a man at a mark, with a whole army fhooting at me; fhe fpeaks Ponyards, and every word ftabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, the would infect to the North-ftar; I would not marry her, though the were endowed with all that $A d a m$ had left him before he tranfgrefs'd; fhe would have made Hercules have turri'd Spit, yea and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her, you fhall find her 'the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, fome fcholar
${ }^{8}$ fuch IMPOSS IBLE convejance] We flould read impassable. A term takein from fencing, when the frokes are io fivift and repeated as not to be parried or paffed off. Warb.

I know not what to propofe. Impo Jibie, feems to have no meaning here, and for impafalle I have not found any authority. Spenfer ufes the word importable in a fenfe very congruous to this paffage, for injupportable, or not to be fuffained.

Botb binc charge on citber fide With bideous frakes and import-

## able porv'r,

Which forced bim his ground to

It may be eafily imagined, that the tranfcribers would change a word fo unufual, into that word moft like it, which they could readily find. It muft be however confefied, that importable appears harfh to our ears; and I wifh a happier Critick may find a better word.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads imfetuous, which will ferve the purpofe well enough, but is not likely to have been changed to impofible.
9 the inf.rnal Até in good appart.] This is a pleafant allufion to the cuftom of ancient poets and painters, who repreient the furies in raggs. Warb.
would conjure her; for, certainly, while fhe is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a fanctuary, and people fin upon purpofe, becaufe they would go thither; fo, indeed, all difquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

## SCENE V.

## Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato and Hero.

Pedro. Look, here fhe comes.
Bene. Will your Grace command me any fervice to the world's end ? I will go on the flighteft errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devife to fend me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the fartheft inch of Afia; bring you the length of Prefler Fobn's foot: fetch you a hair off the great Cbam's beard: do you any ambaffage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy; you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to defire your good company.
Bene. O God, Sir, here's a difh I love not. I cannot indure this Lady Tongue.

Pedro. Come, Lady, come; you have loft the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my I-ord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him ufe for it, a double heart for a fingle one; marry, once before he won it of me with falfe dice, therefore your Grace may well fay, I have loft it.

Pedro. You have put him down, Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he fhould do me, my Lord, left I hould prove the mother of fools; I have brought Count Claudio, whom you fent me to feek.

Pedro. Why, how now, Count, wherefore are you fad?

Claud. Not fad, my Lord.
Pearo. How then? fick?

## ABOUT NOTHING.

## Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither fad, nor fick, nor merry, nor well ; but civil, Count, civil as an orange, and fomething of that jealous complexion.

Pedro. I'faith, Lady, I think your blazon to be true ; though I'll be fiworn, if he be fo, his conceit is falfe. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with he: father, and his good will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace fay, Amen, to it.
Beat. Speak, Count, 'tis your cue.
Claud. Silence is the perfecteft herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could fay how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myfelf for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, Coufin, or (if you cannot) ftop his mouth with a kifs, and let him not fpeak neither.
Pedro. In faith, Lady, you have a merry heart.
Beat. Yea, my Lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy fide of care; my coufin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And fo fhe doth, coufin.
Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! - 'thus goes every

[^42]a woman, who accepts a worfe match than thofe which the had refufed, that the has paffed through the reood, and at laft taken a crooked ftick. But conjectural criticifm has always fomething to abate its confidence. Sbakefpeaire, in All's well thet ends reell, ufes the phrafe, to go to the woorld, for marriage. So that my emendation depends only on the oppofition of roood to fun-burut.
one to the world but I, and I am fun-burn'd ; I may fit in a corner, and cry beigh bo! for a hurbaud.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.
Beat. I would rather have one of your Father's getting: hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? your Father got excellent Hubands, if a maid could come by them.

## Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beat. No, my Lord, unlefs I might have another ror working days; your Grace is too coftly to wear every-day : but, I befeech your Grace, pardon me, I was bound to fpeak all mirth and no matter.

Pedro. Your filence moft offends me, and to be merry beft becomes you; for, out of queftion, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, fure, my Lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a ftar danc'd, and under that I was born. - Coufins, God give you joy.

Leon. Niece, will you look to thofe things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, Uncle: by your Grace's pardon.
[Exit Beatrice.

## S C E N E VI.

Pearo. By my troth, a pleafant-fpirited Lady.
Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my Lord; fhe is never fad but when fhe neeps, and not ever fad then; for I have heard my daughter fay, 2 the hath often dream'd of an unhappinefs, and wak'd herfelf with laughing.
$P$ cdro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a hurband,

[^43]

Leon.

Leon. O, by no means, the mocks all her wooers out of fuit.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Beredick.
Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themfelves mad.

Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my Lord; time goes on crutches, 'till love have all its rites.

Leon. Not'till Monday, my dear fon, which is hence a juft feven-night, and a time too brief too, to have all things anfwer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you fhake the head at fo long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time fhall not go dully by us. I will in the Interim undertake one of Hercules's labours, which is, ${ }^{3}$ to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other; I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not to fafhion it, if you three will but minitter fuch affiftance as I fhall give you direction.

Leon. My Lord, I am for you, though it coft me ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I, my Lord.
Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?
Hero. I will do any modeft office, my Lord, to help my Coufin to a good hufband.

Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefulleft hurband that I know: thus far I can praife him, he is of a noble ftrain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honefty.

[^44]bring them, not to any more mostings of contention, but to a mooting or converfation of love. The reading is confirmed by the propofition rwitb; a mountain with each other, or affegion with each otber, cannot be ufed, but a mooting wuith each other is proper and regular.

I will teach you how to humour your Coufin, that fhe fhall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will fo practife on Benedick, that in defpight of his quick wit, and his quealy ftomach, he fhall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer, his glory flall be ours for we are the only Love-Gods: go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

Exeunt.

## S C E N E VII.

Cbanges to another Apartment in Leonato's Houfe.
Enter Don John and Borachio.
Fobn. TT is fo, the Count Claudio fhall marry the Daughter of Leonato.
Bora. Yea, my lord, but I can crofs it.
Yobn. Any bar, any crofs, any impediment will be medicinable to me; I am fick in difpleafure to hims; and whatfoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canft thou crofs this marriage ?

Bora. Not honeftly, my Lord, but fo covertly that no difhonefty fhall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.
Bora. I think, I told your lordfhip a year fince, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waitinggentlewoman to Hero.

Jobn. I remember.
Bora. I can, at any unfeafonable inftant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber win ${ }^{\text {s }}$. dow.

Fobn. What life is in That, to be the death of this marriage ?

Bora. The poifon of That lies in you to temper; go you to the Prince your Brother, fpare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the
renown'd Claudio (whofe eftimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated Stale, fuch a one as Hero.

Fobn. What proof fhall I make of That?
Bora. Proof enough to mifufe the Prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato; look you for any other iffue?

Yobn. Only to defpight them, I will endeavour any thing.
${ }^{4}$ Bora. Go then find mee a meet hour, to draw Don Pedro,


#### Abstract

${ }^{4}$ Bora. Go then, find me a meet bour to draw on Pedro and the Count Claudio, alone; tell them that you know Hero loves me; Ofier theme Infances, which foall bear no l.fs Likelihood than to fee me at her Cbamberrwindowv ; bear me call Margaret, Hero; bear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to See this the very night bifore the intended Wedding. ] Thus the whole Stream of the Editions from the firft Quarto downwards. I am obliged here to give a fhort Account of the Plot depending, that the Emendation I have made may appear the more clear and unqueftionable. The Bufinefs Itands thus: Claudio, a Favourite of the Arragon Prince, is, by his Interceflions with her Father, to be married to fair Hero; Don Fobnn, Natural Brother of the Prince, and a Hater of Claudio. is in his Spleen zealous to difappoint the Match. Borachio, a raically Dependant on Don Fobr, cffers his Affiftance, and engages to break of the Marsiage by this Stratagem. "Tell "the Prince and Claudio (fays " He) that Hero is in Love with © Me; they won't bel:eve it;


" offer them Proofs, as that " they fhall fee me converfe with "s her in her Chamber-window.
" I am in the good Graces of " her Waiting-woman Marga" ret; and l'll prevail with " Margaret at a dead Hour of " Night to perfonate her Mif. " treis Hero; do you then bring " the Prince and Claudio to over" hear our Difcourfe; and They " fhall have the Torment to hear "f me addrefs Margaret by the
" Name of Hero, and her fay " fweet things to me by the " Name of Claudio." This is the Subflance of Borachio's Device to make $H_{\text {ero }}$ fufpected of Difloyalty, and to break off her Match with Claudio. Bat, in the name of common Senfe, could it difpleafe Claudio to hear her Miftrefs making Ufe of his Name tenderly? If he faw another Man with her, and heard her call him Claudio, he might reafonably think her betrayed, but not have the fame Reafon to accufe her of Dilloyalty. Befides, how could her naming Claudio make the Prince and Claudio believe that She lov'd Borachio, as he defires Don Fobn to infinuate to them that She did? The Cir-
cumftances,

Pedro, and the Count Claudio, alone; tell them, that you know, Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and Clendio, as in a love of your Brother's honour, who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the femblance of a maid, that you have difcover'd thus. They will hardly believe this without trial. Offer them inftances, which fhall bear no lefs likelihood than to fee me at her chamber-window ; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio; and bring them to fee this, the very night before the intended Wedding ; for in the mean time I will fo fafhion the matter, that Hero fhall be abfent; and there fhall appear fuch feeming truth of Hero's difloyalty, that jealoufy fhall be call'd affurance, and all the preparation overchrown.
Jobn. Grow this to what adverfe iffue it can, I will put it in practice: be cunning in working this, and thy fee is a thoufand ducats.

Bora. Be thou conftant in the accufation, and my cunning flall not fhame me.
Yobn. I will prefently go learn their day of marriage.
[Exeunt.

## S C E NE VIII.

## Cbanges to Leonato's Orcbard.

Enter Benedick, and a Boy.

## Ben. BY O <br> Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chainber-window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.
cumftances weigh'd, there is no Doubt but the Paflige ought to be reformed, as I have fertled in the Text.
_-bcar me call Margaret, Hero; bear Margaret term me Borachio.

Boy. J am here already, Sir.
Bene. I know that-but I would have thee hence, and here again. [Exit Boy.]-I do much wonder, that one man, feeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behavious to love, c , will, after he hath laught at fuch fhallow follies in others, become the argument of his own fcorn, by falling in love! and fuch a man is Clavidio. I have known, when there was no mufick with him but the drum and the fife ; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe; I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile afoot, to fee a good armour ; and now will he lye ten nights awake, carving the fafhion of a few doublet.He was wont to fpeak plain, and to the purpofe, like an honeft man and a foldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer, his words are a very fantaftical banquet, juft fo many ftrange difhes. May I be fo converted, and fee with thefe eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be fworn, but love may transform me to an oyfter; but I'll take my oath on it, 'till he have made an oyfter of me, he fhall never make me fuch a fool: one woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wife, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well. But 'till all graces be in one woman, one woman fhall not come in my grace. Rich he fhall be, that's certain; wife, or l'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good difcourfe, an excellent mufician, and her hair fhall be of what colour it pleafe God. Ha! the Prince and Monfieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [Witbdrawos.

## SCENE IX.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, and Balthazar.

[^45]As hufh'd on purpofe to grace harmony!
Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himfelf ?
Claud. O very well, my lord; the mufick ended;
We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.
Pedro. Come, Baltbazar, we'll hear that Song again.
Balth. O good my lord, tax not fo bad a voice
To flander mufick any more than once.
Pedro. It is the witnefs ftill of excellency,
To put a ftrange face on his own perfećtion;
I pray thee, fing; and let me woo no more.
Balth. Becaufe you talk of wooing, I will fing ;
Since many a wooer doth commence his fuit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes;
Yet will he fwear, he loves.
Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
Balib. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine, that's worth the noting.
Pedro. Why, thefe are, very crotchets that he fpeaks, Note, notes, forfooth, and noting.

Bene. Now, divine air; now is his foul ravifh'd!is it not ftrange, that fheeps guts fhould hale fouls out of men's bodies?-well, a horn for my mony, when all's done.

## 'The SO N G.

Sigh no more, ladies, figh no more, Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in Sea, and one on floore, To one thing conftant never:
Then figh not fo, but let them go, And be you-blith and bonny;
Converting all your founds of woo Into bey nony, nony.

Sing no more ditties, fing no mo
Of dumps fo dull and beavy;
The frauds of men were ever $j 0$, Since fummer was firft leafy:
Thenjigh not fo, \&c.
Pedro. By my troth, a good Song.
Balth. And an ill finger, my lord.
Pedro. Ha, no; no, faith ; thou fing'ft well enough for a fhift.

Bene. [afide.] If he had been a dog, that fhould have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him; and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mifchief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yea, marry, doft thou hear, Bulthazar? I pray thee get us fome excellent mufick; for to morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's cham-ber-window.

Balth. The beft I can, my lord. [Exit Balthazar.
Pedro. Do fo : farewel. Come hither, Leonato; what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay ; ftalk on, ftalk on, the fowl fits. [afide to Pedro.] I did never think that lady would. have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but moft wonderful, that fhe fhould fo doat on signior Benedick, whom fhe hath in all outward behaviours feem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. It's poffible, fits the wind in that corner? Afide.
Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it ${ }^{5}$; but that fhe loves him with an inraged affection, it is paft the infinite of thought.

Pedro.


are jumbled together and made one. For-but that be loves bim ruith an iuraged affecion, 一 is only part of a fentence which fhoold conclude thus,-is molt certain. Buc a new idea flriking the fpeaker, he leaves this fen-
tence

Pedro. May be, the doth but counterfeit.
Claud. Faith, like enough.
Leon. O God! counterfeit there was never coun* terfeit of paffion came fo near the life of paffion, as fhe difcovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of paffion fhews fhe? Claud. Bait the hook well, this fifh will bite. [Afide. Leon. What effects, my lord? The will fit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.
Pedro. How, how, I pray you? you amaze me : I would have thought, her fpirit had been invincible againft all affaults of affection.

Leon. I would have fworn, it had, my lord; efpecially againft Benedick.

Bene. [Afide.] I fhould think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow fpeaks it ; knavery cannot, fure, hide himfelf in fuch reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en th' infection, hold it up. [ Afide. Pedro. Hath the made her affection known to $B \epsilon$ nedick?
tence unfinifhed, and turns to another, -It is paft the infinite of tbougbt-which is likewife left unfinifhed ; for it hould conclude thus - to Jay bow great : bat affection is. Thefe broken disjointed fentences are ufual in converfation. However there is one word wrong, which yet perplexes the fenfe, and that is $\mathrm{I}_{\mathrm{N}}$ Finite. Human thought cannot furely be called infinite with any kind of figurative propriety. I fuppofe the true reading was Definite. This makes the paffage intelligible. It is paft the Definite of thought-i.e. it cannot be defined or conceived how great that affection is. SbakeSpeare ufes the word again in the fame fenfe in Cymbeline。

For ldiots, in ibis cafe of favour, soculd
Be wifely Definite
i. e. could tell how to pronounce or determine in the cafe. WAR b.

Here aré difficulties raifed only to thew how cafily they can be removed. The plain fenfe is, 1 knows not what to think otherwife, but that fie loves bim with, an enraged affection: It (this affection) is paft the infinite of thought. Here are no abrupt flops, or imperfect fentences. Infinite may well enough fland; it is ufed by more careful writers for indefinite: And the fpeaker only means, that thought, though in itfelf unbounded, cannot reach or eftimate the degree of her paflien.

Leon. No, and fwears fhe never will; that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed, fo your daughter fays: fhall I, fays fhe, that have fo oft encounter'd him with forn, write to him that I love him ?

Leon. This fays fhe now, when the is beginning to write to him; for fhe'll be up twenty times a night, and there the will fit in her fmock, 'till fhe have writ a fheet of paper-my daughter tells us all.

Clauid. Now you talk of a fheet of paper, I remember a pretty jeft your daughter told us of.
Leon. Oh, - when the had writ it, and was reading it over, fhe found Benedick and Beatrice between the fheet.

Claud. That -_
Leon. ${ }^{6} \mathrm{O}$, The tore the letter into a thoufand halfpence ; rail'd at herfelf, that fhe fhould be fo immodeft, to write to one that, the knew, would flout her: I meafure him, fays fhe, by my own Spirit, for, I fhould flout him if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I fhould.
Claud. Then down upon her knees fhe falls, weeps, fobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curfes; O fweet Benedick! God give me patience!
Leon. She doth, indeed, my daughter fays fo; and the ecttacy hath fo much overborne her, that my daughter is fometime afraid, the will do defperate outrage to herfelf; it is very true.

[^46]to the old filver Penny, which had a Creafe running Crofs-Wife over it, fo that it might be broke into two or four equal pieces, half-pence, or farthings.

Theobald.
How the quotation explains the paffage, to which it is applied, I cannot difcover.

Vol. III.
$P$
Pedro.

Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by fome other, if fhe will not difcover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a fport of it, and torment the poor lady worfe.

Pedro. If he fhould, it were an Alms to hang him; fhe's an excellent fweet lady, and (out of all fufpicion) the is virtuous.

Claud. And the is exceeding wife.
Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.
Leon. O my lord, wifdom and blood combating in fo tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory; I am forry for her, as I have juft caufe, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would, fhe had bettow'd this dotage on me; I would have dafft all other refpects, and made her half myfelf. I pray you tell Benedick of it ; and hear what he will fay.

Leon. Were it good, think you ?
Claud. Hero thinks, furely the will die; for fhe fays, the will die if he love her not, and the will die ere fhe make her love known; and the will die if he woo her, rather than fhe will bate one breath of her accuftom'd croffnefs.

Pedro. She doth well; if the fhould make tender of her love, 'tis very poffible, he'll fcorn it ; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible fpirit ${ }^{\text {? }}$.

Claud. He is a very proper man.
Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happinefs.
Claud. 'Fore God, and, in my mind, very wife.
${ }^{P}$ edro. He doth, indeed, fhew fome fparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.
Pedro. As Hector, I affure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may fay he is wife; for either

[^47]
## ABOUTNOTHING.

he avoids them with great difcretion, or undertakes them with a chriftian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he mult neceffarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And fo will he do, for the man doth fear God, howfoever it feems not in him, by fome large jefts he will make. Well; I am forry for your Niece : fhall we go feek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counfel.

Leon. Nay, that's impoffible, the may wear her heart out firt.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wifh he would modeftly examine himfelf, to fee how much he is unworthy to have fo good a lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.
Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never truft my expectation.
[Afide.
Pedro. Let there be the fame net fpread for her, and that muft your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The fport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no fuch matter; that's the Scene that I would fee, which will be meerly a Dumb Show; let us fend her to call him to dinner. [Afide.] [Exeunt.
SCE N E X.

Benedick advances from the Arbour.
Bene. This can be no trick, the conference was fadly borne. - They have the truth of this from Hero; they feem to pity the lady; it feems, her affections have the full bent. Love me! why, it muft be requited. I hear, how I am cenfur'd; they fay, I will
bear myfelf proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they fay too, that fhe will rather die than give any fign of affection. - I did never think to marry -I muft not feem proud - happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They fay, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witnefs. And virtuous; - 'tis fo, I cannot reprove it. And wife-but for loving me-by my troth, it is no addition to her wit - nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her. - I may chance to have fome odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on nee, becaufe I have rail'd fo long againft marriage ; but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and fentences, and thefe paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? no: the world muft be peopled. When I faid, I would die a batchelor, I did not think I fhould live 'till I were marry'd. Here comes Beatrice: by this day, fhe's a fair lady; I do fpy fome marks of love in her.

## Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Againft my will, I am fent to bid you come in to dinner.

- Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for thofe thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Berie. You take pleafure then in the meffage.
Beat. Yea, juft fo much as you may take upon a knife's foint, and choak a daw withal-You have no ftomach, Signior; fare you well.

Bene. Ha! againft my roill I am fent to bid jou come in to dinner: - there's a double meaning in that. I took no more pains for thoje thanks, than you take pains to thank me; - that's as much as to fay, any pains
that I take for you is as eafy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a ferw; I will go get her pieture. [Exit.

## A C T III. SCENE I.

Continues in the Orchard. Enter Hero, Margaret, and Urfula.

Hero.

OOD Margaret, run thee into thee parlour,
IThere fhalt thou find my Coufin Beatrice, Propofing with the Prince and Claudio; Whifper her ear, and tell her, I and Urfula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole difcourfe Is all of her; fay, that thou overheard'ft us; And bid her fteal into the pleached Bower, Where honey-fuckles, ripen'd by the Sun, Forbid the Sun to enter; like to Favourites, Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride Againft that power that bred it: there will fhe hide her, To liften our Purpofe; this is thy office, Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant, prefently.
Hero. Now, Urfula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down, Our Talk muft only be of Benedick; When I do name him, let it be thy Part To praife him more than ever man did merit. Miy Talk to thee mult be, how Benedick' Is fick in love with Beatrice; of this matter Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,

That only wounds by hear-fay : now begin.

## Enter Beatrice, running towards the Arbour:

For look, where Beatrice, like lapwing, runs
Clofe by the ground to hear our conference.
Urf. The pleafant'ft angling iș to fee the fifh
Cut with her golden oars the filver ftream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait;
So angle we for Beatrice, who e'en now
Is couched in the woodbine-coverture;
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lofe no:thing
Of the falfe-fweet bait that we lay for it.
No, truly, Urjula, The's too difdainful ;
I know, her fpirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.
Urf. But are you fure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice fo entirely?
Hero. So fays the Prince, and my new-trothed lord.
Urf. And did they, bid you tell her of it, Madam?
Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I perfuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wifh him wreftle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
Urf. Why did you fo? doth not the Gentleman
Deferve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Bcatrice fhall couch upon?
Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deferve
As much as may be yielded to a man :
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder ftuff than that of Beatrice.
Difdain and fcorn ride fparkling in her eyes,
${ }^{5}$ Mif-prizing what they look on; and her wit
Values itfelf fo highly, that to her
All mattèr elfe feems weak; The cannot love,

Nor take no fhape nor project of affection, She is fo felf-indeared.

Urf. Sure, I think fo;
And therefore certainly it were not good She knew his love, left fhe make fport at it.

Hero. Why, you fpeak truth. I never yet faw man, How wife, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd, But the would fpell him backward; if fair-fac'd, She'd fwear, the gentleman fhould be her fifter; 9 If black, why Nature, drawing of an antick, Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed; ${ }^{1}$ If low, an Aglet very vilely cut; If fpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds; If filent, why, a block moved with none. So turns fhe every man the wrong fide out, And never gives to truth and virtue That, Which fimplenefs and merit purchafeth.

Urf. Sure, fure, fuch carping is not commendable. Hero. No; for to be fo odd, and from all fafhions,

- If black, wby, Nature, ararwing of an antick, Made a foul blot ;] The antick was a bufioon character in the old Englijh farces, with a blacked face, and a patch-work babit. What I would obferve from hence is, that the name of antick or antique, given to this character, fhews that the people had fome traditional ideas of its being borrowed from the ancient manes, who are thus defcribed by Apuleius, mimi centunculo, fuligine faciem obducti.

Warburton.
${ }^{1}$ If loww, an Agat very vilely cut;] But why an agat, if low? For what likenefs between a little man and an agat? The ancients, indeed, uted this fone to cut upon; but very exquifite-

1y. I make no queftion but the poet wrote;
an Aglet viery vilely cut ; An aglet was the tagg of thofe points, formerly fo much in fathion. There taggs were either of gold, filver, or brafs, according to the quality of the wearer; and were commonly in the fhape of little images ; or at leaft had a head cut at the extremity. The Frencb call them aiguilettes. Mazeroy, fpeaking of Henry IIId's forrow for the diath of the princefs of Conti, fays, - portant meme fur les aiguillettes de petites tctes de Mort. And as a tall man is before compar'd to a Launce ill-teaded; fo, by the fame figure, a little Man is very aptly liten'd to an $A_{g}$ let ill-cut.

Warburton.

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her fo ? if I fhould Speak,
She'd mock me into air; O, the would laugh me
Out of myfelf, prefs me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Confume away in fighs, wafte in wardly;
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as 'tis to die with tickling.
$U_{i} \cdot$. Yet tell her of it; hear what the will fay.
Hero. No, rather I will go to Benedick,
And counfel him to fight againft his paffion.
And, truly, I'li devife fome honeft ीanders
To ftain my Coufin with! one doth not know, How much an ill word may impoifon liking,

Urf. O, do not do your Coufin fuch a wrung.
She cannot be fo much without true judgment,
Having fo fwift and excellent a wit,
As the is priz'd to have, as to refufe
So rare a gentleman as Benedick.
Hero. He is the only man in Italy, Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urf. I pray you, be not angry with me, Madam, Speaking my fancy; Signior Benedick,
For hape, for bearing, ${ }^{2}$ argument and valour,
Goes foremoft in report through Italy.
Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
Ur. . His Excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you marry'd, Madam?
Hero. Why, every day-to-morrow-Come, go in. I'll fhew thee fome attires, and have thy counfel
Which is the beft to furnifh me to-morrow.
Urf: ${ }^{3}$ She's limb'd, I warrant you; we have caught her Madam.
Hero. If it prove fo, then loving goes by haps;
Some Cupids kill with arrows, Some with traps. [Exeunt.
${ }^{2}$ Argument.] This word feems here to fignify di/courfe, or, the pozuers of reafoning.
${ }^{3}$ She's limb'd.] She is enfnared and entangled as a fparrow with óralime.

## Beatrice, advancing-

Beat. ${ }^{4}$ What fire is in my ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for Pride and Scorn fo much ? Contempt, farewel! and maiden pride, adieu !

No glory lives behind the back of fuch.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand ${ }^{5}$;
If thou doft love, thy kindnefs fhall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.
For others fay, thou doft deferve; and I Believe it better than reportingly.

S C E N E II.

## Leonato's Houfe.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick and Leonato.
Pedro. Do but ftay 'till your marriage be confum. mate, and then go I toward Arragon.
Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchfafe me.

Pedro. Nay, That would be as great a foil in the new glofs of your marriage, as to thew a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, ffom the crown of his head to the fole of his foor, 'he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-ftring, and the little hangman dare not fhoot at him ; he hath a heart as

[^48]found as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue fpeaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.
Leon. So fay I; methinks, you are fadder.
Claud. I hope, he is in love.
Pedro. Hang him, truant, there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love ; if he be fad, he wants mony.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.
Pedro. Draw it.
Bene. Hang it.
Claud. You muft hang it firft, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro. What? figh for the tooth-ach !
Leon. Which is but a humour, or a worm.
Bene. Well, every one can mafter a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet fay I, he is in love.
Pedro. ${ }^{6}$ There is no appearance of fancy in him, unlefs it be a fancy that he hath to ftrange difguifes, as to be a Dutch man to day, a French man to morrow; or in the fhape of two countries at once, a German from the wafte downward, all flops; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet: Unlefs he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with fome woman, there is no believing old figns; he brufhes his hat o' mornings; what fhould that bode?
Pedro. Hath any man feen him at the barber's?
7. Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been feen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already ftuft tennis balls.

Lecm. Indeed, he looks younger than he did by the lufs of a beard.

[^49]Pedro. Nay, he rubs himfelf with civet; can you fmell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to fay, the fweet youth's in love.
-Pedro. The greateft note of it is his melancholy.
Claud. And when was he wont to wafh his face?
Pedro. Yea, or to paint himfelf? for the which, I hear what they fay of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jefting fpirit, which is now crept into a lute-ftring and now govern'd by ftops

Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.
Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in defpight of all, dies for him.

Pedro. She fhall be buried with her Face upwards ${ }^{7}$.
Bene. Yet this is no charm for the tooth ach. Old Signior, walk afide with me, I have ftudy'd eight or nine wife words to fpeak to you, which thefe hobbyhorfes muft not hear. EExeunt Benedick and Leonato.

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even fo. Hero and Margaret have by this time play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

[^50]fen the firft Reading, becaufe I find it the Expreffion in Vogue in our Author's time. Theorald.
'This emendation, which appears to me very fpecious, is rejected by Dr. Warburton. The meaning feems to be, that the, who acted upon principles, contrary to others, mould be buried with the fame contrariety.

Enter Don John.

Yobn. My Lord and Brother, God fave you.
Pedro. Good den, brother.
Fobn. If your leifure ferv'd, I would fpeak with you.
Pedro. In private?
Yobn. If it pleare you; yet Count Cloudio may hear; for, what I would fpeak of, concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?
Fobn. Means your lordfhip to be marry'd to morrow.

Pedro. You know, he does.
Gobn. I know not that, when he knows what I know.
Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, difcover it.

Yobn. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter; and aim better at me by That I now will manifeft ; for my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearnefs of heart hath holp to effect your eufuing marriage; furely, Suit ill fpent, and Labour ill beitow'd!

Pedro. Why, what's the matter ?
Fobn. I came hither to tell you, and circumftances fhorten'd, (for fhe hath been too long a talking of) the Lady is difloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?
Fobn. Even The; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, everyman's Hero.
Claud. Dinoyal ?
Jobn. The word is too good to paint out her whikednefs; I could fay, fhe were worfe; think you of a worfe title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not 'till further warrant! go but with me to night, you fhall fee her chamber-window enter'd, even the night bè-
fore her wedding day; if you love her, then to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claod. - May this be fo ?
Pedro. I will not think it.
fobn. If you dare not truft that you fee, confefs not that you know; if you will follow me, I will fhew you enough; and when you have feen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I fee any thing to night why I fhould not marry her to-morrow; in the Congregation, where I fhould wed, there will I thame her.

Pedrr. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to difgrace her.

Fobn. I will difparage her no farther, 'till you are my witneffes. Bear it coldly but'sill night, and let the iffue fhew itfelf.

Pedro. O day untowardly turned !
Claud. O mifchief ftrangely thwarting!
Fobn. O plague right well prevented! So you will fay. when you have feen the fequel.

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.

Verg. Yea, or elfe it were pity but they mould fuffer falvation, body and foul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punifhment too good for them, if they fhould have any allegiance in them, being chofen for the Prince's Watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogbery.

Dogb.

Degh. Firf, who think you the moft defartiefs maiz to be conftable ?
I Watch. Hugh Oatcake, Sir, or George: Seacole; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Gome hither, neighbour Seacole: God hath bleft you with a good name: and to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, matter conftable
Dogb. You have: I knew, it would be your anfwer. Well, for your Favour, Sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boalt of it; and for your writing and teading, let that appear when there is ${ }^{8}$ no need of fuch vanity: you are thought here to be the moft fenfelefs and fit man for the Conftable of the Watch, therefore bear you the lanthorn; this is your charge : yout fhall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man ftand, in the Prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not ftand?
Dogb. Why, then take no nate of him, but let him go ; and prefently call the reft of the Watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not ftand when, he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's Subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's Subjects: you fhall alfo make no noife in the ftreets ; for, for the Watch to babble and talk, is moft tolerable, and not to be endur'd.

2 Watch. We will rather fleep than talk; we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dogb. Why, you fpeak like an ancient and moft quiet watch man, for I cannot fee how Sleeping thould offend; only have a care that your ${ }^{9}$ Bills be not folen:

[^51]well, jou are to call'at all the ale houfes, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?
Dogb. Why then let them alone 'till they are fober ; if they make you not then the better anfwer, you may fay, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, Sir.
Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may fufpect him by virtue of your office to ben no true man; and for fuch kind of men, the lefs you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honefty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, fhall we not lay hands on him?
"Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil ${ }^{3} d$ : the moft peacable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him fhew himfelf what he is, and fteal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, Partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honefty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you muft call to the nurfe and bid her ftill it.

2 Watch. How if the nurfe be anleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then depart in Peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never anfwer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.
Dogb. This is the end of the Charge : you, conftable, are to prefent the Prince's own perfon; if you meet the Prince in the night, you may ftay him.
is ftill carried by the watchmen at Litchfield. It was the old wea.pon of the Englifoinfantry, which,
fays $T_{\text {emple, gave tbe moft ghafly }}$ and deplorable rvounds. It may be called Securis falcata.

Verg. Nay, bi'rlady, that, I think, he cannot.
Dogb. Five fhillings to one on't with any man that knows the Statues, he may ftay him ; marry, not without the Prince be willing: for, indeed, the Watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to ftay a man againft his will.

Veig. Bi'rlady, I think, it be fo.
Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! well, mafters, good night ; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me ; keep your fellow's counfels and your own, and good night ; come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, mafters, we hear our charge; let us go fit here upon the church-bench 'till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honeft neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door, for the Wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to night; adieu; be vigilant, I befeech you.
[Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.

## S CENE V.

Enter Borachio and Conrade.
Bora. What! Conrade
Watch. Peace, ftir not.
Bora. Conrade, I fay!
Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.
Bora. Mals, and my elbow itch'd, I thought there would a fcab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an anfwer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bora: Stand thee clofe then under this pent-houfe, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [Afide.] Some Treafon, mafters; yet ftand clofe.

## A B O U T, NOTHING. 225

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don fobn a thoufand ducats.

Conr. Is it pofible that any Villany fhould be fo dear?

Bora. Thou fhould't rather afk, if it were poffible ${ }^{1}$ any villany fhould be fo rich? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.
Bora. That fhews, ${ }^{2}$ thou art unconfirm'd; thou' knoweft, that the fafhion of a doublet or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.
Bora. I mean the fafhion.
Conr. Yes, the fafhion is the fafhion.
Bora. Tufh, I may as well fay, the fool's the fool; but fee'ft thou nor, what a deformed thief this falhion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief thefe feven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didft thou not hear fome body?
Conr. No, 'twas the vane on the houfe.
Bora. Seeft thou not, I fay, what a deformed thief this fafhion is? how giddily he turns about all the hotbloods between fourteen and five and thirty; fometimes, fafhioning them like Pbareo's foldiers in the reechy Painting; fometimes, like the God Bell's priefts in the old church window ; ${ }^{3}$ fometimes, like the fhaven Her.

I any VILLANY foould be fo rich? The fenfe abolucely requires us, to read villaln.

WARBURTON.
${ }^{2}$ thou art unconfrmed; ; i. e. unpractifed in the ways of the World. Warburton.
${ }^{3}$ fometimes like the Jbaven Hercules, छ'c.] By the Baaven

Vol. III.

Hercules is meant Samfon, the ufual fubject of old tapefry. In this ridicule on the faldion, the poet has not unarffuily given a ftroke at the barbarous workmanflip of the common Tapefry. hangings, then fo much in ufe, The fame kind of raillery $\mathrm{C}_{\mathrm{e}}$ vantes has employed on the 1 ke Q occafion,
cules in the fmirch'd worm eaten tapeftry, where his codpiece feems as mafly as his club.

Conr. All this I fee, and fee, that the fafhion wears out more apparel than the man; but art not thou thy felf giddy with the fafnion too, that thou haft fhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fafhion ?

Bora. Not fo neither; but know, that I have tonight wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's Gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; fhe leans me out at her mittrefs's chamber-window, bids me a thoufand times good night - I tell this tale vilcly__I fhould firft tell thee, how the Prince, Claudio, and my matter, planted and placed, and poffeffed by my mafter Don Yobn, faw a far off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?
Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio; but the devil my miafter knew fhe was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which firft poffeft them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which, did confirm any flander that Don Fohn had made, away went Claudio enraged; fwore, he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the Temple, and there before the whole
> occafion, when he brings his knight and fquire to an inn, where, they found the fory of Dido ánd Eneas reprefented in bad tapeffry. On Sancho's feeing the tears fall from the eyes of the forfaken queen as big as walnuts, he hopes that, when their atchievements became the general fubject for there fort of works, fortune will fend them a better artift. - What authorized the poet to give this name to Sumjon was the folly of certain Chriftian mythologitts, who pretend that the Grecian Hercules was the $\mathcal{F}$ lowi/b Samfon. The
retenue of our author is to be commended: The fober audience of that time would have been offended with the mention of a venerable name on fo light an occafion. Sbakefpeare is indeed fometimes licentious in thefe matters: But to do him juftice, he generally feems to have a fenfe of religion, and to be under its influence. What Pedro fays of Benedick, in this. comedy, may be well enough applied to him. The man doth fear: God, borvever it Jeems not to be in bim by Jome large jefs be will. make.

Warburton.
Congre-

Congregation fhame her with what he faw o'er night, and fend her home again without a hufband.

I Watch. We charge you in the Prince's name, ftand.
2. Watch. Call up the right mafter conftable; we have here recovered the moft dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the common-wealth.
I Watch. And one Deformed is one of them; Í know him, he wears a lock.

Conr. Mafters, mafters, ${ }^{4}$
2 Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Mafters,
I Watch. Never fpeak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly Commodity, being taken up of thefe mens bills.

Conr. A commodity in queftion, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you.

## SCENEVI.

Hero's Apartment in Leonato's Houfe.
Enter Hero, Margaret and Urfula.
Hero. OOD Urfula, wake my coufin Beabrice, and defire her to rife.
Urf. I will, lady.
Hero. And bid her come hither.

## 4 In former copies:

Conr. Mafers, Mafters, 2 Watch You'll be mode bring Deformed forth, 1 warrant you,

Conr. Mafters, never Speak, ave charge $y$ 'u, set us obey you to go with us.] The Regulation which I have made in this laft Speech, tho' againft this Authority of all
the printed Copies, I flatter myfelf, carries its Proof with it. Conrade and Borachio are not defigned to talk abfurd Nonfenfe. It is evident therefore, that Conrade is attempting his own Jurtification; but is interrupted in it by the Impervinence of the Men in office.
Q 2
Theobald.
Urf.

## Urf Well.

Marg. Troth, I think, your others Rabato were betrer.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.
Marg. By my troth, it's not fo good; and I warrant, your coufin will fay fo.

Hero. My coufin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a moft rare fafhion, i'faith. I faw the Dutchels of Milan's gown, that they praife fo.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they fay.
Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in refpect of yours; cloth of gold and cuts, and lac'd with filver, fet with pearls down-fleeves, fide-fleeves and fikirs, round underborne with a blueifn tinfel ; but for a fine, queint, graceful and excellent fafhion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier foon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not afham'd?
Marg. Of what, lady ? of fpeaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? Ithink, you would have me fay (faving your reverence) a hufband. If bad thinking do not wreft true fpeaking, I'll offend no body; is there any harm in the heavier for a Hufband? none, I think, if it be the right Hurband, and the right wife, otherwife 'tis light and not heavy; ank my lady Beatrice elfe, here fhe comes.

[^52]
## SCENE VII.

## Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.
Beat. Good morrow, fweet Hero.
Hero. Why, how now? do you fpeak in the fick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, nethinks.
Marg. Clap us into ${ }^{6}$ Ligbt o' love ; that goes without a burden; do you fing it, and l'll dance it.

Beat. Yes, Light o' love with your heels; then if your hufband have fables enough, you'll look he fhall lack ${ }^{7}$ no barns.

Mers. O illegitimate conftruction! I feorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almoft five o'clock, coufin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill-hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horfe, or a hufband ?
Beat. s 'For the letter that begins them all, H.
Marg. Well, if you be not ${ }^{9}$ turn'd Turk, there's no more failing by the ftar.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?
Marg. Nothing I, but God fend every one their heart's defire!

Hero. Thefe gloves the count fent me, they are an excellent perfume.

6 Ligbto' lare] A tune fo called; which has been already mentioned by our authour.
${ }^{7} 7$ No barns.] A quibble between barns, repofitories of corn, and bair:zs, the old word for children.
${ }^{8}$ For the letler that begins them all, H.] This is a poor jeft, fomewhat obfcured, and not worth the trouble of elucidation.

Margaret alks Beatrice for what fhe cries, bey bo ; Beatrice anfwers, for an $H$, that is, for an $a c b$ or pain.
${ }^{9}$ turn'd $T_{u r k}$.] i. e. taken captive by Love, and turn'd a Renegado to his religion.

W-arburton,
This interpretation is fomewhat far-fetched, yet, perhaps, it is right.

Beat. I am fufft, coufin, I cannot fmell.
Marg. A maid, and ftufft ! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me, God help me, how long have you profeft apprehenfion?

Mar. Ever fince you left it; doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not feen enough, you fhould wear it in your cap-By my troth, I am fick.

Marg. Get you fome of this diftill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'ft her with a thiftle.
Beat. Beredictus? why Benedictus? you have ' fome moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral ? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant plain holy thiftle : you may think, perchance, that I think you are in love; nay, bi'rlady, 1 am not fuch a fool to think what I lift; nor I lift not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think ${ }_{2}$ if I would think my heart out with thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love; yet Benedick was fuch another, and now is he become a man; he fwore, he would never marry; and yet now, in defpight of his heart, ${ }^{2}$ he eats his meat without grudging; and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

[^53]the meaning of proverbial expreflions: perhaps, to eat meat ruithout grudging, was the fame as to do as otbers do, and the meaning is, be is content to live by eating like other mortals, and will be content, notrwithfanding bis loafts, like other mortals, to have a wife.

## ABOUTNOTHING.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps? Marg. Not a falle gallop.

## Enter Urfula.

Urf. Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior Benedick, Don Yobn, and all the Gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to Church.
Hero. Help to drefs me, good coz, good Meg, good Uryula.
[Exeunt.

## S C E N E VIII.

Another Apartment in Leonato's Houfe.
Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.
Leon. ITHAT would you with me, honeft neighbour?
Dogb. Marry, Sir, I would have fome confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you fee, 'tis a bufy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, Sir.
Verg. Yes, in truth it is, Sir.
Leon. What is it, my good friends?
Dogb. Goodman Verges, Sir, fpeaks a little of the matter : an old man, Sir, and his wits are not fo blunt, as, God help, I would defire they were; but, in faith, as honeft as the fkin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, ${ }^{1}$ I am as honeft as any man living, that is an old man, and no honefter than I.

## Dogb.

> ${ }^{3}$ I am as boneft as any man lizing, that is an old man, and no bonefter than 1.] There is much humour, and extreme good fenfe, under the covering of this blundering expreffion. It is a
fly infinuation that length of years, and the being much backnied in the rways of men, as Sbakefpeare expreffes it, take off the giofs of virtue, and bring much defilement on the manners. Q4 For

Dogb. Comparifons are odorous : palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.
Dogb. It pleafes your worfhip to fay fo, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to beftow it all of your worthip.
Leon All thy tedioufnefs on me, ha ?
Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thoufand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your worhip as of any man in the city; and tho' I be but a peor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And fo am I.
Leon. I wonld fain know what you have to fay.
Verg. Marry, Sir, our Watch to night, excepting your Worhip's prefence, hath ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Mefina.

Dogb. A good old man, Sir; he will be talking, as they fay; when the age is in, the wit is out; God help us, it is a world to fee-well faid, i'faith, neighbour Verges-well, he's a good man *; an two men ride an horfe, one muft ride behind-an honeft foul, i'faith, Sir , by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worfhipp'd; all men are not alike, alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too fhort of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.
Leon. I muft leave you.

For, as a great Wit fays, Youtb $^{\text {o }}$ the Senfon of Virtue; corruptions grow with jears, and 1 lelieze the olddf rogze in England is the greatef. Warburton.

Much of this is true, but I believe Shakeffeare dia not intend to beftow all this reffection on the fpeaker.

4 If two men ride, \&c.] This
is not out of place, or without meaning. Do3berry, in his vanity of fuperiour parts, apologiving for his neighbour, obferves, that, of two nizen on a borfi, ore muft ride belind. The fir $\beta$ place of rank, or undertancing, can belong but to one, and that happy one ought not to defciife his inferiour.

Dogb.

Dogb. One word, Sir ; our Watch have, indeed, comprehended two aufpicious perfons; and we would have them this morning examin'd before your Worfhip.

Leon. Take their examination yourfelf, and bring it me; I am now in great hafte, as may appear unto you.
Dogb. It fhall be fuffigance.
Leen. Drink fome wine ere you go : fare you well.

## Enter a Meffenger:

Mef. My lord, they ftay for you to give your daughter to her hufband.
Leon. I'll wait upon them. I am ready.
[Exeunt Leonato.
Dogb. Go, good Partner, go get you to Francis Seacoale, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examine thofe men.

Verg. And we mult do it wifely.
Dogb. We will fpare for no wit, I warrant; here's That [toucbing bis forebead] fhall drive fome of them to a non come. Only get the learned writer to fet down our excommunication, and meet me at the Jail.
[Exeunt.

## A C T

## ACTIV. SCENEI.

## $A$ CHURCH.

Enter D. Pedro, D. John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

## Leonato.

$C$O M E, friar Francis, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage, and you fhall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.
Leon. To be marry'd to her, Friar. You come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this Count.

Hero. I do.
Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you fhould not be conjoin'd, I charge you on your fouls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Fiero?
Hero. None, my Lord.
Friar. Know you any, Count?
Leon. I dare make his anfwer, none.
Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what
Men daily do! not knowing what they do !
Bene. How now! Interjections? why, then ${ }^{5}$ fome be of laughing, as, ha, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar: father, by your leave, Will you with free and unconftrained foul

5 Some be of laugbing.] This is a quotation from the Accidence. Give

Give me this maid your daughter?
Leon. As freely, fon, as God did give her me.
Claud. And what have I to give you back, whofe worth
May counterpoife this rich and precious gift ?
Pedro. Nothing, unlefs you render her again.
Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulnefs :
There, Leonato, take her back again; Give not this rotten orange to your friend. She's but the fign and femblance of her honour : Behold, how like a maid fhe blufhes here! O, what authority and fhew of truch Can cunning fin cover itfelf withal!
Comes not that blood, as modeft evidence, To witnefs fimple virtue? would you not fwear, All you that fee her, that the were a maid, By thefe exterior fhews? but fhe is none: She knows the heat of a luxurious bed ${ }^{6}$; Her blufh is guiltinefs, not modefty.

Leon. What do you mean, my Lord ?
Claud. Not to be marry'd,
Not to knit my foul to an approved Wanton.
Leon. Dear my Lord, if you in your own approof? Have vanquifh'd the refiftance of her youth, And made defeat of her virginity

Claud. I know what you would fay. If I have known her,
${ }^{6}$ - luxurious bed; ;] That is, lafcivious. Luxury is the confeffor's term for unlawful pleafures of the fex.

7 Dear my Lord, if you in your - orun Proof ] I am furpriz'd, the Poetical Editors did not obferve the Lamenefs of this Verfe. It evidently wants a Syllable in the laft Foot, which I have reftor'd by a Word, which, I pre.
fume, the firf Editors might hefitate at ; tho' it is a very proper one, and a Word elfewhere ufed by our Author. Befides, in the Paffage under Examination, this Word comes in a moft neceffarily, as Claudio had faid in the line immediately preceding ;

Not knit my Soul to an approved Wanton.

Theobald.
You'll

## MUCH. ADO

You'll fay, the did embrace me as a hufband,
And fo extenuate the forehand lin.
No, Leoneto,
I never tempted her with word too large ${ }^{8}$;
But, as a brother to his fifter, thew'd
Bafhful fincerity, and comely love.
Hero. And feem'd I ever otherwife to you?
Claud. Out on thy Seeming! I will write againft it ${ }^{9}$ :
You feem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chafte as is the bud ${ }^{1}$ ere it be blown :
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or thofe pamper'd animals
That rage in favage fenfuality.
Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth fpeak fo wide?
Leon. Sweet Prince, why fpeak not you?
Pedro. What fhould I fpeak?
I ftand difhonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common Stale.
Leon. Are thefe things fpoken, or do I but dream;
70 bn . Sir, they are fpoken, and the fe things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a Nuptial.
Hero. True! O God!
Claud. Leonato, ftand I here?
Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's Brother ?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own;
Leon. All this is fo; but what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one queftion to your daughter,
And, by that fatherly and kindly power ${ }^{2}$
That you have in her, bid her anfwer truly.

8 - word too large; ] So he ufes large jefts in this play, for licentious, not refirained witbin due bounds.
? _-I rwill write arainf it:] What? a libel ? nonfenfe. We fhould read, I will' RATE againf. $i t$, i. e. sail or revile.

Warburton.

As to fulfcribe to any thing is to allow it, fo to rurite againft. is to difallow or deny.
${ }^{1}$ _ chafte as the bud ] Before the air has tafted its fweetnés.

- kindly porwer ] That is, natural power. Kind is nature.

Leon. I charge thee do fo, as thou art my child. Hero. O God defend me, how am I befet
What kind of catechizing call you this?
Cloud. To make you anfwer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not Hero? who can blot that name
With any juft reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero herfelf can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yefternight Out at your window betwixt twelve and one? Now, if you are a maid, anfwer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my Lord.
Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden. Leonato,
I am forry, you mult hear; upon mine Honour, Myfelf, my Brother, and this grieved Count Did fee her, hear her, at that hour laft night,
Talk wich a ruffian at her chamber window; Who hath, indeed, moft like a liberal villain 3,
Confefs'd the vile encounters they have had
A thoufand times in fecret.
Fobn. Fie, fie, they are not to be nam'd, my Lord. Not to be fpoken of;
There is not chaflity enough in ianguage,
Without offence, to utter them: thus, pretty lady, I am forry for thy much mifgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadft thou been ${ }^{4}$,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd About the thoughts and counfels of thy heart?
But fare thee well, moft foul, moot fair! farewel, Thou pure impiety, and impious purity ! For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love, And on my eyelids fhall Conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm;

[^54]
## illiberal.

4 I am afraid here is intended a poor conceit upon the word

And never fhall it more be gracious.
Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
Beat. Why, how now, Coufin, wherefore fink, you down?
Fobn. Come, let us go; thefe things, come thus to light,
Smother her fpirits up.
[Exeunt D. Pedro, D. John and Claud.

$$
S \subset E N E I I .
$$

Bene. How doth the lady?
Beat. Dead, I think; help, uncle.
Hero! why, Hero! uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!
Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand;
Death is the faireft cover for her fhame,
That may be wifh'd for.
Beat. How now, coufin Hero?
Friar. Have comfort, Lady.
Leon. Doft thou look up?
${ }^{\text {Ir }}$ riar. Yea, wherefore fhould fhe not?
Leon. Wherefore? why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry fhame upon her? could fhe here deny The ftory that is printed in her bloods?
Do not live, Hero, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think, thou wouldft not quickiy die,
Thought I, thy fpirits were ftronger than thy fhames, Myfelf would on the rereward of reproaches Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid 1 for That at frugal nature's frame ${ }^{6}$ ?


Cbid I for That at frugal na: ture's FRAME? I've one too much by thee. -] The meaning of the fecond line, according to the prefent reading, is this, Chid I at frugal nature that

## ABOUTNOTHING.

I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?
Why ever waft thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's iffue at my gates?
Who fmeered thus, and mird with infamy,
I might have faid, no part of it is mine ;
This fhame derives itfelf from unknown loins. But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd, And mine that I was proud on ${ }^{7}$, mine fo much, That I myfelf was to myfelf not mine, Valuing of her; why, fhe, -- O, fhe is fall'n Into a pit of ink, that the wide fea Hath drops too few to wafh her clean again;
that Be font me a girl and not a boy?. But this is not what he chid nature for; if he himfelf may be believed, it was becaufe The had given him but one: and in that he owns he did foolifhly, for he now finds he had one too much. He called her frugal, therefore, in giving him but one child (for to call her fo becaufe fhe chofe to fend a girl, rather than a boy, would be ridiculous). So that we muft certainly read,

Cbid I for this at frugal nature's'FRAINE, i. e. refraine, or keeping back ber further favours, fopping ber band, as we Say, when She bad given bim one. But the Oxford Editor has, in his ufual way, improved this amendment, by fubftituting band for 'fraine.

Warburton.
Though frame be not the word which appears to a reader of the prefent time moft proper to exhibit the poet's fentiment, yet it may as well be ufed to frew that he had one cbile, and nomore, as that he had a girl, not a boy; and
as it may eafily fignify the fijfeme of things, or univerfal fibeme. the whole order of beings is comprehended, there arifes no difficulty from it which requires to be removed by fo violent an effort as the introduction of a new word offenfively mutilated.
${ }^{7}$ But mine, AND mine I low'd. AND mine I prais'd,
And mine tbat $I$ was proud on, $\quad]$ The fenfe requires that we hould read As, in thefe three places. The reafoning of the fpeaker ftands thus, - Had this been my adopted shild, this flame would not barje rebounded on me. But this child was mine; As mine, I lowed ber, praised ber, was proud of ber: conjequently, as I claimed the glory, I muft needs be fubjected to the frame, \&c.

Warburton.
Fiven of this fmall alteration there is no need. The fpeaker utters his emotion abruptly. But mine, and mine that 1 loved, \&c. by an ellipfis frequent, perhaps too frequent, both in verfe and profe.

And falt too little, which may feafon give
To her foul tainted flefh !
Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient;
For my part, I amfoattir'd in wonder,
I know not what to fay.
Beat. O, on my foul, my coufin is bely'd.
Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow laft night?
Beat. No, truly, not ; altho' until lait night
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, That is ftronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
Would the two Princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who lov'd her fo, that, fpeaking of her foulnefs,
Wafh'd it with tears? hence from her, let her die.
Friar. Hear me a little,
For I have only been filent fo long,
And given way unto this courfe of fortune, By noting of the lady. I have mark'd A theufand blufhing apparitions
To ftart into her face; a thoufand innocent fhames
In angel whitenefs bear away thofe blufhes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that thefe Princes hold Againit her maiden truth. Call me a fool, Truft not my reading, nor my obfervations, Which with experimental feal do warrant The tenour of my book; truft not my age, My reverence, calling, nor divinity, If this fweet lady lie not guiltlefs here Under fome biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be;
Thou feeft, that all the grace, that the hath left, Is, that fhe will not add to her damnation A fin of perjury; fhe not denies it : Why feek't thou then to cover with excufe That, which appears in proper makednefs?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of ${ }^{\text {? }}$ ?
Hero. They know, that do accufe me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modefty doth warrant,
Let all my fins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yefternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refufe me, hate me, torture me to death.
Friar. There is fome trange mifprifion in the Princes.
Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour?,
And if their wirdoms be mif-led in this,
The Practice of it lives in fobn the baftard,
Whofe fprics toil in frame of villanies.
Leon. I know not: if they fpeak but truth of her,
Thefe hands fhall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudeft of them fhail well hear of it.
Time hath not yet fo dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age fo eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made fuch havock of my means,
${ }^{s}$ Friar. Lady, whbat man is be you are accus'd of?] The friar had juft betore boafted his great fkill in fifing out the truth. And indeed, he appears, by this queftion, to be no fool. He was by, all the while at the accufation, and heard no names menti ned. Why then fhould he afk her what man fhe was accufed of ? But in this lay the fubtuly of his examination. For had Hero been guilty, it was very probable that, in that hurry and confurion of fpirits, into which the terrible infult of her lover had thrown her, fne would never have obferved that the man's name was not mentioned ; and fo , on this queftion, have
betrayed herfelf by naming the perfon the was confcious of an affair with. The friar obferved this, and fo concluded, that were fhe guilty the would probably fall into the trap he laid for her. -I only take notice of this to fhew how admirably well Sbakefpeare knew how to fuftain his characters. Warburton. 9 _bent of bonour,] Bent is ufed by our author for the utmoft degree of any paffion or mental quality. In this play before, Benedick fayo of Beatrice, ber offecion bas its full bert. The expreffion is derived from archery; the bow has its bent when it is drawn as far as it can be.

R
Nor

Nor my bad life reft me fo much of friends, But they fhall find awak'd, in fuch a kind,
Both ftrength of limb, and policy of mind, Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.
Friar. Paufe a while,
And let my counfel fway you in this cafe.
Your daughter here the U'rinces left for dead ';
Let her awhile be fecretly kept in,
And publifh it, that fhe is dead, indeed:
Maintain a mourning ${ }^{2}$ oftentation,
And on your family's old Monument
Hang mournful Epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.
Leon. What fhall become of this? what will this do? Friar. Marry, this, well carry'd, fhall on her be half
Change flander to remorfe; that is fome good :
But not for that dream I on this ftrange courfe,
But on this travail look for greater birth:
She dying, as it muft be fo maintain'd, Upon the inftant that fhe was accus'd, Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd, Of every hearer: for it fo falls out, That what we have we prize not to the worth, Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and loft, Why, then we reck the value; then we find The virtue that poffefion would not fhew us Whilft it was ours; fo will it fare with Claudio:
${ }^{1}$ In former copies,
Your Daughter bere the Princefs (left for dead;] But how comes Hero to fart up a Princefs here? We have no Intimation of her Father being a Prince; and this is the firft and only Time that She is complimented with this Dignity. The Remotion of a fingle Letter, and of the Parentbefis, will bring her
to her own Rank, and the Place to its true Meaning.

Your Daugbter bere the Princes left for dead;
i. e. Don Peáro, Prince of Arragon; and his Paftard Brother who is likewife called a Prince.

Theobald.
2 _offeritation,] Show; appearance.

When he thall hear fhe dy'd upon his words, 'Th' idea of her Life fhall lweetly creep
Into his ftudy of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit; More moving, delicate, and full of life, Into the eye and profpect of his foui. Than when'fhe liv'd indeed. Then fhall he mourn, If ever love had intereft in his liver, And wifh, he had not fo accufed her; No, though he thought his accufation true: Let this be fo, and doubt not, but fuccefs
Will fafhion the event in better fhape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all Aim but this be levell'd falfe,
The fuppofition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And, if it fort not well, you may conceal her,
As beft befits her wounded reputation,
In fome reclufive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.
Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advife you:
And though you know, my inwardnefs and love
Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As fecretly and juftly as your foul
Should with your body.
Leon. Being that I How in grief,
The fmalleft twine may lead me ${ }^{3}$.
Friar. 'Tis well confented, prefently away;
For to ftrange fores, ftrangely they ftrain the cure.
> ${ }^{5}$ The Smallef twine may lead me.] This is one of our author's obfervations upon life. Men over-powered with diftrefs eagerly liften to the firt offers of relief, clofe with every
fcheme, and believe every promife. He that has no longer any confidence in himfelf, is giad to repofe his truft in any other that will undertake to guide him.

Come, lady, die to live ; this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd in haye patience and endure.

$$
S \quad C \quad E \quad N \quad \mathrm{HI}^{4} \text {. }
$$

## Manent Benedick and Beatrice.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?
Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.
Bene. I will not defire that.
Beat. You have no reafon, I do it freely.
Bene. Surely, I do believe, your fair coufin is wrong'd.
Beat. Ah, how much might the man deferve of me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to Thew fuch friendfhip?
Beat. A very even way, but no fuch friend.
Bene. May a man do it?
Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.
Bene. I do love nothing in the world fo well as you; is not that ftrange?

Beat. As ftrange as the thing I know not; it were as poffible for me to fay, I loved nothing fo well as you; but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I con-

4 SCEN EIII.] The poet, in my opinion, has fhewn a great deal of addrefs in this fcene. Beatrice here engages her lover to revenge the injury done her coufin Hero: And without this very natural incident, confidering the character of Beatrice, and that the fory of her Paffion for Benedick was all a fable, The could never have been eafily or naturally brought to confers fhe loved him, notwithftanding all the foregoing preparation. And
yet, on this confeffion, in this very place, depended the whole fuccefs of the plot upon her and Benedick. For had fhe not owned her love here, they muft have foon found out the trick, and then the defign of bringing them together had been defeated; and The would never have owned a paffion the had been only tricked into, had not her defire of revenging her coufin's wrong made her drop her capricious humourat once.
fefs nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am forrry for my coufin.

Bene. By my fword, Beatrice, thou lov'ft me.
Beat. Do not fwear by it, and eat it.
Bene. I will fwear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that fays, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word ?
Bene. With no fauce that can be devis'd to it; I proteft, Hove thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me.
Bene. What offence, fweet Beatrice?
Beat. You have ftay'd me in a happy hour; I was a'our to proteft, I lov'd you.
Bene. And do it with all thy heart.
Beat. I love you with fo much of my heart, that none is left to proteft.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.
Bect. Kill Claudio.
Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.
Beat. You kill me to deny ; farewel.
Bene. Tarry, fweet Beatrice.
Beat. I am gone, tho' I ant here; there is no love in you; nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,
Beat. In faith, I will go.
Bene. We'll be friends firt.
Beat. You dare eafier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy ?
Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath flander'd, fcorn'd, difhonour'd my kinfwoman!. O, that I were a man! what! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with publick accufation, uncover'd nander, unmitigated rancourO God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Bealrice.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window? - a proper faying!

Bene. Nay, but Beatrice.
Beat. Sweet Hero! fhe is wrong'd, fhe is flander'd, the is undone.

Berze. Beat
Beat Princes and Counts ! furely, a princely tellimony, a goodly count-comfect, a fweet gallant, lurely! O that I were a man for his fake! Or that I had any friend would be a man for my fake! but manhood is melted into curtefies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lye, and fwears it: I cannot be a man with wifhing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice; by this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Ufe it for my love fome other way than fwearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your foul, the Count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

- Beat. Yea, as fure as I have a thought or a foul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd; I will challenge him, I will kifs your hand, and fo leave you; by this hand, Cloudio fhall render me a dear account; as you hear of me, fo think of me; go comfort your coufin; I muft fay, The is dead, and to farewel.
[Exeunt.

S C E N E IV. Cbanges to a Prifon.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, the Town Clerk and Sexton in Gorens.

To. Cl. IS our whole diffembly appear'd ?
Dogb. O, a ftool and a culhion for the texton!

Sexion. Which be the malefactors?
Verg. Marry, that am I and my Partner.
Dogb. Nay, that's certain, we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd ? let them come before mafter conftable.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, let them come before me; what is your name, friend?

Bora. Boracbio.
To. Cl. Pray, write down, Boracbio. Yours, Sirrah?
Conr. I am a gentleman, Sir, and my name is Conrade.

To. Cl. Write down, maiter gentleman Conrade; mafters, do you ferve God?

Both. Yea, Sir, we hope ${ }^{5}$.
To. Cl. Write down, that they hope they ferve God : and write God firft : for God defend, but God fould go before fuch villains - Mafters, it is proved already that you are little better than falfe knaves, and it will go near to be thought fo fhortly; how anfwer you for yourfelves ?

Conr. Marry, Sir, we fay, we are none.
To. Cl. A marvellous witty fellow, I affure you, but I will go about with him. Come you hither, firrah, a word in your ear, Sir; I fay to you, it is thought you are both falfe knaves.

Bora. Sir, 1 fay to you, we are none.
To. Cl. Well, ftand afide; 'fore God, they are both in a tale; have you writ down, that they are none?

Sexton, Mafter town clerk, you go not the way to

FBoth. Yea, Sir, we bope.
To. Cl. Write doun that they bope they fereve God: and wurite God firft; for God def end, but Gcd Bould go before fuch V llains; -1 This thort Pafiage, which is truly humou:ous and in character, I
have added from the old Quarto. Befides, it fupplies a Defect : for, without it, the Torwn Clerk afks a Queftion of the Prifoners, and goes on without flaying for any Anfwer to it.

Theobald.

examine, you muft call the watch that are their acculers.
${ }^{6}$ To. Cl. Yea, marry, that's the defteft way, let the Watch come forth; matters, I charge you in the Prince's name accule thefe men.

## Enter Watchmer.

I Watch. This man faid, Sir, that Don Fobn the Prince's brother was a villain.

To. Cl. Write down, Prince Jobn a villain; why this is flat perjury, to call a Prince's brother villain.

Bora. Mafter town-clerk - ......
To. Cl. Pray thee, fellow, Peace; I do not like thy look, I promife thee.

Sexton. What heard you him fay elfe ?
2 Watch. Marry, that he had receiv'd a thnufand ducats of Don Jobn, for accufing the lady Hero wrongfully.

To. Cl. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.
Dogb. Yea, by th' mafs, that it is.
Sexton. What elfe, fellow?
1 Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon
${ }^{6}$ To. Cl. Yea, marry, that's the eafieft Way, let the Watch come furtb.] This, eafieft, is a Sophificication of our modern Editors, who were at a Lofs to make out the corrupted Reading of the old Copies. The Quarto, in $1 \notin \mathrm{oa}$, and the firft and fecond Editions in Folio all concur in reading ;
Yea, marry, that's the efteft zeay, \&c.
A Letter happen'd to flip out at Prefs in the firft Edition ; and 'twas too hard a Tafk for the fub. fequent Editors to put it in, or
guefs at the word under this accidental Depravation. There is no doubt, but the Author wrote, as I have reltor'd the Text;

Yea, marry, that's the defteft way, \&c.
i. e. the rearing, moft commodious Way. The word is pure Sax: n. Deaflice, debite, congrue, duely, filly. Hesæffiche, opportune, ccmmodit, fitly, conveniently, feafonably, in good time, commodioufly

Vid. Spelman's Saxon. Gloff. Theobald.
his words, to difgrace Hero before the whole affembly, and not marry her.

To. Cl. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlatting redemption for this.

Sexton. What elfe?
2 Watch. This is all.
Sexton. And this is more, mafters, than you can deny. Prince Fobn is this morning fecretly ftoll'n away: Hero was in this manner accus'd, and in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this fuddenly dy'd. Mafter Conitable, let thefe men be bound and brought to Leonato; I will cro before, and fhew him their examination.

Dogb. Come let them be opinion'd. Sexton. Let them be in hand ?

> 7 Sexton. Let them be in the bands of Coxcomb.] So the Editions. Mr. Tbeobald gives the words to Conrade, and fays, But why the Sexton fhould be fo pert upon bis Brotber Officers, there feems no reefon from any Jule erisr qualifications in bim; or any fuf. picion be Serws of knowing their ignorance. This is frange. The Sexton throughout thews as good fenfe in their Examiration as any Judge upon the bench could do. And as to bis Su/picion of their ignorance, he tells the Townclerk That be goes not the rway to examine. The meannefs of his name hindered our Editor from feeing the Goodneís of his Senfe. But this Sextonwas an Ecclefiaftic of one of the inferior Orders called the Sacriffan, and not a Brotber Officer, as the Editor calls him. I luppofe the book from whence the Poet took his fubject was fome old Engli/b novel tranflated from the ltalian, where
the word Sagriftano was rendered Sexton. As in Fairfax's Godjiey of Boulogne.

When Phcebus next unclos'd his wakeful fye,
Up role the SEXTON of that place prophane.
The paffage then in queftion is to be read thus,

Sexton. Let them be in bend.
(Exit.
Conr. Off, Coxicomb!
Dagberry would have them pinion'd. The Sexion fays, it was fufficient if they were kept in fafe cuftiody, and then goes out. When one of the watchmen comes up to bind them, Conrade fays, Off, Coxcomb! as he fays afterwards to the Confabie, Away ! you are an ofs.- But the Editor adds, Tbe old Quarto gave me the frift umbrag for plucing it to Conrade. What there words mean I don't know: But I fufpeit the old Quarto divides the paffage as I have done. Warb.

There

Comr Off, Coxcomb.
Dogb. God's my life, where's the Sexton? let him write down the Prince's officer Coxcomb: come, bind them, thou naughty varlet.

Conr. Away! you are an afs, you are an afs
Dogb Doft thou not fufpect my place? doft thou not fufpect my years? O that he were here to write me down an als! but, maflers, remember, that I am an als; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an afs; no, thou villain, thou art tull of piety, as fhall be prov'd upon thee by good witnefs; I am a wife fellow, and which is more, an officer; and which is more, an houfholder; and which is more, as pretty a piece of flefh as any in Mefina, and one that knows the law: go to, and a rich fellow enough; go to, and a fellow that hath had loffes; and one that hath two gowns, and evcry thing handfome about him; bring him away; O, that I had been writ down an als! -
[Exeunt.

## A C T V. S C E NE I.

> Before Leonato's Houfe.
> Enter Leonato and Antonio.
ANTONIO.

IF you go on thus, you will kill yourfelf; And 'tis not wifdom thus to fecand grief Againft yourfelf.

Leon. I pray thee, ceafe thy counfel, Which falls into mine ears as profitlefs As water in a fieve; give not me counfel, Nor let no Comforter delight mine ear,

There is nothing in the old quartodifferent in this fcene from the common copies, except that the names of two actors, Kempe
and Cooley, are placed at the beginning of the fpeeches, inflead of the proper words.

## ABOUT NOTHING.

But fuch a one whofe wrongs do fuite with mine. Bring me a father, that folov'd his child, Whofe joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine, And bidhim fpeak of patience;
Mieafure his woe the length and breadth of mine, And let it anfwer every ftrain for ftrain: As thus for thus, and fuch a grief for fuch, In every lineament, branch, flape and form. If fuch a one will fmile and ftroke his beard ${ }^{5}$, And, Sorrow wag! cry; hem, when he fhould groan; Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wafters; bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience. But there is no fuch man; for, brother, men Can counfel, and give comfort to that grief


Which they themfelves not feel; but tafting ir, Their counfel turns to paffion, which before Would give preceptial medicine to rage ; Fetter ftrong madnefs in a filken thread;
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all mens office to fpeak patience
To thofe, that wring under the load of forrow;
But no man's virtue, nor fufficiency,
To be fo moral, when he fhall endure
The like himfelf; therefore give me no counfel ;
My griefs cry louder than advertifenent ?
Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ. Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flefh and blood; For there was never yet philofopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the ftyle of Gods ${ }^{1}$, And made a pifh at chance and fufferance ${ }^{2}$.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourfelf:
Make thofe, that do offend you, fuffer too.
Leon. There thou fpeak'ft reafon; nay, I will do fo. My foul doth tell me, Hero is bely'd;
And that Thall Claudio know, fo fhall the Prince; And all of them, that thus difhonour her.

## SCENE II.

## Enter Don Pedro, and Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and Cloudio haftily.
Pedro. Good den, good den.

[^55]

Claud. Good day to both of you.
Leon. Hear you, my lords ?
Pedro. We have fome hafte, Leonato.
Leon. Some-hafte, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord.
Are you fo hafty now ? well, all is one.
Pedro. Nay, do not quarre! with us, good old man. Ant. If he could right himfelf with quarrelling,
Some of us would lye low.
Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry, thou doft wrong me, thou diffembler, thou!
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy fword, I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, befhrew my hand,
If it fhould give your age fuch caufe of fear;
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my fword.
Leon. Tufh, lufh, man, never Heer and jeft at me;
I fpeak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou haft fo wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruife of many days,
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man ;
I fay, thou haft bely'd mine innocent child,
Thy flander hath gone through and through her heart,
And fhe lyes bury'd with her anceftors,
O , in a tomb where never fcandal flept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany!'
Claud. My villany?
Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I fay.
Pedro. You fay not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare ;
Defpight his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of luftyhood.

Claud. A way, I will not have to do with you.
Leon. ${ }^{3}$ Canft thou fo daffe me? thou haft kill'd my child;
If thou kill'ft me, boy, thou fhalt kill a man.
Ailt. He fhall kill two of us, and men indeed;
But that's no matter, let him kill one firf;
Win me and wear me, let him anfwer me;
Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me; Sir boy, l'll whip you from your foining fence; Nay, as Iam a gentlemian, I will.

Leon. Brother,
Ant. Content yourfelf; God knows, I lov'd my Niece;
And fhe is ciead, flander'd to death by villaing, That dare as well anfiwer a man, indeed, As I dare take a ferpent by the tongue. Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkfops!

Leon. Brother Antbony
Ant. Hold you content; what, man? I know them;
yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmof fcruple : Scambling, out facing, falhion monging boys,
? Canf Thou jo daffe me? -] This is a Country Word, Mr. Pope telis us, fignifying, daunt. It may be fo; but that is not the Expolition here: To daffe, and diffic are fynonymous Terms, that mean, to fut off: which is the very Senfe requir'd here, and what Leonato would rep'y, upon Claudio's faying, He would have nothing to do with him.

Theorald.
${ }^{4}$ Ant. He fivall kill two if us, \&c.] This Brotber Antbony is the truent piture imaginable of human nature. He had affumed the Character of a Sage to comfort his Brother, o'er-
whe!m'd with grief for his only daughter's affront and difhonour; and had feverely reproved him for not commanding his paffion better on fo trying an occafion. Yet, immediately after this, no fooner does he begin to fufpect that his Age and Valour are nlighted, but he falls into the molt intemperate fit of rage him: felf : and all his Brother can do or fay is not of power to pacify him. This is copying nature with a penetration and exactnefs of judgment peculiar to Sbakejpeare. As to the expreffion, $\mathrm{toO}_{3}$ of his paffion, nothing can be more highly painted. Warb.

## ABOUT NOTHING.

That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and nander, Go antickly and how an outward hideoufnefs, And fpeak off half a dozen dangerous words, How they might hurt their enemies, if they durft; And this is all.

Leon. Bur, brother Anthony, Ant. Come, 'tis no matter :
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.
Pedro. Gendemen both, we will' not s wake your patience.
My heart is forry for your daughter's death; But, on my Honour, he was charg'd with nothing But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord
Pedro. I wiil not hear you.
Leon. No! come, brother, away, I will be heard. Ant. And finall, or fome of us will fmart for it. Ex. ambo.
S C E N E III.

Enter Benedick.
Pedro. See, fee, here comes the man we went to feek. Claud. Now Signior, what news ? Bene. Good day, my lord.

5 -rve wil!! not wake jour paitience.] This conveys a fentiment that the fpeaker would by no means have implied, That the patience of the two Old men was not exercifed, but alleep, which upbraids them for infenfibility under their wrong. Sbakcfpeare mult have wrote -We will not wrack, i. e. deftroy your patience by tantalizing you. Warburton. This emendation is very fpe-
cious, and perhaps is sight ; yet the prefent reading may admit a congruous meaning with lefs dificulty than many other of Sbainespeare's expreffions.

The old men have been both very angry and outrageous; the Prince tells them that he and Claucio will not wake their patience: will not any longer force them to endure the prelence of thofe whom, though they look on them as enemies, theycannot refift.

Pedro.

Pedro. Welcome, Signior ; you are almoft come to part almoft a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two nofes fnapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. Leonato and his brother ; what think'ft thou? had we fought, I doubt, we fhould have been too young for them.

Bene. In a falfe quarrel there is no true valour : I came to feek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to feek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: wilt thou ufe thy wit?

Bene. It is in my feabbard; fhall I draw it?
Pedro. Doft thou wear thy wit by thy fide?
Claud. Never any did fo, though very many have been befide their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minftrels; draw, to pleafure us.,

Pedro. As I am an honeft man, he looks pale : art thou fick or angry?

Claud. What ? courage, man : what tho' care kill'd a cat, thou haft mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I fhall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it againft me-I pray you, chufe another fubject.

Claud. Nay then give him another ftaff; this laft was broke crofs ${ }^{6}$.

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think, he be angry, indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle ${ }^{7}$.
Bene. Shall I fpeak a word in your ear ?
Claud. God blefs me from a challenge!
Bene. You are a villain; I jeft not. I will make it

[^56]goud how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will proteft your cowardife. You have kill'd a fweet lady, and her death fhall fall heavy on you, Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, fo I may have good cheer.

Pedro. What, a feaft?
Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calves-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve moft curiounly, fay, my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes eafily.
Pedro. I'll tell thee, how Bcatrice prais'd thy wit the other day: I faid, thou hadft a fine wit; right, fays. The, a fine little one; no, faid I, a great wit; juft, faid fhe, a great grofs one; nay, faid I, a good wit; juft, faid fhe, it hurts no body; nay, faid I, the gentleman is wife; certain, faid fhe, $a^{8}$ wife gentleman; nay, faid I, he hath the tongues; that I believe, faid fhe, for he fwore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forfiwore on Tuefday morning; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did fhe an hour together tranf-fhape thy particular virtues; yet, at laft, she concluded with a figh, thou waft the propereft man in Italy.

Claud. For the which fhe wept heartily, and faid, the car'd not.

Pedro. Yea, that the did; but yet for all that, and if the did not hate him deadly, the would love him dearly ; the old man's daughter told us all.

Cleud. All, all; and moreover, God Sawe bim when be was bid in the garder.

8 a ruife gentleman;] This jeft depending on the colloquial ufe of words is now obfcure ; perhaps we fhoúld read, a wife gentle man, or a man wife
enough to be cowvard. Perhaps ruife gentleman was in that age ufed ironically, and always flood for filly fellow.

Pedro. But when fhall we fet the favage bull's horns on the fenfible Benedick's head.

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, Here dwells Benedick the married man ?

Bene. Fare you well, boy, you know my mind ; I will leave you now to your goffip-like humour; you break jefts as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thank'd, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtefies I thank you; I muft difcontinue your company; your brother, the baftard, is fled from. Meffina; you have among you kill'd a fweet and innocent lady. For my lord lack-beard there, he and I thall meet; and 'till then, peace be with him! [Exit Benedick.

Pedro. He is in earneft.
Claud. In moft profound earneft, and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee ?
Claud. Moft fincerely.
Pedro. ${ }^{\circ}$ What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hofe, and leaves off his wit!

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## Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade and Borachio

guarded.
Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to fuch a man.

Pedro. But, foft you, let me fee, pluck up my heart and be fad; did he not fay my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, Sir ; if juftice cannot tame you.

[^57]to which this well turn'd expreffon alludes. The thought is, that love makes a man as ridiculous, and expoles him as naked as being in the doublet and hore withour a cloak. Warburton.
the fhall ine'er weigh more reafons in her balance; nay, an you be a curfing hypocrite once, you muft be look'd to.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound ? Boracbio, one?
Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.
Pedro. Officers, what offence have thefe men done?
Dogb. Marry, Sir, they have committed falie report; moreover, they have fpoken untruths; fecon-, darily, they are ीanders; fixth and laftiy, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verify'd unjuft things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Pedro. Firf, I afk thee what they have done; thirdly, I afk thee what's their offence; fixth and laftly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge ?

Claud. Rightly reafon'd, and in his own divifion; and by my troth, there's one meaning well fuited ${ }^{1}$.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, mafters, that you are thus bound to your anfwer? This learned conftable is too cunning to be underftood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no further to mine anfwer: do you hear me, and let this Count kill me: I have deceiv'd even your very eyes; what your wifdoms could not difcover, thefe fhallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confeffing to this man, how Don Jobn your brother incens'd me to flander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and faw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you difgrac'd her, when you fhould marry her; my villany they have upon record, which 1 had rather feal with my death, than repeat over to my fhame; the lady is dead upon mine

[^58]Pedro. Runs not this fpeech like iron through your blood?
Claud. I have drunk poifon, while he utter'd it.
Pedro. But did my brother fet thee on to this ?
Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.
Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery;
And fied he is upon this villany.
Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear In the rare femblance that I lov'd it firft.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time, our Sexton hath reform'd Signior Leonato of the matter; and, mafters, do not forget to fpecify, when time and place fhall ferve, that 1 am an afs.

Verg. Here, here comes mafter Signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

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## Enter Leonato arid Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me fee his eyes; That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him ; which of thefe is he ?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.
Leon. Art thou, art thou the flave, that with thy breath
Haft kill'd mine innocent child ?
Bora. Yea, even I alone.
Leon. No, not fo, villain; thou bely'ft thyfelf; Here ftand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it :
I thank you, Princes, for my daughter's death; Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.
Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,

Yet I muft fpeak : chufe your revenge yourfelf;
Impofe me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my fin; yet finn'd I not,
But in miftaking.
Pedro. By my foul, nor I;
And yet, to fatisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight,
That he'll enjoin me to.
Leon. You cannot bid my daughter live again,
That were impoffible; but, I pray you both,
Poffefs the People in Mefina here,
How innocent the dy'd; and if your love
Can labour aught in fad invention,
Hang her an Epitaph upon her tomb,
And fing it to her bones: Sing it to-night;
To-morrow morning come you to my houfe,
And fince you could not be my fon-in-law,
Be yet my nephew; my brother hath a daughter,
Almof the copy of my child that's dead,
And fhe alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the Right you fhould have given her Coufin,
And fo dies my revenge.
Claud. O noble Sir!
Your over-kindnefs doth wring tears from me:
I do embrace your offer: and difpofe
For henceforth of poor Claudio.
Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your Coming.
To night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.
Bora. No. by my foul he was not;
Nor knew not what fhe did, when the fpoke to me. But always hath been juft and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.
Dogb. Moreover, Sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me afs: I befeech you, let it be remembred in his
punifh-
punifhment; and alfo the watch heard them talk of one Dcformed: they fay, he wears ${ }^{2}$ a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath us'd fo long, and never paid, that now men grow hard hearted, and will lend nothing for God's fake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honeft pains. Dogb. Your Worfnip fpeaks like a moft thankful and reverend youth ; and I praife God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.
Dogb. God fave the foundation?
Leon. Go, I difcliarge thee of thy prifoner ; and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your Worfhip, which, I befeech your Worfhip to correct yourfelf, for the example of others. God keep your Worfhip; I wifh your Worfhip well: God reftore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wifh'd, God prohibit it. Come, neighbour. [Exeunt.
Leon. Until to-morrow morning, Lords, farewel. Ant. Farewel, my Lords; we look for you tomorrow.
${ }^{2}$ - be rvears a key in bis ear, anit a lock banging by it: and burrows money in (iod's name,] There couid not be a pleafanter ridicule on the falhion, than the confable's defcant on his own blunder. They heard the confoirators fatyrize the fafbion; whom they took to be a man, furnamid, Deformed. This the conitable applies with exquifite humour to the courtiers, in a defcription of one of the moot fantaltical fafions of that time, the men's wearing rings in their cars, and indulging a favourite
lock of hair which was brought before, and tied with ribbons, and called a Love-lock. Againft this fafhion William Prinn wrote his treatife, called, The unlovelynefs of Lorve-locks. To this fantaftick mode Fletcher alludes in his Cupid's Revenge -This $m$ rring I lrought him a new periwig ruith a lock at it -and jonder's a fellosv come bas bored a hole in his ear. And again in his Woman-bater If I could endure an car with a hole in it, or a flatted lock, E ${ }^{\circ} \mathrm{c}$.

Warburton.
Pedro

## ABOUTNOTHING.

Pedro. We will not fail.
Claud. To-night l'il mourn with Hero.
Leon. Bring you thefe fellows on, we'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.
[Exeunt feverally.

## S C E N E VI.

Cbanges to Leonato's Houfe.
Enter Benedick, and Margaret.
Bene. DRA Y thee, fweet Miftrefs Margaret, deferve well at my hands, by helping me.to the fpeech of Beatrice.
Marg. Will you then write me a fonnet in praife of my beauty?
Bene. In fo high a fyyle, Margaret, that no man living thall come over it; for, in moft comely truth, thou deferveft it.
Marg. ${ }^{3}$ To have no Man come over me? why, fhall I always keep below ftairs ?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A moft manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt
> ${ }^{3}$ To bave no Man come over me? why, Ball I always keep below Stairs?] Thus all the printed Copies, but fure, erroneoufly : for all the Jeft, that can lie in the Paffage, is deftroy'd by it. Any Man might come over her, literally fpeaking, if the always kept below Stairs. By the

Correction I have ventur'd to make, Margaret, as I prefume, muft mean, What ! fhall I always keep above Stairs? i. e. Shall I for ever continue a Cbam. bermaid? Theobald. I fuppofe, every reader will find the meaning of the old copies.
a woman ; and fo, I pray thee, call Beatrice; I give thee the bucklers ${ }^{\text {. }}$

Marg. Give us the fwords; we have bucklers of olir own.

Bene. If you ufe them, Margarel, you muft put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [Exit Margaret.

Bene. And therefore will come. [Sings.] The God of love, that fits abore, and knows me, and knows 'me, bore pitiful I deferve, _I mean, in finging; but in loving, Leander the good fwimmer, Troilus the firit employer of pandars, and a whole book full of thefe quondain carpet-mongers, whofe names yet run fmoothly in the even road of a blank verfe; why, they were never fo truly turn'd over and over, as my poor felf, in love; marry, I cannot fhew it in rhime; I have try'd; I can find out no rhime to lady but baby, an innocent's rhime; for 'Scorn, born, a hard rhime; for fcloool, fool, a babling rhime; very ominous endings; no, I vas not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in feftival terms.

## S C E N E.VII.

Enter Beatrice.
Sweet Acstrice, would'ft thou come when I call thee?
Beat. Yea, Signior, and depart when thou bid me.
Bene. O, ftay but 'till then.
Eeat. Then, is fpoken; fare you well now ; and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is,

[^59]
## ABOUTNOTHING.

with knowing what hath paft between you and Claudio.
Bene. Only foul words, and thereupon I will kifs thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noifome; therefore I will depart unkitt.

Bene. Thou hall frighted the word out of its right fenfe, fo forcible is thy wit; but, I muft tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge ; and either I muft fhortly hear from him, or I will fubferibe him a coward; and I pray thee, now tell me, for which of my bad parts didft thou firft fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd fo politick a ftate of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them : but for which of my good parts did you firft fuffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet; I do fuffer love, indeed, for I love thee againft my will.

Beat. In fpight of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart, if you fpight it for my fake, I will fpight it for yours; for I will never love that, which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wife to woo peaceably.
Beat. It appears not in this confeflion; there's not one wife man among twenty that will praife himfelf.

Bene. An old, an old inftance, Beatrice, that liv'd 5 in the time of good neiginbours; if a man do net ereét in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he fhall live no longer in monuments, than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?
Bene. ${ }^{6}$ Queftion? -why, an hour in clamour, and

[^60]a quarter in rhewm ; therefore it is moft expedient for the wife, if Don worm (his confcience), find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myfelf; fo much for prailing myfelf; who, I myfeif will bear witnefs, is praife-worthy; and now tell me, how dath your Coulin?

Beat. Very ill.
Bene. And how do you?
Beat. Very ill too.
Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend ; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in hafte.

## Enter Urfula.

$U_{r} \wp$. Madam, you mult come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home; it is proved, my lady Hero hath beenfalfely accus'd ; the Prince and Claudio mightily abus'd ; and Don fobn is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come prefently ?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, Signior ?
Bene. I will live in thy eyes, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy heart; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle.
[Exeunt.

## S C E N E VIII.

Cbanges to a CHURCH .
Enter Don'Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants with Tapers.

Claud. $\begin{aligned} & \mathrm{S} \text { this the monument of Leonato ? } \\ & \text { Atten. It is, my lord. }\end{aligned}$
there, or what a fooling queftion do you afk. But the Oxford E. ditor; not underlanding this phrafe, contracted into a fingle
word, (of which we have many inftances in Englif) has fairly fruck it out. Warburton.

## ABOUT NOTHING.

## E P I T A P H.

Done to death by Janderous tongues Was the Hero, that bere lies: Death, in guerdon of ber wrongs, Gives ber fame wobich never dies. So the life, that dy'd with Shame, Lives in death with glorious fame. Hang thou there upon the tomb, Praijng ker woben I am dumb.

Claud. Now mufick found, and fing your folemn hymn.

$$
\mathrm{SON} \mathrm{O}
$$

Pardon, Goddefs of the nigbt, Thofe that lew thy virgin knight';
For the wobich, woith fongs of woe, Round about ber tomb they' go.
Midnigbt afjst our mban;
Help us to Jigh and groan
Heavily, beavily;
Graves, yaron and yield your dead,
'Till death, be uttered,
Heavily, beavily.
Claud. Now unto thy bones good night! Yearly will I do this Rite.。

Pedro. Good morrow, mafters, put your torches out ; The wolves have prey'd; and, look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Pbabus, round about
Dapples the drowfy eaft with fpots of grey:
7 Thofe that firw thy virgin be feminine. Helena, in All's Kinight.] Knight, in its origi- well, that ends well, ufes knight nal fignification, means Follower in the fame fignification. or $P_{u p i l}$, and in this fenfe may

Thanks

Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.
Claud. Good morrow, mafters; each his feveral way.
Peáro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds ; And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier iffue fpeed's ${ }^{8}$, Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!
[Excunt.

> S C E N E IX.

## Cbinges to Leonato's Houfe.

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Urfula, Antonio,
Friar, and Hero.
Friar. ID I not teli you, fhe was innocent? Leon. So are the Prince and Claudio, who accus'd her.
Upon the error that you heard debated.
But Margaret was in fome fault for this;
Although againft her will, as it appears,
In the true courfe of all the queftion.
Ant. Well; I am glad, that all things fort fo well.
Bene. And fo am l, being elfe by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, Daughter, and you gentlewomen all, Withdraw into a chamber by yourfelves,
And when I fend for you, come hither mafn'd:
The Prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To vifft me; you know your office, brother,
${ }^{8}$ And Hymen nows with luckier Ifue fpeeds,
Than this, for whom we rcn$d_{t r ' d}$ up this Woe.] Claudio could not know, without being a Prophet, that this new propos'd ivatch fhould have any
luckier Event than That defign'd with Hero. Certainly, therefore, this fhould be a Wifh in Claudio; and, to this end, the Poet might have wrote, Jpeed's; i. e. Jpeed us: and fo it becomes a Prayer to Hymen.

Tmrley.

## ABOUT NOTHING.

You mult be father to your brother's daughter, And give yer to young Claudio.

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Benc. Friar, I muft intreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, Signior ?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them:
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good Signior,
Your niece regards me with me an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis mot true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The fight whereof, I think, you had from me.
From Claudio and the Prince; but what's your will?
Bene. Your anfwer, Sir, is enigmatical ;
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May fland with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
1 ' th' fate of honourable marriage ;
In which, good Friar, I fhall defire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.
SCENE X.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, weitb Aitendents:
Pedro. Good morrow to this fair affembly.
Leon. Good morrow, Prince; good morrow, Claudio; We here attend you; are you yet determin'd To day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were the an Etbiope.
Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the Eviar ready. [Exit Antonio.
Pedro. Good morrow, Bcredick; why, what's the matter,
That you have fuch a Februery face,
So full of frof, of form and cloudinefs?
Claud. I think, he thinks upon the favage bull:
Tufh, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with sold,

And fo all Europe fhall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at lulty Fove,
When he would play the noble beaft in love.
Bene. Bull Fore, Sir, had an amiable low,
And fome fuch ftrange bull leapt your father's cow;
And got a calf, in that fame noble feat,
Much like to you; for you have juft his bleat.

## S C E N E XI.

Enter Antonio, with Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and Urfula, mefk'd.
Claud. For this I owe you ; here come other reck'nings.
Which is the lady I muft feize upon?
Art. This fame is fhe, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then fhe's mine; Sweet, let me fee your face.
Leon. No, that you fhall not, 'till you take her hand
Before this Friar, and fwear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand; before this holy Friar,
I am your hufband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife.
[Unmafking.
And when you lov'd, you were my other hufband.
Claud. A nother Hero?
Hero. Nothing certainer.
One Hero dy'd defil'd, but I do live;
And, furely, as I live, I am a maid.
Pedro. The former Hero! Hero, that is dead!
Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her flander liv'd.
Firiar. All this amazement can I qualify.
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell thee largely of fair Hero's death :
Mean time let wonder feem familiar,
And to the chapel let us prefently.

## ABOUTNOTHING. ${ }^{275}$

Benc. Soft and fair, Friar. Which is Beatrice?
Beat. I anfwer to that name; what is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. Why, no, no more than reafon.
Bene. Why, then your Uncle, and the Prince, and
Claudio, have been deceiv'd; they fwore, you did.
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. Troth, no, no more than reafon. Beat. Why, then my Coufin, Margaret and Urfula, Have been deceiv'd; for they did fwear you did.

Bene. They fwore you were almoft fick for me.
Beat. They fwore, you were well-nigh dead for me.
Bene. 'Tis no matter ; then you do not love me'?
Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.
Leon. Come, Coufin, I am fure, you love the gentleman.
Claud. And l'll be fworn upon't, that he loves her; For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting fonnet of his own pure brain, Falhion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my Coufin's hand, folen from her pocket, Containing her affection unto Beredick.
Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands againft our hearts; come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.
Beat. ${ }^{\text {I I would not deny you ; but, by this good }}$


#### Abstract

- I would not deny you, \&c.] Mr. Theobald fays, is not this mock-reafoning? Ske reould not deny bim, but that boe yiclds upon great perfuafion. In changing the Negative, I make no doubt tut I bave retriev'd the port's bumour: and , fo change not into yct. But is not this a Mack Critick? who could not fee that the plain obvious fenfe of the common reading was this, I cannot find in my heart to deny you; but, for all


that, I yield, after having food out great perfuafions to fubmiffion. He had faid, I take thee for tity, fhe replies, I would $n s t_{1}$ deny thee. i.e. I take thee for pity too: but as I live, I am won to this compliance by importunity of friends. Mr. Thoo ald by altering not to yet makes it fuppofed, that he had been importunate, and that fie had often denied; which was not the cafe.

Warburton.
day,
day, I yield upon great peffuafion, and partly to fave your life; for, as I was told, you were in a confumption.
${ }^{1}$ Bene. Peace, I will ftop your mouth IKiffing ber.
Pedro. How doft thon, Benedick, the married man? Bene. l'll tell thee what, Pince; a College of witcrackers cannot flout me out of my humour: doft think, I care for a fatire, or an epigram? no: if a man will be beaten with brains, he fhall wear nothing handfome about him; in brief, fince I do purpofe to marry, I will think nothing to any purpofe that the world can fay againft it ; and therefore never flout at me, for what $l$ have faid againft it ; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclufion; for thy part, Cloudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinfman, live unbruis'd, and love my coufin.

Cloud. I had well hoped, thou would'f have denied Bcatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy fingle life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of queftion, thou wilt be, if my Coufin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends; let's have a Dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our our own hearts, and our wives heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards. Benc. Fiift, o' my word; therefore, play, mufick.
${ }^{1}$ In former copies:
Leon. Peace, I will fiop your Mouth.] What can Leonato mean by This? "Nay, pray, peace, " Niece ; don't keep up this
"Obflinacy of Profeffions, for "I have Proofs to ftop your " Mouth." The ingenious Dr. Thirlby agreed with me, that this ought to be given to Benedick, who, upon faying it, kiffes Bea-
trice: and this bcing done before the whole Comrany, how natural is the Reply which the Prince makes upon it?

How doft thou. Benedick, the married man?
Befides, this Mode of Speech, preparatory to a Salute, is familiar to our Poet in common with other Stage-Writers.

Theobald. Prince,

## ABOUT NOTHING.

Prince, thou art fad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no ftaff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

Enler Meffénger.
Meff. My Lord, your brother Fobn is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to, Mefina.
Bene, Think not on him 'till to-morrow : I'll devife thee brave punifhments for him. Strike up, Pipers,
[Dance.
[ Exeunt omnes.

Vol. III.
,

# A LL's WELL, 

THAT

ENDS WELL.

T 2

## Dramatis Perfonæ.

K ING of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, Count of Koufillon.
Lafeu, an old Lord.
Parolles, a parafitical follower of Bertram ; a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour.
Several young French Lords, that Serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.
$\left.\begin{array}{l}\text { Steward, } \\ \text { Clorem, }\end{array}\right\}$ Servants to the Countess of Roufillon.
Countess of Roufillon, mother to Bertram.
Helena, daugbter to Gerard de Narbón, a famous pbyfician, fome time fince dead.
An old Widore of Florence.
Diana, daughter to the widow.
$\left.\begin{array}{l}\text { Violenta, } \\ \text { Mariana, }\end{array}\right\}$ Neighbours, and friends to the widow.
Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, \&xc.

SCE N E lies partly in France, and partly in Tufcany.

* The Perfons were firft enumerated by Rowe. The firf Edition of this Play is in the Folio of 1623 .


## All's Well, that Ends Well.

## ACTI. S CENEI.

The Countess of Roufillon's Houfe in France.
Enter Bertram, the Countefs of Roufillon, Helena, and Lafeu; all in black.

## Countess.

IN delivering my fon from me, I bury a fecond hufband.

Ber. And I in going, Madam, weep o'er my father's death anew ; but I mult attend his Majefty's command, to whom I am now ${ }^{2}$ in ward, evermore in fubjection.

* In delivering my fon fram me - $]$ To deliver from, in the fenie of giving $u$, is not Englijh. Sbak kfipeare wrote, in dissevering $m y$ fon from me The following Words, too, 1 bury a fecond bifband - demand this reading. For to diffever implies a violent divorce; and therefore might be compared to the b:rrzing a brfoant; which delivering does not. 'W Arb.

Of this change I fee no need: the prefent reading is clear, and, perhaps, as proper as that which
the great commentater would fubfticute; for the King difeerrs her fon from her, the only delivers him.
${ }^{2}$ In aicard.] Under his partidular care, as my guardian 'till I come to age. It is now a molt forgotten in Enoland that the heirs of great fortunes were the king's rua:ds. Whether the fame praclice prevailed in France, it is of no great ufe to enquirc, for Shakifpeare gives to all nations the manners of England.

Laf. You fhall find of the King a hußband, Madam; you, Sir, a father. He, that fo generally is at all times good, muft of neceffity hold his virtue to you ${ }^{3}$; whofe worthinefs would ftir it up where it wanted, rather than flack it where there is fuch abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his Majeity's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his phyficians, Madam, under whofe practices he hath perfecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the procefs; but only the lofing of hope by time.

Count. ${ }^{4}$ This 'young gentlewoman had a father, ( O , that had! how fad a paffage 'tis!) whofe fkill was almoft as great as his honefty'; had it ftretch'd fo fat, it would have made nature immortal, and death should have play'd for lack of wark. 'Would, for

[^61]makes a reflection upon it, which, according to the prefent reading, is unintel'igible. We muft therefore believe Shakefpeare wrote (O thit had! how fad a PRESAGE 'tis!) i. e. a Prefage that the King muft now expect no cure, fince fo fkilful a Perfon was himfelf forced to fubmit to a malignant diftemper. W'areúrton. - This emenuation is ingenious; perhaps preferable to the prefent reading; yet, fince paljage may beifairly enough explained, I have left it in the text. Paflage is any thing ibat pales; fo we now fay, a faljuge of an autbour, and we faid abo t a century $\mathrm{ago}_{\mathbf{s}}$ the pafjages of a reign. When the Crunte/s mentions Helena's lofs of 2 father, fhe recollects her own lofs of a huiband, and ftops to oblerve how heav.ly that word bad paffes through hen mind. the death of the King's difeafe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you fpeak of, Madam?

Count. He was famous, Sir , in his profeffion, and it was his great right to do fo: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, Madam ; the King very lately fpoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: he was fkilful enough to have liv'd ftill, if knowledge could have been fet up againft mortality.

Ber. What is' it, my good lord, the King languifhes of?

Laf. A fiftula, my lord.
Ber. I heard not of it before.
Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon? Count. His fole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have thofe hopes of her good, that her education promifes her; difpofition fhe inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for ${ }^{5}$ where an un-

> 5 where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there, commendations go with pity; they are Tirtues and Trailors too: in ber they are the better for Their finnplenefs; The derives ber bonefly, and atchieves ber goodnefs.] This obfcure encomium is made ftill more oblcure by a flight corruption of the text. Let us explain the paffage as it lies. By virtuous qualities are meant qualities of good breeding and erudition; in the fame fenfe that the Italians fay, qualità virturfa; and not moral ones. On this account it is, fhe fays, that, in an ill mind thefe virtuous qualities are virtucs and traitors 100 : i.e. the advantages of education enable an ill
mind to go further in wickednefs than it could have done without them: But, fays the Countefs, in ber they are the better for THEIR fimplenefs. But famplenefs is the fame with what is called bonefy, immediately afier; which cannot be predicated of the qualities of education. We muft certainly read

> HER fimplenefs,

And then the fentence is properly concluded. The Counters had faid, that virtuous qualities are the worfe for an unclean mind, but concludes that Helen's are the better for her fimplenefs, i. e. her clean, pure mind. She then fums up the Character, fhe had before given in detail, in therie T 4 words,
clean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; ${ }^{5}$ in her they are the better for their fimplenefs; 'fhe derives her honefty, and atchieves her goodnefs.

Laf. Your commendations, Madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the beft brine a maices can feafon her praife in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her forrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; left it be rather thought you affect a forrow, than to have it.

Hel. I do affect a forrow, indeed, but I have it too.
Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceffive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. ${ }^{\circ}$ If the living be enemy to the grief, the excels makes it foon mortal.
words, he derizes ber bonefy, and atchieves ber goodnes, i. e. She derives her bonefy, hèr fimptenefs, her moral Character, from her Father end Anceftors; But fhe atchieves or wins her goodnefs, her virtue, or her qualities of good breeding and erudition, by her own pains and labour.

Warburton.
This is likewife a plaufible but unneceflary alteration. Hir virtues are the better for their finnplenefs, that is, her excellencies are the better becaufe they are artiefs and open, without fratd, without defign. The learned commentator has well explained virtues, but has not, I think, reached the force of the word traitors, and therefore has not fhewn the full extent of Shakefpeare's mafterly obfervation. 'Virtues in an unllcais mind are virtues and irai-
tors too. Eftimable and ufeful qualities, joined with evil difpofition, give that evil difpofition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence, The Tatler, mentioning the flarpers of his time, obferves, that fome of them are men of fuch elegance and knowledge, that a young man wubo fuls into their ruay is betrayed as much by bis judgment as bis pafions.
6 'If the living be enemy to the griff, the excefs makes it foon mortal.] This feems very obfcire; but the addi:ion of a Negative perfectly difpels all the mitt. If the living be not eneny, \&c. exceffive grief is an enemy to the living, fays Laftu: Yes, replies the Countefs; and if the living be not enemy to the grief, $[$ i. $e$. firive to conquer it ,] the excefs makes

## THATENDS WELL.

## Ber. Madam, I defire your holy wihhes.

Laf. How underftand we that?
Count. Be thou bleft, Bertram, and fucceed thy father
In manners as in thape! thy blood and virtue Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodners Share with thy birth-right! Love all, truft a few, Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power, than ufe; and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key: be check'd for filence, But never tax'd for fpeech. What heav'n more will, ${ }^{3}$ That thee may furnif, and my prayers pluck down, Fall on thy head! Farewel, my Lord;
'Tis an unfeafon'd courtier, good my Lord, Advife him.

Laf. He cannot want the beft,
That fhall attend his love.
Count. Heav'n blefs him! Farewel, Bertram. [Exit Countefs.
Ber. [ $\mathcal{T}^{\prime} \circ$ Helena $]^{8}$ The beft wifhes, that can be forg'd in your thoughts, be fervants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your miftrefs, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewel, pretty Lady, you muft hold the credit of your father.
[Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.
make it foon mortal.
Warburton.
This emendation I had once admitted into the text, but readmitted the old reading, becaufe I think it capable of an eafy explication. Lafcu fays, excef$\sqrt{ }$ ive grief is the enemy of ibe living: the Countrfs replies, If the living be an themy to grief, the excels foon muches it mortal: that is, if the iiving do not indulge gief, grief defiroys ifilf by its orenn cxcefs. By the word mortal

I underftand that which die, and Dr. Warburton, that which deAroys. I think that my interpretation gives a \{entence more acute and inore refined. Let the reader judge

7 That thee may furniß.] That may help thee with more and better qualifications.
${ }^{8}$ The $b \cdot \sqrt{2}$ wijpes, \&c.] That is, may y u be miftrefs of your wifhes, and have power to bring them to effect.

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

Hel. Oh, were that all! - I think not on my father ; - And thefe great tears grace his remembrance more, Than thofe I fhed for him, What was he like?
I have forgot him. My imagination Carries no favour in it, but my Bertram's.
1 am undone! there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. It were all one, That I fhould love a bright partic'lar ftar, And think to wed it; he is fo above me :
${ }^{1}$ In his bright radiance and collateral light Muft I be comforted, not in his fphere. Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itfelf; The hind, that would be mated by the lion, Muft die for lóve. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague, Tofee him every hour ; to fit and draw His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls, In our heart's table: heart, too capable Of every line and ${ }^{2}$ trick of his fweet favour ! But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy Murt fanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

## Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him : I love him for his fake, And yet 1 know him a notorious liar ;
Think him a great way fool, folely a coward; Yet thefe fix'd evils fit fo fit in him, That they take place, when virtue's fṭeely bones

[^62]Look bleak in the cold wind; full oft we fee ${ }^{3}$ Cold wifdom waiting on fuperfluous folly.

> SCENE HI.

Par. Save you, fair Queen.
Hel. And you, Monarch.
Par. No.
Hiel. And, no.
Par. Are you meditating on virginity?
Hel. Ay : you have fome ${ }^{4}$ ftain of foldier in you; let me afk you a queftion. Man is enemy to virginity, how may we barricado it againf him?
Par. Keep him out.
Hel. But he affails; and our virginity, tho' valiant, in the defence, yet is weak : unfold to us fome warlike refiftance.

Par. There is none : man, fitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.
Hel. Blefs our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! -Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up : marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourfelves made, you lofe your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preferve virginity. Lois of virginity is rational increafe ; and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was firft loft. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once loft, may be ten times found: by being ever kepr, it is ever loft; 'tis too cold a companion : away with't.

[^63]
## A LL's WELL,

Hel. I will fand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be faid in't; 'tis againft the rule of nature. To fpeak on the part of virginity, is to accufe your mother; which is moft infallible difobedience, ${ }^{5} \mathrm{He}$, that hangs himfelf, is a virgin: virginity murders itfelf, and fhould be buried in highways out of all fanctified limit, as a defperate offendrefs againft nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheefe; confumes iffelf to the very paring, and fo dies with feeding its own ftomach. Befides, virginity is peevilh, proud, idle, made of felf-love, which is the moft prohibited fin in the canon. Keep it not, you cannot chufe but lofe by't. Out with't; within ten years it will make itfelf two, which is a goodly increafe, and the principal itfelf not much the worfe. A way with't.

Hel. How might one do, Sir, to lofe it to her own liking?

Par. Let me fee. ${ }^{6}$ Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lofe the glofs with

[^64]Virgin.
And this is his ufual way of becoming a Critick at a cheap expence. Warburton.

I believe moft readers will fpare both the emendations, which I do not think much worth a claim or a conteft. The old reading is more fpritely and equally juft.
${ }_{6}$ Marry, ill, to like bim that ne'er it likes, \&c.] Parolles, in anfwer to the queftion, how one Shall lofe viriginity to ber czen lik'iug, plays upon the word liking, and lays, fie musf do ill, for virginity, to be fo loft, muft like bint that likes'not virginity.
lying. The longer kept, the lefs worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible. Anfwer the time of requeft. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fahhion: richly futed, but unfutable; juft like the brooch and the tooth-pike, which we wear not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better ; marry, ${ }^{7}$ yes, 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?
Hel. ${ }^{5}$ Not my virginity yet.
There fhall your mafter have a thoufand loves, A mother, and a miltrefs, and a friend,

- A pheenix, captain, and an enemy,

[^65]I am perfuaded, is the nonfenfe of fome foolifh conceited player. What put it into his head was Helen's faying, as it fhould be read for the future,
Thire Biall your Mafter bave a thoufand loves:
$A$ Mother, and a Miftrefs, and a Friend.
1 know not, what be faall God fend him well.
Where the Fellow finding a tboufand loves fpoken of, and only tbree reciooned up, namely, a Mother's, a Miffrefs's, and a Friend's (which, by the way, were all a judicious Writer could mention ; for there are but thefe three fpecies of love in Nature) he would help out the number, by the intermediate nonfenfe: and, becaufe they were yet too few, he, pieces out his loves with enmities, and makes of the whole fuch finifhed nonefenfe as is never heard out of Bedlam.

Warburton.
A guide,

A guide, a goddefs, and a fovereign,
A counfellor, a * traitrefs, and a dear ;
His humble ambition, proud humility;
His jarring concord; and his difcord dulcet;
His faith, his fweet difafter; with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious chriftendoms,
That blinking Cupid goflips. Now fhall he -_
I know not, what he fhall-God fend him well!-
The courr's a learning place - and he is one -
Par. What one, i'faith ?
Hel. That I wifh well
Par. What's pity ?
Hel. That wifhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that We the poorer born;
Whofe bafer ftars do fhut us up in wifhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends:
${ }^{5}$ And fhew what we alone muft think, which never Returns us thanks.

> Enter Page.

Page. Monfieur Perolles,
My lord calls for you.
E Exit Page.
Far. Little Helen, farewel; if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monfieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable ftar.

Par. Under Mars, I.
Hel. I efpecially think, under Mars.
Par. Why under Mars?
Hel. The wars have kept you fo under, that you muft needs be born under Mars.,
Par. When he was predominant.
Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather?
Par. Why think you fo?

[^66]
## THAT ENDS WELL.

Hel. You go fo much backward, when you fight. Par. That's for advantage:
Hel. So is running away, when fear propofes fafety: but the compofition, that your valour and fear makes in you, ${ }^{2}$ is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am fo full of bulineffés, as I cannot anfwer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my inftruction fhall ferve to naturalize thee, fo thou wilt be capable of courcier's couniel, and underftand what advice fhall thruft upon thee; elfe thou dieft in thine unthankfulnefs, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewel. When thou haft leifure, fay thy prayers; when thou haft none, remember thy friends; get thee a good hulband, and ufe him as he ufes thee: fo farewel.

Exit.

> SCENE IV.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourfelves do lie; Which we afcribe to heav'n. The fated fky Gives us free fcope ; only, doth backward pull Our now defigns, when we ourfelves are dull. ${ }^{3}$ What power is it, which mounts my love fo high,

2 is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.] The integrity of the metaphor direEts us to Sbakefieare's true reading; which, doubtlefs, was a good MING, i. e. mixture, compofition, a word common to ShakeSpear and the writers of this age; and taken from the texture of cloth. The $M$. was turn'd the wrong way at prefs, and from thence came the blunder.

Warburton.
This conjecture I could wifh to fee better proved. This common word ming I have never found. The firt edition of this play ex.
hibits wing without a capital: yet, I contefs, that a virtue of a good wing is an expreffion that I cannot underftand, unlefs by a metaphor taken from falconry, it may mean, a virtue that will fy bigh, and in the ftyle of HotSpur, Pluck banour from the moon.
${ }^{3}$ What porver is it, that mounts my lowe fo bigh,
That make me fee, and cannot feed mine eye? ] She means, by what influence is my love directed to a perfon fo much above me ? why am I made to difcern excellence, and left to long afier it, without the food of hope?

That makes me fee, and cannot feed mine cye ?
-The mightieft fpace in fortune nature brings
To join like likes; and kifs, like native things.
Impofible be ftrange attempts, to thofe
That weigh their pain in fenfe; and do fuppofe,
What hath been, cannot be. Who ever frove
To fhew her merit, that did mifs her love?
The King's difeafe-my project may deceive me,
By my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

## S C E N E V.

Cbanges to the Court of France.
Flouribh Cornets. Enter the King of France, with letters, and divers Attendants.

King. THE Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears ; Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

- The migbtieft fface in fortune. nature brings
To join like likes: and kijs, like native things.
Impofible be firange attcmpts, to thoofe
That weigh their fain in fonfe; and do fuppofe,
What hath bien, -]
All thefe four lines are obfcure, and, I believe, corrupt. I thall propofe an emendation, which thofe who can explain the prefent reading, are at liberty to rıject.

Through mightrif $\mathbb{C}$, ace in fortune nalure brinys
Likes to join likes, and kijs they fee before them.

- like native things.

That is, Nature brings like qualities and difpofitions to meet through any diffance that fortune may have fet between them; the joins them, and makes them kifs like things born together,

The next lines I read with Hanmer.
Impofible be firange attempts to thofe
That weieigb their pain in Senfe,

> and do fuppope

Wbat ha'nt been, cannot be:
Nerw attempts feem impofifle to
thofe, who eflimate their labour or enterprifes by fenfe, and believe that nothing can be but what

1 Lord.

I Lord. So 'tis reported, Sir.
King. Nay, 'tis moft credible; we here receive it, A certainty vouch'd from our coufin Auftria;
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For fpeedy aid; wherein our deareft friend
Prejudicates the bufinefs, and would feem
To have us make denial.
I Lord. His love and wifdom,
Approv'd fo to your Majefty, may plead
For ample credence.
King. He hath arm'd our anfwer;
And Florence is deny'd, before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to fee
The Tufcan fervice, freely have they leave
To ftand on either part.
2 Lord. It may well ferve
A nurfery to our gentry, who are fick
For breathing and exploit.
King. What's he comes here?
Enter Bertram, Lafeu and Parolles.
I Lord. It is the count Roufillon, my good Lord, young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'ft thy father's face.
Frank nature, rather curious than in hafte,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'ft thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.
Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majefty's.
King. I would, I had that corporal foundnefs now,
As when thy father and myfelf in friendthip
Firft try'd our foldierfhip: he did look far
Into the fervice of the time, and was
Difcipled of the brav'ft. He lafted long;
But on us both did haggifh age fteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me To talk of your good father ; in his youth

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He

## A L L's W E L L,

${ }^{5}$ He had the wit, which I can well obferve To-day in our young lords: but they may jeft Till their own fcorn return to them ; unnoted Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
"So like a courtier, contempt nor bitternels Were in his pride or fharpnefs, if they were, His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
${ }^{5}$ He bad the wit, wubich 1 can rvell ohferve
To day in our youngs Lords: but they may jeft,
Till their own Scorn rethrn to them; unnoted
Ere they can bide their levity in bonour.] i. e. Ere their titles can cover the levity of their behaviour, and make it pafs for defert. The O.xford Editor, not underfianding this, alters the line to

Ere they can vye tbeir livity with bis bonour.

Warbúrton.
I believe bonour is not dignity of birth or rank, but acquired reputation: Your father, fays the IKing, bad the Same airy fights of Satirical wit ruith the young lords of the prefent time, but they do not rubat be did, hide their umoted levity in honour, corer. tetty faults wu:th great merit.

This is an excellent obfervation. Jocofe follies, and flight offences, are only allowed by mankind in him that overpowers them by great qualities.
${ }^{6}$ So like a Courtier, no Contempt or Bitterness
Were in his Prids or Sharpmefs; if they rwere,
His Equal hadarwak'd them.-] This paffage is fo very incorrealy pointed, that the Author's Meaning is lof. As the Text
and Stops are reform'd, thefe are moit beautiful Lines, and the Senfe is this -"He had no "Contempt or Bitterne/s; if he " had any thing that look'd " like Pride or Sbarpnefs (of " which Qualities Contempt and "Bitternefs are the Exceffes,)
" his Equal had awak'd them,
" not his Inferior: to whom he
" fcorn'd to difcover any thing " that bore the Shadow of Pride " or Sharpnefs."

Warburton. The original edition reads the firf line thus,

So like a courticr, contermpt nor bitterness.
The fenfe is the fame. Nor was ufed without reduplication. So in Meafure for Meafure,

More nor lefs to others paying,
Than by felf-offences weighing.
The old text needs to be explained. He was fo like a courtier, that there was in bis dignity of manner nothing contemptuous, and in bis keennefs of ruit nothing bitter. If bitternefs or contryit tuoufnefs ever appeared, they had been areakened by fome injury, not of a man below him, but of his Equal. This is the complete image of a well-bred man, and fomewhat like this Voluaire has cxhibited his hero Leruis XIV.

Clock to itfelf, knew the true minute when
Exceptions bid him fpeak; and at that time
${ }^{7}$ His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
${ }^{5}$ He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks;
${ }^{9}$ Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praife he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to thefe younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would now demonftrate them But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, Sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
${ }^{*}$ So in approof lives not his epitaph, As in your royal fpeech.


#### Abstract

${ }_{7}$ His tongue obeyed his band.] We fhould reād,

His tongue obeyed the band. That is, the band of bis bonour's clock, fhewing the true minute when exceptions bad bim Jpeak. ${ }^{8} \mathrm{He}$ us'd as creatures of ano. ther place.] i. e. He made allowances for their conduct, and bore from them what he would not from one of his own rank. The Oxford Editor, not underftanding the fenfe, has altered another place, to a Brotber-race.

Warburton. 9. Making them proud of bis bumility, In their poor praife, be bumbled -] But why were they proud of his Humility? It thould be read and pointed thus. -Making them proud; : AND bis Humility,


In their poor praife, be bum-

## bled

i.e. by condefcending to foop to his Inferiors, he exalted them and made them proved; and, in
the gracious receiving their poor praife, he buml led even his bumility. The Sentiment is fine.

Warburton.
Every man has feen the mean too often froud of the bumility of the great, and perhaps the greal may fometimes be bumblid in the praifes of the mean, of thofe who commend them without conviction or difcernment : this, however, is not fo common ; the mean are found more frequently than the great.
${ }^{\text {I }}$ So in approof lives not his Efitaph,
As in your royal $\int_{\text {pecch. }}$. Epitoph for character. Waкb.

I hhould wifh to read,
Approof folives not in bis Epitaph,
As in your rayal sperci.
Approof is approbation. If I I fhould allow-Dr. Warburton's interpretation of Eyitaph, which is more than can be reafonably expected, I can yet find no fenfe in the prefent reading.

King. Would, I were with him! he would always fay,
Methinks, I hear him now ; his plaufive words He fcatter'd not in ears, but grafted them To grow there, and to bear-Let me not live,
-Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the cataftrophe and heel of paftime,
When it was out-let me not live (quoth he)
After my flame lacks oil; to be the fnuff
Of younger fpirits, whofe apprehenfive. fenfes All but new things difdain; whofe judgments are
${ }^{2}$ Meer fathers of their garments; whofe conftancies Expire before their fafhions:- this he wih'd.
1, after him, do after him wifh too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey can bring home, I quickly were diffolved from my hive,
To give fome labourers room.
2 Lord. You're loved, Sir ;
They, that leaft lend it you, fhall lack you firft. King. I fill a place, I know't-How long is't, count, Since the phyfician at your father's died ?
He was much fam'd.
Ber. Some fix months fince, my Lord.
King. If he were living, I would try him yet; lend me an arm; the reft have worn me out
With feveral applications - nature and ficknefs Debate it at their leifure-Welcome, count, My fon's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your Majefty.
[Flourifs. Exeunt.
${ }^{2}$-Whofe judgments are
Mare fathers of their garmients.] Who have no other ufe of their
faculties, than to invent new modes of drefs.

## S C E N E VI.

Cbanges to the Counte/S's at Roufillon.

## Enter Countefs, Steward and Clown ${ }^{3!}$ :

Count. Will now hear; what fay you of this gentlewoman?
Sterw. Madam, the care I have had to ${ }^{4}$ even your content, I wifh might be found in the calendar of my paft endeavours ; for then we wound our modefty, and make foul the clearnefs of our defervings, when of ourfelves we publifh them.

Count. What does this knave here ? get you gone, Sirrah; the complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my flownefs that I do not, for, I know, you s lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make fuch knaveries yours.
${ }^{3}$ Steward and Clown.] A Clown in Sbakefpeare is commonly taken for a licenfed jefter, or domeftick fool. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, fince fools were, at that time, maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the houfe. In the picture of Sir Thomas More's family, by Hans Holbein, the only fervant reprefented is Patijon the fool. This is a proof of the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wife.
In fome plays, a fervant, or ruftic, of remarkable petulance and freedom of fpeech, is likewife called a Clown.

4 To even your content.] To $2 E t$ up to your defires.

5 you lack not folly to commit them, and bave ability enough to make fuch knaveries yours; Well, but if he had folly to commit them, he neither wanted knavery, nor any thing elfe, fure, to make them bis own. This nonfenfe flould be read, To make fucb knavecries YARE; nimble, dextrous, i. e. Tho' you be fool enough to commit knaveries, yet you have quicknefs enough to commit them dextroufly : for this obfervation was to let us into his charater. But now, tho' this be fet right, and, I dare fay, in Shakefpeare's own words, yet the former part of the fentence will fill be inac-curate-you lack not folly to commit тнем. Them, what ? the fenfe requires knaveries, but the antecedent

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, Madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, Sir.
Clo. No, Madam, 'tis not fo well that I am poor, tho' many of the rich are damn'd; but, if I have your lady hip's good will to go to the world, IJoel the woman and 1 will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar ?
Clo. I do beg your good will in this cafe.
Count In what cafe?
Clo. In. JJel's cafe, and my own; fervice is no heritage, and, I think, I hall never have the bleffing of God, till I have iffue of my body; for they fay, bearns are bleffings.

- Count. Tell me the reafon why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, Madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flefh; and he muft needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worhip's reafon?
Clo. Faith, Madam, I have other holy reafons, fuch as they are.

Count. May the world know them ?
Clo. I have been, Madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flefh and blood are; and; indeed, 1 do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, fooner than thy wickednefs.
Clo. I am out of friends, Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's fake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.
ecdent referr'd to, is complaints. But this was certainly a negligence of Shatc/prare's, and theretore to be left as we find it. . And the reader, who cannot fee that this is an inaccuracy which the Author might well commit, and the other what he never could, has either read Sbakefpeare very
little, or graaly mifpent his pains. The princ:pal office of a critic is to diftunguifh between thefe two things. bur 'tis that branch of criticifm which no precepts can teach the writer to difcharge, or the reader to juage of. Warburton.

Clo. Y'are fhallow, Madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am weary of; he, that eares my land, fpares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop; If I be his cuckold, he's my drudge; he, that comforts my wife, is the cheriher of my flelh and blood; he, that cheriheth my fleth and blood, loves my flefh and blood; he, that loves my flefh and blood, is my friend: ergo, he that kiffes my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Cbarbon the puritan, and old PoyJam the papift, howfoe'er their hearts fever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer $i^{\prime}$ th' herd.
Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?
Clo. ${ }^{6}$ A prophet, I, Madam ; and I ppeak the truth the next way;
"For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true " fhall find;
" Your marriage comes by deftiny, your cuckow " fings by kind.
Count. Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.


#### Abstract

${ }^{6}$ A prophet, I, Madam ; and 1 Speak the truth the next way.] It is a fupertition, which has run through all ages and people, that natural fools have fomething in them of divinity. On which account they were efteemed facred: Travellers tell us in what efteem the Turks now hold them ; nor had they lefs honour paid them heretofore in Franci, as appears from the old word Benet, for a natural fool. Hence it was that Pantogruel, in Rablais, ad-


vifed Panurge to go and confult the fool $T_{\text {ribouler as an oracle ; }}$ which gives occafion to a fatirical Stroke upon the privy council of Francis the Firit -Par l'avis, confeil, prediction des fo's roos fcavez quants princes, Evic. ont efté confervez, \&cc. The phrafe-Sieak the truith the next way, means directly; as they do who are only the inftruments or canals of others; fuch as infpired perfons were fuppofed to be.

Warburton.

Stew. May it pleafe you, Madam, that he bid $H e^{-}$ len come to you; of her I am to fpeak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would fpeak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. 7 "Was this fair face the caule, quoth fhe,
[Singing.
"Why the Grecians facked Iroy?
"Fond done, fond done;-for Paris, he, "Was this King Priam's joy.
"With that fhe fighed as fhe ftood, "And gave this fentence then;
"A Among nine bad if one be good,
"There's yet one g ood in ten ${ }^{8}$.
Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the fong, Sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam, which is a purifying o' th' fong: 'would, God would ferve the world fo all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythewoman, if I were the Parfon; one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing ftar, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lot-

7 Was this fair face the caufe,
quuth hhe,
Why the Grecians facked Troy?
Fond done, fond done ;
Was this King Priam's joy.]
This is a Stanza of an old ballad, out of which a word or two are dropt, equally neceflary to make the fenfe and the alternate rhime. For it was not Helen, who was King Priam's joy, but Paris. The third line therefore fould be read thus,
Ford done, fond done, for Paris, he. Warb.
8 Anvorg nine bad if one be good,
There's get one good in ten.]

This fecond flanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women: a confeffion, that there was one good in ten. Whereon the Countefs obferved, that he corrupted the fong; which fhews the fong faid, Nine good in ten.

If one be lad among $A$ nine good, There's but one bad in ten.
This relates to the ten fons of Priam, who all behaved themfelves well but Paris. For tho' he once had fifty, yet at this unfortunate period of his reign he had but ten; Agathon, Altipbcn, Deiphobus, Dius, Heior, Helenus, Hippothous, Pemmon, Paris, and Politcs. Wareurton. pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, Sir knave, and do as I command you ?

Clo. ${ }^{9}$ That man thould be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!-tho' honefly be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt ; it will wear the furplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart-I am going, forfooth. The bufinefs is for Helen to come hither.

Count. Well, now.
Stecw. I know, Madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

Count. Faith, I do; her father bequeath'd her to me ; and fhe herfelf, without other advantages, may lawfully make title to as much love as fhe finds ; there is more owing her, than is paid ; and more fhall be paid her, than fhe'll demand.

Sterw. Madam, I was very late more near her, than, I think, the wifh'd me; alone the was, and did communicate to herfelf her own words to her own ears ; The thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any ftranger fenfe. Her matter was, fhe lov'd your fon';

[^67]Fortune , fhe faid, was no Goddefs, that had pue fuch difference betwixt their two eftates; Love, no God, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no Queen of Virgins, that would fuffer herpoor K night to be furpriz'd withour refcue in the firlt affault, or ranfom afterward. This fhe deliver'd in the moft bitter touch of forrow, that e'er 1 heard a virgin exclaim in; which I held it my duty fpeedily to acquaint you withal ; fithence, in the lofs that may happen, it concerns you fomething to know it.
Count. You have difcharg'd this honefly, keep it to yourfelf; many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung fo tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor miidoubt; pray you, leave me; fall this in your bofom, and I thank you for your honeft care ; I will fpeak with you further anon.
[Exit Steward.

[^68]Fortune was no Goddefs, the faid, for one Reafon; Love, no God, for another ;-what could fhe then more naturally fubjoin, than as I have amended in the Text?

Diana, no थueen of Virgins, that would Suffer ber poor Knight to be Surprized ruithout Refcue, \&c.

For in Poetical Hiftory Diana was as well known to prefide over Chafity, as Cupid over Love, or Fortune over the Change or Regulation of our Circumflanices. Theobald。

# S C E N E VII. 

## Enter Helena.

Count. Ev'n fo it was with me, when I was young; If we are nature's, thefe are ours: this thorn
Doth to our rofe of -youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood, is born;
It is the flow and feal of nature's truth, Where love's ftrong paffion is impreft in youth ;
${ }^{2}$ By our remembrances of days foregone,
${ }^{3}$ Such were our faults, O ! then we thought them none.
Her eye is fick on't; I obferve her now.
Hel. What is your pleafure, Madam?
Count. Helen, you know, I am a mother to you. Hel. Mine honourable miftrefs.
Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? when I faid a mother, Methought, you faw a ferpent; what's in mother, That you-ftart at it? I fay, I'm your mother; And put you in the catalogue of thofe, That were enwombed mine ; 'tis often feen, Adoption ftrives with nature; and choice breeds A native flip to us from foreign feeds. You ne'er oppreft me with a mother's groan, Yet I exprefs to you a mother's care : God's mercy! maiden, do's it curd thy blood, To fay, I am thy mother? what's the matter, That this diftemper'd meffenger of wet, The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eyes? Why, - that you are my daughter?

[^69]
## A L L's W E L L,

Hel. That I am not.
Count. I fay, I am you mother.
Hel. Pardon, Madam.
The count Roufillon cannot be my brother; I am from humble, he from honour'd, name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My mafter, my dear lord he is ; and I
His fervant live, and will his vaffal die:
He muft not be my brother.
Count. Nor I your mother?
Hel. You are my mother, Madam, would you were. (So that my lord, your fon, were not my brother) Indeed, my mother! - ${ }^{4}$ or were you both our mothers I care no more for, than I do for heav'n.
So I were not his fifter ${ }^{\text {s }}$ : can't no other, But I your daughter, he muft be my brother ?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-inlaw;

4-Cor were you both our mothers
I CARE no more FOR, than $I$ do FOR beav'n,
So I zevere not his fifter:] The fecond line has not the leaft glimmering of fenfe. Helen, by the indulgence and inviation of her miftrefs, is encouraged to difcover the hidden caufe of her grief; which is the love of her miftrefs's fon; and taking hold of her miffrefs's words, where fine bids her call her mother, fhe unfolds the myjfery: and as the is difcovering it, emboldens herfelf by this refiexion, in the line in queflion, as it ought to be read in a parenthefis.
(I CAN no mere fiar, than I do fear beav'n,)
i.e. I can no more fear to truft fo indulgent a miftrefs with the fecret, than I can fearheav'n who has my vows for its happy ifue.

This break, in her difcovery, is exceeding pertinent and fine, Here again the Oxford Editor does his part. Warburton.

I do not much yjeld to this emendation; yet I have not been able to pleafe myfelf with any thing to which even my own partiality can give the preference.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, Or were you both our mothers, I cannot afk for more than that of heaven.
So I were not bis fifter; can be no otber
Way 1 jour 'daughter, but be muft be my brother?
${ }^{5}$ Can't no other,
But, 1 your daughter, be mu,? be mybrotber.] The meaning is obrcur'd by the elliptical diction. Can it be no otber way, but if $I$ be your daughter be muft be my brotber?

God field, you mean it not, daughter and mother So ftrive upon your pulfe! what pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondnefs. - ${ }^{\circ}$ Now I fee
The myft'ry of your loneliness, and find
${ }^{7}$ Your falt tears' head; now to all fenfe 'tis grofs,
You love my fon; invention is afham'd, Againft the proclamation of thy paffion,
To fay, thou doft not; therefore tell me true ;
But tell me then, 'tis fo. For, look, thy cheeks
Confefs it one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it fo grofly fhewn in thy behaviour,
That in their kind they fpeak it: only fin
And hellifh obftinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth fhould be fufpected; fpeak, is't fo?
If it be fo, you've wound a goodly clew:
If it be not, forfwear't; howe'er, I charge thee,
As heav'n thall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.
Hel. Good Madam, pardon me.
Count. Do you love my fon?
Hel. Your pardon, noble miftress.
Count. Love you my fon?
Hel. Do not you love him, Madam?
Count. Go not about ; my love hath in't a bond, Whereof the world takes note: come, come, difclofe

6
The myjf ry of your Now lovelinefs, and find
Your Salt teerrs' bead: -- ] The Myflery of her Lovelinefs is beyond my comprehenfion: The old Countefs is faying nothing ironical, nothing taunting, or in Reproach, that this Word fhould find a place here; which it could not, unlefs farcaftically employed, and with fome fpleen. I dare warrant, the Poet meant, his old Lady fhould fay no more than this: "I now find the Myf-
"try of your creeping into "Corners, and weeping, and " pining in fecret." For this Reafon lhave amended the Text, Lonelinefs. The Steward, in the foregoing Scene, where he gives the Countefs Intelligence of $H_{c}$ len's Behaviour, fays;

Alone fhe ruas, and did communicate to berfelf ber owon Words to ber own Ears.

Theobald.
7 Your Salt tears' bead;] The fource, the fountain of your tears, the caufe of your grief.

## A LL's W ELL,

The ftate of your affection; for your paffions Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confefs,
Here on my knee, before high heav'ns and you,'
That before you, and next unto high heav'n,
I love your fon:
My friends were poor, but honeft ; fo's my love j
Be not offended; for it hurts not him;
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of prefumptuous fuit;
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deferve him ;
Yet never know, how that defert fhall be.
I know, I love in vain: ftrive againft hope;
Yet, in this ${ }^{8}$ captious and intenible fieve,
I ftill pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lofe ftill; thus, Indian like,
Religious in mine error; I adore
The fun that looks upon his worfhipper,
But knows of him no more. My deareft Madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
Fo loving where you do; but if yourfelf,
Whofe aged honour cites a virtuous youth;
Did ever in fo true a flame of liking
Wifh chaftly, and love dearly, that your Dians
Was both herfelf and Love; O then, give pity
To her, whofe ftate is fuch, that cannot chufe
But lend, and give, where fhe is fure to lofe;
That feeks not to find that, which fearch implies;
But, riddle.like, lives fweetly where fhe dies.

- Count. Had you not lately an intent, fpeak truly, To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.
Count. Wherefore ? tell trué.

[^70]Hel.

## THATENDSWELL.

Hel. I will tell truth; by Grace itfelf, I fwear. You know, my father left me fome prefcriptions Of rare and prov'd effects ; fuch as his reading And manifeft experience had collected For general fov'reignty; and that he will'd me, In heedfull'ft refervation to beftow them, As ${ }^{9}$ notes, whofe faculcies inclufive were, More than they were in note : amongft the reft,
There is a remedy, approv'd, fet down,
To cure the defperate languifhings, whereof
The King is render'd loft.
Count. This was your motive for Paris, was it, fpeak?
Hel. My lord your fon made me to think of this; Elie Paris, and the medicine, and the King, Had from the converfation of my thoughts,
Haply, been abfent then.
Count. But think you, Helen,
If you thould tender your fuppofed aid, He would receive it? he and his phyficians Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him:
They, that they cannot help. How fhall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the fchools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itfelf?
Hel. *There's fomething hints
More than my father's fkill (which was the great'f
Of his Profeffion) that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be fanctified
${ }^{2}$ Notes, zubofe facalries incluffree.] Receipts in which greater virtues were inclofed than appeared to obfervation.
: There's fometbing in'T
More than my fatber'sfill -
-that bis good recceipt, \&cc, ] Here is an inference [that] without any thing preceding, to
which it refers, which makes the fentence vicious, and fhews that we fhould read,

There's fomething hints
More tban my fatber's fill,-
-that bis good receipt -
i.e. Thave a fecret premonition:
or prefage.
Warburtono
By

By th' luckieft ftars in heav'n; and, would your hohour
But give me leave to try' fuccefs, l'd venture
The well-loft life of mine on his Grace's Cure,
By fuch a day and hour.
Count. Deft thou believ't?
Hel. Ay, Madam, knowingly.
Count. Why, Helen, thou halt have my leave and love:
Means and attendants; and my loving greetings
To thole of mine in Court. l'll fay at home,
And pray God's bleffing into thy attempt:
Begone, to-morrow; and be fire of this, What I can help thee to, thou frat not miff.
[Exeunt.

## AC T II. SC EN E I.

## The Court of France.

Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war. Bertram and Parolles.

Flourish Cornets.

## KING.

FArewel, young Lords. There warlike principles Do not throw from you. You, my Lords, farewel;

Share

$$
\begin{aligned}
& { }^{2} \text { In all the latter copies the fe } \\
& \text { lines food thus: } \\
& \text { Farcwel, young Lords; thee } \\
& \text { warlike principles }
\end{aligned}
$$

The gift doth fetch itself as 'is received.] The third line in that fate was unintelligibile. Sir Thomas Hammer reads thus:
Farewel young Lord, these warlike principles

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all, The gift doth ftretch itfelf as 'tis received, And is enough for both.

I Lord. 'T is our hope, Sir,
After well-enter'd foldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confefs, it owns the malady
That doth my life befiege; farewel, young Lords:
Whether I live or die, be you the fons
Of worthy Frencbmen ${ }^{3}$; let higher Italy

Do not tbrow from you ; you, my Lord, farervel;
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doib Aretch itjelf as 'tis received,
And is enough for botb.]
The firt edition, from which the paffage is refored, was fufficiently clear ; yet it is plain, that the latter Editors preferred a reading which they did not underftand.
${ }^{3}$ - let bigher Italy
(Tbofe 'bated, that inberit but the Fall
Of the laft Monarchy ;) See, \&cc.] This is obfcure. Italy, at the time of this fcene, was under three very different tenures. The emperor, as fucceffot of the $R_{o}$. man emperors, had one part; the pope, by a pretended donation from Conftantine, another; and the third was compofed of free flates. Now by the laft monarchy is meant the Roman, the laft of the four general monarchies. Upon the fall of this monarchy, in the fcramble, feveral cities fet up for themfelves, and became free flates: now thefe

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might be faid properly to inkerit the fall of the monarchy. This being premifed, let us now confider fenfe. The king fays, bigher Italy; -_ giving it the rank of preference to France; but he corrects himfelf and fays, I except thofe from that precedency, who only inherit the fall of the laft monarchy; as all the little petty flates; for inftance, Florence to whom thefe voluntiers were going. As if he had faid, I give the place of honour to the emperor and the pope, but not to the free flates.

Warbúrton.
The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the higher and the lower, the Appenine Hills being a kind of natural line of partition; the fide next the Adriatick was denominated the higher Italy, and the other fide the lower: and the two Seas followed the fame terms of diftinction, the Adriatick being called the upper Sea, and the 'Iyrrbene or Tujcan the lower. Now the Sennones or Senois, with whom the Florentines are here fuppo ed to be at war, inhabited the higher $\mathrm{X} \quad$ ltulj,

Thofe 'bated, that inherit but the Fall
Of the laft Monarchy ; fee, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The brave St. Queftant fhrinks, find what you feek, That Fame may cry you loud: I fay, farewel.

2 Lord. Heath at your bidding ferve your Majefty! King. Thofe girls of Italy, —— take heed of them; They fay, our French lack language to deny, If they demand ${ }^{4}$. Beware of being captives,
Before you ferve.
Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.
King. Farewel. Come hither to me. [To Bertram. [Exit.
i Lord. Oh, my fweet Lord, that you will flay behind us!
Par. 'Tis not his fault; the fpark

Italy, their chief town being Ariminum, now called Rimini, upon the Adriauick. Hanmer.
Sir T. Hanmer reads,
Thoofe baflards that inbcrit, \&ic. with this note.

Reflecting upon the abject and degenerate condition of the $\mathrm{Ci}-$ ties and States which arofe out of the ruins of the Rcman Empire, the laft of the four great Monarchies of the World.

Hanmer.
Dr. Warburton's obfervation is laarned, but rather too fubtie; Sir Tho. Hanmer's alteration is merely arbitrary. The paffage is confeffedly obfcure, and therefore I may offer another expianation. I am of opinion that the epithet bigber is to be underfood of fituation rather than of dignity. The fenfe may then be chisis, Let ufper Italy, where you are to exercife your valour, fee that yuu come to gain konsar, to the abatement, tioat is, to the
difgroce and defrefion of these that have now loft their ancient military fame, and inberit but the fall of the laft monarchy. To akate is ufed by Sbakefpeare in the original fenfe of abatre, to deprefs, to fink, to dejeet, to fulbdue. So in Coriolanus,
-'till ignorance deliver you, As mof abated captives to Some nation
That suon yor wuithout blows.
And bated is ufed in a kindred fenfe in the $\mathcal{F}$ rw of $V$ inice,
-_in a loncman's $k y$
With bated breath and witi. p'ring bumblenefs.
The word has fill the fame meaning in the language of the law.

+ Bervare of being cap. tives,
Before you ferve.] The word Serve is equivocal ; the fenfe is, Be not capilives before you ferve in the war. Be net caftives before sou are Soldiers.

2 Lord. Oh, 'tis brave wars.
Par. Moft admirable; I have feen thofe wars.
Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with, Too young, and the next year, and 'is too carly.

Par. An thy mind ftand to it, boy, fteal away bravely.
Ber. Shall I flay here a fore horfe to a fmock, Creek ing my fhoes on the plain mafonry,
'Till Honour be bought up, and no fword worn But one to dance with ? by heav'n, I'll fteal away.
i Lord. There's honour in the theft.
Par. Commit it, Count.
2 Lord. I am your acceffary, and fo farewel.
Ber. ${ }^{5}$ I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.
1 Lord. Farewel, Captain.
2 Lord. Sweet Monfieur Parolles! -
Par. Noble heroes, my fword and yours are kin; good fparks and luftrous. A word, good metals. You ${ }^{6}$ fhall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain spurio with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his finitter cheek; it was this very fword entrench'd it ; fay to him, I live, and obferve his reports of me.
2 Lord. We fhall, noble captain.
Par. Mars doat on you for his novices! what will ye do?
${ }^{5}$ I grow to you, and our farting is a tertured body.] I read thus, Our parting is the parting of $a$ a ortured body. Our prring is as the difruption of linbs torn from each other. Repetition of a word is often the caufe of miftakes; the eye glances on the wrong word, and the intermediate part of the fentence is omitted.
${ }^{6}$ You Joall find in the Regiment of the Spinii, one Captain Spurio,
bis Cicatrice, with an Emblem of War bere on bis finijter Cbcek; ] It is furprifing, none of the Editors could fee that a flight Tranfpofition was abfolutely necefiary here, when there is not common Senfe in the Paffage, as it flands without fuch Tranfpofition. Parolles only means, "You fhall
"find one Captain Spurio in the
" Camp with a Scar on his left
" Cheek, a Mark of War that
" my Sword gave him."
Theobald.

## A L L's W L L,

Ber. Stay; the King -
Par. Ufe a more fpacious ceremony to the noble Lords, you have reftrain'd yourfelf within the lift of too cold an adieu; be more expreffive to them, for they wear themfelves in the cap of the time ${ }^{7}$, there, do mufter true gait, eat, fpeak, and move under the influence of the moft receiv'd ftar; and tho' the devil lead the meafure, fuch are to be follow'd : after them, and take a more dilated farewel.
Ber. And I will do fo.
Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove moft finewy fword-men.
[Exelint.

## S C E N E II.

Enter the King, and Lafeu. [Lafeu kneels:
Laf. Pardon, my Lord, for me and for my tidings. King. I'll fee thee to ftand up.
Laf. Then here's a man ftands, that hath bought his pardon.
I would you had kneel'd, my Lord, to afk me mercy; And that at my bidding you could fo fiand up.

King. I would, I had ; fo I had broke thy pate, And afk'd thee mercy for't.


## THATENDS WELL.

Laf. Goodfaith, ${ }^{8}$ acrofs : —but, my good Lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity ?
King. No.
Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox ?

- Yes, but you will, my noble grapes; an if

My royal fox could reach them : i have feen a medicine,
That's able to breathe life into a ftone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance Canary
With fprightly fire and motion ; whofe fimple touch Is powerful to araife King Pepin, nay, To give great Cbarlemain a pen in's hand, And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?
Laf. Why, doctor-fhe: my Lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will fee her. Now, by my faith and honour, If ferioully I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have fpoke
With one, that in her fex ${ }^{\text {}}$, her years, profeffion,
Widdom and conftancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weaknefs: will you fee her,
For that is her Demand, and know her bufinefs?
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May fpend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'ft it.
${ }^{8}$ - across :-] This word, as has been already obferved, is ufed when any pafs of wit mifcarries.
${ }^{9}$ Yes, but you will, my noble grapes ; an' $i f$.$] Thefe$ words, my noble grapes, feem to Dr. Warburton and Sir T. Hanmer, to ftand fo much in the way, that they have filently omitted them. They may be in-

$$
\mathrm{x}_{3}
$$

deed rejected without great lofs but I believe they are SbakeSpeare's words. You will eat, fays Lafeu, nograpes, Ves, but you $^{\text {en }}$ will eat 'fuch noble' grapes as I bring you, if you could reach them.
x ber years, profeffion,] By profelfion is meant her declaration of the end and purpofe of her coming. Warburton.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither.
[Ewit Lafeu.
King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues. Laf. [Returns.] Nay, come your ways.
[Bringing in Helena.
King. This hafte hath wings, indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your ways,
This is his majefty, fay your mind to him;
A traitor you do look like; but fuch traitors
His Majefty feldom fears: I'm Creffid's uncle ${ }^{2}$,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [Exit.

$$
\begin{array}{llllll}
S & C & E & N & E & I I I .
\end{array}
$$

King. Now, fair One, do's your bufinefs follow us? Hel. Ay, my good Lord.
Gercrd de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profers, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I fpare my praife toward him;
Knowing him, is enough: on's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one,
Whict, as the deareft iffue of his practice,
And of his old experience th' only darling,
He bade me ftore up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two: more dear 1 have fo;
And hearing your high Majefty is touch'd

$$
\text { With that malignant caufe, wherein the honour }{ }^{3}
$$

Of my dear father's gift ftands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound hutmblenefs.
King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be fo credulous of cure,

[^71]When our moft learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ranfome nature
From her unaidable eftate: we muft not
So ftain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To proftitute our paft-cure malady
To empericks; or to diffever fo
Our great felf and our credit, to efteem
A fenfelefs help, when help paft fenfe we deem.
Hel. My duty then fhall pay me for my pains;
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts
A modeft one to bear me baik again.
King. I cannot give thee lefs, to be call'd grateful;
Thou thought'ft to help me, and fuch thanks I give,
As one near death to thofe that wifh him live;
But what at full I know, thou know'ft no part;
1 knowing all my peril, thou no art.
Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you fet up your reft 'gainft remedy.
He that of greateft works is finihher,
Oft does them by the weakeft minitter:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment fhown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From fimple fources; and great feas have dry'd,
When mir'cles have by th' greatelt been deny'd ${ }^{+}$.
Oft expectation fails, and moft oft there
Where moft it promifes : and oft it hits
Where hope is coldett, and defpair moft fits.
King. I muft not hear thee; fare thee well, kind Maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, muft by thyfelf be paid :

[^72]$X_{4}$ Proffers,

Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward. Hel. Infpired merit fo by breath is barr'd :
It is not fo with him that all things knows, As 'tis with us, that fquare our guefs by fhows: But moft it is prefumption in us, when
The help of heav'n we count the act of men.
Dear Sir, to my endeavours give confent,
Of heav'n, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impoftor, that proclaim
${ }^{5}$ Myfelf againtt the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know moft fure, My art is not paft power, nor you paft cure.

King. Art thou fo confident ? within what face Hop'lt thou my cure ?

Hel. The greateft grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horfes of the fun fhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring ;
Ere twice in murk and accidental damp Noift Hefperus hath quench'd his fleepy lamp; Or four and twenty times the pilot's glais Hath told the thievifh minutes how they pals; What is infirm from your found parts fhall fly, Health fhall live free, and ficknels freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ft thou venture?
Hel., Tax of impudence,
A frumpet's bolditefs, a divulged flame ${ }^{6}$
Traduc'd by odious ballads : my maiden's name
${ }^{5}$ Mifoif againg the level of ainz at a fraud; I think what

greater things than befits the mediocri:y of my condition.

Warbuton.
I rather think that fhe means to fay, I om not an impofor that proclaim one thing and defign another, that froclaina a cure and

- a divulged 乃same

Traduc'd by odizus ballads : my maiden's name
Sear'd otberviife, no worfe of rworf $f$ extended;
With vileff tor ture lat my life be culded.] This paffage is ap-

# THATENDS:WELL. 

Sear'd otherwife, no worfe of worft extended; With vileft torture let my life be ended.

King. ${ }^{7}$ Methinks, in thee fome bleffed Spirit doth fpeak

## His powerful found, within an organ weak;

parently corrupt, and how fhall it be rectified? I have no great hope of fuccefs, but fomething mult be tried. 1 read the whole thus,

King. What dareft thou wenture?
Hel. Tax of impudence, A frumpet's boldn fs; a divulged Bame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads my ma:den name ;
Sear'dothervije, to wort of rworft extended;
With vileft torture let my life be ended.
When this alteration firt came into my mind, I fuppofed Helen to mean thus, Fir $\ell$, I venture what is deareft to me, my maiden reputation; but if your diffruft $e x$ tends my character to the rwor $/$ of the rworft, and fuppofes me feared againft the fenfe of infamy, 1 will add to the fake of reputation, the flake of life. This certainly is fenfe, and the language as grammatical as many other paffages of Sbakefpecre. Yet we may thy another experiment.
Fear otherwife to worf of revorft extended;
With vileft torture let my life be ended.
That is, let me act under the greateft terrors poffible.

Yet once again we will try to find tbe right way by the glimmer of Hanmer's emendation, who reads.thus,
my maiden name
Sear'd; otberwife the wort of sworft extended, \&c.
Perhaps it were better thus,

- my maiden name

Sear'd; otberwije the worf to worft extended;
With ailft toriure let my life be ended.
${ }^{7}$ Methinks in thace fome 61. Jed Jpirit doto Speak
His powerful found, within an organ reeak :] To Sprak a Sound is a barbarifm : For to /peak fignifies to utter an articulate found, i. e. a voice So SbakeJpecre, in Love's Labour's Lof, fays with propriety, And ruben lore fpeaks the voice of all the Gods. To Jpeak a Sound therefore is improper, tho' to utter a jound is not ; becaufe the word utter may be applied either to an articulate or inarticulate. Befides, the confruction is vicious with the two ablatives, in thee, and, within an organ weak. The lines therefore flould be thus read and pointed.
Metbinks, in thee fome blefed Jpirit dotb Speak:
His porver full founds rwitbin ant organ weak.
But the Oxford Editor would be only 「o far beholden to this emen.dation, as to enable him to make fenfe of the lines another way, whatever become of the rules of criticifm or ingenuous dealing.

## A L L's W E L L

And what impoffibility would flay
In common fenfe, fenfe faves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate Worth name of life, in thee hath eftimate ${ }^{8}$ :
? Youth, beauty, wildom, courage, virtue, ail
That happinefs and ' prime can happy call;
Thou this to hazard, needs muft intimate
Skill infinite, or monftrous defperate.
Sweet Practifer, thy phyfick I will try;
That minifters thine own death, if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or finch in property
Of what I fpoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deferv'd! Not helping, death's my fee:
But if I help, what do you promife me?
King. ${ }^{2}$ Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Ay, by my feepter, and my hopes of heaven.
Hel. Then fnalt thou giveme, with thy kingly hand,
What Hufband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogar.ce
To chufe from forth the royal blood of France; My low and humble name to propagate With any branch or image of thy ftate *:

It porierful founds within an organ rweak. Warburt.

*     - in thee hath eflimate:] May be counted among the gifts enjoyed by thee.
9 Youtb, Beauty, riidom, courage all] The verfe wants a foo: Virtue, by mifchance, has dropt out of the line.

Warburton.
d _ prime ] Youth; the fpring or morning of life.
${ }^{2}$ King. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it eren?
King. Aj, ty my Scepter and my
bopes of help.] The King
could have but a very flight Hope of Help from her, fcarce enough to fwear by : and therefore He len might furpect he meant to equivocate with her. Befides, obferve, the greateft Part of the Scene is Aricily in Rhime: and there is no Shadow of Reafon why it fhould be interrupted here. I rather imagine the Poet wrote, Ay, by my Scept 1 , and my Hopes of Heaven. Thirlby.
4 With any branch or IMage of thy fate:] Sbakelpeare unqueftionably wrote IMPAGE, gratting. IMPE a graff, or fip.

But fuch a one thy vaffal, whom I know Is free for me to afk, thee to beltow.

King. Here is my hand, the premifes obferv'd, Thy will by my performance fhall be ferv'd : So, make the choice of thine own time; for $I$, Thy refolv'd Patient, on thee fill rely. More fhould I queftion thee, and more I muft; (Tho' more to know, could not be more to truift:) From whence thou cam'ft, how tended on, - but reft Unqueftion'd welcome, and undoubted bleft. Give me fome help here, hoa! if thou proceed As high as word, my deed flall match thy deed.
[ Exeunt.

## SCENEIV.

## Cbanges to Roufillon.

## Enter Countefs and Clowon.

Count. COME on, Sir; I fhall now put you to the height of your breeding.
Clo. I will hew myfelf highly fed, and lowly taught; I know, my bufinefs is but to the court.

Count. But to the court? why, what place rake you fpecial, when you put off that with fuch contempt? But to the court!
Clo. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may eafily put it off at court : he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kifs his hand, and fày nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, fuch a fellow, to fay precifely, were not for the court : but for me, I have an anfiver will ferve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful anfwer that fits all queftions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks;

[^73]316 A L L's W ELL,
the pin buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your anfwer ferve fit to all queftions?
Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your Frencb crown for your taffaty punk, as Tib's ruh for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Sbrove-Iuefday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a fcolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's motuh ; nay, as the pudding to his fkin.

Count. Have you, I fav, an anfwer of fuch fitnefs for all queftions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your conftable, it will fit any queftion.

Count. It mutt be an anfwer of moft monftrous fize, that muft fit all demands.

Clo. But a trille neither, in good faith, if the learned fhould fpeak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ank me, if I am a courtier; it fhall do you no harm to learn.
${ }^{1}$ Count. ${ }^{3}$ To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in a queftion, hoping to be the wifer by your anfwer. I pray you, Sir, are you a courtier ?

Clo. ${ }^{4}$ O Lord, Sir ——there's a fimple putting ofi-more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, Sir — thick, thick, fpare not me.
Count. I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.
:Clo. O Lord, Sir, nay put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whip'd, Sir, as I think.
${ }^{3}$ To be joung again, ——] The lady cenfures her own levity in trifling with her jefter, as a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth.

4 O Lcrd, Sir, I- A ridicule on that foolifh expletive of speech then in vogue at courr.

Warburton.

## Clo. O Lord, Sir,-fpare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O Lord, Sir, at your whipping, and fpare not me? indeed, your O Lord, Sir, is very fequent to your whipping: you would anfver very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worfe luck in my life, in myO Lord, Sir; I fee, things may ferve long, but not ferve ever.
Count. I play the noble houfwife with the time, to entertain it fo merrily with a fool.
Clo. O Lord, Sir - why, there't ferves well again.
Count. An end, Sir; to your buifinefs: give Helen this, And urge her to a prefent anfwer back. Commend me to my kinfmen, and my fon: This is not much.
Clo. Not much commendation to them?
Count. Not much imployment for you, you underftand me.
Clo. Moft fruiffully, I am there before my legs.
Count. Hatte you again.
[Exeun\%.

> S C E N E V.

Changes to the Court of France.
Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.
Luf. THE Y fay, miracles are paft; and we liave our philofophical perfons to make modern, and faniliar, things fupernatural and cauclefs. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; enfconfing ourfelves into feeming knowledge, when we fhould fubmit ourfelves to an unknown fear ${ }^{\text {s }}$.

Par. Why, 'tis the rareft argument of wonder that hath fhot out in our later times.
Ber. And fo'tis.
s -urkinovin fear.] Fear is here the object of fear.

Laf. To be relinquifn'd of the artifts
Par. So 1 fay, both of Galen and Parccelfus ${ }^{6}$.
Lef. Of all the learned and authentick Fellows Par. Right, follfay.
Laf. That gave him out incurable,
Par. Why, there 'tis, fo fay I too.
Laf. Not to be help'd,
Par. Right, as 'twere a man affur'd of an
1 Laf. Uncertain life, and fure death.-
Par. Juft, you fay well : fo would I have faid.
Laf. I may truly fay, it is a noveity to the world. Par. It is, indeed, if you will have it in fhewing, you fhall read it in, what do you call there

Laf. A fhewing of a heav'nly effect in an earthly actor ${ }^{7}$.
Par. That's it, I would have faid the very fame.
${ }^{6}$ Par. So I fay, both of Galen
and Paracelfus.
Laf. Of all the learned and authentick follows - 1 Stakefipeure, as I have often ob. ferved, never throws out his words at random. Paraceljus, tho' no better than an ignorant and knavifh enthufiaft was at this time in fuch vogue. even amongft the learned, that he had almoft jufted Galen and the ancients out of credit. On this account learned is applied to Galen; and autbentick or fafhionable to Paraceli,ius. Sancy, in his Confelfon Catholique, p. 301. Ed. Ccl 1720, is made to fay, Je trouve la Riviere premier Medecin, de meilleure bumeur que ecs gens la. Il eft bon Galenitte, ©o ires bon Paracelfifte. Il dit que la docirine de Galien eft bonorabli, \& nocn melprijable four la patiol gie, Є゙ profitable pour res Boutiques. L'autre, pourveu que
ce Siit de urais preceptes de Paracelfe, of bonne à fuivre pour la verité, pour la fubtilite, pour l'épargne; en fomme pour la Therafeutique. Warburton. As the whole merriment of this feene confifts in the pretenfions of Parclies to knowledge and fentiments which he has not, I believe here are two paffages in which the words and fenfe are befowed upon him by the copies, which the author gave to Lafeu. I read this pafiage thus,

Laf. To be relinquiffed of the artifs
Par. So I fay.
Laf. Botb of Galen and Paracelfus, of all the learned and autthentick fillows-
Par. Right, $f 01$ fay:
1 A beruing of a beav'nly of. feiz, scc.] The title of fome pamphlet here ridiculed.

Warburton.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not luftier: for me, I Speak in refpect -
Par. Nay, 'tis ftrange, 'tis very ftrange, that is the brief and the tedious of it;' and he's of a moft facinerious fipirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the--

Laf. Very hand of heav'n.
Par. Ay, fo I fay.
Laf. In a moit weak -
Par. And debile minitter, great power, great tranfcendence *; which Thould, indeed, give us a farther ufe to be made than alone the recov'ry of the King; as to be

Laf. Generally thankful.

## S C E N E VI.

Enter King, Helena, and attendants.

- Par. I would have faid it, you faid well. Here comes the King.

Laf. Luftick, as the Dutchman fays. I'll like a Maid the better, while I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a Corranto.

Par. Mort du Vinaigre! is not this Helena?
Laf. 'Fore (rod, I think fo.
King. Go, call before me all the Lords in court.

[^74]language than fuch as is very common in thefe plays. I believe Parellis has again ufurped words and fente to which he has no right ; and I read this pafiage thas,
Laf. In a mof weak and debile minifer, great pawer. great tranfiendence; wowicto 乃oculd, indied, gize us a fartber ufe to be made than the mere recouery of the king.

Par. As to be -
Laf. Generally thanảjul.

Sit, my preferver, by thy patient's fide ;
And with this healchful hand, whofe banifi'd fenfe
Thou halt repeal'd, a fecond time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift;
Which but attends thy naming.

## Enter tbree or four Lords.

Fair maid, fend forth thine eye; this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors ftand at my beftowing,
O'er whom both fov'reign power and father's voice I have to ufe; thy frank election make;
Thou haft power to chufe, and they none to forfake.
Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous miftrefs Fall, when love pleafe! marry, to each but one. -

Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture, My mouth no more were broken ${ }^{9}$ than thefe boys, And writ as little beard.

King. Perufe them well :
Not one of thofe, but had a noble father.
[Sbe addrefes berfelf to a Lord.
Hel. Gentlemen, heaven hath, through me, reftor'd The King to health.

All. We underftand it, and thank heaven for you.
Hel. I am a fimple maid, and therein wealthieft,
That, I proteft, I fimply am a maid. -
Pleafe it your Majefty, I have done already:
The bluthes in my cheeks thus whifper me,
"We bluh that thou fhould chufe, but be refus'd;
" Let the white death fit on thy cheek for ever ',
" We'll ne'er come there again.
King. Malke choice, and ree,
Who Chuns thy love, fhuns all his love in me.

9 A troken mouth is a mouth which has loft part of its teeth.
${ }^{1}$ Let the rubite Déath git on thy cheek for ever, ] Shake. Stcate, I think, wrote DEARTH;
i. e. want of blood, or more figuratively barrennefs, want of fruit or iffue. WARBURTON.

The aibite deatb is the chlorofis.

## THAT ENDS WELL.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly, And to imperial ${ }^{2}$ Love, that God moft high, Do my fighs ftream : Sir, will you hear my fuit?

I Lord. And grant it.
Hel. Thanks, Sir : - all the reft is mute.
Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw amesace for for my life.

Hel. The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes, Before I fpeak, too threatningly replies: Love make your fortunes twenty times above Her thit fo wifhes, and her humble love!

2 Lord. No better, if you pleafe.
Hel. My wifh receive,
Which great Love grant! and fo I take my leave.
Laf. Do all they deny her ${ }^{3}$ ? if they were fons of mine, I'd have them whipt, or I would fend them to the Turk to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand fhould take, I'll never do yout wrong for your own fake: Bleling upon your vows, and in your bed Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. Thefe boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her ; fure, they are baftards to the Englifh, the French ne'er got'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good, To make yourfelf a fon out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not fo.
${ }^{2}$ And to imperial Love,-] The old editions read imparTIAL, which is right. Love who has no regard to difference of condition, but yokes together high and low, which was her cafe. Warburton.

There is no edition of this play older than that of 1623 , the next is that of $16 \% 2$, of which both read imperial: the
fecond reads imperial Jove.
${ }^{3}$ Laf. Do they all deny ber!]
None of them have yet denied her, or deny her afterwards but Bertram. The fcene muft be fo regulated that Lafiu and Parolles talk at a diftapce, where they may fee what paffes between $H_{t-}$ lena and the lords, but not hear it, fo that they know not by whom the refufal is made.

Vol. III.

Laf. ${ }^{4}$ There's one grape yet, -I am fure, thy father drunk wine. - But if thou be'ft not an afs, I ama youth of fourteen. I have known thee already.

## Hel. I dare not fay, I take you; but I give

Me and my fervice, ever whilft I live,
Into your guided power: this is the man. [To Bertram.
King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, The's thy wife.
Ber. My wife, my Liege? I Shall befeech your Highnefs,
In fuch a bufinefs give me leave to ufe
The help of mine own eyes.
King. Know't thou not, Bertram,
What fhe hath done for me?
Ber. Yes, my good Lord,
But never hope to know why I fhould marry her.
King. Thou know'it, fhe has rais'd me from my fickly bed.
Ber. But follows it, my Lord, to bring me down Muft anfwer for your raifing? I know her well : She had her breeding at my father's charge : A poor phyfician's daughter my wife !-Difdain Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou difdain'ft in her, the which I can build up: ftrange is it, that our bloods, Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together, Would quite confound diftinction, yet ftand off In differences, fo mighty. If fhe be
All that is virtuous, (fave what thou dinik' $f$, A poor phyfician's daughter,) thou dinik'ft

4Tbcre's one grape yet, _—] This fpeech the three laft editors have perplexed themfelves by dividing between Lafeu and Pa rolles, without any authority of copies, or any improvement of fenfe. I have reftored the oid reading, and mould have thought no explanation neceffary, but that Nir. Theobald apparently mifun-
derftood it.
Old Lafeu having, upon the fuppofition that the lady was refufed, reprnached the young lords as boys of ice, throwing liss eyes on Bertram who remained, cries out, There is one yet into rebom bisfuther put good blood, but I bave knoun thee lang cnough to know thee for an afs.

## THAT ENDS WELL.

Of virtue for the name: but do not fo.
${ }^{3}$ From loweft place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.
Where great addition fwells, and virtue none,
It is a dropfied honour ${ }^{6}$; good alone
Is good, without a name vilenefs is fo:
The property by what it is fhould go,
Not by the title. She is young, wife, fair ${ }^{7}$;
In thefe, to nature fhe's immediate heir ;

5 Whence froin lowèt place virtuous things proceed,] This cafy Correction was prefcribed by Dr. Tbrilby. Theobald. 6 - good alone,
Is good without a name. Vile$n e \int_{s}$ is $\int_{0}$ :] The text is here corrupted into nonfenfe. We fhould read,

## I good alone

Is good; and, with a name, vilenefs is fo.
i.e. good is good, tho there be no addition of title ; and vilenefs is vilenefs, tho' there be. The Oxford Editor, underflanding nothing of this, firikes out vilenefs and puts in its place, in't $f_{t} l f$. WARBURTON.

The prefent reading is certainly wrong, and, to confefs the truth, I do not think Dr. Warburton's emendation right ; yet I have nothing that I can propofe with much confidence. Of all the conjectures that I can make, that which leaft difpleafes me is this:

## - virtue alone,

Is good without a name; Helen is So ;
The reft follows eafily by this change.

> 7-Sbe is young, ruife, fair;
> In thefe, to nature fibe's immediate beir;
> And thefe treed honour ; - $]$ The objection was, that Helen
had neither riches nor title: To this the King replies, fhe's the immediate heir of nature, from whom fhe inherits youth, wifdom, and beauty. The thought is fine: For by the imnediate heir to nature, we muft underfand one who inherits wifdom and beauty in a fupremedegree. From hence it appears that young is a faulty reading, for that does not, like wifdom and beauty, admit of different degrees of excellence ; therefore fhe could not, with regard to that, be faid to be the immediate heir of nature; for in that fhe was only joint-heir with all the reft of her fpecies. Befides, tho' wiffiom and beauiy may breed bonour, yet jouth cannot be faid to do fo. On the contrary, it is age which has this advantage. It feems probable that fome foolifh player, when he tranicribed this part, not apprehending the thought, and wondring to find youth not reckoned amongt the good qualities of a woman when fhe was propofed to a lord, and not confidering that it was comprifed in the word fair, foifted in young, to the exclufion of a word much more to the purpore. For I make no queftion but Sbaks Speare wrote,

[^75]And thefe breed honour: That is honour's fcorn,
Which challenges itfelf as honour's born, And is not like the fire. Honours beft thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers : the mere word's a flave
Debaucht on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy ${ }^{\text {s }}$; and as oft is cumb,
Where duft and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones, indeed. What fhould be faid ?
If thou can'ft like this creature as a maid,
I can create the reft: virtue and fhe,
Is her own dow'ry; honour and wealth from me,
Ber. I cannot love her, nor will ftrive to do't.
King. Thou wrong'ft thyfelf, if thou fhould'ft ftrive to chufe.
Hel. That you are well reftor'd, my lord, I'm glad: Let the reft go.

King. ${ }^{9}$ My honour's at the ftake; which to defend,

For the greateft part of her encomium turned upon her virtue. To omit this therefore 'in the recapitulation of her qualities, had been againft all the rules of good fpeaking. Nor let it be objected that this is requiring an exactneis in our author which we fhould not expect. For he who could reafon with the force our zathor doth here (and we ought always to diftinguifh between Shak (fieare on his guard and in his rambles), and illuftrate that sealoning with fuch beauty of thought and propriety of expreffion, could never make ufe cf a word which quite deftroyed the cxainnefs of his reafoning, the propriety of his thought, and the elegance of his expreffion.

Wareurton.
Here is a long note, which 1 wifh had been thorter. Good is
better than young, as it refers to bonour. But fhe is more the immediate beir of nature with refpect to youtb than goodnefs. To be immediate beir is to inherit without any intervening tranfmitter : thus fhe inherits' beauty immediatcly from nature, but honour is tranfmitted by anccftors ; youth is received immediatcly from nature, but $g$ odinefs may be conceived in part the giit of parents, or the effect of education. The alteration therefore lofes on one fide what it gains on the other.
${ }^{9}$ My boncur's at the Stake; rubich to defeat
1 mul produce my Porerr.——]. The poor King of France is again made a Man of Gotbam, by our unmerciful Editors. For he is not to make ufe of his Authority to defeat, but to defind his Honour.

Theobald.

## THATENDS WELL.

I muft produce my power. Here, take her hand, Proud fcornful boy, unworthy this good gift!
That doft in vile mifprifion fhackle up
My love, and her defert ; that canft not dream, We, poizing us in her defective fcale, Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know, It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We pleafe to have it grow. Check thy contempt :
Obey our will, which travels in thy good;
Believe not thy difdain, but prefently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the ftaggers ${ }^{\text {' }}$, and the carelefs lapfe
Of youth and ignorance ; my revenge and hate
Lonfing upon thee in the name of juftice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak, thine anfwer.
Ber. Pardon, my gracious Lord; for I fubmit
My fancy to your eyes. When I confider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid; I find that fhe, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts moft bafe, is now The praifed of the King; * who, fo enobled, Is, as 'twere, born fo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, fhe is thine : to whom I promife
A counterpoize; if not in thy eftate,
A balance more repleat.
Ber. I take her hand.
King. Good fortune, and the favour of the King Smile upon this contract; whole ceremony
Shall feem expedient on the new-born brief ${ }^{2}$,

[^76]To this the allufion, I fuppofe, is made.


And be perform'd to night; the folemn fealt
Shall more attend upon the coming fpace,
Expecting abfent friends. As thou lov'th her,
Thy love's to me religious; elfe does err. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E VII.

## Manent Parolles and Lafeu.

Iaf. Do you hear, Monfieur? a word with you.
Par. Your pleafure, Sir?
Laf. Your Lord and Mafter did well to make hiṣ recantation.

Par. Recantation? - my Lord? my Mafter?
L.af. Ay, is it not a language I fpeak ?

Par. A moft harfh one, and not to be underftood without bloody fucceeding. My mafter?

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Roufillon?
Par. To any Count ; to all Counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is Count's man; Count's mafter is of another ftile.

Par. You are too old, Sir; let it fatisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I muft tell thee, Sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.
Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries ${ }^{3}$, to be a pretty wife fellow; thou didft make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pais; yet the fcarfs and the ban-


## THATENDS WELL.

nerets about thee did manifoldly diffuade me from believing thee a veffel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lofe thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up ${ }^{4}$, and that thou'rt fcarce worth.

Par. Hadft thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee - -

Laf. Do not plunge thyfelf too far in anger, left thou haften thy trial ; which if, - Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! fo, my good window of lattice, fare thee well ; thy cafement I need not open, I look thro' thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me moft egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my Lord, deferv'd it.
Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not 'bate thee a fcruple.

Par. Well, I fhall be wifer - -
Laf. Ev'n as foon as thou canft, for thou haft to pull at a fmack o'th' contrary. If ever thou be'ft bound in thy fcarf and beaten, thou fhalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a defire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may fay in the default ${ }^{s}$, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord, you do me moft infupportable vexation.

Laf. I would, it were hell-pains for thy fake, and my poor doing eternal : for doing, I am paft; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave ${ }^{6}$.

[^77]'s -in the default, ] That is, at a need.
${ }^{6}$ - for doing I am paff; as 1 quill by thee, in rubat motion Y +

Par. Well, thou haft a fon fhall take this difgrace off me ${ }^{7}$; fcurvy, old, filthy, fcurvy Lord ! - well, I muft be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a Lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of _I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

## Re enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your Lord and Mafter's married, there's news for you: you have a new miftrefs.

Pcr. I mott unfeignedly befeech your Lordfhip to make fome refervation of your wrongs. He, my good Lord, whom I ferve above, is my matter.

Laf. Who? God?
Par. Ay, Sir.
Laf. The devil it is, that's thy mafter. Why doft thou garter up thy arms o' this fafhion? doft make hofe of thy fleeves? do other fervants fo? thou wert beft fet thy lower part where thy nofe ftands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man fhould beat thee. I think, thou waft created for men to breathe themfelves upon thee.
age weill give me learie.] Here
is a line loft after paft; fo that it flould be diftingu:fhed by a break with aferinss. The very words of the loft line it is impofible 10) retrieve; but the fenfe is obvious enough. For dicing I am $j a, f$; age has deprived me of much of my force and vigour, yet I have fill enough to thew the world I can do myfelf right ai 1 cuill dy thee, in cubat motion [or in the beft manner] age wuill zite me leare. Warburtox.

This fufipicion of a chafm
is grourdlefs. The conceit, which is fo thin that it might well efcape a hafly reader, is in the word paft; I am paft, as $I$ will be paft by thie.
${ }^{7}$ Woll, stion baft a fon foall take this difgrace off me:] This the poet makes Parolies fpeak alone; and this is nature. A coward would try to hide his poltroonry even from himelf. An ordinary writer would have been glad of fuch an opportunity to bring him to conicilion.

Warburton.

Par. This is hard and undeferved meafure, my Lord.
Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more fawcy with lords and honourable perfonages, than ${ }^{5}$ the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commiffion. You are not worth another word, elfe I'd call you knave. 1 leave you.
[Exit.

## SCENE, VIII.

## Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good, it is fo then.-Good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

- Par. What is the matter, fweet heart ?

Ber. Although before the folemn Prieft I've fworn, I will not bed her.
Par. What? what, fweet heart?
Ber. 'O my Parolles, they have married me:
I'll to the $\mathcal{T} u f$ can wars, and never bed her.
Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: to th' wars.
Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.
Por. Ay, that would be known : to th' wars, my boy, to th' wars.
He wears his honour in a box, unfeen, That hugs his kickfy-wickfy here at home; Spending his manly marrow in her arms, Which fhould fuftain the bound and high curvet Of Mars's fiery ficed: to other regions France is a ftable, we that dwell in't jades, Therefore to th' war.
Ber. It fhall be fo, I'll fend her to my houfe,

[^78]
## A L L's W E L L;

Acquaint my mother with my hate to her, And wherefore I am fled; write to the King That which I durft not fpeak. His prefent gift Shall furnifh me to thofe Italian fields,
Where noble fellows ftrike. War is no ftrife
To the dark houfe, and the detefted wife.
Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art fure ?
Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advife me.
I'll fend her ftraight away : to-morrow
I'll to the wars, the to her fingle forrow.
Par. Why, thefe balls bound, there's noife in it.' T is hard;
A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,
The King has done you wrong: but, hulh! 'tis fo.
[Exeunt.

## S C E N E IX.

## Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is fhe well ?
Clo. She is not well, but yet fhe has her health; fhe's verry merry, but yet fhe is not well : but, thanks be given, fhe's very well, and wants nothing i'th' world; but yet fhe is not well.

Hel. If fhe be very well, what does fhe ail, that fhe's not very well?

Clo. Truly, fhe's very well, indeed, but for two things.
Hel. What two things ?
Clo. One, that fhe's not in heav'n, whither God fend her quickly; the other, that fhe's in earth, from whence God fend her quickly!

[^79]
## Enter Parolies.

Par. Blefs you, my fortunate Lady !
Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them fill. O, my knave, how does my old lady ?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her mony, I would, the did, as you fay.

Par. Why, I fay nothing.
Clo. Marry, you are the wifer man; for many a man's tongue fhakes out his mafler's undoing: to fay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your ticle; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.
Clo. You fhould have faid, Sir, before a knave th'art a knave; that's, before me th'art a knave : this had been truth, Sir.
Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.
Clo. Did you find me in yourfelf, Sir? or were you taught to find me? the fearch, Sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleafure, and the increafe of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i ifaith, and well fed. Madam, my Lord will go away to-night, A very ferious bufinefs calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love, Which, as your due, time clains, he does acknowlege; But puts it off by a compell'd reftraint:
Whofe want, and whofe deiay, ' is ll rew'd with fweets Which they diftil now in the curbed time, To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,

[^80]And pleafure drown the brim.
Hel. What's his will elfe?
Por. I hat you will take your inftant leave o'th' King, And make this hafte as your own good proceeding; Strengthen'd with what apology, you think, May make it probable need ${ }^{2}$.

Hel. What more commands he ?
Par. That having this obtain'd, you prefently
Attend his further pleafure.
Ifel. In every thing I wait upon his will.
Par. I fhall report it fo. [Exit Parolles.
Hel. I pray you-Come, Sirrah.

## SCENEX.

## Enter Lafeu and Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope, your LordMip thinks not him a foldier.

Eer. Yes, my Loid, and of very valiant approof.
Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.
Ber. And by other warranted teftimony.
Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do affure you, my Lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then finned againft his experience, and tranfgrefs'd againft his valour; and my ftate that way is dangerous, fince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will purfue the amity.

## Enter Parolles.

Prir. Thefe things mall be done, Sir. Laf. I pray you, Sir, who's his taylor?
${ }^{2}$ - proliabic neced.] A frccious appearance of neceffity. 1

## Par. Sir?

Laf. O, 1 know him well; I, Sir, he, sir's, a good workman, a very good taylor.

Ber. Is fhe gone to the King? Afide to Parolles. Par. She is.
Ber. Will the away to-night?
Par. As you'll have her.
Ber. I have writ my letters, cafketed my treafure, given order for our hores ; and to-night, when I fhould take poffefion of the bride - - and ere I do 'begin

Laf. A grod traveller is fomething at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and ufes a known truth to pafs a thoufand nothings with, fhould be once heard, and thrice beaten-God fave you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindnefs between my Lord and you, Monfieur?

Par. I know not, how I have deferved to run into my Lord's difpleafure.

Laf. ${ }^{3}$ You have made fhift to run into't, boots and fpurs and all, like him that leapt into the cuftard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than fuffer queftion for your refidence.

Ber. It may be, you have miftaken him, my Lord.
Laf. And fhall do fo ever, tho' I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my Lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the foul of this man is his clothes. Truft him not in matter of heavy confequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewel, Monfieur, I have

[^81]Fefier or Zany was in Vogue, for him to jump into a large deep Cuftard: fet for the Purpofe, to Set on a Quantiy of barren Spectators to laugh; as our P'oet fays in his Hamlet.

Theobald。 Spoken
fyoken better of you, than you have or will deferve at my hand, but we muft do good againft evil. [Exit.
Par. An idle lord, I fwear.
Ber. I think fo.
Par. Why, do you not know him?
Ber. Yes, I know him well, and common fpeech Gives him a worthy pafs. Here comes my clog.

## SCENE XI.

## Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave For prefent parting; only, he defires
Some private fpeech with you.
Ber. I fhall obey his will.
You muf not marvel, Helen, at my courfe, Which holds not colour with the time; nor does
The miniftration and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not For fuch a bufinefs; therefore am I found So much unfettled: this drives me to intreat you, That prefently you take your way for home, And rather mufe, than afk, why I intreat you, For my refpetts are better than they feem; And my appointments have in them a need Greater than hews iffelf at the firft view, To you that know them not. This to my mother. [Giving a letter.
'Twill be two days ere I fhall fee you, fo
I leave you to your wifdom.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing fay,
But that I am your moft obedient fervant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever fhall
With true obfervance feek to eke out That,
Wherein tow'rd me my homely flars have fail'd

To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let that go:
My hafte is very great. Farewel; hie home.
Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you fay?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I fay, 'tis mine, and yet it is ;
But, like a tim'rous thief, moft fain would fteal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something, and fcarce fo much - nothing, indeed
I would not tell you what I would, my Lord -'faith, yes;
Strangers and foes do funder and not kifs.
Ber. I pray you, ftay not: but in hafte to horfe.
Hel. ${ }^{4}$ I fhall not break your bidding, good my Lord. [Exit Helena.
Ber. Where are my other men, Monfieur? - farewel.
Go thou tow'rd home, where I will never come, Whilft I can fhake my fword, or hear the drum : Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, Couragio!
[ Exeunt.

4 In former copies:
Hel. I Ball not break your Bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other men? Monfieur, farerwel.
Ber. Go thou torward bone, where I will nerver come.]
What other Men is Helen here enquiring after? Or who is the fuppos'd to afk for them? The old Countefs, 'tis certain, did
not fend her to the Court without fome Attendants: but neither the Clorwn, nor any of her Retinue, are now upon the Stage: Bertram, obferving Helen to linger fondly, and wanting to mift. her off, puts on a Shew of Hafte, afks Parolles for his Servants, and then gives his Wife an abrupt Difmiffion. Theobald.

# A C T III. S C ENEI. 

## The Duke's Court in Florence.

## Flourifh. Enter the Duke of Florence, two French Lords, wouth Soldiers.

> D ике.

8
O that, from point to point, now have you heard 5 The fundamental reafons of this war, Whofe great decifion hath much blood let forth, And more thirfts after.
i Lord. Holy feems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part ; but black and fearful
On the oppofer.
Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our coufin France Would, in fo juft a bufinefs, fhut his bofom Againt our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my Lord,
The reafons of our flate I cannot yields s,
But like a common and an outward man ${ }^{6}$,
That the great figure of a council frames
By felf. unable motion ${ }^{\text {? }}$; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, fince I have found
Myfelf in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I gueft.
Duke. Be it his pleafure.
2 Lord. But I am fure, the younger of our nation, That furfeit on their eafe, will day by day

5 _ I cannot yield, ] I can- So inward is familiar, admitted, not inform you of the reafons. to fecrets. I swas an inward of ${ }^{6}$ _an outward ma., ] i.e. bis. Meafure for Meafure. one not in the fecret of affairs.
${ }^{7}$ By Self-unable motion; -] Warzurton. We mould read notion.

Warburton. Come

Come here for phyfick.
Duke. Welcome fhall they be:
And all the honours, that can fly from us, Shall on them fettle. You know your places well. When better fall, for your avails they fell;
To-morrow to the field.
[Excunt.

## S C E N E II.

Cbanges to Roufillon, in France.

## Enter Countefs, and Clown.

Count.T hath happen'd, all as I would have had it; fave, that he comes not along with her.
Clo. By my troth, I take my young Lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what obfervance, I pray you.
Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and fing; mend his ruff, and fing; afk queftions, and fing; pick his teeth, and fing. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy, fold a goodly manor for a fong.

Count. Let me fee what he writes, and when he means to come.
$\lfloor$ Reads the Letter.
Clo. I have no mind to IJbel, fince I was at court. Our old ling, and our IJels o' th' cointry, are nothing like your old ling, and your Jfeels o' th' court: the brain of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves mony, with no ftomach.

Count. What have we here?
Clo. E'en that you have there.

## Countefs reads a letter.

I bave fent you a danghter in-law: She batb recovered the King, and undone me. I bave weedded ber, not bedded ber; and fworn to make the not eternal. You Sball bear, I am run away; know it, before the report come.

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Z

## Your unfortunate Son,

Bertram.
This is not well ; rafh and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of fo good a King, To pluck his indignation on thy head;
By the mifprizing of a maid, too virtuous For the contempt of empire.

## Re-enter Clown.

Clo. OMadam, yonder is heavy news within between two foldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?
Clo. Nay, there is fome comfort in the news, fome comfort; your fon will not be kill'd fo foon as I thought he would.

Count. Why fhould he be kill'd ?
Clo. So fay I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in ftanding to't; that's the lofs of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more. For my part, I only hear, your fon was run away.
SCENE HI.

## Enter Helena, and two Gentlemen:

I Gen. Save you, good Madam.
Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone. 2 Gen. Do not fay fo.
Count. Think upon patience-'Pray you, gentlemen, I've felt fo many quirks of joy and grief, That the firft face of neither, on the ftart, Can woman me unto't. Where is my fon?

## THAT ENDS WELL:

2 Gen. Madam, he's gone to ferve the Duke of Florence.
We met him thitherward, for thence we came; And, after fome difpatch in hand at court, Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, Madam; here's my pafsport.
${ }^{8}$ When thou canfl-get the ring upon my finger, which never faall come off; and fherv me a cbild begotten of thy body that I ani fatber to, then coll me bufband: but in fuch a Then I write a Never.
This is a dreadful fentence.
Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen ?
1 Gen. Ay, Madam, and, for the contents' fake are forry for our pains.
Count. I pr'ythee, lady, liave a better cheer. If thou engroffett all the griefs as thine, Thou robb'ft me of a moiety; he was my fon, But I do wafh his name out of my blood, And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?
2 Gent. Ay, Madam.
Count. And to be a foldier?
2 Gen. Such is his noble purpore ; and, believe't, The Duke will lay upon him all the honour That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you-thither?
1 Gen. Ay , Madam, with the fwifteft wing of fpeed. Hel. 'Till Ibave no woife, I bare notbing in France. 'Tis bitter. [Reading.

Count. Find y ou that there?

[^82]
## Hel. Yes, Madam.

I Gen. 'Tis but the boldnefs of his hand, haply, which his heart was not confenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife?
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only fhe ; and fhe deferves a lord,
That twenty fuch rude boys might tend upon, A nd call her hourly miftrefs. Who was with him?
i Gen. A fervant only, and a gentleman Which I have fome time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?
I Gen. Ay, my good lady, he.
Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickednefs : Ny fon corrupts a well-derived nature With his inducement.

I Gen. Indeed, good lady, the fellow has a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have ${ }^{9}$.

Count. Y'are welcome, gentlemen; I will intreat you, when you fee my fon, to tell him, that his fword can never win the honour that he lofes: more I'll intreat you written to bear along.

2 Gen. We ferve you, Madam, in that and all your worthieft affairs ${ }^{1}$.

Count. Not fo, but as we change our courtefies. Will you draw near? [Exeunt Countefs and Gentlemen.

- a deal of that too much, ubich bolds bim much to have.] That is, his vices fland him in ftead. Helen had before deliver'd this thought in all the beauty of expreffion.
-I know bim a notorious lyar;
Think bim a great way fool, folely a coward;
Yet thele fixt evils fot fo fit in bim,

That thry take place, while cirtue's fteely bones Look bleak in the cold ruind But the Oxford Editor reads, Which 'hoves bim not much to bave. Warburton.
${ }^{1}$ The gentlemen declare that they are fervants to the Countefs; the replies, No otherwife than as fhe returns the fame offices of civility.

## S C E N E IV.

Hel. 'Till I have no wiff, I bave notbing in France. Nothing in France, until he has no wife! Thou fhalt have none, Roufillon, none in France; Then haft thou all again. Poor lord! is't I That chare thee from thy country, and expore Thofe tender limbs of thine to the event Of the none-fparing war ? and is it I, That drive thee from the fportive court, where thou Waft fhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark Of fmoaky muikets? O you leaden meffengers,
That ride upon the violent fpeed of fire, Fly with falfe aim ; move the ftill-piercing air ${ }^{2}$,
That fings with piercing, do not touch my lord :
Whoever fhoots at him, I fet him there.
Whoever charges on his forward breart,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it; And tho' I kill him not, I am the caufe His death was fo effected. Better 'twere,
I mee the rav'ning lion when he roar'd
With fharp conftraint of hunger: better'twere,
That all the miferies, which nature owes,
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Roufillon ;
Whence honour but of danger wins a fcar;
As oft it lofes all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence. Shall I ftay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradife did fan the houfe, And angels offic'd all ; I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,

|  | pierce the |
| :---: | :---: |
| pierci | i.e. pierce the air |
| The words are here odly flufled | perpetal motion, and fuf |
| into nonfenfe. We fhould read, | injury by piercing. WAR |
|  |  |

To confolate thine ear. Come, night ; end, day ! For with the dark, poor thief, I'll fteal away. [Exit.

## S C E NE V.

## Changes to the Duke's Court at Florence.

Flouribs. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Drums and Trumpets, Soldicrs, Parolles.
Duke. 1 HE General of our Horfe thou art, and
Great in our hope, lay our beft love and credence
Upon thy promifing fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my ftrength; but yet
We'll frive to bear it for your worthy fake,
To th' extream edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go forth,
And fortune play upon thy profp'rous helm, As thy aufpicious miftrefs!

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myfelf into thy file;
Make me but like my thoughts, and I fhall prove
A lover of thy drum; hater of love.
[Exeunt.

## S C E N E VI.

Changes to Roufillon in France.
Enter Countefs and Steward.
Count. $A$ Las! and would you take the letter of her; Might you not know, fie would do, as fie has done,
By fending me a letter? Read it again.

## LETTER.

$I \mathrm{~cm}^{*}$ St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone; Ambitious love bath so in me offended, That bare foot plod I the cold ground upon, With fainted vow my faults to bave amended.
Write, zerite, that from the bloody curfe of war My deareft mafter, your dear fon, may bie;
Bless bim at bome in peace, wobilft I from far
His name roith zealous fervour fanclify.
His taken labours bid bim me forgive;
$I$, bis defpigbtful + Juno, fent bim fortb
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live;
Where death and danger dog the beels of worth.
He is $t 00$ good and fair for death and me, Whom I myjelf embrace, to Set bim free.
Ah, what fharp ftings are in her mildeft words?
Rynaldo, you did never lack advice ${ }^{3}$ fo much, As letting her pafs fo; had I fpoke with her, I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus fhe hath prevented.
Sterv. Pardon, Madam,
If I had given you this at over-night
She might have been o'er ta'en ; and yet he writes,
Purfuit would be but vain.
Count. What angel fhall
Blefs this unworthy hufband? he cannot thrive,
Unlefs her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear, And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath Of greatell juftice. Write, write, Rynaldo,
To this unworthy hufband of his wife;
*-St Jaques' pilgrim,-] I do not remember any place famousfor pilgrimages confecrated in Italy to St. FFames, but it is common to vifit St. James of Compofiella, in Spain. Another Saint might eafily have been
found, Florence being fomewhat out of the road from Roufillon to Compofiella.
$\dagger$ Juno,] Alluding to the ftory of Hercules.
${ }^{3}$ Advice, is difcretion or tbought.

## A LL's W ELL,

Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greateft grief,
Tho' little he do feel it, fet down fharply.
Difpatch the moft convenient meffenger;
When, haply, he fhall hear that fhe is gone,
He will return, and hope I may, that he,
Hearing fo much, will fpeed her foot again,
L.ed hither by pure love. Which of them both

Is deareft to me, l've no fkill in fenfe
To make diftinction ; provide this meffenger ;
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and forrow bids me fpeak.
[Exeunt.

## S C E N E VII.

Changes to a publick Place in Florence.
A Tucket afar off.
Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and Mariana, with other Citizens.
Wid. TA Y, come. For if they do approach the city, we fhall lofe all the fight.
Dia. They fay, the French Count has done moft honourable fervice.

Wid. It is reported, that he has ta'en their greateft commander ; and that with his own hand he flew the Duke's brother. We have loft our labour, they are gone a contrary way : hark, you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and fuffice ourfelves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this Frencb Earl; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is for rich as honefty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been folicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. 1 know that knave, (hang him!) one Parolles; a filthy officer he is in thofe fuggeftions for the young Earl; beware of them, Diana; their promifes, entice-
enticements, oaths, tokens, and all thefe engines of luft ${ }^{4}$, are not the things they go under; many a maid hath been feduced by them; and the mifery is, example, that fo terrible fhews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that diffuade fucceffion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advife you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modefty which is fo lott.

Dia. You thall not need to fear me.

## Enter Helena, difguifed like a Pilgrim.

Wid. I hope fo._Look, here comes a pilgrim; I know, fhe will lie at my houfe; thither they fend one another; I'll queftion her; God fave you, pilgrim! whither are you bound ?

Hel. To St. Faques le Grand. Where do the palmers lodge, I do befeech you?

Wid. At the St. Francis, befide the port.
Hel. Is this the way?
Wid. Ay, marry, is't. Hark you, they come this way.

4 are not the things they go under; ] Mr. Theobald explains thefe words by, They are not really fo true and fincere as in appearance thry yeem to be. He found fomething like this fenfe would fit the paffage, but whether the words would fit the fenfe he feems not to have confidered. The truth is, the negative particle fhould be fruck out, and the words read thus, are the things they go under; i. e. they make ufe of oaihs, promifes, $\mathcal{E}^{\circ} \mathrm{c}$ to facilitate their defign upon us. The allufion is to the military ufe of cover'd ways, to fa-
cilitate an approach or attack; and the Scene, which is a befieged city, and the perfons spoken of, who are foldiers, make the phrafe very proper and natural. The Oxford Editor has adopted this correction, tho' in his ufual way, with a but; and reads, are but the things they go under.

Warburton.
I think Theobald's interpreta. tion right ; to go under the name of any thing is a known expreffion. The meaning is, they are not the things for which their names would make them pafs. come by,
I will conduct you where you thall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hoftefs
As ample as myfelf.
llel. Is it yourfelf?
Wid. If you hall pleafe fo, pilgrim.
Hel. I thank you, and will ftay upon your leifure.
Wid. You came, I think, from France.
Hiel. I did fo.
Wid. Here you fhall fee a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy fervice.
Hel. His name, I pray you?
Dia. The Count Roufillon: know you fuch a one?
Hel. But by the ear, that hears moft nobly of him;
His face I know not.
Dia. Whatfoe'er he is.
He's bravely taken here. He fole from France',
As 'tis reported; for the King had married him Againft his liking. Think you, it is fo?

Hel, Ay, furely, meer the truth; I know his lady.
Dia. There is a gentleman, that ferves the Count,
Reports but coarfely of her.
Hel. What's his name?
Dia. Monfieur Parolies.
Hel. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praife, or to the worth
Of the great Count himfelf, fhe is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deferving
Is a referve! honefty, and that
1 have not heard examin'd s.
Dia. Alas, poor lady!
' $T$ is a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detefting lord.
Wid. $\Lambda h$ ! right; good creature! wherefce'er the is,
5-examincd] That is, quefion'd, doulted.

Her heart weighs fadly; this young maid might do her A flirewd turn, if the pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the am'rous Count folicits her In the unlawful purpofe.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes ${ }^{6}$ with all, that can in fuch a fuit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid; But fhe is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard Li honefteft defence.

## S C E N E ViII.

Drum and Colours. Enter Bertram, Parolles, Officers and Soldiers attending.

Mar. The Gods forbid elfe!
Wid. So, now they come:
That is Antonio, the Duke's eldeft fon;
That, Efcalus.
Hel. Which is the Frencbman?
Dia. He;
That with the plume; 'tis a moft gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife ! if he were honefter, He were much goodlier. Is't not a handfome gentleman?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honeft ; yond's that fame knave ${ }^{7}$,
That leads him to thefe places; were I his lady, I'd poifon that vile rafcal.


Hel.

Hel. Which is he ?
Dia. That jack-an-apes with fcarfs. Why is he melancholy ?
Hel. Perchance, he's hurt i' th' battel.
Par. Lofe our drum! well.-
Mar. He's fhrewdly vex'd at fomething. Look, he has fpied us.
Wid. Marry, hang you!
[Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, $\mathcal{E}^{\circ}$ c.
Mar. And your courtefy, for a ring-carrier! -
Wid. The troop is paft : come, pilgrim, I will bring you,
Where you fhall hoft: Of injoyn'd penitents There's four or five, to great St. Faques bound, Already at my houfe.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Pleafe it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to night, the charge and thanking Shall be for me : and to requite you further, I will beftow fome precepts on this virgin Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

## S C E N E IX.

Enter Bertram, and the two French Lords.
${ }^{1}$ Lord. Nay, good my Lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

2 Lord. If your lordfhip find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your refpect.

I Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.
Bor. Do you think, I am fo far deceiv'd in him?
I Lord. Believe it, my Lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to fpeak of him as my kinfman ; he's a moft notable coward, an infinite and endlefs liar, an hourly promife-breaker, the
owner of no one good quality worthy your lordhip's entertainment.

2 Lord. It were fit you knew him, left, repofing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at fome great and trufty bufinefs in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.
2 Lord. None better than to let him fetch of his drum, which you hear him fo confidently undertake to do.

I Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will fuddenly furprize him ; fuch I will have, whom, I am fure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink hiny fo, that he fhall fuppofe no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adverfaries, when we bring him to our own tents; be but your lordhhip prefent at his examination, if he do not for the promife of his life, and in the higheft compulfion of bafe fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againft you, and that with the divine forfeit of his foul upon oath, never truft my judgment in any thing.

2 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum ; he fays, he has a ftratagem for't ; when ${ }^{\text {b }}$

[^83]all the Words are proper and fuitable to it. But, what is the Meaning of Jobn Drum's Entertainment? Lafeu Several times afterwards calls Parolles, Tom Drum. But the Difference of the Chriftian Name will make none in the Explanation. There is an old motly Interlude (printed in 1601) call'd 'fack Drum's Entertainment: Or, the Comedy of Pu\{quil and Kaibarine. In This, fack Drum is a Servant of Intrigue, who is ever aiming at Projects, and always foil'd, and given

Lordhip fees the bottom of his fuccefs in't, and to what metal his counterfeit lump of Ore will be melted, if you give him not $\mathfrak{F}$ chn Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

SCENEX.

## Enter Parolles.

I Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his defign, let him fetch off his dram in any hand.

Ber. How now, Monfieur ? this drum fticks forely in your difpofition.

2 Lord. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.
Par. But a drum! is't but a drum ? a drum fo loft! there was an excellent command! to charge in with our horfe upon our own wings, and to rend our own foldiers.
given the Drop. And there is another old Piece (publifh'd in 2627) call'd, Apollo Bereving, in which 1 find thefe Exprefions.

Thuriger. Thou Lozll, bath Slug infected you? -
W'lby do you give Juch kind Entertuimment to that Cobrueb?
Scopas. It Jball bave Tom
Drum's Entertainment; a Fiap ruith a Fox tail.
But both thefe Pieces are, perhaps, too late in Time, to come to the Affiflance of our Author : fo we muft look a little higher: What is faid here to Beritram is to this Effect. "My Lord, as you " have taken this Fellow [Pa" rolles] into [o near a Confi" dence, if, upon his being found " a Counterfeit, you don't ca". Theer him from your Favour,
"then your Attachment is not " not to be remov'd"- I'll now fubjoin a Quotation from HolingBud (of whofe Books Shakefpeare was a moft diligent Reader) which will pretty well afcertain D, um's Hiftory. This Chronologer, in his Defcription of IreLand, fpeaking of Patrick Scarfofild (Mayor of Dutlin in the Year 1551) and of his extravagant Hofpitality, fubjoins, that no Gueft had ever a cold or forbidding Look from any Part of his Family: fo that bis Porter, or any other Officer, durf 2 not, for botb bis Ears, give the fimplef Man; that reforied to his Houle, Tom Drum's Entertainment, wobich is, to hale a Man in by the Head, and thruft him out by both the Shoulders. Theobald.

## THATENDSWELL.

${ }_{2}$ Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the fervice; it was a difafter of war that Cofar himfelf could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our fuccefs : fome difhonour we had in the lofs of that drum, but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.
Ber. It might, but it is not now.
Par. It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of fervice is feldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or bic jacet -

Ber. Why, if you have a fomach to't, Monfieur ; if you think your myftery in ftratagem can bring this inftrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; 1 will grace the attempt for a worthy explois: if you tpeed well in it, the Duke fhall both fpeak of it, and extend to your what further becomes his greatnefs, even to the utmott fyllable of your worthinefs.

Par. By the hand of a foldier, I will undertake it.
Ber. But you muft not now flumber in it.
Par. I'll about it this evening; and ${ }^{9} 1$ will prefently pen down my dilemma's, encourage myfelf in my certainty, put myffelf into my mortal preparation; and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace, you are gone about it?
Par. I know not what the fuccefs will be, my Lord ; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, th'art valiant; and to the ' polfibility'

> 9 I will prefently pen down my Dilemmas,] By this word, Pa . rolles is made to infinuate that he had feveral ways, all equally certain, of recovering this Drum.

For a Dilenma is an argument that concludes both ways. WARB.
${ }^{1}$ Po frbility of thy foldier/hip.]. dele thy: the fenfe requires it.

WARBURTON.
Of
of thy foldierfhip, will fubfcribe for thee; farewel. Par. I love not many words.

## SCENEXI.

i Lord. No more than a fifh loves water. - Is not this a ftrange fellow, my Lord, that fo confidently feems to undertake this Bufinels, which he knows is not to be done ; damns himfelf to do it, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

2 Lord. You do not know him, my Lord, as we do ; certain it is, that he will fteal himfelf into a man's favour, and for a week efcape a great deal of difcoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever affer.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that fo ferioully he does addrefs himfelf unto?

2 Lord. None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almoft ${ }^{2}$ imbols'd him, you fhall fee his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordfhip's refpect.

I Lord. We'll make you fome fport with the fox, ere we cafe him. He was firtt fmoak'd by the old lord Lafeu; when his difguife and he is parted, tell me what a fprai you fhall find him; which you fhall fee, this very night.

2 Lord. I mult go and look my twigs; he fhall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he Thall go along with me.
a Lord. As't pleafe your lordfhip. I'll leave you.
${ }^{2}$ We have almof imboofed him.] To imbofs a deer, is to inclofe him in a wood. Milton ufes the fame word.

Like that Self-vegotten bird
In th' Arabian weoods emboff, wibich no Second krowis's or third.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the houfe, and fhew you the lafs 1 fpoke of.

1 Lord. But you fay, fhe's honef.
Ber. That's all the fault: I pooke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold; but I fent to her, By this fame coxcomb that we have i'th'wind, Tokens and letters, which fhe did re-fend; And this is all I've done; fhe's a fair creature, Will you go fee her ?

1 Lord. With all my heart, my Lord. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E XII.

Cbanges to the Widow's Houfe.
Enter Helena, and Widow.
Hel. F you mifdoubt me that I am not fhe, I know not, how I fhall affure you further;
${ }^{4}$ But I hall lofe the grounds I work upon.
Wid. Tho' my eftate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with thefe bufineffes;
And would not put my reputation now In any ftaining act.
Hel. Nor would I wifh you.
Firft, give me truft, the Count he is my hufband; And what * to your fworn counfel I have fpoken, Is fo, from word to word; and then you cannot, By the good aid that I of you fhall borrow, Err in beftowing it.
Wid. I hould believe you, For you have fhew'd me that, which well approves Y'are great in fortune.
Hel. Take this purfe of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,

[^84]Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it. The Count wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton fiege before her beauty,
Refulves to carry her ; let her confent,
As we'll direct her how, 'tis beft to bear it.
${ }^{4}$ Now his importat blood will nought deny,
That fhe'll demand: a ring the Count does wear,
That downward hath fucceeded in his houfe
From fon to fon, fome four or five defcents,
Since the firft father wore it. - This ring he holds
In moft rich choice ; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not feem too dear, Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I fee the bottom of your purpofe.
Hel. You fee it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere fhe feems as won,
Defires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herfelf moft chaftly abfent : after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thoufand crowns
To what is paft already.
Wid. I have yielded:
Inftruct my daughter how fhe fhall perfevere,
That time and place, with this deceit fo lawful, May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With mufick of all forts, and fongs compos'd
To her unworthinefs: it nothing fteads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he perfifts,
As if his life lay on't.
Hel. Why then, to night
Let us affay our plot; which if it fpeed,
${ }^{5}$ Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;

[^85]And lawful meaning in a lawful act, Where both not fin, and yet a finful fact.
But let's about it. [Exeunt.

## A C T IV. S CENE I.

Part of the French Camp in Florence.
Enter one of the French Lords, with five or fix Soldiers in ambulf.

## Lord.

HE can come no other way but by this hedge-corner ; when you fally upon him, fpeak what terrible language you will; though you underftand it not yourfelves, no matter; for we mult not feem to underttand him, unlefs fome one amongft us, whom we mult produce for an interpreter.

Sol. 'Good captain, let me be th' interpreter.
Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.
Lord. But what linfy-woolfy haft thou to fpeak to us again?
Sol. Ev'n fuch as yout fpeak to me.
cond line thus,
And larwful meaning ina wick ED aEI;
The fenfe of the two lines is this, It is a rwicked meaning becaufe the woman's intent is to deceive ; but a larwful deed becaufe the man enjoys his own wife. Again, it is a laruful meaning becaufe done by her to gain her hußband's eftranged aftection, but it is a swicked act becaure he goes intentionally to
commit adultery. The riddle concludes thus, Where botb not fin and yet a finful fact. i. e. Where neither of them fin, and yet it is a finful fact on both fides ; which conclufion, we fee, requires the emendation here made. Warburton.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads in the fame fenfe,

Unlawful meaning in a laruful $a c t$.

Lord. He muft think us ${ }^{6}$ fome band of Atrangers i'th' adverfary's entertainment. Now he hath a fmack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we muft every one be a man of his own fancy; not to know what we fpeak one to another, fo we feem to know, is to know ftraight our purpofe: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you muft feem very politick, but couch, hoa! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a fleep, and then to return and fwear the lies he forges.

## Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock; within thefe three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What fhall I fay, I have done? it muft be a very plaufive invention that carries it. They begin to fmoak me, and difgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door; I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the firft truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil hould move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impoffibility, and knowing I had no fuch purpofe? I muft give myfelf fome hurts, and fay, I got them in exploit; yet flight ones will not carry it. They will fay, came you off with fo little? and great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the ${ }^{7}$ inflance? Tongue, I miuft put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of s Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into thefe perils.

[^86]
## THAT ENDS WELL.

Lord. Is it poffible, he fhould know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would, the cutting of my garments would ferve the turn, or the breaking of my Spani/b ford.

Lord. We cannot afford you fo. [Afide.
Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to fay, it was in ftratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do.
[Aside.
Par. Or to drown my cloaths, and fay, I was ftript. Lord. Hardly ferve.
[Aside.
Par. Though I fore, I leap'd from the window of the citadel

Lord. How deep?
[Aside.
Par. Thirty fathom.
Lord. Three great oaths would farce make that be believed.
[Aside.
Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemies; I would fear, I recover'd it.
Lord. You fhall hear one anon.
[ASide.
Par. A drum now of the enemies! [Alarum within.
Lord. Throco movoufus, cargo, cargo, cargo.
All. Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.
Par. Oh! ranfom, ranfom:-do not hide mine eyes. [They Seize bim and blindfold bim.
Inter. Bofkos thromuldo bofkos.
Par. I know, you are the Mufkos regiment, And I hall lore my life for want of language. If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him peak to me, I'll difcover That which fall undo the Florentine.

Inter. Bolos vauvado; I underttand thee, and can freak thy tongue; Kerelybonto, $\quad$ Sir, betake thee to thy faith, for feventeen poniards are at thy bofom.

Turkijs mute. So in Henry V.
Either our bifory Ball with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts; or
else our grave,
Like Turkifh mute, 乃 all bare a tongueless mouth:

Warburton.

## ALL's WELL.

Par. Oh!
Inter Oh, pray, pray, pray.
Mancba ravancha dulcbe.
Lord. Ofceoribi dulchos volivorco.
Initer. The General is content to fpare thee yet, And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on 'To gather from thee. Haply thou may'ft inform Something to fave thy life.

Par. Oh let me live,
And all the fecrets of our Camp I'll fhew ;
Their force, their purpofes: nay, I'll fpeak that Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully ?
Par. If I do not, damn me.
Inter. Acordo linta.
Come on, thou art granted fpace.
Lord. Go, tell the Count Roufillon and my brother, We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
${ }^{\text {' Till we do hear from them. }}$
Sol. Captain, I will.
Lord. He will betray us all unto ourfelves,
Inform 'em That.
Sol. So I will, Sir.
Lord. 'Till then l'll keep him dark and fafely lockt.

## S C E N E II.

Cbanges to the Widow's Houle.
Enter Bertram, and Diana.
Ber. TH E Y told me, that your name was Fontibel.
Dia. No, my good Lord, Diana. Ber. Titted Goddefs,
And worth it with addition! but, fair foul,

In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind
You are no Maiden, but a Monument:
When you are dead, you fhould be fuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ftern;
And now you fhould be as your Mother was, When your fweet felf was got.

Dia. She then was honeft.
Ber. So fhould you be.
Dian. No.
My Mother did but duty: fuch, my Lord,
As you owe to your Wife.
Ber. ${ }^{9}$ No more o' that !
I pr'ythee do not ftrive againft my vows:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By love's own fweet conftraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of fervice.
Dia. Ay, fo you ferve us,
I No more o' that!
I prythbee do not frive againft
my worus:
was compell'd to ber.
$I$ was compell'd to her.] I know not well what Bertram can mean by entreating Diana not to firive againft bis vorus. Diana has juft mentioned his wife, fo that the vorws feem to relate to his marriage. In this fenfe, not Diana, but Himfelf, frives againgt bis roorvs. His vorus indeed may mean vorws made to Diana; but, in that cafe, to frive againft is not properiy ufed for to rejeet, nor does this fenfe cohere well with his firt exclamation of impatience at the mention of his wife. No more of that! Perhaps we might read,

> lprythee, do not drive againg my vows.

Do not run upon tbat topick; talk of any thing elfe that 1 can bear to bear.
I have another conceit upon this paffage, which I would be thought to offer without much confidence.

## No more of that!

1 pr'jthee do not flhive againft my voice
$I$ was compell'd to ber.
Diana tells him unexpefted!y of his wife. He anfwers with perturbation, No more of toat ! I pr'jthee do not p!ay the conferfor --againft my own confent $I$ zuas compelied to ber.

When a young profigate finds his courthip fo gravely repreffed by an admonition of his duty, he very naturally defires the girl not to take upon her the office of a confefifor.
${ }^{3}$ Fill we ferve you: but when you have our rofes, You barely leave our thorns to prick ourfelves,
And mock us with our barenefs.
Ber. How have I fworn!
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth; But the plain fingle vow, that is vow'd true;
${ }^{1}$ What is not holy, that we fwear, not 'bides, But take the High'ft to witnefs: then, pray tell me,

1 What is not boly, that wee fwear not BY,] Yes, nothing is more common than fuch kind of oaths. But Diana is not here accufing Bertram for fwearing by a Being not holy, but for fivearing to an unholy purfofe; as is evident from the preceding lines.
'T is not the many oaths, that make the Truth:
But the flain fimple vow, that is zorw'd true.
The line in queftion, therefore, is evidently corrupt, and fhould be read thus,

What is not boly, that we fwear, not 'bides,
i.e. If we fwear to an unholy purpofe the oath abides not, but is diffolved in the making. This is an anfwer to the purpofie. She fubjoins the reafon two or three lines afier,
this has no holding,
To fiwear by bim, whom I proteft to love,
That I will work againft bim.
i. e. That oath can never hold whofe fubject is to offend and difpleafe that Being, whom, I profefs, in the act of fwearing by him, to love and reverence, - What may have mifled the editors into the common reading was, perhaps, mittaking $B_{\varepsilon}$ -

## tram's words above,

By love's own freet conftraint, to be an oath; whereas it only fignifies, being conftrained by loque. WARBURTON.

This is an acute and excellent conjecture, and I have done it the due honour of exalting it to the text ; yet, methinks, there is fomething yet wanting. The following words, but take the Higb'f to witme $\int_{s}$, even though it be underftood as an anticipation or affumption in this fenfe, - but now fuppore that you take the Higheft to rvitnefs, - has not fufficient relation to the antecedent fentence. I will propore a reading nearer to the furface, and let it take its chance.

Bert. How bave Ifworn!
Diana. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the flain fingle row, that is worv'd true.
Bert. What is not boly, that we frear not by,
But take the High'fs to witnefs.
Diana. Then, pray tell me,
If I Bould frwear, \&c.
Bertram means to enforce his fuit, by telling her, that fhe has bound himfelf to her, not by the petty proteftations ufual among lovers, but by vows of greater folemnity. She then makes a proper and rational reply.

## THATENDS WLL.

If I fhould fwear by Forve's great Attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths, When I did love you ill? this has no holding,

* Tó fwear by him whom I proteft to love,

That I will work againft him. Therefore your oaths Are words, and poor conditions but unfeal'd; At leaft in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not fo holy-cruel. Love is holy, And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts, That you do charge men with: ftand no more off, But give thyfelf unto my fick defires, Which then recover. Say, thou art mine; and ever My love, as it begins, fhall fo perfever.

Dia. I fee, that men make hopes in fuch affairs That we'll forfake ourfelves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my Dear, but have no power To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my Lord?
Ber. It is an Honour 'longing to our Houfe, Bequeathed down from many Anceftors; Which were the greateft obloquy i' th' world In me to lofe.

Dia. Mine Honour's fuch a ring ; My chaftity's the jewel of our Houfe; Bequeathed down from many Anceftors; Which were the greateft obloquy $i$ ' th' world In me to lofe. Thus your own proper wifdom Brings in the champion Honour on my part, Againft your vain affault.

Ber. Here, take my ring.
My Houfe, my Honour, yea, my life be thine, And I'll be bid by thee.

[^87]Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take, my Mother fhall not hear. Now will I charge you in the band of truth, When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed, Remain there but an hour, nor fpeak to me: My reafons are moft ftrong, and you fhall know them, When back again this ring fhall be deliver'd; find on your finger, in the night, l'll put Another ring, that, what in time proceeds, May token to the future our paft deeds. Adieu, 'till then, fail not: you have won A Wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

Ber. A heav'n on earth l've won by wooing thee.
Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me.
You may fo in the end.
My Mother told me juft how he would woo, As if fhe fate in's heart; fhe fays, all men Have the like oaths: he had fworn to marry me, When his Wife's dead : therefore l'll lie with him, When I am buried ${ }^{2}$. Since Frencbmen are fo braid, Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid; Only, in this difguife, I think't no fin To cozen him, that would unjuftly win.
${ }^{2}$ _- Since Frenchmen are
Marry that will, rll live and die a Muid; ; What! becaufe Frenchmen were falfe, fhe, that was an Italian, would marsy nobody. The text is corrupted; and we fhould read,

- Since Frenchmen are Sobraid,
Marry'em that will, I'll live and die a maid.
i. e. fince Frenchmen prove fo crooked and perverfe in their manncrs, let who will marry
them, I had rather live and die a maid, than venture upon them. This fhe fays with a view to He len, who appeared fo fond of her hufband, and went thro' fo many difficulties to obtain him.

Warburton.
The paffage is very unimportant, and the old reading reafonable enough. Nothing is more common than for girls, on fuch occafions, to fay in a pett what they do not think, or to think for a time what they do not finally refolve.

## S C E N E III.

## Cbanges to the French Camip in Florence.

Enter the two French Lords, and tevo or three Soldiers.
I Lord. YOU have not given him his Mother's
2 Lord. I have deliver'd it an hour fince; there is fomething in't, that ftings his nature ; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almoft into another man.
${ }_{1}$ Lord. ${ }^{3}$ He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for thaking off fo good a wife, and fo fweet a lady.
2. Lord. Efpecially he hath incurred the everlafting difpleafure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to fing happinefs to him. I will tell you a thing, but you. Thall let it dwell darkly with you.

I Lord. When you have fpoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 Lord. He hath perverted a young Gentlewoman here in Florence, of a moft chafte renown; and this night he flefhes his will in the fpoil of her honour; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himfelf made in the unchafte compofition.

I Lord. Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourfelves, what things are we!

2 Lord. Meerly our own traitors; and, as in the common courfe of all treafons, we ftill fee them reveal themfelves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; fo

[^88]he, that in this action contrives againft his own Nobility, ${ }^{4}$ in his proper ftream o'erflows himfelf.

I Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? we fhall not then have his company to night?

2 Lord. Not 'till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

I Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him fee his company anatomiz'd, that he might take a meafure of his own Judgment ${ }^{s}$, wherein fo curioully he hath fet this counterfeit.

2 Lord. We will not meddle with him 'till he come; for his prefence mult be the whip of the other.

I Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of thefe Wars?

2 Lord. I hear there is an overture of Peace,
I Lord. Nay, I affure you, a Peace concluded.
2 Lord. What will Count Rouffllon do then ? will he travel higher, or return againin to France?

I Lord. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his Council.
2 Lord. Let it be forbid, Sir! fo fhould I be a great deal of his act.

I Lord. Sir, his Wife fome two months fince fled from his Houfe, her pretence is Pilgrimage to St. Faques le Grand; which holy Undertaking, with moft auftere fanctimony, fhe accomplifhed; and there refiding, the tendernefs of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her laft breath, and now fhe fings in heaven.

2 Lord. How is this juftified?
I Lord. The ftronger part of it by her own letters,

[^89]
## THATENDS WELL. $\quad 365$

 which makes her ftory true, even to the point of her death; her Death itfelf (which could not be her office to fay, is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.2 Lord. Hath the Count all this intelligence?
I Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 Lord. I am heartily forry, that he'll be glad of this.

I Lord. How mightily fometimes we make us comforts of our loffes!

2 Lord. And how mightily fome other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, fhall at home be encounter'd with a fhame as ample.

I Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together : our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would defpair, if they were not cherifh'd by our virtues.

## Enter a Servant:

How now? where's your mafter?
Serv. He met the Duke in the ftreet, Sir, of whom he hath taken a folemn leave: his Lordfhip will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

2 Lord. They thall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

$$
S C E N E I V \text {. }
$$

## Enter Bertram.

I Lord. They cannot be too fweet for the King's tartnefs; here's his Lordfhip now. How now, my' Lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night difpatch'd fixten bufineffes; a month's
month's length a-piece, by an abftract of fuccefs ; I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neareft ; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning ; entertain'd my convoy ; and, between thefe main parcels of difpatch, effected many nicer needs: the laft was the greateft, but that I have not ended yet.

2 Lord. If the bufinefs be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires hatte of your Lordhip.

Ber. I mean, the bufinefs is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But fhall we have this dialogue between the fool and the foldier? come ${ }^{6}$, bring forth this counterfeit module; h'as deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophefier.

2 Lord. Bring him forth; h'as fate in the Stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deferv'd it, in ufurping his fpurs fo long. How does he carry himfelf?
i Lord. I have told your Lordfhip already: the Stocks carry him. But to anfwer you as you would be underftood, he weeps like a wench that had fhed her milk ; he hath confefs'd himfelf to Morgan, whom he fuppoles to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very inftant difafter of his fetting i'th' Stocks; and what, think you, he hath confeft?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he ?
2 Lord. His confeffion is taken, and it fhall be read to his face; if your Lordfhip be in't, as, I believe, you are, you muft have the patience to hear it.

[^90]
## S C E N E V.

Enter Parolles, with bis Interpeter.
Ber. A plague upon him, muffled! he can fay nothing of me; hufh! hufh!

I Lord. Hoodman.comes: Portotarofa.
Inter. He calls for the tortures ; what, will you fay without 'em?
Par. I will confefs what I know without conftraint ; if you pinch me like a pafty, I can fay no more.
Interp. Bofko Cbimurcbo.
2 Lord. Biblibindo cbicurmurco.
Inter. You are a merciful General. Our General bids you anfwer to what I hall afk you out of a note.

Pnr. And truly, as I hope to live.
Inter. Firft demand of him, how many Horfe the Duke is ftrong. What fay you to that ?

Par. Five or fix thoufand, but very weak and unferviceable; the troops are all fcatter'd, and the Commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Inter. Shall I fet down your anfwer fo?
Par. Do, I'll take the Sacrament on't, how and which way you will : all's one to me.
Ber. What a paft-faving flave is this !
i Lord. Y'are deceiv'd; my Lord, this is Monfieur Parolles, the gallant militarift, that was his own phrafe, that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his fcarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.
2 Lord. I will never truft a man again for keeping his fword clean; nor believe, he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.
Inter. Well, that's fet down.
Par. Five or fix thoufand horfe I faid, (I will fay true) or thereabouts, fet down; for I'll fpeak truth.

1 Lord.

I Lord. He's very near the truth in this.
Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, fay.
Inter. Well, that's fet down.
Par. I humbly thank you, Sir; a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Inter. Demand of him, of what ftrength they are a-foot. What fay you to that?

Por. By my troth, Sir, if I were to live this prefent hour, I will teli true. Let me fee; Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebaftion fo many, Corambous fo many, Faques fo many ; Guiltian, Cofmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Cbitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each; fo that the mufter file, rotten and found, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thoufand Poll; half of the which dare not fhake the fnow from off their caffocks, left they fhake themfelves to pieces.

Ber. What thall be done to him?
I Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

Inter. Well, that's fet down. You fhall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i'th' camp, a Frencbman: what his reputation is with the Duke; what his valour, honefty, and expertnefs in war; or whether he thinks, it were not poffible with wellweighing fums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What fay you to this ? what do you know of it?

Par. I befeech you, let me anfiwer to the particular of the Interrogatories. Demand them fingly.

Inter. Do you know this Captain Dumain?
Par. I know. him ; he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipt for getting the fheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not fay him nay. [Dumain lifts up bis band in anger.

## THATENDSWELL.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; tho' I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.
Inter. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of Florence's Camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowfy.
I Lord. Nay, look not fo upon me, we fhall hear of your Lordhip anon.

Inter. What is his reputation with the Duke ?
Par. The Duke knows hím for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me the other day to turn him out'o' th' band. I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

Inter. Marry, we'll fearch.
Par. In grod fadnefs, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon the file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

Inter. Here 'tis, here's a paper, fhall I read it to you?
Par. I do not know, if it be it or no.
Ber. Our Interpreter does it well.
1 Lord. Excellently.
Inter, ${ }^{2}$ Dian, the Count's a fool, and full of gold.
Par. That is not the Duke's letter, Sir ; that is an advertifement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Roufillon, a foolifh idle boy; but for all that, very ruttifh. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.
Inter. Nay, l'll read it firft, by your favour.
Par. My meaning in't, I proteft, was very honeft in the behalf of the maid; for 1 knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lafcivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.
Ber. Damnable! both fides rogue.

[^91]
## Interpreter reads the letter.

When be fwears oaths, bid bim drop gold, and take it.
After be fcores, be never pays the fcore:
${ }^{8}$ Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it :
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before, And fay, a foldier (Dian) told thee this:

* Men are to mell with, boys are but to $\mathrm{ki} / \mathrm{s}$. For, count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it; Who pays before, but not when be does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,
Parolles.
Ber. He fhall be whipt thro' the army with this rhime in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, Sir, the manifold linguift, and the armi-potent foldier.

[^92]That is, take his money and leave him to himfelf. When the players had loft the fecond line, they tried to make a connevion out of the reft. Part is apparently in couplets, and the note was probably uniform.

* Men are to mell with, boys are not to kifs.] All the Editors have obtruded a new Maxim upon us here, that $B y$ s are not to kifs.] - Livia, in Braumont and Fle:cher's Tamer tam'd, is of a quite oppofite Opinion.

For Boys weve magie for Nutbing but dry Kifes.
And our Poet's '1'hought, I am perfuaded, went to the fame Tune. To mell, is derived from the French word, mieler, to mingle.

Theobald. Ber.

## THAT ENDS WELL.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Inter. I perceive, Sir, by the General's looks, we fhall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, Sir, in any cafe, not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a Dungeon, i' th' Stocks, any where, fo I may live.

Inter. We'll fee what may be done, fo you confefs freely; therefore, once more, to this Captain Dumain: you have anfwer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honelty ?

Par. He will fteal, Sir, ${ }^{\circ}$ an egg out of a cloifter; for rapes and ravihments hẹ parallels Nefius. He profeffes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is ftronger than Hercules. He will lye, Sir, with fuch volubility, that you would thinis, truth were a fool; drunkennefs is his beft virtue, for he will be fwinedrunk, and in his fleep he does little harm, fave to his bed-cloaths about him ; but they know his conditions, and lay him in ftraw. I have but little more to fay, Sir, of his honefty; he has every thing that an honeft man fhould not have; what an honeft man fhould have, he has nothing.

1. Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this defcription of thine honefty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.
Inter. What fay you to his expertnefs in war?
Par. Faith, Sir, h'as led the drum before the $E n$ glijh Tragedians : to belie him, I will not; and more of his foldierfhip I know not; except, in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there

[^93]call'd Mile-end, to inftruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

I Lord. He hath out-villain'd villany fo far, that the rarity redeems him.
Ber. A pox on him, ' he's a cat ftill.
Inter. His Qualities being at this poor price, I need not to afk you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a 2 uart d'ecu he will fell the fee-fimple of his falvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th' intail from all remainders, and a perpetual fucceeffion for it perpetually.

Inter. What's his Brother, the other Captain $D u$ main?

2 Lord. ${ }^{2}$ Why does he afk him of me?
Inter. What's he?
Par. E'en a crow o' th' fame neft ; not altogether fo great as the firft in goodnefs, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his Brother for a Coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the beft that is. In a Retreat he outruns any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Inter. If your life be faved, will you undertake to betray the Florentinc?

Par. Ay, and the Captain of his horfe, Count Roufillon.

Inter. I'll whifper with the Geneal, and know his pleafure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to feem to deferve well, and ${ }^{3}$ to beguile, the fuppofition of that lafcivious young boy the Count, have

[^94]I run into this danger; yet who would have fufpected an ambufh where $I$ was taken? $\quad$ Affde.

Inter. There is no remedy, Sir, but you mult die; the General fays, you, that have fo traiteroufly difcovered the fecrets of your army, and made fuch peftiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ferve the world for no honeft ufe; therefore you mult die. Come, headfman, off with•his head.
-Par. O Lord, Sir, let me live, or let me fee my death.

Inter. That fhall you, and take your leave of all your friends.
[Unbinding bin.
So, look about you; know you any here?
Ber. Good morrow, noble Captain.
2 Lord. God blefs you, Captain Parolles.
1 Lord. God fave you, noble Captain.
2 Lord. Captain, what Greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

I Lord. Good Captain, will you give me a copy of that fame fonnet you writ to Diena in behalf of the Count Rouffllon? if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [Exeunt. - Inter. You are undone, Captain, all but your fcarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crulh'd with a Plot?
Inter. If you can find out a Country where but women were that had receiv'd fo much thame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare you well, Sir, I am for France too, we fhall fpeak of you there. [Exit.

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\begin{array}{llllll}
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\end{array}
$$

Par. Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great, 'Twould burft at this. Captain l'll be no more, But I will eat and drink, and neep as foft, As Captain fhall; fimply the thing I an Shall make me live. Who knows himfelf a braggart,

$$
\begin{array}{llllll}
S & C & \mathrm{E} & \mathrm{E} & \text { VII. }
\end{array}
$$

Cbanges to the Widow's Houfe, at Florence.

> Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. FH AT you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the Greateft in the Chriftian world Shall be my Surety; 'fore whofe Thone 'tis needful, Ere I can perfećt mine intents, to kneel. Time was, I did him a defired óffice Dear almoft as his life; which gratitude 'Through flinty T'artar's bofom would peep forth, And anfwer thanks. I duly am inform'd, His Grace is at Marfeilles, to which place We have convenient Convoy; you muft know, I am fuppofed dead; the Army brcaking,
My hufband hies him home; where, heaven aiding, And by the leave of my good Lord the King, We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a fervant, to whofe truft
Your bufinefs was more welcome.
Hel. Nor you, Miftrefs,
Ever a friend, whofe thoughts more truly labour To recompenfe your love : doubt not, but heav'n Hath brought me up to be your Daughter's dower, As it hath fated her to be ${ }^{4}$ my motive

[^95]And helper to a hufband. But, $O$ ftrange men! That can fuch fweet ufe make of what they hate, ${ }^{5}$ When faucy trulting of the cozen'd thoughts Defiles the pitchy night; fo luft doth play With what it loaths, for that which is away, But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor inftructions yet muft fuffer Something in $m y$ behalf.

Dia. Let death and honefty
Go with your impofitions, I am yours Upon your will to fuffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:

- But with the word the time will bring on fummer, When briars fhall have leaves as well as thorns, And be as fweet as fharp: we muft away, ? Our Waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;
s Wben saucy trufing of the cozen'd t tboughts
Defiles the pitthy night; ] i. e. makes the perion guilty of intentional adultery. But trufting a miftake cannot make any one guilty. We fhould read, and point, the lines thus,
-Wien Fancy, trufing of the
Dozer'd thoug btt,
Defiles the pitcthy night.
i. e. the fancy, or imagination, that he lay with his miltrefs, tho' it was, indeed, his Wife, made him incur the guilt of adultery. Night, by the ancients, was reckoned odious, obfene, and abominable. The Poet, alluding to this, fays, with great beauty, Defiles the pitchy night; i. e. makes the night, more than ordinary, abominable.

Warburton.
This conjecture is truly ingenipus ; but, I believe, the au-
thour of it will himfelf think it unneceffary, when he recollects that faucy may very properly fignify luxarrious, and by confequence lafcivious.
${ }^{6}$ But with the word, the time will bring on fummer,]
Witb the word, $i$. $e$. in an inftant of time. The Oxford Editor reads (but what he means by it I know not) Bear with the wiord.

Warburton.
The meaning of this obfervation is, that as briars have frweetnefs with their prickles, fo fhall thefe troubles be recompenfed with joy.
${ }^{7}$ Our rwaggon is prepar'd, and time revives us ; ] The word Revives conveys fo little fenfe, that it feems very liable to fufpicion.

## -and time revyes $u s$;

i.e. looks us in the face, calls upon us to haften. WARB: - $b 4$ The

## SCENE VIII.

## Cbanges to Roufillon in France.

## Enter Countefs, Lafeu, and Clown.

Laf. TO, no, no, your Son was mir.led with a fnipt taffata fellow there ${ }^{8}$, whofe villainous faffron wauld have made all the unbak'd and doughy

The prefent reading is corrupt, and I am afraid the emendation none of the foundeft. I never remember to have feen the word rervye. One may as well leave blunders as make them. Why may we not read for a hift, withcut much effort, the time invites $u s$ ?
${ }^{s}$ wwbre villainous faftron would bave made all the unbak'd and dorey youth of a nation in bis co. lour.] Parolles is reprefented as 2n affected follower of the fafhion, and an encourager of his mafter to run into all the follies of it; where he fays, Ufe a more fpaciou cercmony to the noble Lords they wear themfilues in the cap of time -and tho' the Devilliad the meafure, fuch are to be followed. Here fome particularities of fafhionable drefs are ridiculed. Snipt-toffata needs no explanation; but villai.ous Saffron is more obfcure. This alludes to a fantaftic fafhion, then much followed, of ufing y illow farch for their bands and ruffs. So Fletcher, in his 2ueen of Corinth,

Has be familiarly
Dijlik'd your yellow flarch; or Said jour doublet
Was not exacily frencbified And Toburfon's Dervil's an ASs,
Carmsn and chimney-Sweepers are got into the yellow flarch.
This was invented by one $\mathcal{T}$ urner, a tire-woman, a court-bawd; ard, in all refpects, of fo infamous a character, that her invention deferved the name of villainous faffron. This woman was, afterwards, amongh the mifcreants concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, for which fhe was hanged at Tyburn, and would die in a yellow ruff of her own invention : which made yellow flarch fo odious, that it immediately went out of fafhion. 'Tis this, then, to which SbakeSpeare alludes: but ufing the word Jaffron for yellow, a new idea prefented ictielf, and he purfues his thought under a quite different allufion Wbofe villainours faffron ryould bave made all the unbaked and dowy youtbs of a nation in bis colour, i.e. of his temper law had been' alive at this hour; and your foo here at home, more advanced by the King than by that redtail'd humble bee I peak of.

Count. ${ }^{\circ}$ I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the mot virtuous Gentlewoman that ever Nature had Praife for creating: if The had partaken of my fief, and colt me the deareft groans of a Mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Leaf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thousand fallets ere we light on fuck anothe herb.

Coo. Indeed, Sir, he was the fweet-marjoram of the faller, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not fallet herbs, you knave, they are note herbs.

Clos. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, Sir, I have not much fill in graft.

Loaf. Whether doff thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

Cleo. A fool, Sir, at a woman's service; and a knave, at a man's.

Laf. Your diftinction?
Cleo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his fervice.

Loaf. So you were a knave at his fervice, indeed!
Cleo. And I would give his wife my bauble, Sir, to do her fervice.

Loaf. I will fubfrribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Cleo. At your fervice.
Leaf. No, no, no.
temper and difpofition. Here the general cuffom of that time, of colouring $p$ after with faffron, is alluded to. So in the Winter's Tale:
I must have Saffron to colour
the warden dyes.
Warburton.
9 I would, I bed not known bim.] This dialogue ferves to connect the incidents of Parolles with the main plan of the play.

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot ferve you, I can ferve as great a Prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that, a Frenchman?
Clo. Faith, Sir, he has an Englifs name; but his * phifnoiny is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What Prince is that?
Clo. The black Prince, Sir, alias the Prince of Darknefs, alias the Devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purfe; I give thee not this to feduce thee from thy Mafter thou talk'ft of, ferve him fill.

Clo. ${ }^{2}$ I'm a woodland fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great fire; and the Mafter I fpeak of ever keeps a good fire ; but, fure, he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobility remain in's Court. I am for the Houfe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for Pomp to enter : fome, that humble themfelves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee fo before, becaufe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horles be well look'd zo, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon'em, they fhall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of Nature.
[Exit.

[^96]who are generaliy white and fair.
Warburton.
${ }^{2}$ I'm a wasain rd fellorw, Sir, \&c.] Sbakefpear is but rarely guilty of fuch impious trafh. And it is obfervable, that then he always puts that into the mouth of his fools, which is now grown the characteriftic of the fine gentleman.

Warburton.

Laf. A fhrewd knave, and an $^{3}$ uphappy.
Count. So he is. My Lord, that's gone, made himfelf much fport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his fawcinefs; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amifs; and I was about to tell you, fince I heard of the good Lady's death, and that my Lord your Son was upon his return home, I mov'd the King my Mafter to fpeak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his Majelty, out of a felf-gracious remembrance, did firft propofe; his Highnefs has promis'd me to do it; and to ftop up the difpleafure he hath conceiv'd againft your fon, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyfhip like it?

Count. With very much content, my Lord, and I wifh it happily effected.

Laf. His Highnefs comes poft from Marfeilles, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in fuch intelligence hath feldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that, I hope, I fhall fee him ere I die. I have letters, that my fon will be here to night: I fhall befeech your Lordfhip to remain with me 'till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might fafely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

## Enter Clown.

Cl2. O Madam, yonder's my Lord your fon with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a fear

[^97] under't,

Count. A fcar nobly got, or a noble fear, is a good livery of honour. So, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your ${ }^{4}$ carbonado'd face.
Laf. Let us go fee your fon, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble foldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats and moft courteous feathers ${ }_{2}$ which bow the head, and nod at every man.
[Exeunt.

## ACTV. S CENE I.

The Court of France, at Marfeilles.
Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

## Helena.

BU T this exceeding pofting day and night Muft wear your f́pirits low; we cannot help it. But fince you've made the days and nights as one, To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs; Be bold, you do fo grow in my requital, As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,

> Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his Majefty's ear,
${ }^{4}$ But it is your carbonado'd face.] Mr. Pope reads it carbinadj'd, which is right. The joke, fuch as it is, confifts in the allufion to a wound made with a
carabine ; arms, which Henry IV. had made famous, by bringing into ufe amongt his horre.

Warburton.
THATENDS WELL. ..... $3^{8 t}$
If he would fpend his power. God fave you, SirGent. And you,
Hel. Sir, I have feen you in the court of Erance.
Gen. I have been fometimes there.

Hel. I do prefume, Sir, that you are not fallen From the report that goes upon your goodnefs : And therefore, goaded with moft tharp occafions, Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The ufe of your own vircues, for the which
I fhall continue thankful.
Gent. What's your will?
Hel. That it will pleafe you
To give this poor petition to the King;
And aid me with that itore of power you have,
To come into his prefence.
Gent. The King's not here.
Hel. Not here, Sir?
Gent. Not, indeed.
He hence remov'd laft night, and with more hafte
Than is his ufe.
Wid. Lord, how we lofe our pains!
Hel. All's well, that ends well yet,
Tho' time feems fo adverfe, and means unfit :
I do befeech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Roufillon,
Whither I am going.
Hel. I befeech you, Sir,
Since you are like to fee the King before me, Commend this paper to his gracious hand; Which, I prefume, fhall render you no blame, But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good fpeed
${ }^{5}$ Our means will make us means.

[^98]- Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you fhall find yourfelf to be well thank'd, What-e'er falls more. We muft to horfe again.
Go , go, provide. तids जll

$$
\mathrm{S} C \mathrm{E} \quad \mathrm{~N} \quad \mathrm{E} \quad \mathrm{II} .
$$

## Cbanges to Roufillon.

Enter Clown, and Parolles.
Par. 1 OOD Mr. Levatch, give my Lord Lafeu I this letter; I have ere now, Sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with frefher cloaths ${ }^{6}$; but 1 am now, Sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and fmell fomewhat ftrong of her ftrong difpleafure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's difpleafure is but nuttifh, if it fmell fo ftrongly as thou fpeak'ft of : I will henceforth eat no fifh of fortune's buttring. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to ftop your nofe, Sir ; I fpeak but by a metaphor.
> ${ }^{6}$ In former editions, -but I am nicw, Sir, muddied in fortune's Mood, and fmell fomere bat firong of ber ftrong difpleafure.] I believe the poet wrote, in fortune's moat ; becaufe the Clown in the very next fpeech replies, $I$ will berceforth eat no fim of forturie's butt'ring; and again, when he comes to repeat Parulle's petition to Lafeu, that kath fall'n into the unclian fimpond of ber dijpleafure and, as be fays, is muddied quitbal. And again, Pray you, Sir, ufe the carp as you may, \&cc. In ali which places, 'tis obvious a moat
or pona is the aliufion. Befides, Partlics fmelling ftrong, as he fays, of fortune's frong difpleafure, carries on the fame image ; for as the moals round old feats were always replenifh'd with fifh, fothe Clown's joke of holding his nofe, we may prefume, proceeded from this, that the privy was always over the moat ; and therefore the Clown humouroufly fay:, when Parolles is preffing him to deliver his letter to Lord Lof fu, Fं, i! ! rrythie, ficnd arway; a paper from firtune's clofentool, to give 10 a Nobleman! WARB.

Laf．Indeed，Sir，if your metaphor ftink，I will ftop my nofe againft any man＇s？metaphor．Pr＇ythee， get thee further．
Par．Pray you，Sir，deliver me this paper．
Clo．Foh ！pr＇ythee，ftand away；a paper from for－ tune＇s clofe－ftool，to give to a Nobleman！look，here he comes himfelf．

## Enter Lafeu．

Here is a pur of fortune＇s，Sir，or fortune＇s cat，（but not a mufk－cat ；）that hath fall＇n into the unclean firh－ pond of her difpleafure，and，as he fays，is muddied withal．Pray you，Sir，ufe the carp as you may；for he looks like a poor，decayed，ingenious，foolifh－raf－ cally knave ${ }^{8}$ ．I do pity his diftrefs in my fimilies of comfort，and leave him to your Lordhip．
Par．My Lord，I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly fcratch＇d．

Laf．And what would you have me to do ？＇tis too late to pare her nails now．Wherein have you play＇d

[^99]the knave with fortune, that fhe fhould fcratch you, who of herfelf is a good Lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? there's a Quart-d'ecu for you : let the juftices make you and fortune friends; 1 am for other bufinefs.

Par. I befeech your honour, to hear me one fingle word.

Laf. You beg a fingle penny more. Come, you thall ha't, fave your word.
Par. My name, my good Lord, is Parolies.
Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox'my palfion! give me your hand. How does your drum?
Par. O my good Lord, you were the firtt thiat found me.

Laf. Was I, in footh? and I was the firft that loft thee.

Par. It lies in you, my Lord, to bring me in fome grace, for you did bring me out.
Laf. Out upon thee, knave! doft thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the Devil ? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [Sound Trumpets.] The King's coming, 1 know, by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you laft night ; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you fhall eat ${ }^{\text {; }}$ go to, follow.
Par. I praife God for you.
[Exeunt.
, —you Sball eat ;] $P a$ - had ro more wit than virtue. rolles has many of the lineaments of Faitaff, and feems to be the character which Sbakefpeare delighted to draw, a fellow that

Though juftice required that he fhould be detected and expofed, yet his vices fit fo fit in bim that he is not at laft fuffered to ftarve.

## S C E N E HI.

## Flourijb. Enter King, Countefs, Lafet, the two French Lords, with attendents.

King. We loft a jewel of her, our ${ }^{3}$ efteem Was made much poorer by it; but your fon, As mad in folly, lack'd the fenfe to know Her eftimation home ${ }^{2}$.
Count. 'T is paft, my Liege;
And I befeech your Majefty to make it Natural rebellion, done i'th' blade of youth ${ }^{3}$, When Oil and fire, too ftrong for reafon's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.
King. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to fhoot.

Laf. This I muft fay, But firf I beg.my pardon, the young Lord Did to his Majetty, his Mother, and his Lady, Offence of mighty note ; but to himielf The greateft wrong of all. He loft a wife, Whofe beauty did aftonifh the furvey
Of richeft eyes; whofe words all ears took captive ; Whofe dear perfection, hearts, that fcorn'd to ferve, Humbly cali'd miftrefs.

King. Praifing what is loff,

- efteem] Dr. Warburton in Theobald's edition altered this word to eftate, in his own he lets it ftand and explains it by worth or efiate. But effeem is here reckoning or eftimate. Since the lofs of Helen with her virtues and qualifications, our account is funk; what we have to reckon ourfelves
king of, is much poorer than before.
${ }^{2}$ bome.] That is completcly, in its full extent.
${ }^{3}$-blade of youth,] Inthe /pring of early life, when the man is yet green. Oil and fre fuit but ill with blan'e, and therefore Dr . Warburton reads, blaze of youth.

VoL. III.
C c
Makes

Makes the remembrance dear. Well_call him hither;
We're reconcil'd, and the firft view fhall kill
All repetition : let him not afk our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incenfing relicks of it. Let him approach,
A ftranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he fhould.
Gent. I fhall, my Liege.
King. What fays he to your daughter? Have you fpoke?
Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your High nefs.
King. Then fhall we have a match. I have letters
fent me,
That fet him high in fame.

> SCENE IV.

## Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.
King. I're not a day of reafon,
For thou may'ft fee a fun-fhine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brighteft beams
Diftracted clouds give way; fo ftand thou forth.
4 .— the firft view Boll All repetition: $\qquad$ ] The firf intervierw Sall put an end to all recollection of the paft. ShakeSpeare is now haftening to the end of the play, finds his matter fufficient to fill up his remaining fcenes, and therefore, as on other fuch occafions, contracts his dialogue and precipitates his action. Decency required that

Beriram's double crime of cruelty and difobedience, joined likewife with fome hypocrify, fhould raife more refentment; and that though his mother might eafily forgive him, his king fhould more pertinacioufly vindicate his own authority and Helen's merit: of all this SioakeJpeare could not be ignorant, but Sbakefpeare wanted to conclude his play.

The

The time is fair again.
Ber. My high repented blames,
Dear Sovereign, pardon to me.
King. All is whole.
Not one word more of the confumed time,
Let's take the inftant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ft decrees
Th' inaudible and noifelefs foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remèmber
The daughter of this Lord?
Ber. Admiringly, my Liege. At firft
1 ftuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durft make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impreflion of mine eye enfixing, Contempt his fcornful perfpective did lend me, Which warp'd the line of every other favour; Scorn'd a fair colour, ot exprefs'd it foll'n s'; Extended or contracted all proportions
${ }^{5}$ SCORN' D a fair colour, or $\operatorname{expre} \int s^{\prime} d$ it fol' $n$; ] Firr, it is to be obferved, that this young man's cafe was no: indifference to the fex in general, but a very ftrong attachment to one ; therefore he could not frorn a fair co. lour, for it was that which had captivated him. But he might very naturally be faid to do what neien, ftrongly attach'd to one, commonly do, not allow beauty in any face but his miltrefs's. And that this was the thought here, is evident,
${ }_{3}$ 1. From the latter part of the verfe.
or exprefs'd it folrin;
2. From the preceding verfe, Which warp'd the line of every other facvour;
3. From the following verfes, Extinded or contracted all pro. portions

To a nof bideous object:
Secondly, It is to be obferved, that he defcribes his, indifference for others in highly figurative expreffions. Contempt is brought in lending him her perpeclive. glafs, which does its office properly by zuarting the lines of all other faces; by extending or contracting into a bide us object ; or by exprelfing or fhewing native red and white as paint. But with what propriety of fpeech can this glafs be faid to foorn, which is an affection of the mind? Here then the metaphor becomes miferably mangled; but the foregoing obfervation will lend us to the genuine reading. which is,
SCORCH'D a fair colour, or exprefs'd it filln;
i. $e$. this glafs reprefented the owner as brown or tanncd : or, if not fo, caufed the na!. ve co-

C c 2
lows

To a mof hideous object : thence it came,
That fhe, whom all men prais'd, and whom myfelf, Since I have loft, have lov'd, was in mine eye The duft that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd
That thou do'ft love her, ftrikes fome fcores away From the great 'compt; but love, that comes too late, Like a remorfeful pardon nowly carried, To the great fender turns a four offence, Crying, that's good that is gone: our rafh faults Make trivial price of ferious things we have, Not knowing them, until we know their grave. Oft our difpleafures, to ourfelves unjuft, Deftroy our friends, and, after, weep their duft :
5 Our own love, waking, cries to fee what's done * While fhameful hate fleeps out the afternoon. Be this fweet Helen's knell; and now forget her. Send forth your amorous token for fair Moudlin, The main confents are had, and here we'll flay To fee our widower's fecond marriage-day.

Count. ${ }^{2}$ Which better than the firft, O dear heav'n blefs.
lour to appear artificial, Thus he fpeaks in character, and confitently with the reft of his freech. The emendation refores integrity to the figure, and, by a beautiful thought, makes the Scornjul jerfipective of contompt do the office of a turningglafs. Warburton.

It was but juft to iniert this note, long as it is, becaufe the commentator feems to think it of importance. Let the reader judge.

- Our orwn love, waking, \&c.] Thefe two lines I fhould be glad to call an interpolation of a flajer, They are ill connefted with the former, and not very clear or proper in themfelves. I believe
the author made two couplets to the fame purpofe, wrote them both down that he might take his choice, and fo they happened to be bort preferved.

For flep 1 think we fhould read flept. Love cries to fee what was done while hatred Atpt, and fuffered milchief to be done. Or the meaning may be, that batred ftill continuses 10 feecp at eare, while lore is weeping; and fo the prefent reading may fand.
${ }^{1}$ Whbich beiter than the firft, O dear Heav'n, bleft,
Or, ere they meet, in me, O Na-
ture, ceafe !] I have ventured, againft the authority of the printed Copies, to prefix the Count fl's

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, ceafe!
Laf. Come on, my fon, in whom my houfe's name Muft be digefted : give a favour from you To fparkle in the fpirits of my daughter, That fhe may quickly come. By my old beard, And ev'ry hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead, Was a fweet creature: fuch a ring as this, The laft that e'er fhe took her leave at court, I faw upon her finger.

Ber. Her's it was not.
King. Now, pray you, let me fee it: For mine eye, While I was fpeaking, oft was faften'd to't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen, I bade her, if her fortunes ever ftood Neceffitied to help, that by this token I wculd relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her Of what fhould ftead her moft ?

Ber. My gracious fovereign,
Howe'er it pleafes you to take it fo,
The ring was never her's.
Count. Son, on my life, I've feen her wear it, and fhe reckon'd it At her life's rate.
Laf. I'm fure, I faw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceiv'd, my Lord, the never faw it ; In Florence was it from a cafement thrown me ${ }^{8}$, Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name

Countefs's Name to there two Lines. The King appears, indeed, to be a Favourer of Bertram: but if Bertram fhould make a bad Hußand the fecond Time, why fhould it give the King fuch mortal Pangs? A fond and difappointed Mother might reafonably not defire to live to fee fuch a Day: and from her
the Wifh of dying, rather than to behold it, comes with Propriery.

Theobald.
${ }^{8}$ In Florence was it from a cafenten:-] Bertram fill continues to have too little vistue to de'erve Helen. He did not know indeed that it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window.

$$
\mathrm{C} \subset 3
$$

Of her that threw it: $॰$ Noble fhe was, and thought I foood engag'd; but when I had fubfcrib'd To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully, I could not anfwer in that courfe of honour
As the had made the overture, fhe ceaft
In heavy fatisfaction, and would never:
Receive the ring again.
King, Plutus himeif,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine ${ }^{\text {, }}$,
Hath not in nature's myftery more fcience,
Than I have in this ring. 'T was mine, 'twas Helen's, Whoever gave it you: then if you know ${ }^{2}$,
That you are well acquainted with yourfelf, Confets 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to furety, That fhe would never put it from her finger, Unlefs the gave it to yourfelf in bed, (Where you have never come) or fent it us

Thought Noule foe was, and
7 food engag'd; ——] don't
7 Rood engag'd; - $]$ I don't underftand this Reading ; if we are to underfiand that flie thought Bertram engaged to her in Affection, infnared by her Charms, this Meaning is too obfcurely expiefs'd. The Context rather makes me believe, that the Poet wrote,

- noble Be rwas, and thougbt i. Rood ungag'd;
i. ea unengag d: neither my
Heart, nor Perion, ifpos'd of.

Theobald.
The plain meaning is, when fhe faw me receive the ring, She thought mie engaged to her.
${ }^{1} \mathrm{King}$. Mutus bimjelf,
That krowes the tinct and mul. tiflying medicine,] Plutus the grand alch:mift, who knows the tinclure which confers the propertics of zold upon bafe
metals, and the matter by which gold is multiplied, by which a fimall quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large mafs of metal.

In the reign of Henry the fourth a law was made to forbid all men thenceforith to multiply gold, or: ufe any craft of nultiplication. Of which law iMr. Bogle, when he was warm with the hope of tranfmutation, procured a repeal.
${ }^{2}$ _then if you know,
That you are well acquainted with yourfs lf, ] i. e. then if you be wile. A ftrange way of expreffing fo trivial a thought !

Warburton.
The true meaning of this Arange expreffion is, If you know that your faculties are fo found, as that jou bave the proper confcioufnets of your orwn aciicns, and ale able to recollect and relate what you have done, tell me, \&c.

Upon her great difafter.
Ber. She never faw it.
King. Thou fpeak't it falfely, as I love mine honour; And mak'it conject'ral fears to come into me, Which I would fain fhut out; if it fhould prove That thou art fo inhuman - 'twill not prove foAnd yet I know not-thou didft hate her deadly, And fhe is dead; which nothing, but to clofe Her eyes myfelf, could win me to believe, More than to fee this ring. Take him away. [Guards feize Bertram.
My fore-pant proofs, howe'er the matter fall ${ }^{3}$, Shall tax my fears of litile vanity, Having vainly fear'd too little. A way with him。 We'll fift this matter further.
Ber. If you fhall prove,
This ring was ever hers, you fhall as eafy Prove that I hufbanded her bed in Florence, Where yet he never was.
[Exit Bertram guarded.

## S C ENEV.

## Enter a Gentleman.

King. I'm wrap'd in difmal thinkings.
Gent. Gracious Sovereign,
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a perition from a Florentine,
Who hath fome four or five removes come fhort ${ }^{4}$
${ }^{3}$ My fore-paft proofs, bowe'er the natter fall,
Sball tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly feared too little.]
The proofs which 1 bave already had, are fufficient to fhow that my foars were not vain and irrational: I have rather been
hitherto more eafy than I ought, and have unreafonably had too little fear.
${ }^{4}$ Who bath FOR four or five remorves come fort.] We fhould read, Who hath some four or five removes come 乃ort. So in King Lear,
For that I am some twelve or C 4
fourteen

To tender it herfelf, I undertook it, Vanquifh'd thereco by the fair grace and fpeech Of the poor fuppliant, who by this, I know, Is here attending: her bufinefs looks in her With an importing wifage; and fie told me, In a fweet verbal brief, it did concern Your Highnefs with herfelf.

## The King reads a letter.

Upon bis many protefations to marry me, when bis wife was dead, I blufh to fay it, be woon me. Now is the Count Roufillon a wevidower, bis vooves are forffeited to me, and my bonour's paid to bim. He fole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follcw bim to this country for juflice: gront it me, 0 King, in you it beft lies; otbervoife a fedicer flouribbes, and a poor maid is undone. Diana Capulet.
Laf. I will buy me a fon-in-law in a fair, and toll for him. For this, I'll none of him.
King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu, To bring forth this difcov'ry. Scek thefe fuitors: Go speedily, and bring again the Count.

## Enter Bertram.

I am afraid, the life of Helen (lady)
Was fouly fnatch'd.
Count. Now juftice on the doers!
King. I wonder, Sir, wives are fo monftrous to you, And that you fly them as you fwear to them ;

- Yet you defire to wed. What woman's that ?

Enter Widow and Diana.
Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched Florentine.


Derived from the antient Capulet;
My fuit, as I do underftand; you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.
Wid. I am her mother, Sir, whofe age and honour
Both fuffer under this complaint we bring,
And both fhall ceafe without your remedy.
King. Come hither, Count; do you know thele women?
Ber. My Lord, I neither can, nor will, deny But that I know them ; do they charge me further?

Die. Why do you look fo ftrange upon your wife?
Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.
Dia. If you fhall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heav'n's vows, and thofe are mine;
You give away myfelf, which is known mine ;
For I by vow am fo embodied yours,
That fhe, which marries you, mutt marry me, Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too fhort for my daughter, you are no hufband for her. [Io Bertram.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and defp' rate creature, Whom fometime I have laugh'd with : let your Highnefs
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour, Than for to think that I would fink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
'Till your deeds gain them : fairer prove your honour, Than in my thought it lies !

Dia. Good my Lord, Afk him upon his oath, if he does not think He had not my virginity.

King. What fay'it thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my Lord; And was a common gamefter to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my Lord; if I were fo, He might have bought me at a common price.

Do not believe him. O , behold this ring, Whofe high refpect and rich validity s
Did lack a parailel : yet for all that, He gave it to a commoner o'th' camp, If I be one.
Count. He blufles, and 'ris his:
Of fix preceding anceftors, that gem
Conferr'd by Teftament to th' fequent iffue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife,
That ring's a thoufand proofs,
S King. Methought, you faid,
You faw one here in Court could witneis it.
Dia. I did, my Lord, but loth am to produce So bad an inftrument; his name's Parolles.
Lef. I faw the man to day, if man he be. King. Find him, and bring him bither. Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a moft perfidious flave, With all the fpots o'th' world tax'd and deborfh'd, Which nature fickens with : but to fpeak truth, Am I or that or this, for what he'll utter, That will fpeak any thing ?
King. She hath that ring of yours.
Ber. I think, fhe has ; certain it is, I lik'd her, And boarded her i'th' wanton way of youth : She knew her diftance, and did angle for me, Madding my eagnernefs with her reftraint; As ${ }^{6}$ all impediments in fancy's courfe, Are motives of more fancy : and in fine, Her infuit coming with her modern grace,

5 Validity iis a very bad word an occafon by rubicb love is for value, which yet I think is beigbtered. And, to concluad, ber its mearing, unlefs it be con- Jolicitation concurring with ber fidercd as making a contract faffionable appectrance, fhe got the valid.

-     - all impediments in fancy's courfe. Are morives of more fancy:-] word modern, which, perhaps, E.very thing that obfiruess lovee is fignifies rather meanly pretty.

Subdu'd me to her rate: ©he got the ring; And I had that, which any inferior might At market-price have bought.

Dia. I mult be patient:
You, that turn'd off a firf fo noble wife,
May juftly diet me. I pray you yer,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lofe a hufband.)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
Ber. I, have it not.
King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Dia. Sir, much like the fame upon your finger. King. Know you this ring ? this ring was his of late.
Dea. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.
King. The ftory then goes falfe, you threw it him Out of a cafement.

Dia. I have fpoke the truth.

$$
\begin{array}{llll}
\mathrm{S} & \mathrm{E} & \mathrm{~N} & \mathrm{VI} .
\end{array}
$$

## Enter Parolles.

Ber. My Lord, I do confefs, the ring was hers. King. You boggle fhrewdly, every feather ftarts you! $\qquad$
Is this the man you fpeak of ?
Dia. It is, my Lord.
King. Tell me, Sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the difpleafure of your mafter, Which on your juft proceeding I'll keep off; By him and by this woman here, what know you ?
Par. So pleafe your Majefty, my mafter hath been an honourable Gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which Gentlemen have.
King. Come, come, to the purpofe; did he love this Woman?
Par. 'Faich, Sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?
Per. He did love her, Sir, as a Gentleman loves a Woman.

King. How it that?
Par. He lov'd her, Sir, 'and lov'd her not.
King. As thou art a knave, and no knave; what an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majefty's Command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my Lord, but a naughty Orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promis'd me marriage?
Par. 'Faith, 1 know more than I'll fpeak.
King. But wilt thou not fpeak all thou know'ft ?
Par. Yes, fo pleafe your Majefty. I did go between them, as I faid; but more than that, he loved her: for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what ? yet 1 was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promifing her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to fpeak of; therefore I will not fpeak what I know.

King. Thou haft fpoken all already, unlefs thou canft fay they are married; but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore ftand afide. This ring, you fay, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good Lord.
King. Where did you buy it ? or who gave it you?
Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.
King. Wholent it you?
Dia. It was not lent me neither.
King. Where did you find it then?
Dia. I found it not.
King. If it were yours by none of all thefe ways, $H_{5}$ How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

## THAT ENDS WELI.

Laf. This woman's an eafy glove, my Lord, he goes off and on at pleafure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his firft wife.
Dia. It mighr be yours, or hers, for aught I know.
King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To prifon with her: and away with him
Unlefs thou tell'ft me where thou hadif this ring, Thou dieft within this hour.
Dia. I'll never tell you.
King. Take her away.
Dia. l'll put in bail, my Liege.
King. I think thee now fome common cuftomer.
Dia. By Yove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.
King. Wherefore haft thou accus'd him all this while?
Dia. Becaufe he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll fiwear to't ;
l'll fwear, I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no ftrumpet, by my life;
I'm either maid, or elfe this old man's wife.
[Pointing to Lafeu.
King. She does abufe our ears; to prifon with her.
Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal Sir, [Exii Widow.
The jeweller, that owns the ring, is fent for, And he fhall furety me. But for this Lord, [To Bert. Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himfelf, Tho' yet he never harın'd me, here I quit him. ${ }^{7}$ He knows himfelf, miy bed he hath defil'd, And at that time he got his wife with child; Dead, tho' he be, fhe feels her young one kick: So there's my riddle ; one, that's dead, is quick. And now behold the meaning.
${ }^{7}$ He knorus himfelf, \&x.——] 'This dialogue is too long, fince the audience already knew the whole tranfaction ; nor is there 2ny reafon for puzzling the king
and playing with his paffions; but it was much eafier than to make a pathetical interview between Helen and her hufband, her mother, and the king.

## A L L's WELL, \&c.

Enter Helena, and Widow.
King. Is there no Exorcift ${ }^{\text {s }}$
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I fee?
Hel. No, my good Lord,
'Tis but a fhadow of a wife you fee,
The name, and not the thing.
Ber. Both, both; oh pardon!
Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this maid; I found you wond'rous kind; there is your ring,
And look you, here's your letter: this it fays,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me weith cbild, \&xc. This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. If fhe, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ftep between me and you!
O, my dear morher, do 1 fee you living?
[To the Countefs.
Laf. Mine eyes fmell onions, I fhall weep anon:
Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief, [ToParolles. So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make fport with thee: let thy courtefies alone, they are fcurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this ftory know, To make the even truth in pleafure flow : If thou beeft yet a fre $h$ uncropped flower, [ To Diana. Chufe thou thy hufband, and I'll pay thy dower ; For 1 can guefs, that, by thy honeft aid, Thou kept'f a wife herfelf, thyfelf a maid. Of that and all the progrefs more and lefs, Refolvedly more leifure fhaill exprefs: All yet feems well; and if it end fo meet, The bitter paft, more welcome is the fweet. [Exeunt. ${ }^{8}$ - Excrifif] This word is ufed not very properly for enrbanter.

## E P I L O GU E,

Spoken by the K IN G.

THE King's a beggar now the play is done: All is well ended, if this fuit be woon,
That you exprefs content; which we weill pay, With Arife to pleafe you, day exceeding day;

* Ours be your patience tben, and yours our parts;

Your gentle bands lend us, and take our bearts.

* Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts.] The meaning is: Grant us then your patience; hear us without interruption. And take our parts; that is, fupport and defend us.

This play has many delightful fcenes, though not fufficiently probable, and fome happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boafter and a coward, fuch as has always been the fport of the flage, but perhaps never raifed more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Sbake/peare.

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without
generofity, and young withou truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when fne is dead by his unkindnefs, fneaks home to a fecond marriage, is accufed by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himfelf by falhood, and is difmiffed to happinefs.

The ftory of Bertram and $D_{i-}$ ana had been told before of Ma , iana and Angelo, and, to confefs the truth, fcarcely merited to be heard a fecond time.

The ftory is copied from a novel of Boccace, which may be read in Sbakefpeare Illufirated, with remarks not more favourable to Bertram than my own.

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THE

## LIFE and DEATH

O F

KING 70 HN .

Vor. III.
D d

## Dramatis Perfonæ.

K I NG John.
Prince Henry, Son to the King.
Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, and Nepberw to the King. Pembroke,
Effex,
Salifury, , Englin Lords.
Hubert,
Bigot,
Faulconbridge, Baftard-Son to Richard the Firft.
Robert Faulconbridge, fuppos'd Brother to the Baftard. James Gurney, Servant to the Lady Faulconbridge.
Peter of Pomfret, a Prophet.
Philip, King of France.
Lewis, the Dauphin.
Arcb-Duke of Auftria.
Card. Pandulpho, the Pope's Legate.
Melun, a French Lord.
Chatillon, AmbafJador from France to King John.
Elinor, Qucen-Motber of England.
Conftance, Mother to Archur.
Blanch, Daugbter to Alphonfo King of Caftile, and Niece to King John.
Lady Faulcondridge, Motber to the Baftard, and Robert Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Angiers, Heralds, Executioners, Meffengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, fometimes in England; and fometimes in France,

Of this Play there are three editions in 2uarto preceding the firt folio.
I. 1591, for Sampfon Clarke.

[^100]
## ' The LIFE and DEATH of

## K I N G for N .

## ACTI. SCENEI.

## The Court of England.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Effex, and Salifbury, with Chatillon.

> King Joнn.

NO W, fay, Cbatillon, what would France with us?
Cbat. Thus, after greeting, Ipeaks the king of France, In my behaviour, ${ }^{\text {a }}$ to the Majefty,


#### Abstract

${ }^{1}$ The troublefome Reign of King Fobn was written in two parts, by $W$. Sbakefpeare and $W$. Rowley, and printed 1611 . But the prefent Play is intirely different, and infinitely fuperior to it. Pope.

The edition of 1611 has no mention of Rorwley, nor in the account of Rorwley's works is any mention made of his conjunct on with Sbakefpeare in any play. King Jobn was reprinted in two parts in 1622 . The firt edition that I have found of this play in


its prefent form, is that of 1623 in fol. The edition of 15911 have not feen.

The Life and Death--] Though this Play have this Title, yet the Action of it begins at the thirty-fourth Year of his Life ; and takes in only fome Tranfactions of his Reign to the Time of his Demife, being an Interval of about feventeen Years.

Theobald.

[^101]
## 404 KING J OHN.

The borrow'd Majeity of England here.
Eli. A ftrange beginning. Borrow'd Majefty!
K. Fobn. Silence, good mother; hear the embaffy.

Cbat. Pbilip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceafed brother Geffrey's fon,
Artbur Plantagenet, lays lawful claim
To this fair ifland, and the territories,
To Ireland, Poiciiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Defiring thee to lay afide the fword,
Which fways ufurpingly thefe feveral titles;
And put the fame into young Artbur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right-royal Sovereigh.
K. Fobn. What follows, if we difallow of this?

Cbat. The proud ${ }^{3}$ controul of fierce and bloody war,
T' inforce thefe rights fo forcibly with-held.
K. Fobn. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controulment for controulment; fo anfwer France.
Cbat. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth, The fartheft limit of my embaffy.
K. Yobn. Bear mine to him, and fo depart in peace.
${ }^{4}$ Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France, For ere thou canft report, I will be there, The thunder of my cannon fhall be heard. So, hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
have a fignification that I have never found in any other authour. The king of France, fays the Envoy, thus feeaks in my behaviour to the Majefty of England: That is, the king of France fpeaks in the charatier which I here affume. I once thought that there two lines, in my bebaviour, \&c. had been uttered by the ambaffador as part of his mafter's meffage, and that behaviour had meant the conduce of the king of

France towards the king of England, but the am baffador's fpeech, as continued after the interruption, will not admit this meaning.
${ }^{3}$ Controul.] Oppofition, from controller.
${ }^{4}$ Be thou as ligbtning.] The fimile does not fuit well: the lightning indeed appears before the thunder is heard, but the lightning is deftructive, and the thunder innocent.

Ands fullen prefage of your own decay. An honourable conduct let him have, Pernbroke, look to't ; farewel, Chatillon. [Exeunt Chat. and Pem.
Eli. What now, my fon? Have I not ever faid,
How that ambitious Confance would not ceafe,
Till the had kindled France and all the world, Upon the right and party of her fon?
This might have been prevented, and made whole With very eafy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms muft With fearful, bloody, iffue arbitrate.
K. Fobn. Our ftrong poffeffion, and our right for

Yous
Eli. Your ftrong poffeffion much more than your right,
Or elfe it muft go wrong with you and me;
So much my confcience whifpers in your ear,
Which none but heav'n, and you, and I fhall hear.
Enter Effex.
Efex. My Liege, here is the ftrangeft controverfie, Come from the country to be judg'd by you, That e'er I heard. Shall I produce the men ?
[Exit Effex.
K. Fobn. Let them approach.

Our abbies and our priories fhall pay
This expedition's charge

## S C.E N E II.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip, bis Brotber. What men are you?
Phil. Your faithful fubject, I, a gentleman

[^102]$$
\mathrm{Dd}_{3}
$$

Born in Nortbamplonf/bire, and eldeft fon, As I fuppofe, to Robert Faulconbridge, A foldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Courr-de.lion knighted in the field.
K. Gobn. What art thou?

Robert. The fon and heir to that fame Faulconbridge:
K. Jobn. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir ?

You came not of one mother then, it feems?
Pbil. Moft certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father;
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heav'n, and to my mother ;
Of that I doubt, as all mens' children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou doft fhame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Pbil. I, Madam? no, I have no reafon for it ;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, he pops me out
At leaft from fair five hundred pound a year :
Heav'n guard my mother's honour, and my land!
K. Fohn. A good blunt fellow; why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Pbil. Iknow not why, except to get the land ;
But, once, he flander'd me with baftardy;
But whether I be true begot or no,
That fill I lay upon my morher's head;
But that I an as well begot, my Liege,
(Fair fall the bones, that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourfelf.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this fon like him ;
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heav'n thanks, I was not like to thee.
K. Jobn. Why, what a mad-cap hath heav'n lent us here?
Eli. He hath a trick of Ceur-de-tion's face,

The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read fome tokens of my.fon In the large compofition of this man?
K. Jobn. Mine eye hath well examined his parts, And finds them perfect Ricbard. Sirrah, fpeak, What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Pbil. Becaufe he hath a half-face, like my father,
${ }^{6}$ With that half-face would he have all my land?
A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a year!
Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much;
Pbil. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land.
Your tale muft be, how he imploy'd my morber.
Rob. And once difpatch'd him in an embaffie
To Germany; there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
Th' advantage of his abfence took the King, And in the mean time fojourn'd at my father's; Where, how he did prevail, I fhame to fpeak,

6 With half that Face.] But why with balf that Face? There in no Qinefion but the Poet wrote, as I have reftored the Text, With that half-face Mr. Pope, perhaps, will be angry with me for difcovering an Anachronifm of our Poet's, in the next Line; where he alludes to a Coin not fruck till the Year 1504 , in the Reign of King Henry VII. viz. a Groat, which, as well as the half Groat, bare but half Faces imprefs'd. Vide Stow's Survey of London, p.47. Hollingfhed, Cambden's Remains, Ecc. The Poet fneers at the meagre fharp Vifage of the elder Brother, by comparing him to a Silver Groat, that bore the King's Face in Profile, fo fhew'd but half the Face: The Groats of all our Kings of

England, and, indeed, all their other Coins of Silver, one or two only excepted, had a full Face crown'd ; till Henry VII, at the Time above-mentioned, coined Groats and half Groats, as alfo fome Shillings, with half Faces, that is, Faces in Profile, as all our Coin has now. The firft Groats of King Henry VIII. were like thefe of his Father; though afterwards he returned to the broad Faces again. Thefe Groats, with the Impreffion in Profile, are undoubtedly here alluded to: though, as I faid, the Poet is knowingly guilty of an Anachronifm in it: for, in the Time of King $\mathcal{F}$ obn there were no Groats at all: they being firft, as far as appears, coined in the Reign of King Edward III. Theobald.

## But truth is truth; large lengths of feas and Thores

Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father fpeak himfelf)
When this fame lufty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's fon, was none of his ; And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the courfe of time.
Then, good my Liege, let me have what is mine, My father's land, as was my father's will.
K. Jobn. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate; Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him : And if the did play falfe, the fault was hers; Which fault lies on the hazard of all hurbands, That marry wives. Tell me, how, if my brother, Who, as you fay, took pains to get this fon, Had of your father claim'd this fon for his?
In footh, good friend, your father might have kept This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world, In footh, he might: then, if he were my brother's, My brother might not claim him; nor your father, Being none of his, refufe him; ${ }^{7}$ this concludes.
My mother's fon did get your father's heir, Your father's heir mutt have your father's land. Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To difpoffels that child, which is not his?
Pbil. Of no more force to difpoffefs me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.
Eli. Whether hadtt thou rather be a Fculcombridge, And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land:
Or the reputed fon of Cour-de-lion,
${ }^{8}$ Lord of thy prefence, and no land befide ?
Pbil. Madam, and if my brother had my fliape,

[^103]- And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him; donj دug And if my legs were two fuch riding rods, wew 589 My arms fucl eel-flkins fuft; ${ }^{3}$ my face fo thin, * That in my ear I durft not ftick a rofe, Left men fhould fay, Look, where three farthings goes!
thy prefence can fignify only, Mafter of tbyyalf; and it is a ftrange expreffion to fignify even that. However that he might be, without parting with his land. We fhould read,

Lord of THE prefence,-ד i. e. Prince of the Blood.

> Warburton.

Lord of thy prefence may fignify fomething more diftinct than mafer of tbyjelf: It means mafter of that dignity, and grandeur of appearance, that may fufficiently diftinguifh thee from the vulgar without the help of fortune.

Lord of bis prefence apparently fignifies, great in bis own perfon, and is ufed in this fenfe by King Tobn in one of the following fcenes.

- And I had his, Sir Robert bis, like bim.] This is obfcure and ill expreffed. The meaning is: If I had bis BrapeSir Robert's-as be bas.

Sir Robert bis, for Sir Robert's is agreeable to the practice of that time, when the 's added to the nominative was believed, I think erroneoufly, to be a contràction of his. So Donne.

[^104]three farthings gocs! ] In this very obfcure paffage our Poet is anticipating the Date of another kind; humoroufly to rally a thin face, eclipfed, as it were. by a full-blown Rofe. We muft obferve, to explain this Allufion, that Queen Elizabeto was the firft, and indeed the only, Prince, who coined in England three- half pence, and threefarthing Pieces. She at one and the fame Time, coined Shillings, Six pences, Groass, Three-pences, Two-pences, Three half-pence, Pence, Three - farthings, and Half-pence. And thefe fieces all had her Head, and were a!ternately with the Rofe behind. and without the Reffe. The Shilling, Groat, Two-pence, Penny, and Half. penny had it not: The other intermediate Coins, viz. the Six-pence, Three-pence, Three-half-pence, and Threefarthings had the Rcse.

Theobald.

* That in mine ear Idurff:o fick a rofe.] The fticking Rofes about them was then all the court-fafhion, as appears from this paffage of the Confefion Cathorigue du S. de Sancy, 1. 2. c. 1. Je luy ay appris à mettre des Roses par tous les coins, i. e. in every flace about bim, fays the Speaker, of one to whom he had taught all the court fafhions.

> Warburton.

410 KING JOHN.
And to his hiape were heir to all this land;
'Would, I might never ftir from off this place, I'd give it ev'ry foot to have this face,
I would not be Sir Nobbe in any cafe.
Eli. I like thee well. Wilt thou forlake thy fortune,
Bequenth thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a foldier, and now bound to France.
Pbil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance ;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet fell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.
-Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. Yobn. What is thy name?

Pbil. Pkilip, my Liege, fo is my name tegun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldeft fon.
K. Fobn. From henceforth bear his name, whofe form thou bear't.
Kneel thou down Pbilip, but rife up more grear; Atife Sir Ricbard and Plantogenet.

Fibil. Brother by th' mother's fide, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour; your's gave land. Now bleffed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir R.obert was away!
Eli. The very firit of Plantagenet !
I am thy grandam; Ricbard call me fo.
Pbil. " Madam; by chance, but not by truth; what tho'?

Some-


Something about, a little from the right; In at the window, or elfe o'er the hatch, Who dares not ftir by day, muft walk by night, And have his have, however men do catch; Near or far off, well won is fill well fhot; And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
K. Fobn. Go, Faulconbridge, now haft thou thy defire ;
A landlefs Knight makes thee a landed 'Squire.
Come, Madam, and come, Richard; we mult fpeed For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Pbil. Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee, For thou was got $i^{\prime}$ 'h' way of honefty.
[Exeunt all but Philip.

## SCENEIII.

${ }^{3}$ A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worfe!
Well, now can I make any foon a lady.
Good den, Sir Robert, -Godamercy, fellow;
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:
'Tis too refpective and unfociable
For your converling. ${ }^{4}$ Now your traveller,
${ }^{5} \mathrm{He}$ and his tooth-pick at my worfhip's mefs;
muft climb the windorw, or leap the batch. This, however, fhall not deprefs me; for the world never enquires how any man got what he is known to poffers, but allows that to have is to harve, however it was caught, and that he rubo wins Bot well, whatever was his kill, whether the arrow fell near the mark, or far off it.
${ }^{3}$ A foot of bonour.] A flep, un pas.
${ }_{4}$ Now your traveller.] It is
faid in All's wevell, that ends well, that a traveller is a grood thing after dinner. In that age of newly-excited cusiofity, one of the entertainments as great tables feems to have been the difcourfe of a traveller.

5 He and bis tooth-pick.] It has been already remarked, that to pick the tooth, and wear a piqued beard, were, in that time, marks of a man affecting foreign fafhions.

And when my knightly ftomach is fuffic'd, Why then I fuck my teeth, and catechife My piked man of countries; - My dear Sir, (Thus leaning on mine elbow, I begin) I fhall befeech you that is queftion now: And then comes anfwer ${ }^{6}$ like an ABC-book: O Sir, fays anfwer, at your beft command, At your employment, at your fervice, Sir: No, Sir, fays queftion, I, fweet Sir, at yours,
${ }^{7}$ And fo e'er anfwer knows what queftion would, Saving in dialogue of compliment; And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
${ }^{6}$ Like an $a, b, c$ book.] An a, b, c book, or, as they fpoke and wrote it, an abfey book, is a catechifin.
${ }^{7}$ And'so e'er anfwer knowes what quefion would,
SAving in dialogue of compliment ; ] In this fine fpeech, Faulconbridge would fhew the advantages and prerogatives of men of worl/hip. He obferves, particularly, that be has the traveller at command (people at that time, when a new world was difcovering, in the highett eftimation). At the firt intimation of his defire, to hear frange fories, the traveller complies, and will fcarce give him leave to make his queftion, but e'er anfwer knowes robat quefion riould -What then, why, according to the prefent reading, it grows towards fupper-time: And is not this rworkhipful Jociety? To fpend all the time between dinner and fupper before either of them knows what the other would be at. Read serving inftead of furing, and all this nonfenfe is
avoided; and the account fands thus, "E'er anfwer knows what ", quettion would be at, my tra"veller ferves in bis dialogue of " compliment, which is his ftand" ing difh at all tables; then he " comes to talk of the Alps and $A$ "penines, \&c. and, by the time this " difcourfe concludes, it draws ." towards fupper." All this is fenfible and humorous; and the phrafe of firving in is a very pleafant one to denote that this was his worhip's fecond courfe. What follows fhews the romantic turn of the voyagers of that time; how greedily their relations were fwallowed, which he calls fweet poifon for the age's tooth; and how acceptable it made men at court-For it 乃iall Arew the footfeps of my rifing. And yet the Oxford Editor fays, by this fweet poijon is meant flattery. Warburton.

This paffage is obfcure'; but fuch an irregularity and perplexity runs thro the whole fpeech, that I think this emendation not necefiary.

## The Pyrenean and the river Po;

It draws towards fupper in conclufion, fo.
But this is worfhipful fociety,
And fits the mounting fpiric like myfelf :
For he is but a baftard to the time,
That doth not fmack of obfervation;
[And fo am I, whether I fmack or no:]
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, fweet, fweet poifon for the age's tooth;
${ }^{8}$ Which tho' I will not practife to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it fhall ftrew the footfteps of my rifing.
9 But who comes in fuch hafte, in riding robes?
What woman-poft is this? hath fhe no hufband,
That will take pains ${ }^{1}$ to blow a horn before her?
O me! it is my mother ; now, good lady,
What brings you here to court fo haftily?

$$
\begin{array}{llllll}
S & C & \mathrm{E} & \mathrm{E} & \mathrm{IV} .
\end{array}
$$

## Enter Lady Faulconbridge, and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that nave, thy brother, where is he, That holds in chafe mine honour up and down ?

Pbil. My brother Robert, old Sir Robert's fon, ${ }^{2}$ Colbrand the giant, that fame mighty man, Is it Sir Robert's fon, that you feek fo?
Lady. Sir Robert's fon ? ay, thou unrev'rend boy,

[^105]Sir Robert's fon; why fcorn'A thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's fon, and fo art thou.
Philip. Fames Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while? Gur. Good leave, good Pbilip.
Pbil. ${ }^{3}$ Pbilip!—fparrow-Tames;
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.
[Exit James.
Madam, I was not old Sin Robert's fon,
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his faft:
Sir Robert could do well ; marry, confefs!
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it ;
We knew his handy-work; therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for thefe limbs?
Sir Robert never holpe to make this leg.
Lady. Haft thou confpired with thy brother too,
That, for thine own gain, fhould'ft defend mine honour?
What means this fcorn, thou moft untoward knave?
Pbil. ${ }^{4}$ Knight, Knight, good mother - Bafilijco like.

## What!

${ }^{3}$ Pbilip, fparrow, James.] I think the Poet wrote,

Pbilip! Jpare me, Fames.
i. e. don't affront me with an appellation that comes from a Family which I difclaim. Warb.

The old reading is far more agreeable to the character of the fpeaker.

Dr. Gray obferves, that Skel$t o n$ has a poom to the memory of Pbilip Sparrow ; and Mr. Pope in a fhort rote remarks, that a Spari ow is called Pbilip.
4 Knight, Knight, - good Mother, Bafilico like.] Thus muft this Paflage be pointed; and, to come at the Humour of ir, I mult clear up an old Circumftance of Stage- Hiftory. Faul-
conbridge's Words here carry a concealed Piece of 'Satire on a flupid Drama of that Age, printed in 15\%9, and called Soliman and Perfeda. In this Piece there is the Character of a bragging cowardly Knight, called Baflif. co. His Pretenfion to Valour is fo blown and feen through, that Pifon, a Buffoon-fervant in the Play, jumps upon his Back, and will not difengage him, till he makes Bafilifco fivear upon his dudgeon dagger to the Contents, and in the Terms, he dictates to him : as, for inflance,
Baf. O, Ifwear, If wear,
Pift. By the Contents of this Blade,

What! I am dub'd; I have it on my fhoulder:
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's fon;
I have difclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father ;
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother ?
Lady. Haft thou deny'd thyfelf a Fculconbridge?
Pbil. As faithfully, as I deny the devil.
Ledy. King Ricbard Ccuur-de-lion was thy father;
By long, and vehement fuit, I was feduc'd
To make room for in my hußband's bed.
Heav'n lay not my tranfgrefion to my charge !
Thou art the iffue of my dear offence,
Which was fo ftrongly urg'd paft my defence.
Pbit. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wifh a better father.
s Some fins do bear their privilege on earth,
And fo doth yours; your fault was not your folly. Needs mult you lay your heart at his difpofe, Subjected tribure to commanding love,

Bar. By the Contents of this
Blade,
Piff. I, the aforefaid Bafilifco, Baf. 1, the aforefaid Eaflififo,
Knight, good fellow, knight, knight,
Pift. Knave, gsodfellow, knave, knave,
So that 'tis clear, our Poet is fneering at this Play; and makes Pbilip, when his Mocher calls him Knave, throw off that Reproach by humoroufly laying claim to his new Dignity of Knigbtbood; as Baflitico arrogantly infifts on his Title of Knigbt in the Paffage above quoted. The old Play is an execrable bad one; and, I fuppofe, was fufficiently exploded in the Reprefentation: which might
make this Circumftance fo well known, as to become the Butt for a stage farcafm. Theobald.

Kniebt, Karight, good motherBafilifoco ike ] The words allude to an expretion in an ofd foolifh play, then the common butt of ridicule, but the beauty of the paffage confifis in his alluding, at the faine time, to his high original. His father, Ri(tbard the firff, was furnamed Cour de-lion. And the Cor Leonis, a fixed flar of the firft magnitude, in the fign Leo, is called Baftifco. Wareurton.

Could one have thought it !
5 Some fins.] There are fins, that, whatcver be determined of them above, are not much cenfured on earth.

Againft whofe fury, and unmatched force,
The awlefs lion could not wage the fight;
Nor keep his princelly heart from Richard's hands.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May eafily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart, I thank thee for my father.
Who lives and dares but fay, thou didit not well
When I was got, I'll fend his foul to hell.
Come, lady, I will fhew thee to my kin,
And they fhall fay, when Ricbard me begot,
If thou hadft faid him nay, it had been fin;
Who fays, it was, he lyes; I fay, 'twas not.
[Exeunt.

## A C T II. S CE NE. I.

Before the Walls of Angiers in France.
Enter Philip King of France, Lewis the Dauphin, the Aribduke of Auftria, Conflance, and Arthur.

> Lewis.

$B$EFORE Angiers well met, brave Auftria. Artbur! that great fore-runner of thy blcod ${ }^{6}$ Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart, And fought the holy wars in Paleftine,
${ }^{7}$ By this brave Duke came early to his grave:

6 Richard, that robb'd, \& c.] So Raltal in his Cbromicle. It is fayd that a Lyon was put to kynge Richard, beynge in prifon, to have devoured him, and when the lyon was gapynge he put his arme in his mouth, and pulled the lyon by the harte fo hard that
he flewe the lyon, and therefore fome fay he is called Rycharde Cure de lyon; but fome fay he is called Cceur de lyon, becaufe of his boldnefs and hardy ftomake.

Dr Gray.
${ }^{7}$ By this brave Duke, \&c.] This is not true. Richard was made

And for amends to his pofterity,
${ }^{3}$ At our importance hither is he come,
To fpread his colours, boy, in thy behalf ;
And to rebuke the ufurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, Englifb Fobn.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
Artbur. God fhall forgive you Ccur-de lion's death
The rather, that you give his off-fpring life;
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a pow'rlefs hand,
But with a heart full of unitained love :
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.
Lewis. A noble boy! who would not do thee right?
Auft. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kifs,
A feal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers and the right thou haft in France,

- Together with that pale, that white-fac'd fhore,

Whofe foot fpurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her inlanders;
Ev'n till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, ftill fecure
And confident from foreign purpofes,
Ev'n till that outmoft corner of the weft, Salute thee for her King. Till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.
Conft. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your ftrong hand fhall help to give him ftrength,
To make a more requital to your love.
Auft. The peace of heav'n is theirs, who lift their fwords
In fuch a juft and charitable war.
made prifoner by the Duke of Auftria, but was releafed for an exorbitant ranfome, and was afterwards killed with a crofs-bow, before the caftle of Cbalons.
Vol. III.
Dr. Gray.
${ }^{s}$ At my impertance.] At my impor tunit).
${ }^{9}$ That pale, that rubite fac'd Boore.] England is fuppofed to be called Albion from the white rocks facing-France.
E. e K. Pbilip.
K. Pbilp. Well then, to work; our engines fall be bent
Againtt the brows of this refifting town; Call for our chiefeft men of difcipline,
To cull the plots of beft advantages.
We'lllay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frencb-mens' blood $_{3}$
But we will make it fubject to this boy.
Conff. Stay for an anfwer to your Embaffie,
Left unadvis'd you fain your fwords with blood.
My lord Cbatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we fhall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rafh hafte fo indirectly fhed.

## Enter Chatillon.

K. Pbilip. * A wonder, lady !-Lo, upon thy wifh Our meffenger Cbatillon is arrived.
-What England fays, fay briefly, gentle lord, We coldly paufe for thee. Cbatillon, \{peak.

Cbat. Then turn your forces from this paultry fiege, A'nd ftir them up againft a mightier tafk. England, impatient of your juft demands, Hath put himfelf in arms; the adverfe winds, Whofe leifure I have ftaid, have giv'n him time
To land his legions all as foon as I.
His marches are e expedient to this town, His forces ftrong, his foldiers confident. With him along is come the mother-Queen ; An Até, ftirring him to blood and ftrife. With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain; With them a baftard of the King deceas'd,
> * A woonder, lady.] The wonder is only that Cbatillon happened to arrive at the moment when Confance mentioned him, which the French king, according to a fuperfition which pre-
vails more or lefs in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interpofition, or omen of good.
${ }^{1}$ Expecientri] Immediate, expeditious.

And all th unfettled humours of the land; Rafh, inconfid'rate, fiery voluntaries, With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' fpleens, Have fold their fortunes at their native homes,
${ }^{2}$ Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntlefs fipirits,
Than now the Englifb bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the fwelling tide,
To do offence and ${ }^{3}$ frathe in chriftendom.
The interruption of their churlifh drums [Drums beat.
Cuts off more circumftance; they are at hand.
To parly, or to fight, therefore prepare.
K. Pbilip. How much unlook'd for is this expes dition!
Auff. By how much unexpected, by fo much
We muft awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occafion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

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S \quad C \quad E N E \quad I I
$$

Enter King of England, Faulconbridge, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.
K. Fobn. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our juft and lineal entrance to our own ;
If not, bleed France, and peace afcend to heav'n.
Whillt we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heav'n.
K. Pbilip. Peace be to England, if that war return

From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and for that England's fake
With burthen of our armour here we fiweat ;
This toil of ours fhould be a work of thine.
But thou from loving England art fo far,

[^106]That thou haft under-wrought its lawful King 3
Cut off the fequence of potterity;
Out-faced infant ftate; and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffery's face.
Thefe eyes, thefe brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abitract doth contain that large,
Which dy'd in Geffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as large a volume.
That Gefrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his fon; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's; in the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in thefe temples beat,
Which own the crown that thou o'er-maftereft?
K. Fobn. From whom haft thou this great commiffion, France,
To draw my anfwer to thy articles?
K. Pbilip. From that fupernal judge, that ftirs good thoughts
In any breaft of ftrong authority,
${ }^{4}$ 'To look into the blots and ftains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whofe warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whofe help I mean to chaftife it.
K. Jobn. Alack, thou doft ufurp authority.
K. Pbilip. Excufe it, 'tis to beat ufurping down.

Eli. Who is't, that thou doft call ufurper, France?
Conft. Let me make anfwer : thy ufurping fon.-
Eli. Out, infolent! thy baftard fhall be King,
That thou may'ft be a Queen, and check the world!


Conft. My bed was ever to thy fon as true,
As thine was to thy hufband; and this boy, Liker in feature to his father Geffery, Than thou and Fobn, in manners being as like As rain to water, or devil to his dam. My boy a baftard! by my foul, I think, His father never was fo true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.
Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.
Conff. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.
Auft. Peace.
Faulc. Here the crier.
Auft. What the devil art thou ?
Faulc. One that will play the devil, Sir, with you, An a' may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes, Whofe valour plucks dead Lions by the beard; I'll fmoak your kin-coat, an I catch you right; Sirrah, look to't ; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that Lion's robe,
That did difrobe the Lion of that robe.
Faulc. It lies as fightly on the back of him s,

5 It lies as ligbtly on the back of binn,
As great Alcides' Shoes upon an Afs.] But why his Sboes, in the Name of Propriety? For let Hercules and his Shoes have been really as bigas they were ever fuppofed to be, yet they (I mean the Shoes) would not have been an Overload for an Afs. I am perfuaded, I have retrieved the true Reading ; and let us obferve the Jufnefs of the Comparion now. Faukonbridge in his Refentment would fay this to Auftria, "That Lion's Skin, which
" my great Father King Richard " once wore, looks as uncoothly " on thy Back, as that other no" ble Hide, which was borne by "Hercules, would look on the "Back of an Afs." A double Allufion was intended ; firft, to the Fable of the Afs in the Lion's Skin ; then Richard I. is finely fet in Competition with Alcides; as Aufiria is fatirically coupled with the Afs.

Theobald.
Mr. Tbeobald had the art of making the moft of his difooveries.

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As

As great Alcides' fhews upon an afs; But, afs, I'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that, fhall make your fhoulders crack.
Auft. What cracker is this fame, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of fuperfluous breath ?
King Pbilip, determine what we fhall do ftrait.
K. Pbilip. Women and fools, break off your conference.
King $\mathcal{F}$ obn, this is the very fum of all.
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine, In right of Artbur I do claim of thee.
Wilt thou refign them, and lay down thy arms?
K. Fchn. My life as foon-I do defy thee, France.

- Artbur of Britain, yield thee to my hand;

And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,
Than e'er the coward-hand of France can win.
Submit thee, boy.
Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.
Conft. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child.
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig;
There's a good grandam.
Arth. Good my mother, peace;
I would, that I were low laid in my grave ;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.
Eli. His mothér fhames him fo, poor boy, he weeps.
Conft. Now thame upon you, whether the does or no!
His grandam's wrong, and not his mother's fhames,
Draws thofe heav'n-moving pearls from his poor eyes, Which heav'n thall take in nature of a fee :
Ay, with thefe cryftal beads heav'n fhall be brib'd To do him juftice, and revenge on you.
Eii. Thou monftrous flanderer of heav'n and earth ! - Con't. Thou monftrous injurer of heav'n and earth!

Cull me not flanderer; thou, and thine, ufurp
The domination, royalties and rights
Of this oppreffed boy. This is thy eldeft fon's fon, Infortunate in nothing but in thee;

Thy fins are vifited on this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the fecond generation
Removed from thy fin-conceiving womb.
K. Fobn. Bedlam, have done.

Conft. ${ }^{6}$ I have but this to fay,
That he's not only plagued for her fin,
But God hath made her fin and her the plague On this removed iffue, plagu'd for her, And with her.-Plague her fin; his injury, Her injury, the beadle to her fin, All punifh'd in the perfon of this child, And all for her, a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvifed fcold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy fon.
Conft. Ay, who doubts that? a will! __a wicked will;

plexed. All the editions read, Plagu'd for her, And wwith ber plague her $\sqrt{n n}$; bis injury, Her injury, the beadle to beir fin, All punijb'd in the perfon of this cbild.
I point thus:

Plagu'd for ber
And woith her.-Plague her fin! bis injury
Her injury, the beadle to ber fin.
That is; inftead of inflicting vengeance on this innocent and remote defcendant, puni/b her fin, her immediate offspring: then the aftiction will fall where it is deferved; his injury will be her irjury, and the mifery of her $/ \mathrm{f}$; her fon will be a beadle, or chaftifer, to her crimes, which are now all punijped in the perfon of this child.

## KINGJOHN.

A woman's will, a cankred grandam's will.
K. Pbil. Peace, Lady; paufe, or be more temperate:
"It ill befeems this prefence to cry Aim To thefe ill tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet fummon hither to the walls Thefe men of Angiers; let us hear them fpeak, Whofe title they admit, Artbur's 'or Fobn's.

## SCENE III.

## Enter a Citizen upon the Walls.

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. Pbil. 'Tis France for England.
K. Fchn. England for itfelf;

You men of Angiers and my loving fubjects.
K. Pbil. You loving men of Angiers, Artbur's fub: jects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle-
K. Fobn. For our advantage--therefore hear us firf: $\qquad$
Thefe flags of France, that are advanced here Before the eye and profpect of your town, Have hither march'd to your endamagement. The cannons have their bowels full of wrath; And ready mounted are they to fpit forth Their iron indignation 'gainft your walls:

> 7 It ill beferms this prefsnce to cry Aim
> To thefe ill tuned repetitions,],
> Dr. Warburton has well obferved on one of the former plays that to cry aim is to encourage. I once thought it was borrowed from archery; and that aim! having been the woed of comnaand, as we now fay frefent!
to cry aim had been to incite notice, or raife attention. But I rather think, that the old word of applaufe was J'aime, lowe it, and that to applaud was to cry 7 a me, which the Englifh, not eafily pronouncing je, funk into aime or cim. Our exclamations of applaufe, are fill borrowed, as biavo, and encire.

All preparations for a bloody fiege
And mercilefs proceeding, by thefe French, Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates; And, but for our approach, thofe fleeping fones, That as a wafte do girdle you about,
By the compulfion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been difhabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to rufh upon your peace.
But on the fight of us your lawful King,
(Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
To fave unfcratch'd your city's threatned cheeks)
Behold, the Frencb, amaz'd, vouchfafe a parle;
And now, inftead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a fhaking fever in your walls,
They fhoot but calm words folded up in fmoak,
To make a faithlefs error in your ears;
Which truft accordingly, kind citizens;
And let in us, your King, whofe labour'd fpirits,
Fore-weary'd in this action of fwift fpeed,
Crave harbourage within your city-walls.
K. Pbilip. When I have faid, make anfwer to us both.
Lo! in this right hand, whofe protection
Is moft divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, ftands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march thefe greens before your town:
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the conftraint of hofpitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppreffed child,
Religiouny provokes. Be pleafed then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe
To him that owns it; namely this young Prince.
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,

Save in arpect, hath all offence feal'd up;
Our cannon's malice vainly fhall be fpent
Againlt the invulnerable clouds of heav'n;
And with a bleffed, and unvext rètire,
With unhack'd fwords, and helmets all unbruis' ${ }^{\prime}$,
We will bear home that lufty blood again,
Which here we came to fpout againft your town;
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly pafs our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our meffengers of war ;
Tho' all thefe Englifi, and their difcipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference,
Then tell us, fhall your city call us Lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or hall we give the fignal to our rage,
And ftalk in blood to our poffeffion?
Cit. In brief, we are the King of England's fubjects ;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.
K. Fobn. Acknowledge then theKing, and let mein.

Cit. 'That can we not; but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates againft the world.
K. Foin. Doth not the crown of England prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you witneffes,
Twice fifteen thoufand hearts of England's breed - Faulc. (Baftards, and elfe!)
K. Jobn. To verify our title with their lives.
K. Pbil. As many, and as well born bloods as thofe-
Faul. (Some baftards too!)
K. Phil. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound whofe right is worthieft,
We for the worthieft hold the right from both.
K. Foln. Then God forgive the fin of all thofe fouls,

That to their everlatting refidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, fhall fleet, In dreadful trial of our kingdom's King!
K. Pbilip. Amen, Amen. -Mount, chevaliers, to arms!
Faulc. Saint George, that fwing'd the dragon, and e'er fince
Sits on his horfeback at mine hoftefs' door,
Teach us fome fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, firrah, with your Lionefs,
I'd fet an ox-head to your Lion's hide,
And make a monfter of you.
[To Auftria.
Auft. Peace, no more.
Faulc. O, tremble; for you hear the Lion roar.
K. Fobn. Up higher to the plain! where we'll fet forth
In beft appointment all our regiments.
Faulc. Speed then to take th' advantage of the field.
K. Pbilip. It fhall be fo-and at the other hill

Command the reft to ftand. God, and our right!
[Excunt.

## SCENE IV.

After excurfions, enter the Herald of France reith trumpets to the gates.
F. Her. ${ }^{5}$ Ye men of Angiers, open wide your gates, And let young Artbur Duke of Bretagne in ; Who by the hand of France this day hath made Much work for tears in many an Englifh mother, Whofe fons lye fcatter'd on the bleeding ground: And many a widow's hufband groveling lies, Coldly embracing the difcolour'd earth; While victory with little lofs doth play

[^107]Upon the dancing banner, of the French, Who are at hand triumphantly difplay'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Artbur of Bretagne, England's King, and yours.

## Enter Englifh Herald with Irumpets.

E. Her. ${ }^{9}$ Rejoice, ye men of Angiers; ring your bells;
King Fobn, your King and England's, doth approach, Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence fo filver-bright, Hither return all gilt in Frenchmens' blood.
There ftuck no plume in any Englijb Creft,
That is removed by a ftaff of France.
Our Colours do return in thofe fame hands,
That did difplay them, when we firft march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntfmen, ${ }^{\text {x }}$ come
Our lufty Englifh, all with purpled hands;
Dy'd in the dying flaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.
Cit. ${ }^{2}$ Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold,
From firft to laft, the Onfet and Retire
Of both your armies, whofe equality
By our beft eyes cannot be cenfured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have anfwer'd Blow;
Strength match'd with ftrength, and power confronted power.

[^108]Both are alike, and both alike we like; One mult prove greateft. While they weigh fo even, We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

S C E NE V.

Enter the two Kings with their Powers, at Several Doors.
K. Fobn. France, haft thou yet more blood to caft away?
Say, fhall the current of our Right run on ?
Whofe paffage, vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-fwell
With courfe difturb'd ev'n thy confining fhores;
Unlefs thou let his filver water keep
A peaceful progrefs to the ocean.
K. Pbilip. England, thou haft not fav'd one drop of blood
In this hot tryal, more than we of France; Rather loft more. And by this hand I fwear,
That fways the earth this climate overlooks, Before we will lay by our juft-borne arms,
We'll put thee down,' gainft whom thefe arms we bear; Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the fcroul, that tells of this war's lofs,
With naughter coupled to the name of Kings.
Faulc. Ha! Majetty, -how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of Kings is fet on fire!
Oh, now doth Death line his dead chaps with Ateel ;
The fwords of foldiers are his teeth, his phangs;
And now he feafts, mouthing the flefh of men In undetermin'd diff'rences of Kings.
Why ftand thefe royal Fronts amazed thus?
Cry havock, ${ }^{3}$ Kings ; back to the ftained field,

[^109]And ftand fecurely on their battlements, As in a Theatre, whence they gape and point At your induftrious Scenes and Acts of death. Your royal prefences, be rul'd by me;
Do like the Mutines of Ferufalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend Your fharpeft deeds of malice on this town. By eaft and weft let France and England mount Their batt'ring cannon charged to the mouths;
Till their foul-fearing clamours have braul'd downd
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous City.
I'd play inceffantly upon thefe jades;
Even till unfenced defolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
${ }^{4}$ In former copies:
A greater pow'r, than WE, denies all this;
Kings of our fearis, -] We thould read, than ye. What which at prefent rule us. Warb.

That done, diffever your united ftrengths; And part your mingled Colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point.
Then in a moment fortune fhall cull forth
Out of one fide her happy minion;
To whom in favour fhe fhall give the day, And kifs him with a glorious Vietory.
How like you this wild counfel, mighty States?
Smacks it not fomething of the Policy?
K. Fobn. Now by the fky, that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. France, fhall we knit our Pow'rs, And lay this Angiers even with the ground, Then, after, fight who fhall be King of it?

Faulc. And if thou haft the mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevifh town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, againft thefe fawcy walls;
And when that we have dafh'd them to the ground, Why then defie each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourfelves for heav'n or hell.
K. Pbilip. Let it be fo ; fay, where will you affault?
K. Fobn. We from the weft will fend deftruetion

Into this City's bofom.
Auff. I from the north.
K. Pbilip. Our thunder from the fouth Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Faulc. O prudent difcipline! from North to South; Aufria and France fhoot in each other's mouth.
l'll ftir them to it; come, away, away !
Cit. Hear us, great Kings; vouchfafe a while to flay,
And I fhall fhew you peace, and fair-fac'd league ;
Win you this city without ftroke or wound;
Refcue thofe breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come facrifices for the field;
Perfever not, but hear me, mighty Kings.
K. Fobn. Speak on, with favour ; we are bent to hear.
Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch, Is near to England; look upon the years
Of Lewis the Daupbin, and that lovely maid. If luty love fhould go in queft of beauty,
Where fhould he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If * zealous love fhould go in fearch of virtue,
Where fhould he find it purer than in Blancb?
If love, ambitious, fought a match of Birth,
Whofe veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as fhe is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Daupbin every way compleat :
If not compleat ${ }^{3}$, oh fay, he is not fhe;
And fhe again wants nothing, (to name Want,
If want it be not, that fhe is not he.
He is the half part of a bleffed man ${ }^{6}$,
Left to be finifhed by fuch a She:
And The a fair divided Excellence,
Whofe fulnefs of perfection lies in him.
Oh! two fuch filver currents, when they join,
Do glorifie the banks that bound them in :
And two fuch fhores, to two fuch ftreams made one,
Two fuch controlling bounds fhall you be, Kings,
To thefe two Princes, if you marry them.
This union fhall do more than battery can,
To our faft-clofed gates : for at this match ${ }^{7}$,
With fwifter Spleen than Powder can enforce,
The mouth of paffage fhall we fling wide ope,

[^110]7 at this match;
With frifter Spleen, \&c.] Our authour ufes $/ p l$ leen for any violent hurry, or tumultuous fpeed. So in Midfummer Nigbt's Dream he applies fpleen to the ligbsening. I am loath to think that Shakeppeare meant to play with the double of match for nuptial, and the matsin of a gun.

And give you entrance; but without this match,
The fea enraged is not half fo deaf,
Lions fo confident, mountains and rocks
So free from motion; no, not death himfelf
In mortal fury half fo peremptory,
As we to keep this City.
Fouic. Here's a flay ${ }^{8}$,
That fhakes the rotten carcafs of old Death
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That fpits forth death, and mountains, rocks and feas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring Lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What Cannoneer begot this lufty blood?
He fpeaks plain cannon-fire, and fmoak and bounce,
He gives the baftinado with his tongue :
Our ears are cudgel'd ; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fift of France;
Zounds! I was never fo bethumpt with words,
Since I firt call'd my brother's father dad.
Eli. Son, lift to this conjunction, make this match,
Give with our Neice a dowry large enough ;
For by this knot thou fhalt fo furely tie
Thy now unfur'd affurance to the Crown,
That yon green boy fhall have no Sun to ripe
The bloom, that promifeth a mighty fruit.
I fee a.Yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whifper; urge them, while their fouls Are capable of this ambition;

[^111]Left zeal now melted ${ }^{9}$ by the windy breath
Of foft petitions, pity and remorfe,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
Cit. Why anfwer not the double Majefties
This friendly Treaty of our threaten'd town ?
K. Pbilip. Speak, England, firt, that hath been forward firft
To fpeak unto this City: what fay you?
K. Jobn. If that the Daupbin there, thy Princely fon,

Can in this book of beauty read, I love;
Her dowry fhall weigh equal with a Queen.
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poiztiers ',
And all that we upon this fide the fea,
Except this City now by us befieg'd,
Find liable to our Crown and Dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As fhe in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any Princefs of the world.
K. Pbilip. What fay'ft thou, boy ? look in the lady's face.
Lewis. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle;
The fladow of myfelf form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the fhadow of your fon,

> 9 Left zeal now melted -] We have here a very unufual, and, I think, not very juft image of zeal, which in its higheft degree is reprefented by others as a flame, but by Spakefpeare as a frof. To reprefs zeal, in the language of others, is to cool, in Shakespeare's to melt it ; when it exerts its utmoft pawer it is commonly faid to fame, but by Shakespeare to be congealed.
> ${ }^{1}$ In old editions,
> For Anciers and fair Touraine, Maine, Foictiers,

And all that We upon tbis Side the Sra,
Except this City norw by us befieg'd,
Find liable, \&cc.-] What was the City befreged, but $A n$ giers ? King Jobn agrees to give up all he held in France, except the City of Angiers, which he now befieg'd and laid Claim to. But could he give up all except Angicrs, and give up That too? Anjou was one of the Provinces which the Englifo held in France. Theorald.
Becomes

## KING JOHN.

Becomes a Sun, and makes your fon a fhadow.
I do proteft, I never lov'd myfelf,
Till now, infixed, I beheld myfelf,
Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye.
[Wbifpering with Blanch.
Faulc. Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth efpie
Himfelf love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there fhould be, In fuch a Love, fo vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this refpect is mine.
If he fee aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he fees, which moves his liking,
I can with eafe tranflate it to $m y$ will :
Or if you will, to fpeak more properly,
I will enforce it eafily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I fee in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I fee in you
(Though churlifh thoughts themfelves fhould be your judge)
That I can find fhould merit any hate.
K. Fobn. What fay thefe young Ones? what fay you, my Niece?
Blanch. That fhe is bound in Honour ftill to do What you in wifdom ftill vouchfafe to fay.
K. Fobn. Speak then, Prince Daupbin, can you love this lady?
Lewis. Nay, afk me, if I can refrain from love ?
For I do love her moft unfeignedly.
K. Jobn. Then do I give Volqueffen, Touraine, Maine, Poictiers, and Anjou, thefe five Provinces, With her to thee; and this addition more, Full thirty thoufand Marks of Englifh coin. Pbilip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy Son and Daughter to join hands.
$43^{6} \quad \mathrm{KINGJOHN}$.
K. Pbilip. It likes us well ; young Princes, clofe your hands.
Auff. And your lips too; for, I am well affur'd,
That I did fo , when I was firt affur'd.
K. Pbilip. Now, Citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,

Let in that amity which you have made:
For at Saint Mary's Chapel prefently
The Rites of Marriage fhall be folemniz'd.
Is not the lady Conftance in this troop?
I know, fhe is not; for this Match made up
Her prefence would have interrupted much.
Where is fhe and her fon, tell me, who knows?
Lervis. She's fad and paffionate at your Highnels' Tent.
K. Pbilip. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her fadnefs very little Cure.
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? in her Right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way
To our own vantage.
K. Yobn. We will heal up all,

For we'll create young Artbur Duke of Britain, And Earl of Ricbmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the lady Confance;
Some fpeedy Meffenger bid her repair
To our Solemnity : I truft, we fhall,
If not fill up the meafure of her will,
Yet in fome meafure fatisfie her fo,
That we fhall fop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as hafte will fuffer us,
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared, Pomp.
[Exeunt all but Faulconbridge.

## S C E N E VI.

Faulc. Mad world, mad Kings, mad compofition! Jobn,

Fobn, to ftop Artbur's Title in the whole, Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, whofe armour Confcience buckled on, Whom Zeal and Charity brought to the field, As God's own foldier, rounded in the ear With that fame purpofe-changer, that 1 y devil, That broker, that ftill breaks the pate of faith, That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of Kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids, Who having no external thing to lofe
But the word Maid, cheats the poor maid of that ;
That fmooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity, -
Commodity, the biafs of the world,
The world, which of itfelf is poifed well, Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing biafs,
This fway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpofe, courfe, intent. And this fame biafs, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a refolv'd and honourable war,
To a moft bafe and vile-concluded peace. And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for becaufe he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would falute my palm;
But that my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail ;
And fay, there is no fin but to be rich :
And being rich, my virtue then fhall be,
To fay, there is no vice, but beggary.
Since Kings break failh upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worhip thee !
[Exit.

$$
\mathrm{Ff}_{3} \quad \because \quad \mathrm{ACT}
$$

## A C T III. S C E N E I.

> The French King's Pavilion.

Enter Conftance, Arthur, and Salifbury.

## CONSTANCE.

GONE to be marry'd! gone to fwear a peace! Falfe blood to falfe blood join'd! Gone to be friends !
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch thofe provinces? It is not fo, thou haft mif-fpoke, mif-heard; Be well advis'd, 'tello'er thy tale again, It cannot be ; thou doft but fay, 'tis fo. I truft, I may not truft thee ; for thy word Is but the vain breath of a common man: Believe me, I do not believe thee, man; I have a King's oath to the contrary. Thou fhalt be punifh'd for thus frighting me, For I am fick, and capable of fears;
Oppreft with wrongs, and therefore full of fears: A widow, hufbandlefs, fubject to fears ; A woman, naturally born to fears, And, tho' thou now confefs thou didft but jeft, With my vext firits I cannot take a truce, But they will quake and tremble all this day. What doft thou mean by fhaking of thy head ? Why doft thou look fo fadly on my fon?
What means that hand upon that breaft of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum, Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds ? Be thefe fad fighs confirmers of thy words? Then fpeak again, not all thy former tale, But this is one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I belieye, you think them falfe,

That give you caufe to prove my faying true.
Conft. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this forrow,
Teach thou this forrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter fo, As doth the fury of two defp'rate men, Which, in the very meeting, fall and die. Lerwis wed Blancb! O boy, then where art thou? France friend with England! what becomes of me? Fellow, be gone, I cannot brook thy fight:
This news hath made thee a moft ugly man. Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done, But fpoke the harm that is by others done?

Conft. Which harm within itfelf fo heinous is, As it makes harmful all that fpeak of it. Arth. I do befeech you, mother, be content. Conft. If thou, that bidft me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and fland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleafing blots, and ${ }^{2}$ fightlefs ftains, Lame, foolifh, crooked, fwart, prodigious ${ }^{3}$,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks;
I would not care, I then would be content :
For then I fhould not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deferve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of nature's gifts thou may'f with lilies boaft, And with the half-blown rofe. But fortune, oh! She is corrupted, chang'd, and, won from thee, Adulterates hourly with thine uncle fobn; And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread down fair refpect of fovereignty,
And made his majefty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and to $\mathcal{F o b n}$;
That ftrumpet fortune, that ufurping 70 on!
${ }^{2}$ - Jightlefs] The poet ufes figbtlefs for that which we fo deformed as to be taken for a now exprefs by unfightly, dif- firetoken of evil. agreeable to the eyes.
$\mathrm{Ff}_{4}$
Tell

Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forfworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave thefe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.
Sal. Pardon me, Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.
Conft. Thou may'ft, thou thalt, I will not go with thee.
I will inftruet my forrows to be proud;
For Grief is proud, and makes his owner flout ${ }^{4}$.
To me, and to the State of my great Griefs,
Let Kings affemble: for my Grief's fo great,
That no Supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: Here I and Sorrow fit:
Here is my Throne, bid Kings come bow to it ${ }^{6}$.
[Sits down on the Floor. S C E N E

4 make bis owner fout.] The old editions have, makes its ouner floop; the emendation is Hanm r's.
${ }^{5}$ To me, and to the State of my great Grief,
Let Kings affimble: ___ In Much ado about notting, the father of Hero, depreffed by her difgrace, declares himfelf fo fubdued by grief that a thread may lead lim. How is it that grief in Leonato and lady Conftance, produces effectsdireetly oppofite, and yet both agreeable to nature, Sorrow foftens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by defpair. Dittrefs, while there remains any profpect of relief, is weak and flexible, but when no fuccour remains, is fearlefs and Itubborn; angry alike at thofe that injure, and at thofe that do not help; carelefs to pleafe where
nothing can be gained, and fearlefs to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the paffions.

6 bid Kings come bow to it.] I mult here account for the Liberty I have taken to make a Change in the Divifion of the 2 d and ${ }_{j} \mathrm{~d}$ Acts. In the old Editions, the 2d $A O$ was made to end here; though 'tis evident, Lady Conffance here, in her Defpair, feats herfelf on the Floor: and fhe mult be fuppofed, as I formerly obferved, immediately to rife again, only to ga off and end the $A \subset 7$ decently; or that flat Scene muft fhut her in from the Sight of the Audience, an Abfurdity I cannot wifh to accufe Sbakeppeare of. Mr. Gildon and fome other Criticks fancied, that a confiderable Part of the $2 \mathrm{~d} A E$ was loft; and that the Chafm

## S C E N E II.

## Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blınch, Elinor, Faulconbridge, and Auftria.

## K. Pbilip. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this bleffed day

Ever in France fhall be kept fertival:
To folemnize this day, the glorious fun ${ }^{7}$
Stays in his courle, and plays the aichymitt ;
Turning with fplendor of his precious eye

Charm began here. I had joined in this Sufpicion of a Scene or two being loft ; and unwittingly drew Mr. Pope into this Error. "It feems to be Jo, fays he, and "it were to be wifh'd the Re"florer (meaning Me, could Sup"ply it." To deferve this Great Man's Thanks, I'll venture at the Tafk; and hope to convince my Readers, that nothing is loft; but that I have fupplied the fufpected Chafm, only by rectifying the Divifion of the ACTs. Upon looking a little more narrowly into the Confitution of the Play, I am fatisfied that the $3 \mathrm{~d} A C E$ ought to begin with that Scene, which has hitherto been accounted the laft of the 2d AEt: and my Reafons for it are thefe. The Match being concluded, in the Scene before that, betwixt the Daupbin and Blanch, a Meffenger is fent for Lady Confance to K. Ptrilip's Tent, for her to come to St. Mary's Church to the Solemnity. The Princes all go out, as to the Marriage; and the Baftard flaying a little behind, to defcant on Intereft and Commodity, very properly ends the ALI. The next Scene then, in
the French King's Tent, brings us Salifoury deivering his Meffage to Conflance, who, refufing to go to the Solemnity, fets herfelf down on the Floor. The whole Train returning from the Church to the French King's Pavilion, Pbilip expreffes fuch $\mathrm{Sa-}$ tisfaction on Occafion of the happy Solemnity of that Day, that Conftancerifes from the Floor, and joins in the Scene by entring her Proteft againft their Joy, and curfing the Bufinefs of the Day. Thus, I conceive, the Scenes are fairly continued; and there is no Chafm in the Action: but a proper Interval made both for $S_{C}$ lifoury's coming to Lady Conflance, and for the Solemnization of the Marriage. Befides, as Faulconbridge is evidently the Poet's favourite Character, 'twas very well judg'd to clofe the $A c z$ with his Soliloquy. Theobaid.

This whole note feems judicious enough; but Mr. Theobald forgets that there were, in ShakeSpeare's time, no moveablefcenes.
${ }^{7}$ From this paffage Rowe feems to have borrowed the firlt lines of his Fair Penitent.

## $44^{2}$ <br> KING JO H N.

The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.
The yearly courfe, that brings this day about,
Shall never fee it, but a holy day.
Conf. A wicked day, and not an holy-day.-
What hath this day deferv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letter fhould be feet
Among the high tides in the kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppreffion, perjury :
Or, if it muff ftand fill, let wives with child Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day, Left that their hopes prodigioully be croft: But on this day ${ }^{\text {s }}$, let feamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made; This day, all things begun come to ill end, Yea, faith itfelf to hollow fallhood change!
K. Philip. By heaven, lady you fall have no cause To cure the fair proceedings of this day: Have I not pawned to you my majefty?

Conf. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit Refembling Majefty, which, touch'd and try'd, Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn, You: came in arms to fill my enemies blood ${ }^{9}$, But now in arms, you ftrengthen it with yours. The grappling vigour, and rough frown of war, Is cold in amity and painted peace, And our oppreffion hath made up this league:
Arm, arm, ye heavens, againft thee perjur'd Kings : A widow cries, be hufband to me, heav'n!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but ere fun-fet,

[^112]Set armed difcord 'twixt thefe perjur'd Kings ${ }^{\text {? }}$.
Hear me, oh, hear me!

## Auf. Lady Confance, peace.

Conff. War, war, no peace; peace is to me a war.
Lymoges, O Auffria! thou doft fhame
That bloody fpoil: thou flave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever ftrong upon the ftronger fide;
Thou fortune's champion, that doft never fight
But when her humourous ladylhip is by
To teach thee fafety! thou art perjur'd too, And foorh'ft up greatnefs. What a fool art thou, A ramping fool, to brag, to ftamp, and fivear, Upon my party ; thou cold-blooded nave, Haft thou not fpoke like thunder on my fide? Been fworn my foldier, bidding me depend Upon thy ftars, thy fortune, and thy ftrength ? And doft thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for fhame, And hang a calve's-flkin on thofe recreant limbs. Auf. O, that a man would fpeak thofe words to me! Foulc. And hang a calve's-fkin on thofe recreant limbs.
Auft. Thou dar'ft not fay fo, villain, for thy life.
Faulc. And hang a calve's fkin on thofe recreant limbs.
Auf. ${ }^{2}$ Methinks, that Ricbard's pride and Richard's fall

Should


#### Abstract

7 Sbakefpeare makes this bitter curfe effectual. ${ }^{2}$ Methinks, that Richard's pride, \&cc.] What was the ground of this quarrel of the Baftard to Auffria is no where fpecify'd in the prefent play: nor is there in this place, or the fcene where it is firft hinted at (namely the fe-


cond of Act 2.) the leaft mention of any reafon for it. But the fory is, that Aufiria, who kill'd King Ricbard Caur ae lion, wore, as the fpoil of that prince, a lion's hide which had belong'd to him. This circumftance renders the anger of the Baftard very natural, and ought not to

## 444 KING JOHN.

Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.
Foulc. What words are thefe? how do my finews fhake!
My father's foe clad in my father's fpoil! How doth AlecZo whifper in my ears,
"Delay not, Ricbard, kill the villain ftrait;
"Difrobe him of the matchlefs monument,
"Thy father's triumph o'er the favages."
Now by his foul I fwear, my father's foul,
Twice will I not review the morning's rife,
Till 1 have torn that trophy from thy back
And fplit thy heart, for wearing it fo long.
K. Fobn. We like not this, thou doft forget thyfelf.

> S C E N E III.

## Enter Pandulpho.

K. Pbilip. Fiere comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed Deputies of heav'n!
To thee, King Jobn, my holy errand is ; I Pandulph, of fair Milain Cardinal, And from Pope Innocent the Legate here, Do in his name religiouny demand
Why thou againft the Church, our holy Mother, So wilfuly doft fpurn, and force perforce Keep Stepben Langton, chofen Archbifhop
have been omitted. In the firft fretch of this play (which Sbakefeeare is faid to have had a hand in, jointly with William Rorwley) we accordingly find this infitted upon, and I have ventured to place a few of thofe verfes here.

Pope.
To the infertion of thefe lines I have nothing to object. There are many other pafiages in the old play, of great value. The
omiffion of this incident in the fecond draught, was natural. Sbakeffeare, having familiarifed the flory to his own imagination, forgot that it was obicure to his audience ; or, what is equally probable, the flory was then fo popular that a hint was fufficient at that time to bring it to mind, and thefe plays were written with very little care for the approbation of pofterity.

Of Canterbury, from that holy See?
This in our 'forefaid holy Father's name, Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.
K. Fobn. What earthly name to interrogatories ${ }^{3}$

Can tafk the free breath of a facred King?
Thou cant not, Cardinal, devife a name
So night, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an anfwer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England Add thus much more, that no Italian prieft Shall tithe or-toll in our dominions:
But as we under heav'n are fupreme head, So, under him, that great Supremacy, Where we do reign, we will alone uphold;
Without th' affiftance of a mortal hand.
So tell the Pope, all rev'rence fet apart To him and his ufurp'd authority.
K. Pbilip. Brother of England, you blafpheme in this.

K: Fobn. Tho' you, and all the Kings of Chriftendom
Are led fo grofly by this medling Prieft,
Dreading the curie, that mony may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, drofs, duft, Purchafe corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that fale fells pardon from himfelf:
Tho' you, and all the reft, fo grony led,
This jugling witch-craft with revenue cherifh;
Yet I alone, alone, do me oppofe
Againft the Pope, and count his friends my foes.
Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have, Thou fhat ftand curf, and excommunicate;

$$
\begin{aligned}
& { }^{3 \text { This muf have been at the }} \text { time when it was written, in our } \\
& \text { firrggles with popery, a very } \\
& \text { captivating fcene. } \\
& \text { So many paflages remain in } \\
& \text { which Snakefpeare evidently takes } \\
& \text { his advantage of the facts then } \\
& \text { recent, and of the paffions hen in } \\
& 4
\end{aligned}
$$

motion, that I cannot but fufpect that time has obfcured much of his art, and that many allu. fions yet remain undifcovered which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by fucceeding commentators.
$44^{6} \quad \mathrm{KING}$ JOHN.
And blefied fhall he be, that doth revolt From his allegiance to an heretick;
And meritorious fhall that hand be call'd,
Canoniz'd and wor fhipp'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any fecret courfe ${ }^{4}$
Thy hateful life.
Conft. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curfe a while.
Good father Cardinal, cry thou, Amen.
To my keen curfes; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curfe him right.
Pand. There's law, and warrant, Lady, for my curfe.
Congl. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law ;
Therefore, fince law itfelf is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curfe?
Pand. Pbilip of France, on peril of a curfe,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretick;
And raife the pow'r of France upon his head,
Unlefs he do fubmit himfelf to Rome.
Eli. Look'ft thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.
Conf. Look to that, devil! left that France repent, And, by disjoining hands, hell lofe a foul. Auft. King Pbilip, liften to the Cardinal. Foulc. And hang a calve's-fkin on his recreant limbs. Auff. Well, ruffian, I muft pocket up thefe wrongs,
Becaufe
Foulc. Your breeches beft may carry them. K. Fobn. Pbilip, what fay'it thou to the Cardinai ?

4 This may allude to the bull publifhed againft Queen Elizabeth. Or we may fuppofe, fince we have no proof that this play appeared in its prefent flate, before the reign of King J̌ames,
that it was exhibited foon after the popifh plot. I have feen a Spaniß book in which Garnet, Faux, and their accomplices are regiftred as faints.

Conft. What fhould he fay, but as the Cardinal ? Lewis. Bethink you, fazher; for the difference Is purchafe of a heavy curfe from Rome ${ }^{5}$, Or the light lofs of England for a friend;
Forgo the eafier.
Blanch. That's the curfe of Rome.
Conft. Lervis, ftand faft; the Devil tempts thee here ${ }^{\sigma}$ In likenefs of a new and trimmed bride.

Blanch. The Lady Confance fpeaks not from her faith:
But from her need.
Conft. Oh, if thou grant my need, Which only lives but by the death of faith, That need muft needs infer this principle, That faith would live again by death of need: O, then tread down my need, and faith mounts up; Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down. K. Fobn. The King is mov'd, and anfiwers not to this. Conft. O, be remov'd from hin, and anfwer well. Auft. Do fo, King Pbilip; hang no more in doubt.

5 It is a political maxim, that king doms are never married. Lervis upon the wedding is for making war upon his new relations.

6 the Devil tempts thee bere
In Likenefs of a niw untrimmed Bride.] Tho' all the Copies concur in this Reading, yet as untrimmed cannot bear any Signification to fquare with the Senfe required, I cannot help thinking it a corrupted Reading. I have ventured to throw out the Negative, and read;
In Likeness of a new and trimmed Bride.
i. e. of a new Bride, and one deck'd and adorn'd as well by Art as Nature. Theobald. - a nerw untrimmed bride.] Mr . Thcobald fays, that as un-
trimmed cannot bear any fignification to fquare with the fenfe required, it muft be corrupt ; therefore he will cahier it, and read, and trimmed; in which he is fo!lowed by the Oxford Editor ; but they are both too hafty. It fquares very well with the fenfe, and fignifies unftady. The term is taken from Navigation. We fay too, in a fimilar way of fpeaking, not well manned. WARE.

I think Mr. Theobald's correction more plaufible than Dr. Warburton's explanation. A commentator fould be grave, and therefore I can read thefe notes with the proper feverity of attention; but the idea of trimming a lady to keep her fieady, would be too rifible for any common power of face.

## Faulc. Hang nothing but a calve's-fkin, mof fiweet

 lout.K. Pbilip. I am perplext, and know not what.to fay. Pand. What can'ft thou fay, but will perplex thee more,
If thou ftand excommunicate and curft?
K. Pbilip. Good rev'rend father; make my perfon yours;
And tell me how you would beftow yourfelf.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit, And the conjunction of our inward fouls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together With all religious ftrength of facred vows.
The lateft breath, that gave the found of words,
Was deep fworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms and our royal Selves. And even bifore this truce, but new before, No longer than we well could wafh our hands To clap this royal bargain up of peace, Heav'n knows, they were befmear'd and over-ftain'd With naughter's pencil; where revenge did paint The fearful diff'rence of incenfed Kings. And fhall thefe hands, fo lately purg'd of blood, So newly join'd in love, ${ }^{7}$ fo flrong in both, Unyoke this feizure, and this kind regreet?
Play faft and loofe with faith? fo, jeft with heav'n? Make fuch unconftant children of ourfelves, As now again to fnatch our palm from palm? Un-fwear faith fworn, and on the marriage-bed Of fmiling-peace to march a bloody hoft, And make a riot on the gentle brow Of true fincerity? O holy Sir, My reverend father, let it not be fo; Out of your grace, devife, ordain, impofe Somie gentle order, and we fhall be bleft

[^113]To do your pleafure, and continue friends.
Pand: All form is formlefs, order orderlefs, Save what is oppofite to England's love. Therefore, to arms! be champion of our Church!
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curfe,
A mother's curfe on her revolting fon.
France, thou may'th hold a ferpent by the tongue,
A chafed lyon by the mortal paw,
A fafting tyger fafer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand, which thou doft hold:
K. Pbil. I may dif-join my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'ft thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, fet'ft oath to oath,
Thy tongue againtt thy tongue. O , let thy vow
Firt made to heav'n, firt be to heav'n perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our Church.
What fince thou fwor'f, is fworn againit thyfelf;
And may not be performed by thyfelf.
For that, which thou haft fworn to do amifs,
${ }^{3}$ Is't not amifs, when it is truly done?
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moit done, not doing it.
The better aft of purpofes miftook
Is to miftake again; tho' indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falfhood fallhood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the fcorched veins of one new-burn'd:
It is religion that doth make vows kept,

- But what thou haft fworn againft religion:

But what thou wear'ft, againit the thing thou fwear'ft:

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    8 Is not amifs, when it is I rather read,
    truly done:] This is a con- . Is't not amifs, wwhen it is truly
    done?
as the alteration is lefs, and the
    fenfe which Dr. Warburton firft
    difcovered is preferved.
    9 But thou baft fworn againft
                        religion, &c.] In this long
``` fpeech, the legate is made to

And mak'ft an oath the furety for thy truth, Againft an oath. The truth thou art unfure To fwear, fwear only not to be forfworn;
fhew his fkill in cafuiftry; and the ftrange heap of quibble and nonfenfe of which it confilts, was intended to ridicule that of the fchools. For when he affumes the politician, at the conclufion of the third act, the author makes him talk at another rate. I mean in that beautiful paffage where he fpeaks of the mifchiefs following the King's lofs of his fubjects hearts. This conduct is remarkable, and was intended, I fuppofe, to fhew us how much better politicians the Roman courtiers are, than divines.

Warburton.
I am not able to difcover here any thing inconfequent or ridiculoufly fubtle. The propofitions that the woice of the church is the voice of braven, and that the Pope utters the voice of the church, neither of which Pandulph's auditors would deny, being once granted, the argument here ufed is irrefifible ; nor is it eafy, notwithfanding the gingle, to enforce it with greater brevity or propriety.

But tbou baft fworn againft religion:
By what thou frear'f, againft the thing thou fuear't:
And mak't an oath the furety for thy truth,
Againft an oath the truth thou ait anfure
To fieear, fiecar only not to be forfzuorn.] By wwhat. Sir T. Hanmer reads, by that. I think it fhould be rather by
wbich. That is, thou fwear't againft the thing, by which thou /wear' \(/\); that is, againft religion.

The moft formidable difficulty is in thefe lines.

And mak'f an oatb the Jurety for thy truth,
Againft an oath the truth thou art unfure
To frwear, \&c.
This Sir T. Hanmer reforms thus,

And mak'f an oath the furety for thy truth,
Againft an oath; this truth thou art unfure
To fwear, \&c.
Dr. Warburton writes it thus, Againg an oath the truth thou art unjure
which leaves the paffage to me as obfcure as before.
I know not whether there is any corruption beyond the omiffion of a point. The fenfe, after I had confidered it, appeared to me only this: In fwearing by religion againft religion, to wobich thou baft already fworn, thou makef an oath the fecurity for thy faith ag ainff an oath already taken. I will give, fays ke, a rule for confcience in thefe cafes. Thou mayft be in doubt about the matter of an oath; when thou fwearefit thou ucayf not be always fure to fivear righlty, but let this be thy fettled principle, freear only not to ba forfforn; leo not thy latter oaths be at variance with thy former.

Trutb, through this whole fpeech, means reititude of conduct.

Elfe

Elfe what a mockery fhould it be to fwear?
But thou doft fwear, only to be forfworn,
And moft forfworn, to keep what shou: doft fwear.
Therefore thy latter vows, againft thy firft,
Is in thyfelf rebellion to thyteif.
And better conqueft never canft thou make,
Than arm thy conflant and thy nobler parts
A gaintt thefe giddy, loofe fuggeitions:
Upon which better part, our pray'rs come in, If thou vouchfafe them. But if not, then know;
The peril of our curfes light on thee
So heavy, as thou fhale not thake them off;
But, in defpair, die under their black weight.
Auf. Rebellion, flat rebellion.
Faulc. Will't not be?
Will not a calve's-fkin ftop that mouth of thine?
Lewis. Father, to arms!
Blancb. Upon thy wedding day?
Againft the blood that thou haft married?
What, fhall our feaft be kept with flaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlifh drums,
Clamours of hell, be meafures to our pomp?
O hurband, hear me; (ah! alack, how new
Is hufband in my mouth ?) \(\mathrm{ev}^{\prime} \mathrm{n}\) for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Againft mine uncle.
Conff. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, ปdo pray to thee,
Thou virtious Daupbin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heav'n.
Blancb. Now fhall I fee thy love; what mative may
Be ftronger with thee than the name of wife?
Conff. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds, His honour. Oh, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!
Lewis. I mufe, your Majefty doth feem fo cold, When fuch profound refpects do pull you on ?

Pand. I will denounce a curfe upon his head.
K. Pbil. Thou fhalt not need. England, l'll fall from thee.
Conft. O fair return of banifh'd Majerty!
Eli. O foul'revolt of French inconftancy!
K. Fobn. France, thou fhalt rue this hour within this hour.
Faul. Old time the clock-fetter, that bald fexton time,
Is it, as he will? well then, France fhall rue.
Blanch. The fun's o'ercaft with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the fide that I muft go withal? I am with both, each army hath a hand, And in their rage, I having hold of both, They whirl afunder, and difmember me. Hufband, I cannot pray that thou may'ft win : Uncle, I needs muft pray that thou may'ft lofe:
Father, I may not wifh the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wifh thy wifhes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that fide fhall I lofe:
Affured lofs, before the match be play'd.
Lewis. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.
K. Fobn. Coufin, go draw our puiffance together.
[Exit Faulconbridge.
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whofe heat hath thjs condition
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and deareft-valu'd blood of France.
K. Pbil. Thy rage fhall burn thee up, and thou fhalt turn
To afhes, ere our blood fhall quench that fire:
Look to thyfelf, thou art in jeopardy.
K. Fobn. No more than he that threats. To arms, let's hie.

\section*{S C E N E IV.}

Cbanges to a Field of Battle.
Alarms, Excurfions: Enter Faulconbridge, with Auftria's Head.

Faulc. \(\mathrm{N}^{\mathrm{O} \text { W, by my life, this day grows }}\)
\({ }^{\text {' }}\) Some airy devil hovers in the fky,
And pours down mirchief. Aufria's head lie there. Thus hath King Richard's fon perform'd his vow, And offer'd Auftria's blood for facrifice Unto his father's ever-living foul.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.
K. Fobn. There, Hubert, keep this boy. Ricbard, make up;
My mother is alfailed in our tent, And ta'en, I fear.

Faul. My Lord, I refu'd her : Her highnefs is in fafety, fear you not. But on, my Liege ; for very little pains Will bring this labour to an happy end.
\({ }^{3}\) Some airy devil.-] We muft read, Some fiery devil, if we will have the caufe equal to the effect. Warburton.

There is no end of fuch alterations ; every page of a vehement and negligent writer will afford opportunities for changes cf ferms, if mere propriety will
juftify them. Not that of this change the propriety is out of controverfy. Dr. Warburton will have the devil fiery, becaufe he makes the day bot; the author makes him airy, becaufe be bovers in the \(k k y\), and the beat and michief are natural confequences of his malignity.

\section*{SCENEV.}

Alarms, Excurfions, Retreat. Re-enter King John, Eli, nor, Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, and Lords.
K. Yobn. So fhall it be-your Grace fhall fay behind [To Elinor. So ftrongly guarded-Coufin, look not fad, [To Archur.
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will As dear be to thee, as thy father was.
Artb. O, this will make my mother die with grief. K. Yobn. Coufin, away for England; hafte before, [To Faulconbridge
And, cre our coming, fee thou fhake the bags Of hoarding Abbots ; their imprifon'd angels Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace ?
Miuft by the hungry now be fed upon.
Ufe our commiffion in its utmoft force.
Foulc. \({ }^{3}\) Bell, book, and candle fhall not drive me back,
When gold and filver beck me to come on. I leave your highne's-Grandam, I will pray (If ever I remember to be holy)


Muft ty tbe bungry now be fed upon.] This word now feems a very idle term here, and conveys no fatisfactory idea. An antithefis, and oppofition of terms, fo perpetual with our author, requires;

Muft by the burgry War befed upon.
War, demanding a large expence, is very poetically faid to be bun\(\varepsilon y\), and to prey on the wealth nul fat of peai?. Warburton.

This emendation iș better thąn the former, but yet not neceffary. Sir T. Hanmer reads, bungry mare with lefsdeviation from the common reading, but with not fo much force or elegance as war.
\({ }^{3}\) Bell, book, and candle, \&c.] In an account of the Romifs curfe given by Dr. Gray, it appears that three candles were extinguifhed, one by one, in different parts of the execration.

For your fair fafety; fo I kifs your hand. Eli. Farewel, my gentle coufin. K. Fobn. Coz, farewel. [Exit Faulc. Eli. Come, hither, little kinfman ;-hark, a word. [Taking bim to one fide of the ftage. K. Fobn. [To Hubert on the other fide.

Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flelh There is a foul counts thee her creditor; And with advantage means to pay thy love: And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath Lives in this bofom, dearly cherifhed. Give me thy hand, I had a thing to fay But I will fit it with fome better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I'm almoft afham'd To fay what good refpect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majefty.
K. Fobn. Good friend, thou haft no caufe to fay fo yet,
But thou fhalt have-and creep time ne'er fo flow,
Yet it fhall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to fay _but, let it go :
The fun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleafures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience. If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
\({ }^{4}\) Sound one unto the drowfy race of night;
If this fame were a church - yard where we ftand,
And thou poffeffed with a thoufand wrongs;
Or if that furly fpirit Melancholy
Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy thick, Which elfe runs tickling up and down the veins, Making that ideot laughter keep mens' eyes, And ftrain their cheeks to idle merriment;

\footnotetext{
4 Sound on unto the drowjie race of night ;] We fhould read, Soznd ONE W'arburton.
}
(A paffion hateful to my purpofes)
Or if thou could'ft fee me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, ufing conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful found of words;
Then, in defpight of broad ey'd watchful day,
I would into thy bofom pour my thoughts :
But ah, I will not - yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'ft me well,
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Tho' that my death were adjunct to my act, By heav'n, l'd do't.
K. Jobn. Do not I know, thou would'ft?

Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend;
He is a very ferpent in my way,
And, wherefoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Doft thou underftand me ?
Thou art his keepet.
Hub. And I'll keep him fo,
That he chall not offend your Majefty.
K. Fobn. Death.

Hub. My Lord?
K. Jolon. A grave.

Hub. He Chall not live.
K. Jobn. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not fay what I intend for thee :
Remember:—Madam, fare you well.
[Returning to tbe Queer.
I'll fend thofe pow'rs o'er to your Majefty,
Eli. My bleffing go with thee!
K. Fohn. For England, coufin, go.

Iulert fhall be your man, t'attend on you
Yith all true duty; on, toward Calais, ho!
[Exeunt.

\section*{S Com N E Vi.}

\section*{Cbanges to the French Court.}

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, and Attendance,
K. Pbilip. CO, by a roaring tempeft on the flood, SA whole, \({ }^{5}\) Armada of collected fail
Is fcatter'd and disjoin'd from fellow.hip.
Pond. Courage and comfort, all fhall yet go well. K. Pbilip. What can go well, when we have run foill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers loft? Artbur ta'en Pris'ner? divers dear friends nain ?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, fpite of France?
Levois. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a fpeed with fuch advice difpos'd,
Such temp'rate order \({ }^{6}\) in fo fierce a courfe,
Doth want example; who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?
K. Pbilip. Well could I bear that England had this praife,
So we could find fome pattern of our fhame.
s A whole Armada, \&c.] This fimilitude, as little as it makes for the purpofe in hand, was, I do not queftion, a very taking one when the play was firt reprefented; which was a winter or two at moft, after the Spani/b invafion in 1588 . It was in reference likewife to that glorious period that Shakeffeare concludes his play in that triumphant manner,

> Thous England never did, nor never jhall,
> Iye at the froidd foot of a sonqucror, \&c.

But the whole play aboundswith touches relative to the then porture of affairs. Warburton. This play, fo far as I can difcover, was not played till a long time after the defeat of the \(A r^{-}\) mada. The old play, I think, wants this fimile. The commentator fhould not have affirmed what he could only guefs.
\({ }^{6}\) - in fo fierce a CAUSE,]
We thould read course, i. eo march. The Oxford Editor condefcends to this emendation.

Warburton.

\section*{Enter Conftance.}

Look, who comes here? a grave unto a foul, Holding th' eternal fpirit 'gainft her will In the vile prifon of afflicted breath;
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.
Conft. Lo, now, now fee the iffue of your peace.
K. Pbilip. Patience, good Lady; comfort, gentle Confance.
Conft. No, I defy all counfel, and redrefs,
But that, which ends all counfel, true redrefs,
Death, death; oh amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoriferous ftench, found rottennefs,
Arife forth from thy couch of lafting night,
Thou hate and terror to profperity,
And I will kifs thy deteftable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring thefe fingers with thy houfhold worms:
And fop this gap of breath with fulfom duft, And be a carrion monfter, like thyfelf:
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou fmil'ft, And kifs thee as thy wife; mifery's love,
O come to me!
K. Pbilip. O fair affliction, peace.

Conf. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry;
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
Then with a paffion I would Shake the world, And rouze from fleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a Lady's. feeble voice,
And forns a \({ }^{?}\) modern invocation.
Pand. Lady, you utter madnefs, and not forrow.
Conft. Thou art not holy to belie me fo;

\footnotetext{
7 Misdern invocation.] It is intcontempt, he ufes this word, hard to fay what Shakefpeare her moderngrace. It apparently means by modern: is it not op- means fomething figbt and in-
 that eizds well, fpeaking of a girl
}

I am not mad ; this hair I tear is mine:
My name is Confance, I was Geffrey's wife:
Young Artbur is my fon, and he is loft!
I am not mad; I would to heaven, I were !
For then, 'tis like, I thould forget myfelf.
Oh, if I could, what grief Chould I forget!
Preach fome philofophy to make me mad,
Arid thou fhalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal.
For, being not mad, but fenfible of grief,
My reafonable part produces reafon
How I may be deliver'd of thefe woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myfelf. If I were mad, I fhould forget my fon,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he :
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The diff'rent plague of each calamity.
K. Pbilip. \({ }^{8}\) Bind up thofe treffes; O , what love I note
In the fair multitude of thofe her hairs;
Where but by chance a filver drop hath fall'n,
Ev'n to that drop ten thoufand wiery friends,
Do glew themfelves in fociable grief;
Like true, infeparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
Conff. To England, if you will.——
K. Pbilip. Bind up your hairs.

Conff. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,
O , that thefe hands could fo redeem my fon,
As they have giv'n thefe hairs their liberty!
But now I enyy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds;
Becaufe my poor child is a prifoner,
And, father Cardinal, I have heard you fay,
> \({ }^{3}\) It was neceffary that ConPfance fhould be interrupted, becaufe a paffion fo violent cannot be born long. I wif the fol-

Iowing fpeeches had been equally happy ; but they only ferve to Thew, how difficult it is to maintain the pathetic long.

That we fhall fee and know our friends in heav'n s If that be, I fhall fee my boy again.
For fince the birth of Cain, the firft male-child,
To him that did but yefterday fufpire,
There was not fuch a gracious creature born.
But now will canker forrow eat my bud And chafe the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a ghoft;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And fo he'll die: and, rifing fo again,
When I fhall meet him in the court of heav'n
I fhall not know him; therefore never, never,
Muft I behold my pretty Artbur more.
Pand. You hold too heinous a refpect of grief.
Conft. Fie talks to me that never had a fon.
K. Pbilip. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.
Conft. Grief fills the room up of my abfent child;
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reafon to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; \({ }^{9}\) had you fuch a lofs as I, 1 could give better comfort than you do. I will not keep this form upon my head,
[Tearing off ber bead-cloaths.
When there is fuch diforder in my wit:
O Lord, my boy, my Artbur, my fair fon!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world! My widow-comfort, and my forrow's cure! [Exit.
K. Pbilip. I fear fome cutrage, and I'll follow her.
[Exit.
- bad you fuch a lofs as \(I\). ever cannot help himfelf cafts his 7 could give better comfort - It eyes on others for affiftance, and This is a fentiment which great often miftakes their inability -for forpoy always dietates. Who- coldnefs.

\section*{SCENE VII.}

Lewis. "There's nothing in this world ean make me joy;
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowfy man:
A bitter fhame hath fpoilt the fweet world's tafte,
That it yields nought but fhame and bitternefs.
Pand. Before the curing of a ftrong difeafe,
\(E v\) ' \(n\) in the inftant of repair and health,
The fit is ftrongeft : evils that take leave,
On their departure, moft of all hew evil.
What have you loft by lofing of this day?
Lereis. All days of glory, joy, and happinefs.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no; when fortune means to men moft good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
\({ }^{3}\) Tis frange to think how much King fobn hath lof
In this, which he accounts fo clearly won.
Are not you griev'd, that Aribur is his prifoner?
Lewois. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me fpeak with a prophetick fpirit;
For ev'n the breath of what I mean to fpeak
Shall blow each duft, each ftraw, each little rub,
Out of the path which fhall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne : and therefore mark.
Fobn hath feiz'd Artbur, and it cannot be
That whillt warm life plavs in that infant's veins,
The mifplac'd Yobn fhould entertain an hour,
A minute, nay, one quiet breath, of reft.
A fcepter, fnatch'd with an unruly hand,

\footnotetext{
\({ }^{2}\) Tberc's notbing in this, \&c.] ftrongly in the earlier years ; and

The young Prince feels his defeat with more fenfibility than his father. Shame eperates moft
when can difgrace be lefs welcome than when a man is going to his bride?
}

Muft be as boiftroully maintain'd, as gain'd. And he, that ftands upon a flipp'ry place, Makes nice of no vile hold to ftay him up.
That \(\mathcal{F}\) obn may ftand, then Artbur needs muft fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but fo.
Lewwis. But what fhall Igain by young Arthur's fall?
Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Artbur did.
Leewis. And lofe it, life and all, as Artbur did.
Pand. Hów green you are, and frefh in this old world!
Fobn lays you plots; the times confpire with you; For he, that fteeps his fafety in \({ }^{2}\) true blood, Shall find but bloody fafety and untrue.
This act, fo evilly born, fhall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal ;
That no fo fmall advantage fhall ftep forth
To check his reign, but they will cherifh it.
No nat'ral exhalation in the 1 ky ,
\({ }^{3}\) No 'fcape of nature, no diftemper'd day,
No common wind, no cuftomed event,
But they will pluck away it's nat'ral caufe,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and figns,
Abortives, and prefages, tongues of hèav'n, Plainly denouncing vengeance upon Fobn.
Lewis. May be, he will not touch young Artbur's life ;
But hold himfelf fafe in his imprifonment.
Pand. O Sir, when he fhall hear of your approach, If that young Artbur be not gone already,
Ev'n at this news he dies : and then the hearts
Of all his people fhall revolt from him,

\footnotetext{
\(=\tau_{\text {rue }}\) blood.] The blood of him that has the ju \(/ \hat{f}\) claim.
\({ }^{3}\) No 'fcape of nature, -] The author very finely calls a monfrous lirth, an efcape of nature. As if it were produced while the


And kifs the lips of unacquainted change ; shim And pick flrong matter of revolt and wrath, Out of the bloody fingers' ends of Yobn. Methinks, I fee this hurly all on foot ; And O , what better matter breeds for you Than I have nam'd! The baftard Faulconaridge Is now in England, ranfacking the church, :... Offending charity.. If but twelve French Were there in arms, they would be as a call To train ten thoufand Englifb to their fide; \({ }^{4} \mathrm{Or}\), as a little fnow, tumbled about, Anon becomes a mountain. Noble Daupbin; Go with me to the King: 'tis wonderful What may be wrought out of their difcontent. Now that their fouls are top-full of offence, For England go ; I will whet on the King.

Lewis. Strong reafon makes frong actions: let us go; Ifyou fay ay, the King will not fay no. [Exeunt.

\section*{ACT IV. SCENEI.}

\section*{Cbanges to ENGLAND.}
\[
A P R I S O N \text {. }
\]

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

\section*{Hubert.}

HE A T me thefe irons hot, and, look, thou ftand
Within the arras ; when I frike my foor Upon the bofom of the ground, ruif forth;

\footnotetext{
4. Or, as a little fnow.] Ba- ferves, that their fnow-ball did con, in his hiftory of Henry VII. not gather as it rolled. fpeaking of, Perkin's march, ob-
}

\section*{454 KING JOHN.}

And bind the boy, which you foal find with me; Faft to the chair. Be heedful; hence, and watch. Exec. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed. Hub. Uncleanly fcruples ! fear not you; look to't.-Young lad, come forth; I have to fay with you.

\section*{Enter Arthur.}

\section*{Arts. Good morrow, Hubert.}

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arch. As little prince (having fo great a title
To be more Prince) as may be. - You are fad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body fhould be fad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as fad as night;
Only for wantonness. By my chriftendom;
So were I out of prifon, and kept hep,
I fhould be merry as the day is long:
And fo I would be here, but that, I doubts
My uncle practifes more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault, that I was Geffrey's for?
Indeed, it is not; and I would to heav'n,
1 were your for, fo you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;
Therefore I will be fudden, and difpatch.
Arth. Are you fick, Hubert? you look pale to day; In footh, I would, you were a little feck;
That I might fit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take poffeffion of my boom.
Read here, young Arthur
[Shewing a paper.
How now, foolifh rheum,

\section*{KING JOHN.}
\({ }^{5}\) Turning difpiteous torture out of door!
I muft be brief, left refolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanifh tears. -
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ? Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for fo foul effect.
Muft you with irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I muft.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? when your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows
(The beit I had, a princels wrought it me)
And I did never afk it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour;
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time,
Saying, what lack you? and where lies your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for youn?
Many a poor man's fon.would have lain ftill,
And ne'er have fpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your fick fervice had a Prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:
If heav'n be pleas'd that you muft mult ufe me ill,
Why then, you muft - Will you put outmine eyes?
Thefe eyes, that never did, nor never fhall,
So much as frown on you.
Hub. I've fworn to do it ;
And with hot irons muft I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it.
'The iron of itfelf, tho' heat red-hot,
Approaching near thefe eyes, would drink my tears; And quench its fiery indignation,

\footnotetext{
\({ }^{5}\) Turning diffiteous torture aut of door !] For torture Sir
T. Hoimer reads nature, and is
followed, I think, withont necefity, by Dr. Warburton.
}
\(\mathrm{H} h\)
Even

Even in the matter of mine innocence : Nay, after that, confume away in ruft, But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more ftubborn-hard, than hammer'd iron?
Oh! 'if an Angel fhould have come to me,
And told me, Hubert fhould put out mine eyes,
- I would not have believ'd a tongue, but Hubert's.
[Hubert famps, and the meri enter.
Hub. Come forth; do, as 1 bid you.
Artb. O fave me, Hubert, fave me! my eyes are out \({ }_{2}\) Ev'n with the fierce looks of thefe bloody men.
Hub. Give me the iron, I fay, and bind him here.
Artb. Alas, what need you be fo boill? rous-rough?
I will not ftruggle, I will ftand ftone-ftill.
For heav'n's fake, Hubert, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, Hubert-drive thefe men away,
And I will fit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not ftir, nor wince, nor fpeak a word, Nor look upon the iron angrily;
Thruft but thefe men away, and I'll forgive you,

\footnotetext{
6 I would not bave believed a tongue BUT HUEERT's.]
Thus Mr. Pope found the line in the old editions. According to this reading, it is fuppofed that Hubert had rold him, he would not put out his eyes; for the angel who fays be would, is brought in as contradicting Hubert. Mr. Theobald, by what authority I don't know, reads,

I would not bave biliev'd lim: no tongue, but Hubert's.
which is fooiling the meafure, without much mending the fenfe. Sbakeffeare, I am perfuaded, wrote,

I would not bave believ'd a tongue BATE HUBERT ;
i. e. abate, difparage. The blunder feems to have arifen thus, bate fignifies except, faving; fo
}
the tranfcribers, taking it in this fenfe, fubitituted the more ufual word but in its place. My alteration greatly improves the fenfe, as implying a tendernels of caffection for Hubert; the common reading, only an opinion of \(\mathrm{Hu}_{-}\) bert's veracity ; whereas the point here was to win upon Hubert's paffions, which could not be better done than by fhewing affection towards him.

Wareurton:
I do not fee why the old reading may not fland. Mr. Tbeobald's alteration, as we find, injures the meafure, and Dr. Warburton's corrupts the language, and neither can be faid much to mend the fenfe.

Whatever torment you do put me to. Hub. Go, ftand within; let me alone with him. Exec. I am beft pleas'd to be from fuch a deed.

Artb. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a ftern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that his compafion may
Give life to yours.
Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourfelf.
Artb. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, bitt to lofe your eyes.
Arth. O heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours, A grain, a duft, a gnat, a wandring hair, Any annoyance in that precious fenfe;
Then, feeling what fmall things are boiftrous there,
Your vile intent muft needs feem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promife? go to, hold your tongue.
Artb. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Muft needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue : let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O fpare mine eyes!
Though to no ufe, but fill to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the inftrument is cold,
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Artb. \({ }^{8} \mathrm{No}\), in good footh, the fire is dead with grief, Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeferv'd extreams; fee elfe yourfelf, There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heav'n hath blown its fpirit out,

\footnotetext{
\({ }^{7}\) This is according to nature. not to hurt but to comfort, is We imagine no evil fo great as that which is near us.
\({ }^{s} \mathrm{No}\), in good footh, \&e.] The fenfe is: The fire, being created
dead with grief for finding itfelf ufed in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have not deferved.
}

And firew'd repentant afhes on its head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluh, And glow with fhame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will fparkle in your eyes:
And like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his mafter that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you fhould ufe to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking ufes.
Hub. Well, fee to live; I will not touch thine eye,
For all the treafure that thine uncle owns:
Yet am I fworn; and I did purpofe, boy,
With this fame very iron to burn them out.
Arth. O, now you look like Hubert. All this while You were difguifed.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adiet,
Your uncle muft not know but you are dead.
l'll fill thefe dogged fpies with falfe reports : And, pretty child, neep doubtlefs, and fecure,
That Ilubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O heav'n! I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence, no more; go clofely in with me. Nuch danger do I undergo for thee. [Excunt.
SCE NE II.

Cbanges to the Court of England.
Einter King John, Pembroke, Salifbury, and other Lords.
K. Fobn. T ERE once again we fit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

Pemb. 'This once again, but that your highnels pleaș'd,
Was once fuperfluous; you were crown'd before, And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off :
The faiths of men ne'er fained with revolt:
Frefh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd for change, or better ftate.
Sal. Therefore, to be poffefs'd with double pomp,
\({ }^{1}\) To guard a title that was rich before;
To gild refined gald, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet, To fmooth the ice, or add another hue Unto the rainhow, or with taper-light To feek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnih, Is wafteful and ridiculous excefs.

Hemb. But that your royal pleafure muft be done,
This aet is as an ancient tale new told, And in the laft repeating troublefome: Being urged at a time unfeafonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face Of plain old form is much disfigured; And, like a flifted wind unto a fail, It makes the courfe of thoughts to fetch about : Startles and frights confideration; Makes found opinion fick, and truth fufpected, For putting on fo new a faflion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen firive to do better than well,
\({ }^{2}\) They do confound their fkill in covetoufnefs;
And oftentimes exculing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worfe by the excufe:

\footnotetext{
- This once again_was once fuperfluous.] This one time more was one time more than enough.
- To guard a title that was rich before.] To guard, is to fringe.
\({ }^{2}\) They do confound their Skill in Covetoufnefs.] i. e. Not
}
by their Avarice, but in an eager
Emulation, an intenfe Defire of
excelling; as in Henry V.
But if it be a Sin to covet Ho-
nour,
I am the moft offending Soul a-
live. THEOBALD.

As patches, fet upona little breach,
Difcredit more \({ }^{3}\) in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was fo patch'd.
Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counfel; but it pleas'd your highnels
To over-bear it; and we're all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Muft make a ftand at what your highnefs will.
K. Jobn. \({ }^{4}\) Some reafons of this double coronation

I have poffeft you with, and think them ftrong.
And more, more ftrong (the leffer is my fear)
I fhall endue you with: mean time, but afk
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well fhall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requefts.
Pemb. Then I, as one that am the tongue of there,
\({ }^{5}\) To found the purpofes of all their hearts,
Both for myfelf and them, but chief of all, Your fafety, for the which, myfelf and they Bend their beft ftudies, heartily requelt
Th' infranchifement of Artbur; whofe reftraint
Doth move the murm'ring lips of difcontent To break into this dang'rous argument;
If what in reft you have, in right you hold, Why fhould your fears (which, as they fay, attend The fteps of wrong) then move you to mew up Your tender kinfman, and to choke his days With barb'rous ignorance, and deny his youth The rich advantage of good exercife?
\(3^{3}\)-in biding of the FAULT,
Than did the Fault -] We frould read flaw in both places.

4 Some reafons of this double co
Some reafons of this double co-
ronation
1 have pofeft you with, and think them firong.
And more, more frong, the lefier is my fear,

I Soall endue you reith.] [ have told you fonae reafons, in my opinion firong, and fhall tell more yet fronger ; for the ftronger my realons are, the lefs is \(m y\) fear of your difapprobation. This feems to be the meaning.
\({ }^{5}\) To jound tbe purpofes.] To declare, to putlijp the defires of all thofe.

That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occafions, let it be our fuit,
That you have bid us afk, his liberty;
Which for our good we do no further alk,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, that he have liberty.
K. Jobr. Let it be fo; I do commit his youth

\section*{Enter Hubert.}

To your direction. Hubert, what news with you?
Perib. This is the man, fhould do the bloody deed:
He fhew'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye ; that clofe afpect of his
Does fhew the mood of a much-troubled breaft.
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we fo fear'd he had a charge to do.
Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his purpofe and his confcience \({ }^{6}\),
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles fet \({ }^{7}\) :
His paffion is fo ripe, it needs muft break.
Pemb. And when it breaks \({ }^{8}\), I fear will iffue thence The foul corruption of a fweet child's death.
K. Fohn. We cannot hold mortality's ftrong hand.

Good Lords, although my will to give is living, The fuit which you demand is gone, and dead.
> \({ }^{6}\) Between bis purpole and his confcience, ] Between his
ioufnefs of guilt, and his deconfciounness of guilt, and his defign to conceal it by fair profeffions.
> \({ }^{7}\) Like Heralds, 'twixt two drealful Battles fet;] But
> Heralds are not planted, I prefume, in the midft betwixt two Lines of Battle; tho' they, and Trumpets, are offen fent over from Party to Party, to propofe 'Terms, demand a Parley, Efc.

I have therefore ventur'd to read;
Sent.
Theobald.
This Dr. Warburton has followed without much advantage; fet is not fixed, but only placed; heralds mult be Set between battles in order to be fent between them.
\({ }^{8}\) And woben it brean's,
This is but an indelicate metaphor, taken from an impoltumated tumour.

He tells us, Artbur is teceas'd to-night.
Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his ficknefs was paft cure.
Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himfelf felt he was fick.
This muft be anfwer'd, either here, or hence.
K. Fobn. Why do you bend fuch folemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the fhears of deftiny?
Have I commandment on the pulfe of life?
Sal. It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis thame
That greatnels fhould fo grony offer it:
So thrive it in your game, and fo farewel!
Pemb. Stay yet, Lord Salifoury, l'll go with thee.
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which own'd the breadth of all this inle,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while !
This mut not be thus borne; this will break out
To all our forrows, and ere long, I doubt. [Exeunt.
\[
\begin{array}{llllll}
\mathrm{S} & \mathrm{C} & \mathrm{E} & \mathrm{~N} & \mathrm{E} & \text { III. }
\end{array}
\]
K. Fobn. They burn in indignation; I repent. There is no fure foundation fet on blood; No certain life atchiev'd by others' death

\section*{Enter a Mefferger.}

A fearful eye thou haft; where is that blood,
That I have feen inhabit in thofe cheeks ? So foul a fky clears not without a form; Pour down thy weather. How goes all in France?

Mej. From France to England \({ }^{9}\). Never fuch a power, For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land.

\footnotetext{
\({ }^{9}\) From France to England.-] word goes, and anfwers, that The king afks bow all goes in rebat, ver is in France goes now France, the meffenger catches the into England.

The
}

The copy of your fpeed is learn'd by them : For when you fhould be told, they do prepare, The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.
K. Fobn, O , where hath our intelligence been drunk?

Where hath it flept? where is my mother's care?
That fuch an army fhould be drawn in France,
And fhe not hear of it?

\section*{Mef. My Liege, her ear}

Is ftopt with duft: the firtt of April, dy'd
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my Lord,
The Lady Confence in a frenzy dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I iolly heard; if true or falfe, 1 know not.
K. Jobn. With-hold thy fpeed, dreadful occafion!

O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My difcontented peers. - What! mother dead ?
How wildly then walks my eftate in France,?
Under whofe conduct came thofe powers of France,
That, thou for truth giv'ft out, are landed here?
Mef. Under the Daupbin.
K. Fobn. Thou haft made me giddy

With thefe ill tidings.

\section*{Enter Faulconbridge, and Peter of Pomfrer.}

Now, what fays the world
To your proceedings? Do not feek to ftuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Faulc. But if you be afraid to hear the worft,
Then let the worft unheard fall on your head.
K. Fobn. Bear with me, Cousin; for I was amaz'd

Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, fpeak it of what it will.
Faulc. How I have fped among the clergymen,
The fums I have collected fhall exprefs.
But as I travell'd hither thro' the land, I find the people ftrangely fantafy'd;

Poffeft with rumours, full of idle dreains ; Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear, And here's a Prophet that I brought with me From forth the ftreets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he fung in rude harfh-founding rhimes;
That, ere the next Afcenfion-day at noon,
Your Highnefs fhould deliver up your crown,
K. Fobn. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'f thou fo?

Peter. Fore-knowing, that the truth will fall out fo.
K. Yobn. Hubert, away with him, imprifon him.

And on that day at noon, whereon he fays
I hall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to fafety \({ }^{-1}\), and return,
For I mult ufe thee.
[Exit Hubert, with Peter.
O my gentle coufin,
Hear'ft thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?
Faulc. The French, my Lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Befides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salifoury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to feek the grave
Of Artbur, who, they fay, is kill'd to-night
On your fuggeftion.
K. Jobn. Gentle kinfiman, go

And thruft thyfelf into their company:
1 have a way to win their loves again :
Bring them before me.
Faulc. I will feek them out.
K. Fobn. Nay, but make hafte: the better foot before.

O , let me have no fubject enemies,
When adverfe foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of ftout invafion.
Be Mercury, fet feathers to thy heels,

\footnotetext{
\({ }^{2}\) Deliver Jim to Safety. -] That is, Give bim into Safe cufody.
}

And Ay, like thought, from them to me again.
Foulc. The fpirit of the time fhall teach me fpecd.
K. Fobn. Spoke like a fprightful noble gentleman. Go after him; for he, perhaps, thall need Some meffenger betwixt me and the Peers;
And be thou he.
Mef. With all my heart; my Liege.
K. Fobn. My mother dead!

\section*{SCENEIV.}

\section*{Enter Hubert.}

Hub. My Lord, they fay, five moons were feen to-night:
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about The other four, in wond'rous motion.
K. Jobn. Five moons?

Hub. Old men and beldams, in the ftreets,
Do prophefy upon it dangerouny:
Young Artbur's death is common in their mouths;
And, when they talk of him, they Thake their heads,
And whifper one another in the ear.
And he, that fpeaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrift;
Whilft he, that hears, makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods; with rolling eyes.
I faw a fmith ftand with his hammer, thus,
The whillt his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth fwallowing a taylor's news;
Who with his thears and meafure in his hand,
Standing on llippers, which his nimble hafte \({ }^{2}\)

\footnotetext{
\({ }^{2}\) - Jippers, wubich bis nim- portant paffage, which, in Dr.
ble bafle
Had falfely tbruft upon contrary fet,] I know not how the commentators underfand this im -

Warburton's edition, is marked as eminently beautiful, and, in the whole, not without juftice. But Sbakefprare feems to have confound -
}

Had falfely thruft upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thoufand warlike French,
That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent.
A nother lean, unwafh'd artificer
Cuts of his tale, and talks of Artbur's death.
K. Yobn. Why feek'ft thou to poffers me with there fears?
Why urgeft thou fo oft young Artbur's cleath?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: : I had a caufe
To wifh him dead, but thou had'ft none to kill him.
Hub. Had none, my Lord? why, did you not provoke me?
K. Fobn. It is the curfe of Kings \({ }^{3}\), to be attended By llaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the the bloody houfe of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To underftand a law, to know the meaning
Of dang'rous majefty; when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd refpect.
Hub. Fiere is your hand and feal, for what I did.
K. Fobn. Oh, when the laft account 'twixt heav'n and earth
Is to be made, then fhall this hand and feal
Witneís againft us to damnation.
How oft the fight of means, to do ill deeds,
Miakes deeds ill done? for hadft not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and fign'd to do a deed of fhame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd alpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
founded a man's fhoes with his gloves. He that is frighted or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either fhoe will equally admit 'either foor. The authnur feems to be dif\(t\) urbed by the diforder which he
defribes.
\({ }^{3}\) lt is the curfe of Kings, icc.] This plainly hints at Davijon's cafe, in the affair of Mary Queen of Scots, ard fo muft have been inferted long after the firt reprefentation.

Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Artbur's death.
And thou, to be endeared to a King,
Mad'ft it no confcience to deftroy a Prince.
Hub. My Lord
K. Fobn. Hadft thou but fhook thy head \({ }^{4}\), or made a paufe,
When I fpake darkly what I purpofed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in exprefs words;
Deep fhame had ftruck me dumb, made me break off, And, thofe thy fears might have wrought fears in me. But thou didft underftand me by my figns, And didft in figns again parley with fin:
Yea, without ftop, did'ft let thy heart confent, And confequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to nameOut of my fight, and never fee me more!
My Nobles leave me, and my ftate is brav'd, Ev'nat my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs; Nay, in the body of this flefhy land, This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath, Hoftility, and civil tumule reigns,
Between my confcience and my coufin's death.
\(H u b\). Arm you againft your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your foul and you.
> \({ }^{4}\) Hadff thou but 乃ook thy head, \&c.] There are many touches of nature in this conference of Gobn with Hubert. A man engaged in wickednefs would keep the profit to himfelf, and tranffer the guilt to his accomplice. Thefe reproaches vented againft Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind fwelling with confcioufnefs of a crime, and defirous of difcharging its mifery on another.

> This account of the timidity
of guilt is drawn ab ip if receflobus mentis, from an intimate knowledge of mankind, particularly that line in which he fays, that to bave bid bim tell bis tale in exprifs rwords, would have firuck bim dumb; nothing is more certain, than that bad men ufe all the arts of fallacy upon themfelves, palliate their aftions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themfelves from their own detection in ambiguities and fubterfuges.
\[
498 \text { KHNG JOHN }
\]

\section*{Young Artbur is alive: this hand of mine}

Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand, \(\qquad\) Not painted with the crimfon fots of blood,
Within this bofom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought \({ }^{s}\),
And you have finder'd nature in my form;
Which, howfoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an ifnocent child.
K. Yobr. Doth Artbur live? O, hafte thee to the Peers,
Throw this report on their incenfed rage, And make them tame to their obedience. Forgive the comment that my paffion made Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind;

\begin{abstract}
s The dreadful motion of a mURD'rovs thought,] Nothing can be falfer than what Hubert here fays in his own vindication (yet it was the poet's purpofe that he flould speak truth); for we find, from a preceding feene, the motion of a mardrous thought kad entred into kim, and that, very deeply: and it was with difficulty that the tears, the intreaties, and the innocence of firtbur had diverted and fuppreffed it. Nor is the expreffion, in this reading, at all exact, it not being the neceffary quality of a murd'rous thought to be dreadful, affrighting, or terrible: For it being commonly excited by the flattering views of intereft, pleafure, or revenge, the mind is often too much taken up with thofe ideas to attend, readily, to the confequences. We muft conclude therefore that Sbakefpeare wrote,
a MURDERER'S thought. And this makes Hubert fpeak
\end{abstract}
truth, as the poet intended he fhould. He had not committed the murther, and confequently the motion of a murtherer's thought had never enter'd bis bofom. And in this reading, the epithet dreadz ful is admirably juft, and in nature. For after the perpretation of the fact, the appetites, that hurried their owner to it, lofe their force; and nothing fucceeds to take poffeffion of the mind, but a dreadful confcioufnefs, that torments the murderer without refpite or intermiffion.

Warbúton.
I do not fee any thing in this change worth the vehemence with which it is recommended. Read the line either way, the fenfe is nearly the fame; nor does Hubert tell truth in either reading when he charges \(7 o b n\) with תlandering bis form. He that could once intend to burn out the eyes of a captive prince, had a mind not toofair for the rudeft form.

And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Prefented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, anfwer not, but to my clofet bring
The angry Lords with all expedient hafte.
I conjure thee but flowly: run more faft.

\section*{S.C ENEV.}

\section*{A Street before a Prijon.}

\section*{Enier Arthur on the Walls, dijguis'd.}

Artb.

THE wall is high, and yet I will leap down. Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not !
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This fhip-boy's femblance hath difguis'd me quite. I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
Ill find a thoufand fhifts to get away:
As good to die, and go; as die, and ftay. [Leaps down. Oh me! my Uncle's fpirit is in thefe fones: Heav'n take my foul, and England keep my bones! [Dies.

Enter Pembroke, Salifbury and Bigot.
Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmondfoury; It is our fafery; and we muft embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pemb. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?
Sal. The Count Melun, a noble Lord of France, Whofe private with me of the Daupbin's love \({ }^{6}\)
Is much more gen'ral than thefe lines import.
Eigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
- Sol. Or rather then fet forward, for 'twill be

Two long days' journey, Lords, or ere we meet.
\({ }^{6}\) Whofe prizate, \&c. - - i. e. is much more ample than the whofe private account, of the letters. Pope.


\section*{KINGGOHN}

\section*{Enter Faulconbridge.}

Faule. Once more to-day well met, diftemper'd Lords;
The King by me requefts your prefence ftrait.
Sal. The King hath difpoffeft himfelf of us;
We will not line his thin, beftained cloak
With our pure honours: nor attend the foot,
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
Return, and tell him fo; we know the worlt.
Foulc. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were beft.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reafon now \({ }^{7}\). Faulc. But there is little reafon in your grief,
Therefore 'twere reafon, you had manners now.
Pemb. Sir, Sir, impatience hath it privilege.
Faulc. 'Tis true, to hurt its mafter, no man elfe.
Sal. This is the prifon: what is he lies here?
[Seeing Arthur.
Pamb. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty! -
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himfelf hath done, Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Bigot. Or when he doom'd this beauty to the grave, Found, it too precious, princely, for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? have you beheld, Or have you read, or heard, or could you think, Or do you almoft think, altho' you fee,
What you do fee? could thought, without this object, Form fuch another? 'tis the very top, The height, the creft, or creft unto the creft, Of murder's arms; this is the bloodieft Shame, The wildeft favag'ry, the vilett firoke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or ftaring rage,
? To reafon, in Shakfocare, is not fo often to argue, as to talk.
Prefented

Prefented to the tears of foft remorfe.
Pemb. All murders paft do ftand excus'd in this;
And this fo fole, and fo unmatchable;
Shall give a holinefs, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten fins of time ;
And prove a deadly blood-fhed but a jeft,
Exampled by this heinous fpectacle.
Faulc. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The gracelefs action of a heavy hand:
If that it be the work of any hand:
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?
We had a kind of light, what would enfue.
It is the fhameful work of Hubert's hand,
The practice and the purpofe of the King: From whofe obedience I forbid my foul, Kneeling before this ruin of fweet life, And breathing to this breathlefs excellence
The incenfe of a vow; a holy vow \({ }^{8!}\)
Never to tafte the pleafures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor converfant with eafe and idlenefs,
Till I have fet a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worfhip of revenge \({ }^{9}\).
\(\left.\begin{array}{l}\text { Pemb. } \\ \text { Bigot: }\end{array}\right\}\) Our fouls religioully confirm thy words.

\section*{\(\begin{array}{llllll}S & C & E & N & \text { VI. }\end{array}\)}

Enter Hubert.
Hub. Lords, I am hot with hafte, in feeking you; Artbur doth live, the King hath fent for you.

Sal. Oh, he is bold, and bluhes not at death.


Never to tafte the pleafures of the world; ] This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of fuperfition and chivalry.
Vor. III.
9- the wor hip of revenge.] The workip is the dignity, the bonour. We ftill fay worßipful of magiftrates.
-Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gonel Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Muft I rob the law? [Drawing bis Sword.
Faulc. Your iword is bright, Sirs, put it up again,
Sal. Not till I Theath it in a murd'rer's fkin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord Salijbury; fland back, 1 fay;
By heav'n, I think, my fword's as fharp as yours.
I would not have you, Lord, forget yourfelf,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence 's
Left I, by marking of your rage, forges
Your worth, your greatnefs, and nobility.
Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'f thou brave a Nobleman ?
Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life againft an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murd'rer.
Hub. Do not prove me fo \({ }^{2}\);
Yet, I am none. Whofe tongue foe'er fpeaks falle,
Not truly fpeaks; who fpeaks not truly, lies.
Pemb. Cut him to pieces.
Foulc. Keep the peace, I fay.
Sal. Stand by, or I Thall gaul you, Faulconbridge.
Faul. Thou wert better gaul the devil, Salijoury. If thou but frown on me, or ttir thy foot,
Or teach thy hafty 〔pleen to do me fhame,
l'il frike thee dead. Put up thy fword betime,
Or l'll fo maul you, and your tofting-iron,
That you fhall think, the devil is come from hell.
Bigot. What will you do, renowned Falconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Bigot. Who kill'd this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour fince I left him well : I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep

\footnotetext{
: true defence;] Honeft make me a murderer by comdefence; defence in a good caufse.
\({ }^{2}\) Do not prove me fo; pelling me to kill you; 1 am kitherto nota murderer.
}

My date of life out, for his fweet life's lofs.
Sal Truft not thofe cunning waters of his eyes, For villainy is not without fuch rheum;
And he, long traded in it, nuakes it feem
Like rivers of remorfe and imnocence. Away with me all yoü, whofe fouls abhor Th' uncleanly favour of a naughter-houle, For I am ftifled with the fimell of fin.
Bigot. Away tow'rd Bury, to the Daiupbin there. Pemb. There, tell the King, he may enquife us out.

\section*{\(S C\) N E VII.}

Faulc. Here's a good world. Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundlefs reach
Of mercy, if thou did'ft this deed of death
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.
Faulc. Ha! l'll tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd fo black - nay, nothing is fo black;
Thou art moré deep damn'd than prince Lucifer.
Theíre is not yet fo ugly a fiend of heill
As thou fhalt be, if thou didft kill this child.
Hub. Upon my foul
Faulc. If thou didt but confent
To this moft cruel act, do but defpair,
And if thou want't a cord, the fmalleft thread,
That ever fider twifted from her womb,
Will Atrangle thee ; a rufh will be a beam
To hang thee on: or wouldft thou drown thyfelf,
Put but a little water in a fpoun,
And it fhall be as all the ocean,
Enough to titile fuch a villain up.
I do furpect thee very grievoully.
Hub. If I in act, confent, or fin of thought, Be ginitty of the ftealing that fweet breath,
\(484 \quad \mathrm{KI}_{5} \mathrm{NGGJOHN}\).
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay;
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him welt:
Faulc. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lofe my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How eafy doft thou take all England up!
From forth this morfel of dead Royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realm
Is fled to heav'n; and England now is left
To tug and framble, and to part by th' teeth
The un owed intereft of proud-fwelling State.
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majefty,
Doth dogged war briftle his angry creft;
And finarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
Now Pow'rs from home and difcontents at home
Meeet in one line : and vaft confufion waits (As doth a Raven on a fick, fall'n beaft)
The imminent Decay of wrefted Pomp \({ }^{3}\). Now happy he, whofe cloak and cincture can Hold out this tempeft. Bear away that child, And follow me with fpeed; Illl to the King; A thoufand bufineffes are brief at hiand, And heav'n itfelf doth frown upon the Land. [Exeunt.
\({ }^{3}\) The inmminent decay of wrefed pomp.] Wrefed pomip is greaterfs obtained by violence.

\author{
A. \(\mathrm{C} T\)
}

\section*{KINGJOHN.}

\section*{ACTV. SCENEI.}

The Court of ENGLAND.
Enter, King John, Pandulpho, and Attendants.
K. Јонп.

THUS I have yielded up into your hand The circle of my Glory. [Giving the Crower,: Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your fovereign Greatnefs and Authority.
K. Yobn. Now keep your holy word; go meet the French,
And from his Holinefs ufe all your power
To ftop their Marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our difcontented Counties do revolt ;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of foul,
To ftranger blood, to foreign Royalty;
This inundation of miftemper'd humour
Refts by you only to be qualify'd.
Then paufe not ; for the prefent time's fo fick,
That prefent medicine muft be miniftred,
Or Overthrow incurable infues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempeft up,
Upon your ftubborn ufage of the Pope:
But fince you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue Thall huth again this ftorm of war ;
And make fair weather in your bluftring Land.
On this Afcenfon-Day, remember well,
Upon your oath of fervice to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [Exit.
K. Yobn. Is this Afcenfion-day? did not the Prophet

Say, that before Afcenfon-day at noon

\section*{Enter Faulconbridge.}

Faulc. All Kent hath yielded, nothing there holds out But Dover-Caflle: I.ondon hath receiv'd, Like a kind hoft, the Daupbin and his Powers. Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone To offer fervice to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down The little number of your doubtful friends.
K. Fohn. Would not my Lords return to me again, After they, heard, young Artbur was alive?
Faulc. They found himdead, and caft into the ftreats, An empty cafket, where the jewel, life, By fome damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.
K. Fobn. That villain Hubert told me, he did live. Faulc. So on my foul he did, for aught he knew:
But wherefore do you droop? why look you fad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the wortd fee fear and fad diftruft
Govern the motion of a kingly eye :
Be ftirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatner, and our-face the brow
Of bragging horror: fo fhall interior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the Great,
Grow great by your example ; and put on
The dauntlefs fpirit of refolution.
Away, and glifter like the God of war, When he intendeth to become the field; Shew boldnefs and afpiring confidence. What, Thall they feek the Lion in his den, And fright him there? and make him tremble there ? Oh, let it not be faid! Forage, and run \({ }^{4}\)

\footnotetext{
\({ }^{4}\) Forage, and run] To forage is here ufed in its original fenfe, for to range abroad.
}

To meet difpleafure farther from the doors; And grapple with him, ere he come fo nigh.
K. Fobn. The legate of the Pope hath been with me, And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to difmifs the Powers Led by the Daupbin.
Faulc. Oh inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our Land,
Send fair play-orders, and make compromife, Infinuation, parley, and bafe truce,
To arms invafive? fhall a beardlefs boy,
A cocker'd, filken, Wanton brave our fields,
And flefh his fpirit in a warlike foil,
Mocking the air with Colours idly fpread \({ }^{\text {s }}\), And find no check? let us, my Liege, to arms: Perchancé, the Cardinal can't make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at leaft be faid,
They faw, we had a purpofe of defence.
K. Fobn. Have thou the ord'ring of this prefent time.

Faulc. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know', Our Party may well meet a prouder foe. [Exeunt.

\[
S C E N \cdot E 11 .
\]

Cbanges to the Dauphin's Camp, at St. Edmondibury ?
Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salifbury, Meiun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lewwis. Y Lord Melun, let this be copied out, And keep it fafe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to thefe Lords again,
That having our fair order written down, Both they and we, perufing o'er thele notes, May know wherefore we took the Sacrament; And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.
Sal. Upon our fides it never fhall be broken. And, noble Daupbin, albeit we fwear A voluntary zeal and un urg'd faith To your proceedings; yet believe me, Prince, I am not glad that fuch a Sore of time Should feek a plaifter by contemn'd revolt; And heal th' inveterate canker of one wound, By making many. Oh, it grieves my foul, That I muft draw this metal fron my fide To be be a widow-maker : oh, and there, Where honourable refcue, and defence, Cries out upon the name of Salijbury. But fuch is the infection of the time,

\footnotetext{
7 -at St. Edmondßury.\} I have ventur'd to fix the Place of the Scene here, which is fpecified by none of the Editors, on the fol'owing Authorities: "In the preceding Aft, where Sal:fou'y has fixed fo go ove't to the Daufly, he fays;
Lcrön I ruill meet bint at st.
Edmondhury.
And Count Melar, in this láf Act, 「ays?
an_ asd many more caith me,

Utpon the Altar at St. Edmond ff bury;
Even on thal Allar, where wio froore to you
Dcar Amity, and everlafing Love. And it appears likewife from the Troubl fome Reign of King Fobn, in two parts (the firf rough Model of this play) that the Interchange of Vows betwixt the Dout phin and the Ezzs lifh Barons was at: St. Erimond?
}

That,

That, for the health and phyfick of our Right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of ftern injuftice, and confufed wrong. And is \(t\) not pity, oh my grieved friends!
That we, the fons and children of this Ine, Were born to fee fo fad an hour as this,
Wherein we ftep after a ftranger March
Upon her gentebbofom, and fill up
Her enemies ranks? I mult withdraw and weep
Upon the Spot of this enforced caufe
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted Colours here?
What, here?- O nation, that thou couldft remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyfelf,
And grapple thee unto a Pagan fhore!
Where thefe two chriftian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to fpend it fo un-neighbourly.
Lerwis. A noble temper doft thou fhew in this;
And great affection, wreftling in thy bofom,
Doth make an earthquake of Nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat haft thou fought,
Between compulion, and a brave refpeet \({ }^{s}\) !
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That filverly doth progrefs on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation:
But this effufion of fuch manly drops.
This fhow'r, blown up by tempeft of the foul,
Starcles mines eyes, and makes me more amaz' \(\mathrm{d}_{\text {。 }}\)
Than had I feen the vauity top of heav'n

\footnotetext{
* Betrween compulfion, and a brave refpeft!] This compulfion was the neceflity of a reformation in the flate; which, according to Salijoury's opinion, (who, in his fpecch preceding.
calls it an enforced caufe) could only be procured by foreign arms: And the brave refpeez was the love of his country. Yet the Oxford Editor, for compulfion, reads compalion. Warburtoin.
}

Figur'd quite o'er, with burning meteors. Lift up thy brow, renowned Salifoury,
And with a great heart heave away this ftorm.
Commend thefe waters to thofe baby-eyes,
That never faw the giant world enrag'd ;
Nor met with fortune, other than at feafts,
Full-warm of blood, of mirth,' of goflipping.
Come, come; for thou fhalt thruft thy hand as deep Into the purfe of rich profperity,
As Lewis himfelf; fo, Nobles, fhall you all,
That knit your finews to the ftrength of mine.

Enter Pandulpho.
And even there, methinks, an angel fpake ? Look, where the holy legate comes apace, To give us warrant from the hand of heav' \(n\),
And on our actions fet the name of Right With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of France!
The next is this: King 'Fobn hath reconcil'd
Himfelf to Rome; his fpirit is come in,
That fo ftood out againft the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and See of Rome.
Therefore thy threatning Colours now wind up,
And tame the favage firit of wild war;
That, like a Lion fofter'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace:
And be no further harmful than in fhew.

\footnotetext{
, \(\operatorname{Sir}\) T. Hanmer, and after him-Dr, XVarburtoin read here, an angel fpeeds. I think unneceffarily. The Daupbin does not yet hear the legate indced, nor pretend to
}
vance and concluding that he comes to animate and authorife him with the power of the church, he cries out, at the fight of this boly man, I am encouraged as by. the voice of an angel.

Lewis. Your Grace fhall pardon me, I will not back: 1 am too high-born to be property'd,
To be a fecondary at controul;
Or ufeful ferving man, and inftrument,
To any fovereign State throughout the world.
Your breath frit kindled the dead coal of war,
Between this chaltis'd Kingdom and myfelf;
And brought in matter, that fhould feed this fire.
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out,
With that fame weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of Right, Acquainted me with int'reft to this Land;
Yea, thruft this enterprize into my heart :
And come ye now, to tell me Jobn hath made
His peace with Rome? what is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Artbur, claim this Land for mine:
And' now it is half-conquer'd, muft I back,
Becaufe that Jobn hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's flave? what penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition fent,
To under-prop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who elfe but I,
And fuch as to my Claim are liable,
Sweat in this bufinefs, and maintain this was?
Have I not heard thefe inanders fhout out,
Vive le Roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the beft cards for the game,
To win this eafy match, play'd for a Crown?
And fhall I now give o'er the yielded Set?
No, on my foul, it never fhall be faid.
Pand. You look but on the outfide of this work,
Lewis, Outhide or infide, I will not return,
Till my attempt fo much be glorify'd,
As to my ample hope was promifed,
Before I drew this gallant head of war;
And cull'd thefe fiery fpirits from the world,
To outlook Conqueft, and to. win Renown

Evin in the jaws of danger, and of death:
What lufty trumpet thus doth fummon us?

\title{
S C E NHEIV.
}

Enter Faulconbridge.
Faulc. According to the fair Play of the world,
Let me have audience. I am fent to Speak, My holy lord of Milain, from the King:
I come to learn how you have dealt for him :
And as you anfwer, I do know the fcope And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Daupbin is too wilful-oppofite. And will not tersporize with my entreaties : He flatly fays, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd, The Youth fays weil. Now hear our Englifh King; For thus his Royalty doth fpeak in me:
He is prepar'd; and reafon too he fhould.
This apifh and unmannerly approach, This harnefs'd mafk, and unadvifed revel,
- This unhair'd faucinefs and boyifh troops,

The King doth fmile at ; and is well prepar'd To whip this dwarfifh war, thefe pigmy arms; From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the ftrength, ev'n at your doos, To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;

\footnotetext{
1 This unheard Sawcinefs and boyith Troops,] Thus the printed Copics in general; but unbeard is an Epiihet of very little Force, or Meaning here; befides, let us obferve how tis coupled. Faulconlriage is fneering at the Duupbin's Invafion, as Fri-unadvis'd Enterprize, favour-
the Refult of Childimnefs and unthinking Ramnefs: and he feems altogether to dwell on this Character of it, by calling his Preparation boyifh Troops, drwarfiß War, pigmy Armis, \&c. which, according to my Emendation, fort very well with unbair'd, i. e. urbrarded Sawcinefs. ing of Youth and Indifcretion,
}

To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells ; To crouch in litter of your ftable planks, To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chefts and trunks; To herd with fwine; to feek fweet fafety out, In vaults and prifons; and to thrill, and fhake,
Ev'n at the crying of our nation's Crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englifh man; Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chaftifement?
No; know, the gallant Monarch is in arms, And like an Eagle o'er his Aiery tow'rs, To foufe annoiance that comes near his neft.
And you degen'rate, you ingrate Revolts, You bloody Nero's, ripping up the womb Of your dear mother England, bluth for Thame. For your own ladies, and pale-vifag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their Thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needles to Lances, and their gentle Hearts
To fierce and bloody Inclination.
Lewis. There end thy Brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant, thou canft out-fcold us; fare thee well :
We hold our time too precious to be fpent
With fuch a babler.
Pand. Give me leave to fpeak.
Faulc. No, I will fpeak.
Lezeris. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'reft, and our being here.
Faulc. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry cut;
And fo fhall you, being beaten; do but fart
An Echo with the clamour of thy drum, And ev'n at hand a drum is ready brac'd, That thall reverb'rate all as loud as thine. Sound but another, and another fhall, As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,

And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. For at hand (Not trufting to this halting Legate here;
Whom he hath us'd rather for (port, than need)
Is warlike 70 bin ; and in his forehead fits
A bare-ribb'd death : whofe office is this day
To feaft upon whole thoufands of the French.
Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out,
Foulc. And thou flalt find it; Daupbin, do not doubt. [Exeetut.
\[
S C E N E V
\]

\section*{Cbanges to a Field of Baitle.}

\section*{Alarms. Enter King John and Hubert.}
K. Fobn. TOW goes the day with us? oh, tell me,
Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majeffy K. Fobn. This fever; that hath troubled me fo long, Lies heavy on me. Oh, my heart is fick!

\section*{Entér a Meffenger.}

Mef. My Eord, your valiant kinfman, Faulcombridge,
Defires your Majefty to leave the field;
And fend him word by me which way you go.
K. Fobn. Tell him, tow'rd Swinffecid, to the Abbey there.
Mef. Be of good Comfort: for the great Supply, That was expected by the Daupbin here, Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwiin fands. This news was brought to Ricbarid but ev'n now. The French fight coldly, and retire themfelves:
K. Fobn. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,

And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on tow'rd Swinffead; to my Litter ftrait ;
Weaknefs poffeffeth me, and I am faint. Exeunt. SCENE

\author{
Enter Salifbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.
}

Sal. 1Did not think the King fo ftor'd with friends. Pemb. Up once again; put firit in the French:
If they mifcarry, we mifcarry too.
Sal. That mif-begotten devil, Faluiconbridge,
In fpight of fpight, alone upholds the day.
Pemb. They fay, King fobn, fore fick, hath left the field.

\section*{Enter Melun, wounded,}

Melun. Lead me to the Revolts of Englend here. Sal. When we were happy, we had other names. Pemb. It is the Count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Melun. Fly noble Englifh, you are bought and fold;
= Unthread the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home again difcarded faith.
Seek out King \(\mathcal{F}\) obn, and fall before his feet:
For if the French be lords of this loud day, He means to recompenfe the pains you take, By cutting off your heads; thus hath he fworn, And I with him, and many more wiṭh me,

\footnotetext{
,\(^{2}\) Unthread the rude Eye of I have reftor'd it, is ealy and naRebellion.] Tho' all the Copies concur in this Reading, how poor is the Metaphor of unthreading the Eye of a Needle? And, befides, as there is no Mention made of a Needle; how remote and obfcure is the Alluflou without it ? The Text, as tural ; and it is the Mode of Expreffion, which our Author is every where fond of, to tread and untread, the Way, Path, Steps, \&c. Theobated The metaphor is certainly harfh, but I do not think the paffage corrupted.
}

\section*{Upon the altar at St. Edimond/bury;}

Ev'n on that altar, where we fwore to you
Dear amity and everlafting love.
Sal. May this be poffible! may this be true!
Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view?
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax
Refolveth from its figure 'gainft the fire ?
What in the world fhould make me how deceive,
Since I muft lofe the ufe of all deceit ?
Why fhould I then be falfe, fince it is true.
That I muft die here, and live hence by truch ?
I fay again, if Lerwis do win the day,
He is forfworn, if e'er thofe eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the eaft,
But ev'n this night, whofe black contagious breath
Already fmoaks about the burning creft
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied fun, Ev'n this ill night, your breathing fhall expire ;
Paying the fine of \({ }^{3}\) rated treachery,
Ev'n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your affiftance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your King;
The love of him, and this refpect befides
(For that my grandfire was an Englifoman),
Awakes my confcience to confefs all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noife and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
in peace; and part this body and my foul,
With contemplation and devout defires.
Sal. We do believe thee, and befhrew my foul,
But I do love the favour and the form

\footnotetext{
3 Rated treachery,] It were ealy to change rated to bated for an eafier meaning, but rated fuits better with fine. The Daupbin
}
> has rated you treachery, and fet upon it a fine whlch your lives muft pay.

Of this mot fair occafion, by the which
We will untread the fleps of damned flight ;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our ranknefs and irregular courfe, Stoop low within thofe bounds, we have s'er-look'd;
And calmly run on in obedience
Ev'n to our ocean, to our great King \(70 b n\). My arm fhall give thee help to bear thee hence, For I do fee the cruel pangs of death
Pight in thine eye. Away, my friends; new flight; And ' happy newnes, that intends old right?
[Exeunt, leading off Melun.
\[
\mathrm{S} C \mathrm{C} \quad \mathrm{~N} \text { E VII. }
\]

Changes to a different part of the French Camp.

> Enter Lewis, and his Irain.

Lewis. WIE fun of heav'n, methought, was loth to fer,
But ftaid, and made the weftern welk in blufh, When th' Engli/h meafur'd back ward their own ground In faint retire: oh, bravely came we off, When with a volley of our needlefs fhot, After fuch bloody toil, we bid good night; And wound our \({ }^{2}\) tatter'd co.ours clearly up, Laft in the field, and almolt lords of it! -

\section*{Enter a Mefjenger.}

Mef. Where is my prince, the Daupbin?
Lewis. Here. What news?
Mef. The count Melun is nain; the Englifb lords By his perfuafion are agrain fall'n off;
And your fupply, which you have wifh'd fo long,

\footnotetext{
- -bappynczunefs, \&ec.] Hap. ful government.
py innovation, that purpofed the = For tatter'd, the folio reads reltoration of the ancient right. tottering.

Yol. III.
K k
Are
}

Are catt away, and funk on Godrvin fands:
Lewis. Ah foul, threwd, news! Befhrew thy vel heart,
I did not think to be fo fad to night.
Ais this hath made me. Who was he, that faid,
King fobn did fly, an hour or two before
The ftumbling night did part our weary powers ?
\(M e f\). Who ever fpoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lervis. Well; keep good quarter, and good cal to night ;
The day fhall not be up fo foon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to morrow. [Exeun.

\section*{S C E N E VIII.}

An ofers Place in the Neigbbourbood of Swinftead Abbey
Enter Faulconbridge, and Hubert feverally.
Hub. M HO's there? fpeak, ho! fpeak quick!y, or I hoor.
Foulc. A friend. What art thon?
Hub. Of the part. of England.
Faulc. And whither doft thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?
Faulc. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou haft a perfect thought.
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'ft my tongue fo well. Who art thou?

Foulc. Who thou wilt; and, if thou pleare, 'Fhou may'ft be-friend me fo much, as to think,
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
\(H u b\). Unkind remembrance! ; thou and eyelefs night

\footnotetext{
3 -t'ou and endlefs night] We fhould read, eyelefs. S Pi, idzr calls the Moon, the eje of nigit. Warburto.
\(\mathrm{Ha}^{-}\)
}

Have done me fhame. Brave foldier, pardon me, That any accent, breaking from thy tongue, Should 'fcape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Foulc. Come, come; Sans compliment, what news abroad ?
Hub. Why here walk I, in the black brow of night, To find you out.
Faulc. Brief then: and what's the news?
Hub. O my fweet Sir, news fitted to the night;
Black, fearful, comfortlefs, and horrible.
Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill news, I am no woman, l'll not fwoon at it.
Hub. The King, I fear, is poifon'd by a Monk.
I left him almoft fpeechlefs, and broke out
T' acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the fuidden time,
Than if you had at leifure known of this.
Faulc. How did he take it? Who did tafte to him?
Hub. A monk, I tell you; a refolved villain,
Whofe bowels fuddenly burt out; the King
Yet fpeaks; and, peradventure, may recover.
Faulc. Who didit thou leave to tend his Majefty?
Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company; At whofe requeft the King hath pardon'd them, And they are all about his Majefty.

Faulc. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heav'n! And tempt us not to bear above our power. I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my pow'rs this night, Paffing thefe flats, are taken by the tide; Thefe Lincel \(h\)-wafles have devoured them; Myfelf, well mounted, hardly have efcaped: Away, before. Conduct me to the King ; I doubt, he will be dead, or e'er I come. [Exeunt.

\section*{S C E N E IX.}

Cbanges to the Orcbard in Swinftead Abley.
Enter Prince Henry, Salifbury and Bigot.
Henry. F.T is too late; the life of all his blood Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain, Which fome fuppofe the foul's frail dwelling-houfe, Doth, by the idle comments that it makes, Furtel the ending of mortality.

> Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His highnefs yet doth fpeak, and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air, it would allay the burning quality Of that fell poifon, which affaileth him.

Henry. ' Let him be brought into the orchard here. Doth he fill rage?

Pemb. He is more patient,
Than when you left him; even now he fung.
Henry. O vanity of ficknefs! fierce extreams
In their continuance will not feel themfelves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts, Leaves them infenfible; his fiege is now, Againft the mind; the which he pricks and wounds With many legions of ftrange fantafies;
Which \({ }^{4}\) in their throng and prefs to that laft hold, Confound themfelves. 'Tis ftrange that death fhould fing.
I am the cygnet to this pale, faint fwain,
Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, fings
His foul and body to their lafting reft.
Sal. Be of goud comfort, Prince, for you are born To fet a form upon that indigeft,
Which he hath left fo fhapelefs and to rude.

\footnotetext{
4 -in their throng and prefs-] In their tumult and hurry of reforting to the laft tenable part.
}

King John brought in.
K. Fobn. Ay, marry, now my foul hath elbowroom;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is fo hot a fummer in my bofom,
That all my bowels crumble up to duft.
I am a fcribled form drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and againft this fire
Do I fhrink up.
Henry. How fares your Majefty?
K. Fobn. Poifon'd. Ill fare! dead, forfook, caft off;

And none of you will bid the winter come
To thruft his icy fingers in my maw ;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their courfe
Through my burn'd bofom : nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kifs my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not afk you much, 1 beg cold comfort; and you are fo ftrait,
And fo ungrateful, you deny me that.
Henry. Oh, that there were fome virtue in my teaus,
That might relieve you!
K. Fobn. The falt of them is hot.

Within me is a hell; and there the poifon
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable, condemned blood.

\section*{\(S\) C E N E X.}

Enter Faulconbridge.
Faulc. Oh! I am fcalded with my violent motiont And fpleen of fpeed to fee your Majefty.
K. 'fobn. Oh! coufin, thou art come to fet mine eye.
The tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt;
And all the fhrowds, wherewith my life Thould fail,

Are turn'd to one thread, one litte'e hair;
My heart hath one poor ftring to flay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou feeft, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.
Foulc. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where, heav'n he knows, how we fhall anfwer him,
For, in a night, the beft part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the wafhes, all unwarily,
Devourd by the unexpected flood. [The King dies.
Sal. You breathe thefe dead news in as dead an ear:
My Liegie! my Lord! ——but now a King —— now thus.
Henry. Ev'n fo muft I run on, and ev'n fo ftop.
What furety of the world, what hope, what fay,
When this was nowa King, and now is clay?
Fau'c. Art thou gone fo? I do but ftay behind,
To do the ofice for thee of revenge,
And then my foul fhall wait on thee to heav'n,
As it on earth hath been thy fervant fill.
Now, now, you fars, that move in your bright fpheres,
Where be your pow'rs? hew now your mended faiths, A nd inflantly return with me again,
To pufh deftruction and perpetual fhame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Strait let us feek, or frait we flall be fought;
The Daufbin rages at our very heels.
Sa7. It feems you know not then fo much as we :
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at reft,
Who hulf an hour fince came from the Daupbin;
And brings from him fuch offers of cur peace,
As we with honour and relpect may take,
With purpofe prefently to leave this war.
Iaulc. He will the rather do it, when be fees
Curfelves well finewed to cur ciffence.

\section*{KING JOHN.}

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many Carriages he hath difpatcli'd
To the fea-fide, and put his Caufe and Quarrel
To the difpofing of the Cardinal,
With whom yourfelf, myfelf, and other lords, If you think meet, this afternoon will poft
To confummate this bufinefs happily.
Faulc. Let it be fo; and you, my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may belt be fpar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's Funeral.
Henry. At Worcefter muft his body be inter'd.
For fo he will'd it.
Faulc. Thither fhall it then.
And happily may your fweet felf put on
The lineal State and Glory of the Land!
To whom, with all Submiffion on my knee, 1 do bequeath my faithful fervices,
And true fubjection everlaftingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To reit without a Spot for evermore.
Henry. I have a kind foul, that would give your thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.
Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woer \({ }_{r}\)
Since it hath been before-hand with our griefs.
This England never did, nor never fhall,
L.ye at the proud foot of a Conqueror,

But when it firlt did help to wound itfelf.
Now thefe her Princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we fhall fhock them!-Nought fhall make urs rues; If England to itfelf do reft but true. [Exeunt omnes.

\footnotetext{
THE traxedy of \(K: n g\) Fibrg: though not written with the utmott power of Stakefpeare, is varied with a very pleaing interchange of incidents and charac-
}
ters. The Lady's grief is very affccting, and the character of the Bafard contains that mixture of greatnefs and lenity which this authour delighted to exhibir.

There
504 KING JOHN.

There is extant another piay fon to thirk his name was prefixed of King \(\mathcal{F}\), bn, publifhed with only to recommend it to fale. Sbakefpeare's name, fo different No man writes upon the fame from this, and I think from all his other works, that there igreafubjeit twice, without concurring in many places with himfelf.

The End of the Thiep Volume.
B. P. L. i visis of```


[^0]:    ${ }^{5}$ Brach, Merriman, ${ }_{2}$ Sir $T$. Hanmer reads, Leech Merrimàn, that is, apply fome remedies to Merriman, the poor cur has his joints frwelled. Perhaps we might read, bathe Merriman, which is

[^1]:    ${ }^{6}$ _modrffy.] By modefy is meant moderation, without fuffering our merriment to break into any excefs.

[^2]:    ${ }^{8}$ Property, in the language of a play-houfe, is every implement neceffary to the exhibition.

    - A little Vinegar to make our dervil roar.] When the acting the my/teries of the old and new teftament was in vogue ; at the reprefentation of the my/fery of the Paffion, fudas and the Devil made a part. And the Devil, wherever he came, was always to fuffer fome difgrace, to make the people laugh: As here, the buffoonery was to apply the gall and vinegar to make him roar.

[^3]:    ${ }^{2}$ Sir TL:omas Hanner, and af- ply were indifferently ufed, as to ter him Dr. Warburton, read to ply or apply his fludies. virtue; but formerly $p l y$ and $a p$.

[^4]:    4 If Love bath rouch'd you, nought remains but fo.] The next line from Terence, fhews that we fhould read,
    If Love bath Toyl'd you, -
    i. e. taken you in his toils, his
    nets. Alluding to the captus ef,

[^5]:    habet, of the fame Author.
    Warburton.

    * Our author had this line from Lilly, which I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument of his learning.

[^6]:    ${ }^{3}$ That gives not balf fo great come from Sbakeffeare. He a blow to HEAR,] This wrote, without queftion, aukiward phrafe could never - fogrial a blow 10 TH'FAR.

[^7]:    - 7 bilding -] The word bilding, or binderling, is a
    tharine for the coarfenefs of her

[^8]:    9. I doubt it not, Sir, but you it thus, I doubt it not, Sir, but will curfe your wooing neighbours. you will curfe your wooing. "NeighThis is a guft This nonfenfe bour, this is a gift, \&cc. addrefmay be rectified by only pointing fing himfelf to Baptifa
[^9]:    4 Pantaloon, the old cully in Italian farces.

[^10]:    ${ }^{5}$ Pedaficule, -_] he would have faid Didafcale, but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word Pedafcale in imitation of it, from Pedant.

    Warburton. ${ }^{6}$ In time I may believe, yet I Vol. III.
    mifiruff.] This and the feven Verfes, that follow, have in all the Editions been ftupidy ffuffled and mifplac'd to, wrong Speakers ; fo that every Word faid was glaringly out of Character.

    $$
    \mathrm{E}
    $$

    D fol

[^11]:    ${ }^{9}$ A pair of boots - one buck- is, I think, a tranfpofition led, awotber laced; an old rufty caufed by the feeming relation of fword ta'en out of the town-ar- point to fword. I read, a pair mory, with a broken bilt, and of boots, one buckled, another chapelefs, with trwo broken points.] laced with two broken points; How a fword fhould have two anold rufty fword - with a broken broken points I cannot tell. There bilt, and chapelefso

[^12]:    ${ }^{2}$ To digre/s] To deviate from any promife.

[^13]:    ${ }^{3}$ Was ever man fo ray'd?] That is, was ever man fo mark'd with lafhes.

[^14]:    ${ }^{9}$ Garters of an indifferent that their Garters fheuld be felkrit.] What is the fenfe of this laws; indifferent, or not different, I know not, unlefs it means, one from the other.

[^15]:    ${ }^{3}$ _- 10 man my baggard,] A haggard is a wild barw; to man a hawk is to tame her.

[^16]:    ${ }^{5}$ An ancient Angel.] For an- Sir T. Harmer, and Dr. Warburgel Mr. Theobald, and after him ton read Angle.

[^17]:    6 -Surcly like a father.] I he has the gait and countenance know not what he is, fays the of a fatherly man. fpeaker; however, this is certain,

    Warburton.

[^18]:    ${ }^{4}$ A copatain hat, is, I believe, as was anciently worn by well a hat with a conical crown, fuch dreffed men.

[^19]:    5 Swift, befides the original fence ot speedy in motion, figriifed rutty, cruick-rui ted. So in As you like it, the Duke fays of the clown, He is very fwift and Sen-
    almoft the fame fence, as nimble was in the age after that of our authour. Hoglin fays of Hales, that be bad known Laud for a nimble disputant.

[^20]:    - Though you bit the rubite,] To hit the white is a phrafe borrowed from archery ; the mark
    was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name Bianca or white.

[^21]:    6 -you are from me exempt.] the wrong of Separation, yet injure Exempt, feparated, parted. The not rith contempt me who am alfenfe is, If $I$ am doomed to fuffer ready injured.

[^22]:    ${ }^{1}$ Carkanet feems to have been a necklace, or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck. So Lovelace in his poem, Tbe Empre/s spreads her carcanets.
    ${ }^{2}$ Marry, fo it doth apprar By the rurongs I fuffer, and the Blows I bear;] Thus all the printed copies; but, cer-

[^23]:    * Suppofed by the common rout.] no need of change: yuppofid is, For fuppofe I once thought it might be more commodious to fubftitute $\int$ upported; but there is Voц. III.
    founded on fuppofition, made by conjesure.

    > K

    For

[^24]:    7 S. Ant. What's ber name?
    S. Dro. Nell, Sir ; but ber Name is three Quarters; that is, an Ell and three Quarters, \&c.] This Paffage has hitherto lain as perplext and unintelligible. as it is now eaf:, and truly humorous. If a Conundrum be reftor'd, in fetting it right, who can help it? There are enough befides in

[^25]:    To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid slaim to me,] A little lower, he calls her witch. A word is certainly dropt out of the Text. We fhould read,
    tbis árudge OF THE DEVIL, THIs aïviner, -
    Drudge of the Devil, is the right pariphrafis for a witch.

    Wareurton.
    *And, 1 tbink, if my breaft had nst been made of faith, E'c.] Alluding to the fuperfition of the common people, that nothing could refift a witch's power, of tvansforming men into animals, but a great fhare of faith: how.

[^26]:    4 What, bave you got the Picture of old Adam nerw apparell'd?] A fhort Word or two muft have flipt out here, by fome Accident in copying; or at Prefs ; otherwife 1 have no conception of the meaning of the Paffage. The Cafe is this. Dromio's Mafter had been arrefted, and fent his

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[^27]:    L.

    What,

[^28]:    . ${ }^{7}$ Kitchen-reftal.] Her charge being like that of the veftal virgims, to leeep the fire burning.

[^29]:    ${ }^{8}$ Kinfman to grim and comfortlefs defpair? ] Shakespeare could never make melancholy a male in this line, and a femaie in as fpurious. WARBURTON:
    the next. This was the foolifh infertion of the firft Editors. I

[^30]:    - And, with bis mad attendant and bimjelf.] We fhould
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    $$
    \begin{aligned}
    & \text { read, - MAD himfelf. } \\
    & \text { W Warburton. } \\
    & \mathbf{M}
    \end{aligned}
    $$

[^31]:    ${ }^{1}$ To scorch jour face,-] We fhould read scotch, i. e. hack, cut.

[^32]:    ${ }^{2}$ Strange defeatures. Defea- The meaning is, time hath canture is the privative of feature. celled my features:

[^33]:    ${ }^{3}$ All thefe old ritneffes, 1 canmot crr,] I believe we fhould i. e. All thefe continue to teflify read.

    Alíbefe HOLD witnefes I cannot $E^{\circ} \mathrm{c}$.
    

[^34]:    4 in former Editions:
    Thise -three yenis] 'Tis
    impolible the Poet could be fo forgetful, as to defign this Num.

[^35]:    7 Claud. If this were fo, fo were it uttered.] This and the three next fpeeches I do not well underfand ; there feems fomething omitted relating to Hiro's confent, or to Claudio'smarriage, elfe I know not what Claudio can wifh not to be otherwife. The Copies all read alike. Perhaps

[^36]:    ${ }^{4}$ - ere gou fout old ends, \&c.] This I think is the meaning : or Before you endeavicur to diftingui/h , nur folf any more by antiquated allufions, examine rubetber jou can it may be underftood in another fenfe, examinc, if your Sarcafms do not touch your $\mathrm{F}_{\mathrm{C}}$ lf.

[^37]:    5 The faireft grant is the ne- queft than the neceflity of its becefity :] i. e. no one can have a better reafon for granting a ra-
    ing granted- WARBURTOA.

[^38]:    * I cannot bide what I am:] This is one of our author's natural touches. An envious and unfocial mind, too proud to give pleafure, and too fullen to receive it, always en-

[^39]:    ${ }^{8}$ beart-burn'd an bour after.] The pain commonly called the beart-burn, proceeds
    from an acid humour in the ftomach, and is therfore properly enough imputed to tart looks.

    Leon.

[^40]:    * Important, here and in many other places, is importunate.
    "My Vifor is Philemon's Roof, awitbin the House is Love.] Thus

[^41]:    6- Ujurer's chain? ] I know not whether the cbain was, in our authour's time, the common ornament of wealthy citi-
    zens, or whether he fatirically ufes ufurir and alderman as fynonymous terms.

[^42]:    - Tbus goes every one to the world but $I$, and I am funburnt.] What is it, to go to the world? perhaps, to enter by marriage into a fettled flate: but why is the unmarried Lady funturnt? I believe we fhould read, thus goes every one to the wood but $I$, and I ain Snnburnt. Thus does every one but I find a fhelter, and I am left expofed to wind and $\int_{k n}$. The neareft way to the wood, is a phrafe for the readieft means to any end. It is faid of

[^43]:    ${ }^{2}$ She bath often dream'd of unhappinfes,] So all the editions; but Mr. Theobold's a'ters it to, an bafpinefs, having no conception that unkoftinefs meant any thing but misfortune, and that he thinks fhe could not laugh at. He had never heard that it fig-

[^44]:    ${ }^{3}$ To bring Benedick and Beatrice into a mountain of affecion the one with the otber.] $A$ mouncain of affeciivn with one another is a ftrange expreflion, yet I know not well how to change it. Perhaps it was originally written, to lring Bencdick and Beatrice into a mooting of affeciion; to

[^45]:    Pedro. Come, fhall we hear this mufick ?
    Claud. Yea, my good lord - how ftill the evening is,

[^46]:    ${ }^{6}$ O, Be tore the Letter into a thoufand half-pence; ] i. e. into a thoufand Pieces of the fame bignefs. This is farther explained by a Paffage in As you like it.
    -There were none principal; they were all like one anotber as half-pence are.

    In both places the Poet alludes

[^47]:    2 Contemptible fpirit.] That his verbal adjectives with great is, a temper inclined to fcorn and licence. There is therefore no contempt. It has been before need of changing the word with remarked, that our author ufes $\operatorname{Sir} T$. Hanmer to contemptuous.

[^48]:    4 What fire is in $m y$ ears? -] Alluding to a proverbial faying of the common people, that their ears burn when others are talking of them. Warburton.
    s Taming my uild beart to thy
    is taken from falconry. She had been charged with being as wild as Haggards of the rock; the therefore fays, that, rwild as her beait is, the will tame it to the hand. loving band.] This image

[^49]:    6 There is no appearance of fancy, Esc.] Here is a play ypon the word fancy, which

    Shakefpeare ufes for love as well as for bumour, coprice, or affectation.

[^50]:    7 She Ball be buricd with ber Face upreards.] Thus the whole Set of Editions: But what is there any ways particular in This ? Are not all Men and Wo men buried fo? Sure, the Poet means in Oppofition to the geneneral Rule, and by way of Diftinction, with her beels upward., or face downwards. I have cho-

[^51]:    8. no need of fucb vanity :] mould read therefore, MORE Dogberry is only abfurd, not abfolutely out of his fenfes. We
    need. Warburton.
    ${ }^{\circ}$ bills be not folen] A bill is
[^52]:    ${ }^{5}$ Rabato.] A Neckband; a Ruff. Rabat. French. Hanmer.

[^53]:    ${ }^{1}$ Some moral.] That is, fome fecret meaning, like the moral of a fable.
    ${ }^{2}$ He eats his meat rwithout grulding ;] I do not fee how this is a proof of Benedick's change of mind. It would afford more proof of amoroufnefs to fay, be eats not bis meat without gudging ; but it is impoffible to fix

[^54]:    ${ }^{3}$ - liberal villain,] Li-
    beral here, as in many piaces of thefe plays, means, frank bejond bonefly or decency. Free of tongue. Dr.Warturtonunneceffarily reads

[^55]:    9_than advertijement.] That is, than aimonition, than moral infruction.
    ${ }^{1}$ Howerver they bave writ the fyle of Gods.] This alludes to the extravagant titles the Stoics gave their wife men. Sapiens ille cum Diis, ex pari, rivit. Senec. Epit, lix, Jupiter

[^56]:    ${ }^{6}$ Nay, then give bim anctber. We have a proverbial fpeech, If fiaff; \&c.] Allufion to Tiling. ke be angry, let bim turn bis See note, As you like it. Act 3. girdle. Rut I do not know its Scene io. Warburton, original or meaning.
    ${ }^{7}$ —o turn bis girdle.]

[^57]:    ${ }^{9}$ What a pretty thing man is, aben be goes in bis doublet and bofe, and leares off bis wit !] It was efteemed a mark of levity and want of becoming gravity, at that time, to go in the doublet and bofe, and leave off the cloak,

[^58]:    x one meaning well the Prince having aiked the fame fuited.] That is, one meaning is "queftion in four modes of fpeech. put into many diferent drefes;

[^59]:    4 - I give thee the buck- all tboughts of defence, fo clystum lers.] I fuppole that to give the abjicere. The reft deferves no bucklers is, to yield, or to lay by comment

[^60]:    5 in the time of good neighbours ; ] i. e. When men were not envious, but every one gave another his due. The reply is
    extremely humourous.
    Warburton.
    6 Queftion? ruby an hour, \&c.] i. e. What a queftion's

[^61]:    3 wibofe wortbinefs avould fir it up where it rwanted, ratber than lack it where there is fuch abundance.] An Oppofition of 'Terms is vifibly defign'd in this fentence ; tho' the Oppofition is not fo vifible, as the Terms now fand. Wanted and Abundance are the Oppofites to one another; but how is lack a Contraft to fir up? The Addition of a fingle Letter gives it, and the very Senfe requires it. Read gack it. WARBURTON.

    4 This young gentlewoman had a fatber ( $O$, that had! bow fad a PASSAGE 'tis!] Lafeu was fpeaking of the King's defperate Condition: which makes the Countefs recall to mind the deceafed Gerard de Narbon, who, the thinks, could have cured him. But in ufing the word had, which implied his death, fhe fops in she middle of her fentence, and

[^62]:    TThefegreat tears] The tears the radiance that fhoots on all which the King and Cuuntefs fhed fides from him. For him.
    ${ }^{1}{ }^{1}$ In bis bright rediance, \&cc.] I cannot he united with him and move in the fame fibere, but bingle be comporied at a diltance by
    ${ }^{2}$ Trick of bis fuect favour.] So in King Folsn ; be bath a trick of Cocur do Lion's face. Trikk feems to be fome peculiarity of look or féature.

[^63]:    ${ }^{3}$ Cold ruifdom waiting on fuperfluous folly.] Cold for naked; as Juperfiu us for óver-cloath'd. This makes the propriety of the Antithefis. Warburton. bee.

    - Stain of foldier.] Stain for
    colour.'. Parolles was in red, as
    appears from his being after-.
    wards called red.taild bumble
    bee.
    WARBURTON.
    Hel.

[^64]:    ${ }^{5}$ He, that bangs bimfelf, is a Virgin:] But why is he that hangs himfelf a Virgin ? Surely, not for the reafon that follows. Virginity murders itfelf. For tho' every Virgin be a Suicide, yet every Suicide is not a Virgin. A word or two are dropt, wh:ch introduced a comparifon in this place ; and Sbakejpeare wrote it thus,

    As be, that bangs bimfelf, so is a Virgin.
    And then it follows naturally, Virginity murders itfelf. By this emendation; the Oxjord Editor was enabled to alter the text thus,

    He tl.at bangs himflf is like a

[^65]:    ${ }^{2}$ For jet, as it flood before, Sir T. Hanmer reads yes.
    ${ }^{8}$ Not my virginity yet.] This whole fpeech is abrupt, unconnected and obfcure. Dr. Warburton thinks much of it fuppofititious. I would be too glad to think fo of the whole, for a commentator naturally wifhes to reject what he cannot underftand. Something which fhould connect Hclena's words with thofe of Parolles, feems to be wanting. Hanmer has made a fair attempt by reading.
    Not my virginity yet-You're for the court,
    There 乃sall your mafer, \&c.
    Some fuch claufe has, I think, dropped out, but fill the firlt words want connection. Perhaps Parolles, going away after his harangue, faid, cvill you any thing with me? to which Helen may reply. - know not what to do with the paffage.
    , A Pbonix, Captain, \&c.] The eight lines following friend,

[^66]:    * a trailrefs,] It feems that traitress was in that age a term of endearment, for when Lafeu introduces Helena to the king, he fays rou look like a tray- $^{\text {a }}$
    tor, but fucb traytor's his majeßly does not much fear.
    ${ }^{1}$ And- Berw what we alone mu/t think] And 乃erw by realities what we now muft only think.

[^67]:    ${ }^{9}$ Clo. That man, \&c.] The junctions of fuperiours, and wear clown's anfwer is obfcure. His lady bids him do as he is commanded. He anfwers with the licentious petulance of his character, that if a man does as a zuoman commands, it is like'y be will do ami/s; that he does not amifs, being at the command of a womar, he makes the effect, not of his Lady's goodnefs, but of his own bonefty, which, though not very nice or puritanical, will do no burt; and will not only do no hurt, but, unlike the Puritans, will comply with the in-
    the furplice of bumility over the black gown of a big heart; will obey commands, though not much pleafed with a flate of fubjection.

    Here is an allufion, violently enough forced in, to fatirife the obftinacy with which the Puritans refufed the ufe of the ecclefiaftical habits, which was, at that time, one principal caufe of the breach of union, and, perhaps, to infinuate, that the modelt purity of the furplice was fometimes a cover for pride.

[^68]:    ${ }^{1}$ Fortune, She faid, was no Goddefs, \&c. Lorue, no God, \&c. complained againft the थucen of Virgins, \&ć.] This pafage flands thus in the old Copies:

    Love, no God, that would not extend bis Might only where Qualities were level, Queen of Vircins, that would fuffer ber poor Knigbt, \&c.
    "Tis evident to every fenfible Reader that fomething muft have flipt out here, by which the Meaning of the Context is rendered defective. The Steward is fpeaking in the very words he overheard of the young Lady;

[^69]:    ${ }^{2}$ By our remembrances.] That -O! then we thought them none. is, according to our recollection. So we fay, he is old ty my reckoning.
    ${ }^{3}$ Such were our faults, or This was fent to the OXford E. then ree thought them none.] We ditor, and he altered $O$, to tha'. thould read, A motive for pity and pardon; agreeable to fact, and in the indulgent character of the fpeaker. This was fent to the Oxford EWarburton.

[^70]:    ${ }^{3}$ Captious and intenitle freve.] The word captious I never found in this fenfe; yet I cannot tell what to fubftityte, unlefs carious
    for rotten, which yet is a word more likely to have been miftaken by the copyers than ufed by the authour.

[^71]:    2 _ Creffid's uncle, $]$ See we may better read,
    Troilus and Creflida.
    ${ }^{3}$-wber in the bonour
    Of my dear fatber's gift fands
    Of $m y$ diar father's gifistands chief in honour.

[^72]:    ${ }^{4}$ When miracles bave by tb greateft been deny'd.] I do not fee the import or connection of this line. As the next line
    fands without a correfpondent rhyme, I furpect that fomething has been Ioft.

[^73]:    of fucker : by which the means Caxton calls our Prince Artbur, pne of the fons of France. So that noble imp of fame. Warb.

[^74]:    8 wobich frould, inderd, give us fartber $v$ Se to be made, \&a.j Between the woids us and a fartier, there feems to have been two or three words dropt, which appear to have been to this purpoie- Bould, indeed, give us [notice, that there is of this,] a farther ule to be made -10 that the paffage fhould be read with afterifks for the future.

    Wareurton.
    I cannot fee that there is any biatus, or other irregularity of

[^75]:    -Sbe is GOOD, wife, fair.
    Y 2
    For

[^76]:    ${ }^{\text { }}$ Into the faggers, One fpecies of the faggers, or the borfes apoplexy, is a raging impatience, which makes the animal dafh himfelf with defructive piolence againft pofts or wails.

[^77]:    4 —taking up,] To take up, is to contradizt, to call to account, as well as to pick off the ground.

[^78]:    ${ }^{8}$ In former copies:

    - than the commiffion of
    beraldry.] Sir Tho. Hanmer re-your biith and virtie gives you

    Acquaint

[^79]:    9 To the dark boufe, -] The paring to combat, dark boufe is a houfe made gloomy So frown'd the mighty combaby difcontent. Mil:on fays of dea!b and the king of Hell pre-.

[^80]:    1.Wbofe ziant, and whofe delay, \&c.] The freets with which this swant are firerwed, I
    fuppofe, are compliments and profeffions of kindnefs.

[^81]:    ${ }^{3}$ You bave made 乃rift to run into't, Boots and Spurs and all; like bin-tbat leapt linto the Cuftard ?] This odd Allufion is not introduc'd without a View to Satire. It was a Foolery practis'd 2t City Entertainments, whilit the

[^82]:    8 When thou can'f get the rirg, upon my finger,] i.e. When thou cant get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy poffeffion. The Oxford Editor, who took it the other way, to fignify, when thou canf get it on upon my
    to, whin thou canft get the ring from my finger. WARBURTON.

    I think Dr. Warburton's explanation fufficient, but 1 once read it thus, When thous canfl get the ring upon thy finger, ribich never flall come off mine. finger, very fagacioufly alters it

[^83]:    ${ }^{8}$ When your Lor djhip Sees thee bottom of his Success in't, and to rubat Metal this counterfeit Lump of Ours will be melted, if you give bim not John Drum's Entercainment. your Inclining cannot be remov'd.] Lump of Ours has been the Reading of all the Editions. Ore, according to my Emendation, bears a Confonancy with the other Terms accompanying (viz. Metal, Lump and melted) and helps the Propriety of the Poet's Thought : For fo one Metaphor is kept up, and

[^84]:    ${ }^{3}$ But I Ball lofe the grounds 1 * To your fworn counfel. To rwork upor.] i. e. By difco- your private knowledge, after vering herfeif to the Count. having required from you an oath Warburton. of fecrecy.
    Vol. III. A $a$ which

[^85]:    4 Important here, and elfe- And lawful meaning iu a lawwhere, is importunate.

    5 ls wicked mcaning in a larwful deed;

    FUL aEE ;] To make this gingling riddle complete in all its parts, we fhould read the fe-

[^86]:    ${ }^{6}$ Some band of frangers in the adwerfaries entertainment.] That is, fortign troops in the enemy'spay.
    ${ }^{1}$ The Infance.] The proof.
    3 and buy myjelf another of Bajazet's mule.] We fhould read, Bajazet's mute, i.e. a

[^87]:    * To fwear by bim ublom I pro- piter. I believe we may read, teft to loze,
    That 1 will rvork againft bim] This paflage likewife appears to me corrupt. She fwears not by him whom the lozes, but by $\mathcal{F} u=$ jure him.

[^88]:    ${ }^{3}$ I Lord] The later Editors have with great liberality beflowed lordfhip upon thefe interlocutors, who, in the original edition, are called, with more propriety, capt. E. and capt: G. It is true that coptain E . is in a former fcene calied Lord E. but the fubordination in which they
    feem to act, and the timorous manner in which they converfe, determines them to be only captains. Yet as the later readers of Shakefpeare have been ufed to find thern lords, I have not thought it worth while to degrade them in the margin.

[^89]:    4 In bis proper fiream o'erficues Lirrfelf.] That is, betrays bis ounn ficrets in bis orwn talk. The reply thews that this is the meaning.
    : He migbt take a meafure of
    bis oren judjment.] This is a very juft and moral reafon. Bertram, by finding how errone. oufly he has judged, will be lefs confident, and more eafily moved by admonition.

[^90]:    ${ }^{6}$ bring forth this counterfeit, Editor follows. WARBURTON. module; ] This epithet is improper to a module, which profeffes to be the counterfeit of another thing. We fhould read inedal. And this the Oxford

    Module being the patirn of any thing, may be here ufed in that fenfe. Bring forth this fellow, who, by counterfeit virtue pretended to make himfelf a pattern.

[^91]:    ${ }^{7}$ Dian. the Count's a fool, and there being no rhyme that cor-
    full of gold.] After this line reíponds to gold. there is apparently a line lolt,

[^92]:    ${ }^{8}$ Half won is match well made ; match, and well make it.] $T$ his line has no meaning that I can find. I read, with a very flight alteration, Half won is match reil made; watch, and vell make it. That is, a matrb avell made is balf won; watch, and n:ake it recll.

    This is, in my opinion, not all the errour. The lines are mifplaced, and mould be read thus:

    Half won is match well made; watch, and well make it;
    When ke fivears oaths, bid bins drop gold, and take it.
    Afier be focres, be never pays the frore:
    He rever pays aftcr-debts, take it before,
    And fay

[^93]:    ${ }^{9}$ An egg out of a cloifer.] I whence this hyperbole could know not that cloifer, though it may etymologically fignify any thing / /out, is uted by our authour, otherwife than for a monaffery, take its original: perhaps it means only this: He will fea! any thing, bowerver trifiing, from and therefore I cannot guefs

[^94]:    ${ }^{1} H e$ 's a cat fill.] That is, hear his neighbour's character throw him how you will, he than his own. lights upon his legs. ${ }^{3} \mathcal{T}_{0}$ Esguile the futpofition.] ${ }^{2}$ Wby does be afk bim of $m e$ ?] That is, to deceive the opinion, to This is nature. Every man is make the Count think me a man on fuch occafions more willing to that deferves avell.

[^95]:    + my mot ve] mot:ve for affilant.
    Warburton.

[^96]:    ${ }^{1}$ bis this'nom:y is more hot ter in France than there.] This is intolerable nonfenfe. The ftupid Editors, becaufe the Devil was talked of, thought no quality would fuit him but botter. We fhould read,-more HONOUR'D. A joke upon the French people, as if they held a dark complexion, which is natural to them, in more eftimation than the Englif $\mathrm{do}_{2}$

[^97]:    ${ }^{3}$ Unbapty.] That is, mifchieriouly baggish; unlucky.

[^98]:    5 Our means will make us obfcure his meaning. Helena means.] Sbaksfpeare delights much in this kind of reduplication, fometimes fo as to fays, they will fulionv with fich Speed as tbe means which they bave will give them ability to exert.

[^99]:    ${ }^{7}$ Indeed，Sir，if your metaphor fink，I will fop my nofe againft any man＇s metaphor．］Nothing could be conceived with greater humour，or juftnefs of fatire， than this fpeech．＂The ufe of the finking metaphor is an odious fault，which grave writers often commit．It is not uncommon to fee moral declaimers againft vice，defcribe her as Hefod did the Fury Trifitia：
    
    Upon which Longinus juftly ob－ ferves，that，infead of giving a terrible image，he has given a very nafty one．Cicero cautions well againft it，in his book de Orat．2uoniam brac，fays he，
    vel funma laus eft in verbis tranf－ ferendis ut Senjum feriat id，quad tranflatum fit，fu⿱⿻丅⿵冂⿰⿱丶丶⿱丶丶⿱一口𧘇位da ef omnis turpitudo earum rerum，ad quas corum animos qui audiunt trabet fimilitudo．Nolo morte dici Afri－ cani caftratam effe rempublicam． Nolo ftercus curice dici Glauciam． Our poet himfelf is extremely delicate in this refpect；who， throughout his large writings，if you except a paffage in Hamlet， has fearce a metaphor that can offend the moff fqueamifh reader．

    Warburton．
    ${ }^{8}$ Ipity bis dijfrefs in my smiles of comp ort，］We fhould read， similies of comfort，fuch as the calling him fortune＇s cat，carp， \＆c．Warburton．

[^100]:    II. 1611 , Valentine Sinimer for Jobn Helme.
    III. 1622, Aug. Matberws for Thomas Derve.

[^101]:    ${ }^{2}$ Ins my behaviour, -] The word bibariour feems here to D d 2
    have

[^102]:    ${ }_{5} 5$ Sullen prefage.] By the epi- It is as if he had faid, be a thetfulien, which cannot be ap- trumpet to alarm with our invaplied to a trumpet, it is plain, fion, be a bird of ill omen to that our authour's imagination croak out the prognoftick of had now fuggefted a new idea. your own ruin.

[^103]:    ${ }^{7}$ This conciudes.] This is a fo, not liking him, he is not at decijure argument. As your fa- liberty to reject him. ther, if he liked him, could not ${ }^{3}$ Lord of THY prefence, and lave been forced to refign him,

[^104]:    -Who now lives io age.
    Fit to be call'd Methufalem his page?
    ${ }^{1}$ my Face fotbin,
    That in mine Ear 1 durf not fick a Rofe,
    Leff ancu foulld Saj, Lock, rubcre

[^105]:    ${ }^{8}$ Which though, \&c.] The conftruction will be mended, if inftead of which though, we read, this though.
    ${ }^{9}$ But rwho comes here.] Milton, in his tragedy, introduces Dallilab with fuch an interrogasory exclamation.
    ${ }^{\text { }}$ To blow a born.] He means,
    that a woman who travelled about like a pof was likely to born her hufband.
    = Colbrand was a Daniß giant, whom Guy of Warwick difomfited in the prefence of $\operatorname{king} A$ theifan. The combat is very pompoufiy defcribed by Drayton in his $10 l, 30.6$ bon.

[^106]:    ${ }^{2}$ Bearing their birth-rights, With bearing manurs on them. \&c.] So in Henry VIII. ${ }^{3}$ Scathe.] Deftruction; wafte. Many broke their backs

[^107]:    ${ }^{\delta} Y_{e}$ men of Angiers, $\Xi^{c} c$.-] of the widorw's bufoandembracing This (peech is very poetical and fmooth, and, except the conceit
    the earth, is juft and beautiful.

[^108]:    - Rejoice, ye men of Angiers, $\mathcal{E}^{\circ}$.] The End lifo herald falls fomewhat below his antagonif. Silver armour gilt rwith blood, is a poor image. Yet our authour has it again in Macbeth.

    Here lay Duncan,
    His filver Jkin lac'd with his golden blood.
    : Aud, like a jolly troop of we like, is a poor gingle.
    bunt/men, ] It was, I think, one of the favage practices of the chafe, for all to ftain their hands in the blood of the deer, as a trophy.
    ${ }_{2}$ Heralds, from off, \&c.-] Thefe three fpeeches feem to have been laboured. The citizen's is the beft; yet both alike

[^109]:    ${ }^{3}$ Cry bavock! Kings; ——] He with Atè by bis fide, That is, command flaugbter to pro- Cries, hawock! ceed; fo in another place.

[^110]:    * Zealous feems here to fignify piour, or influenced by motrves of religion.
    s If not complete of, fay, \&cc.] Sir T. Hanmer reads, O! fay.
    ${ }^{6} H_{e}$ is the balf Part of a blefed Man,
    Left to be firifoed by fuch as She;] Dr. Tbirlby pretcrib'd that Reading, which 1 have here reftoed to che Text. Theobald.

[^111]:    ${ }^{8}$ Here's a Ray,
    That ßakes the rotten carcafs of old death
    Out of bis rags.——] I cannot but think that every reader wifhes for fome other word in the place of $\rho_{i a y}$, which though it may fignify an bindrance, or man that binders, is yet very improper to introduce the next line. I read,
    VoL. III.

    Here's a flaw,
    That Bakes the rotten carcafs of old Death.
    That is, here is a $g u f$ of bravery, a blaft of menace. This fuits well with the fpirit of the fpeech. Stay and flaw, in a carelefs hand, are not eafily diftinguifhed; and if the writing was oblcure, farw, being a word leís ufual, was eafily miffed.

[^112]:    ${ }^{8}$ But on this day, -] That is, except on this day.

    9 You came in arms to spill my enemies' blood,
    But nowt in arms, you frengthen
    it avith yours.] I am afraid here is a clinch intended; $Y_{o u}$ came in war to deftroy my enemies, but now you fireng:ben them in embraces.

[^113]:    7 So frong in lotb.] I believe the meaning is, were fo frong in botb partics.

